"ENGLISH FOR TODAY" ANAGRAMMED

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O, Lady of the Rings,
angry is the flood
of the godly rains.

Sing, earthly food,
the old fairy song
of deaths in glory
and of ghostly ire:
Oh, fine, glad story!
Sing of hearty old
hay in gold forest,
of earthly doings.

* * * *
Thorny leaf-god is
trying falsehood,
saying of the Lord,
"Oh, flag-shorn deity,
fair, honest, godly,
find a ghostly ore.
Go in sadly for the
holy, fading store
of Heng's idolatry--
ye short, final god,
ye god in Hal's fort."

* * * *
Oo, filthy dangers:
lot of gray fiends
(no frail gods, they!)
O, feary old things
tangle fishy rood
or things of delay...
Great shiny flood
of deathly rings, O,
groany flies. Doth
agon y slide forth?
Ay, of reign'd sloth
on oft-grisly head.

* * * *
Dashing o'er lofty
Helga, stony fiord,
go, fly; dash to Erin.
A filthy Norse god
told ye of sharing
not his faery gold
(nor his fealty, god)
Halo design: Forty
rays of gold, thine.
No hastily forged
soft Rhine gold, ay.

* * * *
Lo, yon far-sighted
Hal, go for destiny,
lad of the Yorings.
Fey lad, soon right
danger of thy soil
(Thin greasy flood,
oo, frightens lady).
Thy foils do anger
to holy griefs, and
O, thy dragon flies!

O foil thy dangers.
Honor ladye's gift
of deathly ring. So
half go in, destroy
gory fiends. 0 halt.

Yon glad hero's fist
doth slay foreign
red-hay footlings.
For eighty lands, O
hoist yonder flag.
Go, harloty fiends;
they sin, fool, drag.

* * * *
The foreign lady's
fading sorely. Hot
old nights of years
ago on dirty flesh.

O, dirty flash! Gone
is the angry flood.

Yes, lad, fit
(dying foe's
lady goes fo
qlint of day
of ghostly In
O, fiery gho
of Nils' gory
of Hal destr
so dearly. N
safety -- or
only a doe's

Delay, soon
gorily done
Lady on foe'
Is glory hon
O son, dearl
honey-soiled

* * * *
Flag death's
of angled hi
Yes, lad, fight on, or (dying foe's harlot) lady goes forth in glint of day. Shore of ghostly Ireland, O, fiery ghost-land of Nils' gory death; of Hal destroying so dearly. Night of safety -- or holding only a doe's fright.

Delay, soon fright, gorily done shaft! Lady on foe's right: Is glory honed aft? O son, dearly fight honey-soiled graft.

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Flag death's irony of angled history.


* * * *

Dire oaths of Glyn had foes rot, lying. Dying hero floats: Hades' fool, trying... Do ye signal forth to a horde's flying?

Nay, god lifts hero Idly forgets? Ah, no. Ho, yon glad strife so loth, gay friend, sooth'd angry life. Earth fools dying: So faith, glory end.