LYCANTHROPUS PALINDROMIS

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Flow, Eridanus! Liven a red, nude dune-devil!
Ill animus' nider, ill I will! A pall I will! It's ill? It's all I will!...

...All I kill, ill I will, ill! All I will ill!...

...A troll ill, I kine maim; a lobo lamia, men I kill!
Ill or tall, ill I will all! Ill I will!
Ill, I kill all I will--as, till I still, I will!!
A pall I will, ired!...

...In sum, in all, I live,
Denuded under an evil sun,
A dire Wolf...

--Eris Flowerewer, A Bare Werewolf's Ire

The foregoing notwithstanding, the literary corpus of logology is
heavily weighted with writings of a blithe and humorous turn. Works
more reflective of the morbid and gloomy end of the emotional spectrum,
by comparison, seem disproportionately scarce in belles-lettres logology.
With a view toward addressing this imbalance, therefore, here are two
palindromic poems on the dire topic of werewolves, those traditional
staples of literary gothic horror. Hopefully, the werewolf in its palin-
dromical incarnation can still inspire, if not quite gothic horror, at least
a frisson of gothic consternation...

TRAP ONE

In my beginning is my end.
--T. S. Eliot

(In the following poem, only the opening stanza relates present action;
all the rest is flashback. Hence Eliot's epigraph may thus be, as will be
seen, trebly apt here.)

Both werewolves and hell-hounds are often depicted as possessing the
same alarming feature, namely, incandescent red eyes. Might this shared
trait be a sign that these two apparently distinct species are, in reality,
just different manifestations of the same Hadean dog-demon? Well, it may
at least be said, palindromically speaking, "'Wolf' fits a mastiff low..."
Rat-a-tat!
Oh-oh. God, a tap! Reg, or...
Deep's dog, malign?
I leery am; I won't nap, I--
0 no!...0 NO!!
    Yare, red-net,
    Fire-cinder EYES flower...
"Am-Amaryllis??"
0 no, 0 no, 0 no...

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...0 no, dire wolf! 0 no!
No "desserts," live demon, glean!
...Ah, tan Evita! Go!!
Red eyes, flower ewe!
Liven!! 0 rise, yahoo Evita--go!!
Red eyes flower ewe!
Ride!! Mosey, ere--
"Ta-ta..."

    Red now, dire, gory, mad Nat's
    Red, nude wolf gorges on.
    Murder: a red nullity, made...dire.

"Did a lone, mad-dog foe man murder smug flower-idyll aerator
    Evita, gent?"
Len knelt.
"Negative!"

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...Rot! A 'really dire' wolf gums red rum??
Name of God, dame, NO!..."
Lad, I derided Amy
Till, under a red, rum nose, "grog" flowed...

"...Understand Amy?
Roger, I'd wonder at...at 'er eye,
Some dire werewolf's eye...
Derogative? Ooh!...Aye, sir,
One vile werewolf's eye!" derogative Nathanael Gnomedevil
    stressed. "0 no, no 'flower,' I'd--"
"0 no. 0 no. 0 no!

    "...'0 no," silly ram?"
    A mare-wolf's eye, red...(Nicer if tenderer, ay!)
    "0 no??..."
"0 no!" I pant. "Now I may--"
Reeling, I lam.
"Godspeed, Roger! 'Pat a dog,' ho, ho!"
"Ta-ta, tar..."

TRAP TWO

Ergo flow, Erewhon wolf! Flow ere we're
wolf-flown, oh werewolf-ogre!

--H. P. La Rue, I'd Add "Adieu," Ralph

Say that lycanthropy is alleged to lope in your lineage, but that
you've always scoffed at such silly slaver. So you wake up one dull day
with a furry mouth, a dogged headache, and no clear recollection of the
night before. Evening comes and you're still feeling pretty beastly, so
you decide to trot off to town for a nip of the old hair-of-the-dog
remedy. This seems to do the trick, for as the night wears on and you
dose yourself with more and more of your favorite medicine, your aches
dissolve in a swirling haze of past and present, of memories repressed,
imagined, or somehow foreseen, of lying bartenders, a skeptical cleric
and a mellow dame, and even, after a while, of a two-faced red demon
who floats in your drink and taunts you with sinister semordnilaps. All
in all, it's a howl...

THE DEVIL'S DYAD

Hoorah!...Ah, ah, ah, ah,
Ah!
Ah, flow, taps! Remit Roman red rum!
Oho! Flow on, wonder-red rum I saw!
Flow, ere war on, on...god, a semi-memory?--no, the liver!--
is won, red, red rum!

Flow, ere Monday deride us...

"Flow on, O red rum!" I murmur, redder...
"Red rum!" I murmur, redder...
"A red rum!!"...(I, ah, murder red rum...)
"Red, now!" I murmur, redder. "Deliver red rum I--redder,
non-wan II--'murder,' Tim!"

...Ere Wednesday dare drum "Mur-der! Mur-der! Mur-der!..."?

Ah, rum! "Rum! I murder red rum!" I murmur...
"Ay, a red rum-flow deliver, O red rum-warder!"
(Red rum! Stiff, it's murder...Hah! Start a canon on a bender, ay!)
"O, flow on, O red rum! 0 slam in a wender's tender red rumen!"

...Ere Saturday dare drum "MUR-DER-RED-RUM, MUR-DUR-RED-RUM,
MUR-DER-RED-RUM, MUR-DER-RED-RUM..."?
Murder, sides reversed, is...
Red.

