

THE POET'S CORNER

From time to time, *Word Ways* receives a variety of short poems related to recreational linguistics, some original, others previously published. As poetic output cannot be easily predicted, these will be presented on an irregular basis.

Most *Word Ways* readers know that TYPEWRITER is a word which can be written using only the keys on the top row of a typewriter. Cynthia Knight of Chicago has developed this observation into a lipogrammatic poem in which all the words are typed using the top row only.

WIPEOUT!

O WOE

(we quote you, poor poet)

We tiptoe up. quiet. You peer out. You opt to write
quite proper poetry

to pour out your pretty repertoire.

We try to woo you to write. You pop out; retire to pout.

Torpor? Terror? Ire? Or worry? We pity you, poor poet.

Put out, you rip your poetry up. Too trite?

We try to pique you.

Were your pep to tire, or your power to rot

We prop you up to retype it.

Or were our top priority to trip you

or were etiquette, piety, or propriety to require you to
wire up your typewriter to rewrite it ...

O! You write witty quip, pert retort. You titter. You write
pure, utter tripe too, I purr.

You err

retype your error

weep

wipe your wet typewriter (your property)

We TOWER o'er you, wee tot -- were you TWO?

YOU WORE YOUR TOY TYPEWRITER OUT!

We quit.

In an Anachuttle, the first letters in each line of the poem spell out a word or phrase; the letters are then anagrammed to another word or phrase which appears elsewhere in a vertical array. The rhyme-scheme employs spoonergrams, patterns of the form "light rain" and "right lane". In the Anachuttle below, Walter Shedlofsky also anagrams the initial letters into a variety of phrases, underlined in each line of the poem.

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Amorous curse abrades, can dupe name (why elate chain?) those

Nighted humid lusts which cark? Passions alien cheat, harm.

Insane latent ardors warp judgment, can lie heat, charm?

Calmer staler trusts shatter, in rags or in lace hate lies.

Erotic dearth exacts, random thrusts find ache in late highs.

Lurid follies need mistress, naught can heal tie of lightness.

Ardent vanity intrudes in each can lie of tightness.

Truth blights cheap quests; ere time when worms have eaten a lich nears,

Horrid envies harass as snared fool in a late niche leers.

Embered ennui ensues, derides other Alice thane chose.

|
Jeremy Morse of London, England has cleverly constructed a rhopallic story of a father and his son debating the proper response to a field of threatening cattle. The first line consists of 15 two-letter words; the second, of 14 three-letter words; and so on down to the final line of a single sixteen-letter word. The lines alternate between father and son, and the second word of each line consists of the name by which the one addresses the other.

Oh, pa, an ox is on us so do we go by it or no?

Yes, son, for how can you let one fat old cow bar the way?

Then, papa, what does that long ugly horn mark over your brow mean?

Quiet, child, being above petty fears brave souls never count their scars.

Steady, father, nobody seeing horned cattle around rashly courts danger either.

Perhaps, younker, however despite fearful threats courage usually battles through.

Honestly, governor, prudence dictates sensible avoiding measures wherever possible.

Poppycock, offspring, everybody considers cowardice something supremely degrading.

Presumably, progenitor, honourable sentiments themselves constitute protection.

Undoubtedly, hobbledehoy, intrepidity discourages unwarranted aggravation.

Nevertheless, sexagenarian, carelessness precipitates catastrophes.

Disappointing, tergiversator, unaccountably pusillanimous!

Flabbergasting, disciplinarian, unrestrainable!

Straightforward insubordination!

Incomprehensible!