

FAST TO THE FOC'S'LE, FACILE FOSSIL!

SCARFIN' FATBACK

Eckler, you still don't concede that the whole damned pasture full of Mary's lambs is mine? Instead you challenge the proper format for anagram poems? Eckler, I precede you by four centuries! My skill, art, craft and talent identify all great literature as mine, and I believe I know the rules, as I invented them. Methinks you are a rabbit scurrying for cover in every covert culvert. Not even daring to meet my challenge you evade with rhymeless metreless doggerel and an unrelated list of computer anagrams, while I create my signature each time, and every time, uniquely cryptographic! Can you even find my signature in the following? Yet another proof of my authenticity, it's here in one clueful self-submersion, newly created and far from your "blatant" (N.B.!) duplicitous multiplicity. Here then, and above all, let the passionate Frost-punning artistry of this poem settle it.

SLOOPING IN WINDS ON A BLOWY EVENING

High swells these are--clouds sink, winds blow.
On hull's deck, hands! Avast, below!
The keel slips wide, the masts dip clear;
Hog-hitch the wheel helm-fast, first yeo'!

Gaul lists to port; seasickness, fear!
Place hope in wits to firm us here.
Men's twin beasts!--Elmo flames! sails shake!
"Name Darkest Prince!" Hell's demons jeer!

Fast jibs her high-nosed trim; her stake:
Consuming peaks foamed monsters break!
Swallowing troughs, as sound she'll leap ...
Quickly wins: seas turn to lake!

Side wavelets lull me; rocked I sleep.
Of rolls, none perilous or steep.
Beasts smile; still gulls of air my sheep.
Beasts smile; still gulls of air my sheep.

Editor's note: The first word of each line clues us in to the author. "High On The Hog" gives us the meat of the pig called "bacon." "Gaul Place Men's Name" is "Francis," literally "Frenchman." "Fast Consuming Swallowing Quickly" is "scarfing" food, so "Scarfin'". "Side of Beasts" is the part of the pig providing "fatback."