

Logorrhea  
Independent of the brain  
Not a moment to reflect  
Only time to wick up the gain  
What was he thinking of and  
Why did he dream he could convey a bright idea?  
While his tongue was wagging  
He forgot to use the space between his ears.

Logodaedalus  
With the cunning of a fox  
Paint him devious  
In the corner of the room,  
Pop Pandora out of her box.  
What is he on about and  
Why are his arguments so needlessly arcane  
In their brilliance?  
He's close to appearing more than slightly inane  
With his crooked logic  
And his dog-eared dictionary close to hand...  
I don't think he's got it  
But he's insistent that we're going to understand  
His complete precision;  
In the end he's certain that we'll all agree  
With his definition...  
An obsolescent word from 1663.

That says it all for me.