EDITOR'S PREFACE: Mr. Shedlofsky's poems grow ever more intricate. Four of them are presented here, the first of which is an acrostic on its title, is shuttle-rhymed throughout, and is also a riddle (the solution to which will be given on page 126).

Shuttle rhymes are an interesting subject in themselves, and SHUTTLE RHYME, as a word, is also interesting for having some remarkable synonyms which I give here on the authority of Dmitri Borgmann: TWIST RHYME, SPOONERISM, MARROWSKY, GOWER STREET DIALECT, and MEDICAL GREEK.

The second of Mr. Shedlofsky's poems is distinguished for being an acrostic on "In God we trust" while simultaneously the text of the poem exudes a terror from which there would appear to be no salvation. The third and longest poem, though not an acrostic, is powerful, beautiful, and lurid, and is of interest for having provided the poet the inspiration for the second poem. The fourth and last is again an acrostic poem, and is similar in motif to his Hispahan, which appeared in Volume 1, Number 3, page 180 of WORD WAYS.

NIGHT WANED

Nocturnal tones, like some rare fiddle,
Invade light phantom dreams, mysty opic.
Gentile chrotodies, soothing as free rain,
Harmonize dimly as the city cries.
Tenebrous as wings of the dragonfly,
Winter flowers slowly drink the flagon dry . .
Arrange tenfold, do not criticize,
Nodding enigma has its light refrain,
Ever shining, so be optimistic,
Deduce brightly and solve this fair riddle.

WORD WAYS
IN GOD WE TRUST

Insane titterings heard on the stair,
Nightmarish shadows thrown on the wall,
Grim windless blasts felt in the old hall,
Odd ghosts invade my sick mind and soul.
Daily I ail with a strange malaise;
Wild with terror, my lovely Gervaise
Entreats we leave while my mind is whole...
Trust with fear I search this haunted pile,
Roaring her name, but Gervaise has fled,
Unless... Why is my hand stained this red?
Sadly I recall her tortured smile
That now fills my heart with dark despair.

THE DREAM AND THE SWORD

I dreamed I held an ancient blade,
As deep within a haunted glade,
I sought Lilith, who had betrayed
My love with hate and treachery.
A leprous arc, the moon was dim
Above the Druid's cromlech grim,
Wherein Lilith, a siren slim,
Chanted wild runes of sorcery.

"Lilith," I cried, and as she turned
To face the love she once had spurned,
Now bitter hate which madly burned,
She mocked me with her eyes of jade;
And in that glance where witchcraft shone,
My upraised arm had turned to stone,
I could not break, as strength had flown,
The rigid chains of mist and shade.

Then Lilith laughed, and broke the spell,
And upraised arm in fury fell
Across her neck and bosom swell.
"Curse ye," she croaked, with final breath,
As blood gushed forth from severed vein,
"This hour shall be your constant pain,
"That sword shall find your hand again
"To plant another rose of Death."

Red was the dawn which limned the sky,
Red as the ancient sword, which I
Had never seen before. A cry
Of anguish burst, as by my side,
Bringing madness and chilling dread,
In streams of gore which rilled the spread,
The horror lay—the severed head
Of Lillian, my day-old bride.
SANDRAHAR

Stranger from some weird other-space or star;
Ask not where lie the purple glades of Kled,
Nor where there gleam the silver strands of Pred—
Domain of Norn where rolling winds caress,
Realm of Paradise you seek from afar—
Alas, these sights grace not this wilderness.
Hasten, once more, to your vagrant space-stream,
Amidst some other world or fleeting dream
Reigns that blissful land you call Sandrahar.

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DO NOT DISTURB!

Question: How many of the 21 languages represented above are you able to identify? We'll start you off with this helpful hint—the first one is Advanced Anglo-Saxon!

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From Leigh Mercer we have received intelligence of the longest place-name in Ireland. Its full designation, as listed in what appears to be a directory (Mr. Mercer sent a clipping of but part of a page), is: T NEWTOWNMOUNTKENNEDY, Greystones, Co. Wicklow (I). Perhaps the longest place-names of ALL countries would make an interesting collection!