The Faded Bloomers Rhapsody

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(EDITOR’S NOTE: The poem that follows, by rare but happy accident, is a perfect palindrome, reading the same backward as it does forward. It is distinguished for using 16 words of 7 or more letters, including one of 13 letters and one of 16. In all, it is 450 letters long—an astonishing achievement.)

Flee to me, remote elf—Sal a dewan desired;
Now is a Late-Petal Era.
We fade: lucid Iris, red Rose of Sharon;
Goldenrod a silly ram ate.
Wan olives teem (ah, Satan lives!);
A star eyes pale Roses.

Revel, big elf on a mayonnaise man—
A tinsel baton-dragging nice elf too.
Lisp, oh sibyl, dragging Nola along;
Niggardly bishops I loot.
Fleecing niggard notables Nita names,
I annoy a Man of Legible Verse.

So relapse, ye rats,
As evil Natasha meets Evil
On a wet, amaryllis-adorned log.
Norah’s foes’ orders (I ridiculed a few) are late, Pet.
Alas, I wonder! Is Edna west?
Alas—flee to me, remote elf.

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