

LYRICAL PALINDROMES

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Noise

Last lash, sugar of suede
Taste yet again
A manic in a pot of rust.

List, fossil-laden way
I don't now, I go
Free, never up as a will
Or an omni.

A yell over
A din, a cry.

Tramps argue,
I limbo,
Jaded.
A job, milieu.

Grasp, Martyr.
Can I dare
Volley a sun?

On a roll, I was a
Pure veneer fog.
I won't nod.

I yawned. All
Is soft silt, surf.

O, to panic in a mania.

Gate, yet
Sate Deus,
For a gush salts a lesion.

Dew

O, too wise I decide
Sun-up inspires a reward it all
If its algebra can.
It's a logic
It's an omega-minor
In a pure, venal law.

A tall oriel I paraffin one May.
A sign. It's a lost riddle.
I fall
It's still a wall I was.

I fix a will, a wall
It's still a field.
Diet so lasting I say Amen.
On, if far, a pole I roll at a wall
A never up an iron image.

Monastic, I go.
Last in a car,
Beg last.
I fill as I draw,
Erase, rip, strip.

Unused ice diet.
I woo to wed.

Dim

It sang.
I sedate my ruffian Luna
Pawny amid nasturtia
Wail at a nebular obis.
Oil or a lube?
Natal, I await rats,
And I may map an ulna
If fury met a design as timid.

Garret

Talc. It's a less organism.
 Lay me many a mile to my motel.
 I map a lap alit.
 I ban a rite we can emit.
 Is it safer?
 If warm, I'm raw fire.
 Fast I sit. I menace wet
 I ran a bit.
 I lap a lap, a mile to my motel.
 I may name my alms in a
 Gross, elastic latter rag.

Seer

Two-sided, I cede no sadness.
 I keel.
 Few oscillate. Most lilt so mere.
 We were my care
 'Til all its sun ajar,
 A Janus still,
 A literacy.
 Mere we were.
 Most lilt so metallic
 So we flee. Kiss. End,
 As one decided, I sow trees.

Poetry Comics: Amuse A Muse?

Most poets are an earnest lot, conveying messages of high seriousness about the impermanence of life or the evil that lurks in the hearts of men. More than twenty years ago, Dave Morice, exploring new ways to introduce poetry to grade-school students, decided to present the great poets, from Shakespeare to T.S. Eliot, in a comic-strip format. This was so successful that he published two anthologies, *Poetry Comics* (1981) and *More Poetry Comics* (1994). In *Poetry Comics: An Animated Anthology*, material from the earlier two books has been supplemented with many new comics—in all, 37 poems by 26 authors. Morice's most extensive riff (19 pages out of 112) is devoted to Poe's *The Raven*, in which the bird has metamorphosed into a superhero like Spiderman, and Lenore is modeled on Tarzan's mate, Jane, who spouts lines from Emily Dickinson. One views the bearded Walt Whitman promulgating Ten Commandments of Modern Poetry such as "thou shalt not rhyme" and "thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's words". He recasts Emily Dickinson as the sultry heroine of a Modern Poetry Romance ("wild nights should be our luxury"). Another comic strip introduces the Love Son of J.Alfred Prufrock who randomly reassembles words and phrases from Eliot.

The book is published in paperback by Teachers & Writers Collaborative (ISBN 0-91524-87-0) for \$16.95, but one can also sample an abbreviated postcard-sized version for \$9.95.