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Few recent events captured man's interest and imagination as much as the Apollo program culminating in the landing of astronauts on the moon. This interest was in great part stimulated by the extensive TV coverage, particularly during the later moon walks; never before has it been possible to look over the shoulder of an explorer of an utterly strange land. Many writers, including the astronauts themselves, have searched for words to describe their transcendent experience.

Palindromists, too, must search for the right words. The following saga is intended to describe a successful voyage to the moon and back. I have created 12 individual palindromes instead of one long one, in the hope of enhancing comprehension (but it helps to be endowed with a vivid imagination). The composition emerges as a series of rhyming prose couplets; the rhyming, however, is due more to luck than design. The lack of meter prevents it from being true poetry.

Yaws in a craft on top spot; not far, Canis way.
No! Onward, new if -- for a fad -- afar. Off I wend, raw noon.
No omen; awed, I was sapid. I pass a wide wane moon.
Do orbit far; Canis, in a craft I brood.
Doom Yager away! Alert, I feel glee -- fit. Relay a ware gay mood!
Stir granule rock core -- lunar grits.
Stibnite sack corroded, or rock-case. Tin bits.
Habituate now entire mesa base; merit new one. Taut, I bah!
A hero gabs, "Orb! Bag gabbros, bag ore -- ha!"
Deep space ride lost one not; so led, I recap speed.
Deed, draw awe. Far off for a few; award deed!
A surer -- a radical pose, so placid -- a rarer U.S.A.

My thanks to James Rambo of San Francisco for aiding with punctuation, and for his encouraging remarks and helpful suggestions for the presentation of my 12-pal astronaut opus.