PALINDROMISING THE DAYS AND MONTHS

JEFF GRANT
Hastings, New Zealand

Near the beginning of Jim Puder’s palindromic poem ‘The Devil’s Dyad’ in his article ‘Lycanthropus Palindromis’ (WW, May 1998), the names Monday, Wednesday and Saturday are used, and in the second part of ‘Two Palindrome Recreations’ (WW, Aug 2012), Jim cleverly works the months into individual palindromes.

After transposing the days and months (WW, Aug 2014), here is my attempt at palindromizing them. A few of the ‘dromes have echoes of Jim’s creations. I have tried to keep most examples reasonably short and have not used initials or symbols. Unsurprisingly, given the awkward names, some are a bit strained.

SUNDAY
A regular trip on the ‘magic bus’, just another couple (dyad) and us. (James Joyce on the dating scene?)

Sunday dates so cosy,
So name nice big bus
'Sub-gibe cinema’ (nosy!)
So cosset a dyad ’n us.

MONDAY
A former construction boss recalls the lack of workmen turning up after the all-weekend parties.

“Ya’d no man on a Monday!”

TUESDAY
Watching Susan’s nauseating diaper adverts on TV every week makes us lose the will to live.

Sue’s in, ah, Tuesday baby ads - euthanise us!

WEDNESDAY
The boss reckons Owen could usually be relied on to pick up pizza for the boys, but...

“Ya’d send Ewan on a Wednesday.”

THURSDAY
In a photo album, the caption under a travel pic taken in the staid little town of Ruhta, west Ukraine, where no couples (dyads) were seen in public.

A Thursday - Donnie in 'no dyads’ Ruhta.
FRIDAY
The caption on another travel photo, taken during a quick tour of Yad’ir, a village in south Yemen.

Yad’ir - fast, in a van. It’s a Friday.

SATURDAY
A working girl from Oklahoma tells how a better class of client would come to the ‘clinic’ at weekends.

“Ya’d rut as no Tulsa slut on Saturday.”

JANUARY
A Scottish laird reminding his ancient androgynous servant that doors should be shut and fans turned off in winter.

“No, Myra, ‘un-ajar/off” for a January, mon!”

FEBRUARY
The laird is rambling again, contemplating female company, or maybe ending it all by summertime.

“A harem, muser? O February!
Medicide, Myra? … ur, before summer (aha!).”

MARCH
A college student’s lament before the first important tests of the year.

“March, cuss it! It is such cram.”

APRIL
Lewis asked how the weather was during our stay in the village of Irpa in southeast Peru.

“Well, Irpa was raw as a Warsaw April, Lew.”

MAY
The greengrocer’s diary note.

Yams sell less (May).

JUNE
A teen’s memo to his mother requesting a different sandwich filling for school lunch next month.

Ma, June menu - jam!
JULY
A literary agent informing a writer there is no interest in her Muslim musings. He thinks the work is old hat, and suggests she rehash it midyear. (Ramadan 2015 includes the first half of July.)

“Nada, Mary-Lu. ‘Jotting’ is sad, lost - it’s old. Assign it to July (Ramadan)”

AUGUST
A coprophilic martial artist talking about his ‘Calendar’ exhibition.

“On August I jujitsu guano!”

SEPTEMBER
Bad Ami looked out at the grand old lady of Croatia in autumn, and crazy as it seems, the ancient city seemed to look back.

Dame Zagreb met pessimal Ami’s September gaze - mad!

OCTOBER
An email subject line about a scam using a particular computer-trawling program.

Re: Bot con in October.

NOVEMBER
An ageing rocker recalls the band’s early success with its original line-up.

“So, man, a November of top spot for Eb, me, Vona ’n Amos.”

DECEMBER
A philosophical exchange?

Walton: “Meet, see December. Am I ‘he’, man? Name him a reb!”
Me: “Cede esteem, not law."