

What do we have along the lines of GHASTLY?
Naught but six with their cups in the punch bowl!
Truncheon-bruised and exaggerated piece-parts,
Moldy, motley, screeching family!
With sunken chests the rotting pests are
Bound and wrapped in funeral garments.
Dropsy, gout, and fast consumption...
Red and dead, they're seeping siblings!
"What screams from thee, we're much surprised!
Calm thyself and thy leaping forehead!
Stow thy scowl and bulging eyes!
Royal blood should be far from frowning!
We shall join thee and imbibe!
We'll sit and sip from a broken skull!
Hello, my dear, were you aware that your mouth stretches ear to
ear?"

What do we have along the lines of POISON?
Naught but a barrel of the devil's own Black Strap!
"One gallon each to stow in thy hold! A mulct, that's mild in nature!"
"I regret that my hull is weighted!
Humming stuff is the only ballast-"
"Belay that noise, I've room to spare!
I'll drink yours down in a draught-and-a-half!"
"But wait, I've only now divined, King Pest is Timothy Hurlygurly!
Stage actors have taken this, an undertaker's for their playhouse!"
"Ill-bred rogue! You mock my throne!
A King's decree cannot be altered!
Make them thrash and drown in the October beer in yonder hog's head!"
Tarpaulin's sunk to his ears!
And the tall one is thrashing about,
Pulling down bones from a post-mortem chandalier!
One knock and dead-duke and bursting the barrel
And freeing his fat friend and death to the Pests!
They bend from the weight of the two royal sisters,
They carry the Pest to their ship
And the sea will bathe corpses...
The buoyantly dead shall abound!