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Quatrains on Anagrams

Below are ten simple quatrains, the title of each of which has been struck out in favor of a series of underscores denoting the position of the letters. Each title is an anagram of each other title, and each title is apt: that is, the poems are not titled randomly or metaphorically, but for the most part are straightforward descriptions of the themes or content of the verse. What's more, no major word is repeated between two titles, so that, if one quatrain's title is "Tea Cakes," then no quatrain could subsequently be titled "Eat Cakes," "Ate Cakes," &c. I considered scrambling the titles so that it wasn't given which corresponded with which poem, or offering fewer quatrains total, or possibly simply not giving the word lengths of the titles at all, but have decided to test the waters, so to speak, with regards to how many people will solve the puzzle and what difficulty level best suits people's abilities and attention spans. A hint to the nature of the titles has been hidden within the article, either in the order in which the poems are listed, in this paragraph itself, cryptographically in word choices or sentence structure, or somewhere else entirely. Have at it, fellas!

[_ _ _ _ _]
She said it never came to that;
I answered with a frown.
A chilling breeze whisks off my hat;
it tumbles ten floors down.

[_ _ _ _ _]
A robe, a cloud, a golden lyre:
some things kept for the winners.
Returning to the blazing fire,
I whip and poke the sinners.

[_ _ _ _ _]
Until man learns to rest his mind,
he'll be a slave to beasts.
I'd be a tomcat, and unwind
between my un-canned feasts.

[_ _ _ _ _]
A single point must be the first,
the herald proclaiming the fall.
Then, all as one, the branches burst,
and down come one and all.

[_____]

So many mines contain mere coal,
a common, profane strata.
I dig for kohl, a rock with soul,
and dream of Cleopatra.

[_____]

Stock prices rise, some folks get canned;
I'd skip that dinner roll.
You pay me some, this spoon here pours
some soup into your bowl.

[_____]

Each leg in place, each wing locked in
is perfect; now log that in.
No circus, dog, but just a pin
and neatly labeled Latin.

[_____]

"Objection!" "Overruled!" "Sustained!"
The language may seem trite,
but makes the difference if you're pained
to rot in jail one night.

[_____]

Not once but twice the chainsaw purred,
the woodsman lithe and limber.
Regardless whether anyone heard,
he called to no one, "Timber!"

[_____]

"They think me innocent — how quaint!
It's me the theorists fear:
An ingenue I simply ain't,
for I'm an engineer." ■