

Guitarists! That crowd of ne'er-do-wells:
I aim to maim them to a fare-you-well.
As each one o'er his six-string doth fidget
And revealeth himself a mental midget,
O Muse! I beg not let me hesitate
That lot of dumb strummers to excoriate!
The faméd and obscure alike sustain
This prolong'd invective and disdain.

Octave's the stanza; iamb is the foot;
Penta is the meter in which I put
These rhyming couplets in heroic scheme
Now meant to burn, to flay, to roast, to ream,
Those with talent who're but poorly endowed
And must needs compensate by playing loud.
Thus begins this tactless, rash attack
As I tie foolish pickers to the rack.

That once noble institution of the band –
Intrepid tourist troupe encamped in van,
Which goeth town to town to vainly search
For aural victims, customers for merch –
Has long outlived whatever dubious use.
Each member loudly proclaims himself obtuse
With dull performance of the standard licks.
Witness! Stephen Malkmus and the Jicks!

Once Pavement quit, SM has seen that
His legacy of glory's now beshat.
To classic rock he pledges his 'alliege'
Whence hath gone that former skronk and siege?
Where once was found a feedback-spittled rage
Now are the grayest tones of middle age,
For when one plays before a throng adoring
Some take it as a license to be boring.

Upon twin subjects of wrinkle and roar –
Who darkens Albion's door? 'Tis Thurston Moore!
His decline hath spanned sev'ral decades,
With sadness watcheth we as he fades.
The tuneless lovers' plaints and endless jams,
The tired riffs, the vamps, the drummers' flams
Shall not exonerate that faithless cad
Who betrayed Kim Gordon – he must be mad!

And let us not forget Billy Corgan
Who's bald head's as comely as the Gorgon's,
With a voice that's equally seductive.
For humanity he doth not two fucks give;
He says as much when he's on Alex Jones
Imagining rock 'n' roll's like *Game of Thrones*!

To his bandmates he doth not show respect
Proud Chamberlain and Iha genuflect!

Now burly Jack White ruling his empire
In duotone and dressed as a vampire
Shall likely ne'er be fully satisfied
'Til his own constitution's ratified!
Like Corgan, his self-estimate is high,
Large-framed, with a voice like an insect's whine.
Stollsteimer found his fists quite garrulous
Beware! To libel White is perilous!

Be this a Byronic simulation?
Or mere cheap moronic imitation?
O, reader! That is for you to decide.
It's you who'll laurel wreath me or deride
This humble effort in satiric rhyme.
Is it worth your time? How about your dime?
I've more desecration before I yield -
Hark! The execration of Kevin Shields!

to be continued...