The Tragic Tale of the Tightrope Walker who suffered from Hay fever

She tiptoed on the tightrope - stifling a sneeze
Then “ahhh-achoooo!”
Way up she flew
Catching the trapeze
Her fingertips were gripping
But her palms were slightly damp
She knew that she was slipping
When her thumbs developed cramp
The audience all held their breath
Then gave a frightened gasp
For sure, it would be certain death
If she should lose her grasp
No strings, no net, no trampoline
No mats to break her fall
She wrapped one leg around a rope
Then swang towards the wall

Swang and swang and swang and swang
Til she could swing no more
She grabbed onto a scaffold pole
And slid down to the floor
The Big Top crowd erupted:
She blew her nose and sighed –
An elephant came charging in…
And that is how she died.