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*       *       *
Rum-red now, I wonder:
"Was it I, Tim, dallier I--no, benign I, Lupe Garew!--I saw
... red?"
Dastard!
"Lob red rum, dastard! Red rum!..."
Sad, I'm tired now...ired now!
Ired!...

Rum-fired, nowise tired (it never is...),
Murder's wolf gorges on.
Murder?
A red nullity alive,
A mire made dire...

Did I--protean I, dog-faced, dog-poor, dog-odontoid I--
murder Art Lupus'
Paly flower-idyll aerator Sue?...

*             *

Torpid, I do oscillate: Moss Mees' "Red Rum Tub"? Or, eh...
Midas Levin's "Die Tür"?
Buttered rum? Or, um...rum toddies?
"Repair onward! Murder Wolf's Rum!
Rum-ward, ho!...

(Murder??...Wolf??...)
"Oh, I saw 'twas I, Rev. Edna!
Now was I--god!--a dog! A wolf aflow! A live devil!
...Aye, 'hoodoo-voodoo'!!...Help!!"

Mist I was...In a morose, mad murder-fog of animus,
  live I did flow,
A fog of a dog!
And ever, I saw--god!--paws aflow...

...Rug of a loo (felt?), tile, carpets: in I flow,
  as a live fog of evil, as a wolf--a red, rum, dadgum
  anima of a wolf!--as a gas, a gas aflow, a foam in
  a mug. Dad!!

Murder aflow!
As a live fog of evil, as a Wolf, in I step!
Race, little fool, a fog Ur-wolf!

"...A swap-dog was I, Rev. Edna!"
(God! A fog of a wolf, did I evil sum,
In a fog of red rum?)
"...Dame so Roman, I saw it!...'Simple hoodoo--voodoo,' hey?
  A 'live devil,' a 'wolf aflow,' a--"
God...A dog, I saw, won; and ever,  
I saw 'twas I...  

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Ho! Flow, red rum! (Oh, draw murmurs!)  
Flow, red rum drawn—  
Or I—a Perseid dot!—murmur, "O, murder!..."  
(Et tu, brute Id??...)

(Snivels a dim hero: "But 'murder' seems so...  
metallic, so...")

O, did I??  
Proteus??  

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"...Rot! A 'really dire wolfy' laps up ultra-red rum?? Idiot!  
NO!...Do go, droop! God!!...DECAF?? God, I--Nae!!"  
Torpid, I deride Dame Rima—evil, ay??—till,  
Under a red, rum nose,  
"Grog" flows...  
"Red rum, sir! Eventide rites..."  
I wonder.  

(If murder, I wonder...)  
"I wonder it, Midas, murder..."  
Drat!  
"Sad, murder,' bold rat?? Sadder was I!!" we rage.  
Puling in ebon ire—'I'll admit it!--I saw red!...  

Now I wonder...  
Murder?  
Sides reversed, is red rum murder??...  
Red rum...Murder. "Red rum, murder! Red rum, Murder! Red  
rum, murder! A dyad rut!!..."

A serene Murder: "Red nets red, new animal--so murder  
on, O 'wolf'!!...Oy! a red neb anon on a cat, rats!!...  
Hah! 'Red rum,' stiff? It's murder--red, raw murder,  
O reviled wolf! M, U, R, D, E, R..."

"Ay, a rum!!...Rum, I murder red rum!!" I murmur...  

"Ha! 'Red rum'!! Re-drum red, rum murder a dyad's end!!"  

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"Ewer, emit red rum I--Naw! Non! Redder! I murder reviled  
redder rum!!..."
Rum...I wonder.
Murder?...Red rum? (Ha! I "murder" a redder rum!)
Rum! I murder...
"Redder"...rum?
Rum??
I "murder"--??
O, no!!
"Wolf," "Sue"...

...Dire dyad?

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"No mere wolf murder'd 'er. now, sir...Evil, eh?"
Tony Rome mimes a dog...
"No? Nor a ...werewolf?"

(Was I--murder-red, now--no wolf?)

"Oho! Murder, 'n' a..." Mortimer spat, "...wolf?? Ha!!"

HA!
Ha, ha!
Ha, ha, HAROOH!...

"Harooh," indeed. And thus it is that this palindromical dance with
the wolves of the dark side of the psyche fittingly ends (and begins
anew) with a baying, not with a simper...

NOTES

Trap One Ever since classical Greek times, "Amaryllis" has been the
stock name for a shepherdess, in bucolic and pastoral poetry; Virgil and
Spenser, among others, have perpetuated this tradition. It seems a neat
coincidence, then, that "Amaryllis" should be concealing in its reverse a
"silly ram". "Grog" was watered rum, originally...By "marewolf" is meant
here a nightmare wolf, not some lupine centaur or sea-wolf.

Trap Two Semordnilaps (which also go by several other names) are
two different words which, when reversed, spell each other (e.g., trap
and part)...It would have been phonetically preferable to have the
narrator's name be "Llewe Garew" (="loup garou") rather than "Lupe
Garew" (and hence have him "welling" rather than "puling"), but alas
"Llewe" seems a bit improbable, even as a diminutive of "Llewellyn"...A
"Perseid dot" would be a meteor (bright but brief); the allusion is to
the annual Perseid shower...Proteus of course was the Greek sea god
noted for his changeableness of form...A neb is an animal's snout.