EDITOR’S NOTE: The following poems illustrate a novel prosodic concept. The first set—composed by J. A. Lindon—is a pair of poems which are mutually convertible, both with respect to their rhyme-schemes and with respect to the acrostical initial letters of their lines, and which are also written entirely in monosyllables. The second set—composed by Walter Shedlofsky—is a set of three—not an acro-duplex, but an acro-triple. The members of this triad of poems are all mutually convertible, both acrostically and rhyme-schematically.

Cats, Cats, Cats, Cats!
Cats come with mews, all
Have sharp claws, they
Air their views, stray
Soon from laws, climb wall.

Chain off, he might
Aim at a rout,
Touch mogs and bite
Such prime bits out!
Chance came. Grey dawn.
At once left mat.
The deuce! On lawn—
Scamp loose—no cat!

Chase 'em, Scamp, Go On!
Cats come with mews, all
Have sharp claws, they
Air their views, stray
Soon from laws, climb wall.
Each tom and
Each mog—grand thieves—munch
Meal from Scamp's lunch.
Scamp planned...

Chain off, he might aim
At a rout, touch
Mogs and bite such
Prime bits out. Chance came.

Grey dawn. At
Once left mat. The deuce!
On lawn—Scamp loose—
No cat!
—J. A. Lindon

(In England cats, especially she-cats, are sometimes colloquially referred to as mogs or moggies.)

ACRO-TRIPLE

Sad Mad Poem

Success-starved bard indites odd ode. Art-white, love-torn
Agent sees light, new verse exploits, yeasts campaign slick.
Daily ads, size of quoits, glare, bode, admit sex thrills

Move and excite, lure the naive with sin and trick
All snowed, admire, extol, explode. Tart lines, reborn,
Deemed fresh, not trite, overwhelm truth forlorn. Each quick

Phrase of praise becomes golden lode. Poet now swills
Old wine while tight optic ogles some damsel chic.
Excluded flame, enraged by toad, suffers slight's chills,
Mourns fame tonight, yearns for days when he was poor hick.

Sly Glade Poet

Success-starved bard indites odd ode. Art-white,
Love-torn agent sees light, new verse exploits,
Yeast campaign slick. Daily ads, size of quoits,

Glare, bode, admit sex thrills move and excite,
Lure the naive with sin and trick. All snowed,
Admire, extol, explode. Tart lines, reborn,
Deemed fresh, not trite, overwhelm truth forlorn.
Each quick phrase of praise becomes golden lode.

Poet now swills old wine while tight optic
Ogles some damsel chic. Excluded flame,
Enraged by toad, suffers slight's chills, mourns fame
Tonight, yearns for days when he was poor hick.
CONVERTIBLE ACROSTICS

Sandal Atop Poery
Success-starved bard indites odd ode.
Art-white, love-torn agent sees light.
New verse exploits, yeasts campaign slick.
Daily ads, size of quoits, glare, booe.
Admit sex thrills move and excite,
Lure the naive with sin and trick.

All snowed, admire, extol, explode.
Tart lines, reborn, deemed fresh, not trite.
Overwhelm truth forlorn. Each quick
Phrase of praise becomes golden lode.

Poet now swills old wine, while tight
Optic ogles some damsel chic.
Excluded flame, enraged by toad,
Suffers slight's chills, mourns fame tonight.
Yearns for days when he was poor hick.

—Walter Shedlofsky

ANAGRAMS
The Dead March in Saul
Hear deathland music.
Arcanus, Complications, April 5, 1908

The death of Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous agnostic
Goes, gathering the belief that no Lord comforts us.
C. Saw, Ardmore Puzzler, July 27, 1899

A beautiful topical anagram, and one that carries force for all time to come.

Declaration
An oral edict.
Helva Goodman, Enigma, March 1916

The Declaration of Independence
Oh, one clear defiant edict penned.
Amaranth, In Mystic Mood, July 1911

The detectives
Detect thieves.
Binks, Eastern Enigma List, December 1903

Although this anagram lacks in transposal, it is so striking it commands admiration.

Discernment
Mind's center.
Spreggs, Enigma, May 1915