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Editor’s Note: In the August 1992 and February 1994 Word Ways, Harry L. Stern presented a number of poems based on transpositions of friends’ names, and in August 1994 Susan Thorpe followed up with a poem on her name. Here is a further example of this genre.

During a recent protracted (yes, they measured me for and from all sorts of angles) hospital stay, I got to know a fellow patient and discovered we shared a love for poetry. We critiqued pieces of each other’s work, and he actually wrote a quite insightful poem about me. One sleepless night I felt like reciprocating, but decided to restrict myself to literature rather than maths at this juncture, and so wrote one on him, as it were. Searching for an appropriate title, I decided to try anagramming his name, and was pleasantly surprised to find lots of alternatives, from which I finally chose “Nor Am I Samson”. I was now in the happy situation of being possessed of more than 300 anagrams of my friend’s name, and decided to construct a further opus from some of these, more under the influence this time of Amuse, than a Muse. The following is my resultant humble offering. It comes with his kind permission (and, I suspect, a secret desire for the attendant fame and glory throughout the worldwide [oops] worldwide Word Ways community).

Now, with 101 different permutations before you, who can discover my dear, patient friend’s name?

O man in morass
Aims nor moans
Anosmia’s mom
Main son roams:
“So a man’s minor?”
Moon ran amiss?
Norm is a mason,
Man, I’m so sonar.

Sam roams on in
Roamin’ Samson,
Roam in on mass
Roamin’ masons
O, moans arm sin,
No mass in roam;
I’m a no-arms son,
I’m arson’s moan.

Moan sirs, moan
Moan in morass
Nor miss a moan
On ‘A minor’ mass
Nor moan amiss:
Moan as is norm,
Moan so in arms;
Oasis, man—morn!

Nor am I Samson.
‘Samson, Armoni.’
I ram no Samson
Sin on, roam, Sam.
I’m oarsman, son:
I ran Moon Mass,
Moon’s marinas—
I man Mars soon.
"O, is man on Mars?"
Moon's aims ran.
Son, I am on Mars,
Mars is no moan...
Roos maim Nans,
Nans maim roos:
Sam mars onion,
Onions ram Sam!

"Is Roman man so?"
No Roman amiss.
"O Ma, Romans sin!
No aims, Romans."
"Mason's a minor
Mason is Roman:
'Roman sons aim--
I'm a Roman's son."...

Armoni Samson
(A minor Samson),
Marion Samson
('Iron Ma Samson'),
Omiran Samson
Imrano Samson
Ronami Samson
(Miss Non-Aroma)
O Samson, ram in,
Ram onion mass!

"No aims on Mars
Son, arm aminos.
Roam mansions,
Omanis' manors.
Aim on ransoms--
I'm a ransom, son."

[Omar's Mansion,
A mass-room inn
--Or as in Mosman,
(O Mosman's rain!)
'Moss Aroma Inn',
In a man's rooms
(Soon in Ma's arm)
Simon Oarsman,
Iron-Mama's son.]

"Am in no morass--
O, I'm sonar's man:
No sonar maims
A miss on a morn
'Ransom aminos'!
--I am noon's arms,
Morns as I moan
Ma, I mar no sons."

Mosman's on air:
"Maori man's son..."
"Samoan minors..."
"Masai on morns..."
--Insomnroramas!
As I'm on as Mr. No,
Mama's iron son,
I moan 'norms' as
O, onanism roams--
O! onanism rams
Asian Mormons.

Non-Australians are reminded that roos are kangaroos, and that Mosman is a suburb of Sydney.