There was once a pretty princess
with a passion for parallel parking,
a persistence that pervaded
and prodded
whenever she got into a car.
Her perversion with parallel parking
led her to the packed parking places
alongside the Purple Penthouse Shoppe.
She parked her pink Porsche perfectly
and went inside
to pick out a primrose petticoat.
Prior to the perfumed princess packaging her purchase
she met a pagan prince atop a pachyderm.
“Oh, pure, polished princess,” said the prince,
“Please partake of pastries and pasta
in my pavilion this p.m.”
“My pleasure, persuasive prince,” said the pinkened princess
and paraded pell-mell down the path
back to the palace.
Pandemonium ensued as the panicky princess
preened in preparation
for a proposal from the prince.
When she was pleased with her appearance,
the proficient princess perambulated,
with an entourage of a dozen or so,
to the polite prince’s pavilion.
But outside, the prince’s pack wagon was not
properly parallel parked.
The proud princess prodded
and prompted the prince to explain. He pronounced the prognosis that the princess was too preoccupied with particulars. “Parallel parking is presumably a pretentious proclivity and should be precluded permanently.” The practical princess promptly pivoted on point and progressed to the palatial property to pout. The prince proposed to a peasant and lived happily ever after. The poignant princess pensioned herself off to a piquant provincial profession and was never heard from again.