

## 268,435,456 SONNET ANAGRAMS

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Pick a line at random from the four in the first group, a line from the four in the second group, and so on, to create a Shakespearean sonnet with rhyme scheme *abab cdcd efef gg*. Repeat this process to create a second sonnet that is a line-by-line anagram of the first. There are some other mild constraints: the four lines in the second group mention the four seasons, and there are minor allusions to other poems. The lines were constructed to make each sonnet say something reasonably coherent (vaguely having to do with the current world situation).

- 1 Go, sinful worm, to heed the transient day;  
Enough were let to stand forth in dismay;  
Oh, it's not freedom ruins the tangled way;  
We find soon that the melodies turn gray;
- 2 Our flesh an empty mold, a Winter sigh.  
To play of idle art when Summer's nigh.  
Up, artist-men, go home when Fall is dry.  
Who fuel hate immortal Springs deny.
- 3 Now try and read this short life's resume,  
Hide so in terror, damn the stressful way,  
The rules of his mind's order went astray,  
Firm soldiers enter, shun the wars today,
- 4 Because men rose at once with plans so high.  
When each soon-passing truth becomes a lie.  
See towns through peace, man's chosen alibi.  
Ban laws, choose change, the promises untie.
- 5 So on this earth mature delights are sown;  
To dreaming souls the art hereat is shown:  
Some insights that our leader-haters own:  
Or measure this, what golden artists hone:
- 6 The countryside, a blue romantic sea,  
Your tuna slice, the basic modern tea,  
His secret cloud, a mountain by a tree,  
A land secure that you inscribe to me.
- 7 One steady hand, firm hills, a pleasing tone;  
A Hampshire field, a lonely standing stone;  
Day sport in health, and seeing films alone;  
Long life as mine and ready lips that shone;
- 8 These too shall run and meet their destiny.  
Their modern nation yet the dust shall see.  
Then heroes sat, 'round death time, silently,  
No matter, these should die here instantly.
- 9 On this outlandish earth, replete with fear,  
To read, to learn, within this hateful sphere,  
Our faith in this low planet shattered here,  
With haunted hope, if lethal traitors sneer,
- 10 When men in arms the battlegrounds foreswore,  
While wrongs at men returned, as months before,  
When we from these grand nations bluster more,  
Where farming thousands low resentment bore,
- 11 Will hopes on that regard today pass near?  
Shall any good in these tart words appear?  
Do troops end all the pagan wars this year?  
Then shall two years go rot and disappear?
- 12 So finely Quoth the Starling, "Nevermore".  
Grim envy flees onto the tranquil shore.  
Then go, love—harm is frequently in store.  
No, never quit the smaller things of yore.
- 13 Dethrone hard toil and to the past succumb;  
So strut not: death placed acid on her thumb;  
The lot stood up, then snatched Bacardi rum;  
I touch clasped hands, to batter on the drum;
- 14 Doubt this, the gentle sacrament of some.  
Let gather Fates; the icon moon sets dumb.  
The best of things must to a real end come.  
O face his sad tomb, note the gentle strum.