

Not all poetry demands seriousness. Not all poems have such depth that it takes a literary mind to delve into the ocean of lyrics and distinguish and retrieve the pearl from among so many empty oyster shells.

This poem has a two-fold purpose. It is meant to show that *anything* can be the subject of a poem and it highlights humor as a perfectly acceptable mood in a work of poetry. On a more serious level (Isn't there always one?), readers may note that everything has value; everything can be appreciated for its unique worth.

There is present a clear influence of one of William Shakespeare's sonnets --- to be specific, Sonnet XVIII --- especially at the end:

*So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee!*

Long live The Pickle!

(By the way, if in writing this verse I offended any lovers of cucumbers, to him or her I apologize. To paraphrase the Bard, the sins of cucumbers remain while the good is oft interred with their seeds.)

P.S. Here is one of my favorite humorous poems:

**The Height of the Ridiculous** by Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809 – 1894)

I wrote some lines once on a time  
In wondrous merry mood,  
And thought, as usual, men would say  
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,  
I laughed as I would die;  
Albeit, in the general way,  
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;  
How kind it was of him  
To mind a slender man like me,  
He of the mighty limb.

“These to the printer,” I exclaimed,  
And, in my humorous way,  
I added (as a trifling jest,  
“There’ll be the devil to pay.”

He took the paper, and I watched,  
And saw him peep within;  
At the first line he read, his face  
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,  
And shot from ear to ear;  
He read the third; a chuckling noise  
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;  
The fifth; his waistband split;  
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,  
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,  
I watched that wretched man,  
And since, I never dare to write  
As funny as I can.