

HECKLE THE FECKLESS ECKLER

SCARFIN' FATBACK

By now most of you have figured out my real identity, and know that I've written virtually all of the great classics of the last four centuries, plus most of Word Ways. But few know that not only did I write the original "Mary Had A Little Lamb," but all, yes ALL of the lipograms of that poem attributed to A. Ross Eckler. To prove it to you, I will demonstrate with a Frost pun-parody (all of which, to date, I've written) that makes do without the most essential vowel in the original "Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening" (which I wrote)--the O! If A.R.E. can best me, also without the O's, keeping exactly to Frost's rhyme scheme, and punning every line, I will redisappear into the codified subtext of great literature for the next few centuries (which will always bear my imprint, if you will only look).

What wits, the czar! My sin tableau,
My Hester Prynne, but pillaged. Faux
Was William--see him stunt--Shakespeare;
And what was Wells, Philips, Geraud?

Their little hearse must stink, each bier;
They stripped and withered my career.
Between Walt Whitman and Will Blake,
Each jerk is vain as Chanticleer.

Hell grieves if Hemingway's was Jake;
My task, that Zarathustra spake!
Were Henley, Cather, Sand asleep?
A flea, C. Swinburne! Dunne? --a fake.

This wuss then dares claim Mary's sheep!
He'd claim the pyramids, whale-deep
In Melville's gall; be fair, I weep.
In Melville's gall, be fair, I weep.