

## *The Faded Bloomers Rhapsody*

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*Sweet Home, Oregon*

(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 (f ridiculed a few) are late, Pet.  
 Alas, I wonder! Is Edna wed?  
 Alas—flee to me, remote elf.