

## THE POET'S CORNER

From time to time, Word Ways receives a variety of short poems related to recreational linguistics, some original, others previously published. As poetic output cannot be easily predicted, these will be presented on an irregular basis.

In the August 1975 Colloquy, Albert Wilansky of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania wrote a couplet in which the words were arranged in dictionary order: A blessing comes down each evening from God / His infinite joy keeps loving our pod. Noting that this poem is somewhat less than transparent in meaning (pod can have a wide variety of meanings) Ralph Beaman wondered whether it could be rearranged to make more sense. If pod is defined as "dry seed vessel", he proposes:

On Watching Milkweed  
After Dusk

From each pod, down comes;  
A loving God keeps;  
Blessing our evening;  
His joy -- infinite.

If one takes pod to mean a "group of seals or whales", a different poem emerges from the same word-order:

Seals Are Also  
God's Creatures

From each pod down comes a loving God,  
Keeps blessing our evening, His joy,  
infinite.

Ralph's third poem, in which pod means "detachable compartment of air- or space-craft", should appeal to ufologists:

Spacegals Meet  
The Martians

From each pod down  
Comes a loving;  
God keeps blessing;  
Our evening - his joy - infinite.

J. C. Smedley of Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y., celebrates the Democratic presidential convention with the following line-by-line palindrome:

Star-come Democrats  
drawn onward,  
name man.  
Yell a vote to valley.  
Delegates set up side disputes. Set age led  
to Jim. I jot  
name to vote. Man  
on nose, Ma. James on: "No

nepotism. I, Jim, sit open,  
 say no mere ceremony as  
                   I  
                   rise, sir,  
                   deified."

He then turns his attention to the Republican convention in Kansas City:

Mid K. C. I plan, if final pick dim,  
 as if swore to vote Rows F. Is a  
 snag? Aery agony? No, gay Reagan's  
 partisan rows rose. Yell or stunt, new toot,  
 went nuts, roll eyes or sworn as I trap  
 revolt. Or no! It is opposition rot, lover,  
 not issues abase us. Sit on.  
 Ahem, I Gerry tramp inside. Man  
 named. I snip martyr regime, ha!  
                   Role: to hotel or  
 set, over a tube debut. Are votes  
                   never even?

Note that lines 4-5 and 8-9 are paired in this line-by-line palindrome.

The following poem, christened an anachuttle by its creator, Walter Shedlofsky, contains two acrostics that are transposals of each other (read the initial letter of the first word in each line, and do the same for the third word in each line). In addition, one should note the spooneristic rhyme-scheme that he has employed (such as "train my pleasure" vs. "plain my treasure"):

Adorable heart, sweetly you wrought my renovation.

Cleverly smart, adorned beauty bears a taint supernal;  
 Heavenly peart, charming grace your manner paints eternal.  
 Idolatry spurt, convert rapt heart to light seneschal,  
 Conjecture art, harbor dream of love to night celestial.

Superior craze, admit only you can train my pleasure;  
 Nonpareil haze, regale, without you how plain my treasure.  
 Attentive maze, inspire soul  
 Romantic blaze, night and day, grant royal adulation.  
 Exalted praise, endure my ecstatic veneration.

Recently James Rambo of Palo Alto, California set himself the task of writing an end-to-end palindrome which uses each letter of the alphabet at least once (therefore, each letter appears twice, with the possible exception of the pivot -- here taken to be Q). He notes: " (the palindrome) evidently has to do with oil, new-found wealth, and uncertain conditions in the Near East with its quaint adherence to old ways".

Ooze, Moslem,  
 A call-up!  
     I, lame tiro,  
         Jam Ali on it,  
             Luxe raw.

OK, cub,  
 Do get a help;  
     Mania may fire votes.

Iraq,  
 Arise to verify  
     A main ample hate --  
         God, bucko,  
             War!

Exult in oil,  
 A major item, Ali --  
     Pull.

A camel?  
 Some zoo!

In the following short poem, Milton Bass of Brooklyn, N. Y. finds rhymes for four different pronunciations of the refractory word orange:

The way one says: "Yon door hinge"  
 Is a relative to "Oaringe".

Yet others mumble "Car-flange"  
 Intonating it like "Ahrange".

Quasi-Frenchmen savor "Blanc-mange"  
 And so thusly favor "Ahr ranzh".

"All those aspirants seem so strange,"  
 Thinks the omni-pronounced "Owe range".