

SHAKESPEARE ANAGRAMMED

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Shakespeare's Sonnet 117 can be anagrammed into the following poetic renditions of three famous plays:

Try as you may, you couldn't say Prince Hamlet's life is dull—
 His dad's an apparition and his best friend is a skull;
 His mom's quite hot for Uncle Claud, who'd slain King for a throne—
 Our witty prince laid out a stunt to sway him to atone;
 An object of our shy man's love believes that he's gone mad
 (That may be fact, too—he cut twenty-four times through her dad);
 She dove to drown; her brother frowned and leapt up to assault,
 While Uncle poured tart venom into everybody's malt.
 When I've arrived, not one survived—which truly cause great woe.
 The very morning after, they were booked on Springer's show!

One card for Lear: "Hey, father dear! How are you? Sure, I'm fine;
 This room's quite standard, but I have to hunch to print these lines.
 I should have known these batty crones might try that sort of plot;
 Remember when they once 'forgot' me in that parking lot?
 But you dispensed *my* dowery's pence to those two vultures' claws?
 That is unfair—just sandbagged for your 'Love Unvalued' laws;
 If vacuous, this crown's no use and Fool could have it too;
 I'd rather break and starve here, in this damp-crypt with no view!
 No more to add. I love you, Dad, and truly wish you well;
 Stop by and see me later—I am hangin' in my cell!"

The name's Macbeth—once called "Lord Death", now as "Unlucky Mac"--
 I was all truth and virtue till I came upon those quacks;
 That group of three—with witchery my future they portrayed:
 "You, oh, Scotch valiant warrior, shall be a king some day."
 I set out to assign it true, but that just went downhill;
 That nervous envy fouled my soul, ghosts ruined every meal;
 Harsh bit of stain warped poor wife's brain, our triumph felt inane,
 A further round of coven's voodoo proved to be in vain;
 My lady died, the woods did stride—then things got even worse;
 No wonder no one says my name before this play's rehearsed!

In the second poem, "Dowrey" is a variant below the line in Webster's Second Unabridged.