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Each tercet (three lines of iambic pentameter with ABA rhyme-scheme) in the poem below is formed from the set of 100 Scrabble tiles.

Through sentient, gauzy flame I view life’s dread, quixotic, partial joke. We’re vapour-born, by logic and emotion seen as dead.

d,e blank tiles

Plain cording weds great luxury ornate, while moon-beams rise to die in Jove’s quick day; I navigate the puzzle-board of fate.

d,z blank tiles

Wait! squeeze one hundred labels into jibes, grip clay and ink to form your topic—rage; await the vexing mandate of our lives.

n,t blank tiles

I rush on, firm, to raid my aged tools, but yet I touch an eerie, vain blank piece, as oxide grown among life’s quartz-paved jewels.

m,s blank tiles

Once zealous Bartlebooth, a timid knave, portrayed griefs clam upon a jigsaw round; yet now he lies, fixed quiet in his grave.

h,s blank tiles

Just so we daily beam our pain-vexed soul with fiery craze to aim large, broken core and quest in vain to find the gaping hole.

h,n blank tiles

Bartlebooth is the jigsaw-puzzling main character of Georges Perec’s La Vie Mode D’emploi (Life, a User’s Manual). Perec’s novel consists of one hundred chapters with one blank (missing). Scrabble has 100 tiles with two blanks. The near-coincidence of ideas was the inspiration for this poem.