

The Librarian

written by
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There once was a librarian,
a finely tuned grammarian,
a tad totalitarian,
who loved books antiquarian.

She'd read of buffed Bavarians,
and grand humanitarians,
societies agrarian,
bold exploits of barbarians.

A diehard Unitarian,
she frightened seminarians,
debated Trinitarians
and Latitudinarians.

'Til at a planetarium
she met a hairy man-ium,
a middle-aged Rotarian
who found her views sectarian.

"Oh no, on the contrarian,
I'm quite egalitarian,
au fait with Rastafarians
and notions proletarian."

Her lips were full, he stared at 'em,
asked her to his solarium.
"I'd pay an honorarium",
he offered as she glared at him.

"You cad, you libertarian,
I find that quite vulgarian."
The thought of an affair with him
worse than electric chair-ium.

"Then dine at my aquarium
I've oysters, clams to share-ium."
She countered with an air of vim,
"I can't. I'm vegetarian".