PALINDROME SELECTIONS

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Morning Swim

Too fast,
like a glass orca.

Pale nose,
Kate takes
one lap
across.

Algae kilts a foot.
Food Chain

flower

a hare

wolf
Old Friend

burr
    burrr
    burrrrr

Senile,
    frail,

    I’m a fat cat

    w/

    ruff fur,

    w/

    tact.

—a familiar feline’s

rrrrrrrrrub

rrrrrub

rrrub

rrub
Italia

ERIN: “At last!

*Italia.*

Wide roses.
Ol’ cosy Rome.

Mariah’s hair
— a memory so close,
so red.

I wail at it.

Salt
an’ ire.”
Mariah’s Hair
(Series: H.W. Bergerson’s word pairs)

MAO: “Far, it’s a pool
      —mossily revered.

      Now a mirror.

      Or rim.

      A wonder.

      Every lissom loop astir,
      afoam.”
Dusk Spider

Ten loops.

A dusk
spider spins,
    snips,
re-dips a silk sud
— a spool.

Net.
Drunk Priest
(Series: H.W. Bergerson’s word pairs)

Late.

Moths a stir of opal.

“Rub no rosary
—no mere cross or ceremony...”

Rasor on burlap.

“O! For it’s ash to...”

Metal.
Starting Chemo

Diagnosed on a Sat.

Rare.

I’d lose kilos.

Nurses run so,
like soldier art

—as an ode,
song,

Aid.
Wedding Reception

Droll.

Late.

Most pews aside,

we both saw a sign in Romania:

Rain.

—a morning is awash.

To be wed

is as wept some tall LORD.
Funeral

EVA: “Strewn okra petals now

—or roses,
Romania roses,
operose roses—

parade ‘cross a Mass or cedar apse.

(Sore.)

So, repose so.

Rain, a Morse sorrow

on Slate Park,

on Wert’s Ave.”
Dream

Sad.

I’m sad.

I’m Midas.

Midas.
Parable I Heard Walking by a Seaside Funeral

For Kathryn

[ I. ]

“Lonely, two nets at sea
unite;
— one two-netted net,
tall,
in ever even sway.

Stiff in even a crab’s leg,
on a sinistral lull, a cold rolls in
over a starved ang[1]er.

His, these fast ropes
wrap
no Siren woe,
whales, nor eel.

Net-silt lips, puckered seine,
as do
two buoyed
lovers

birl;
lay as do

Adonis
an’ Venus;

—an’ rub,
rock,
ram,
tip so.

Timid azure.

Many a sure man drowned.

[ II. ]

“Lo! Gasp at…”

Nine lovers
pat one cenotaph
as Rev. O’ Lenin
taps a golden Word.

“…Nam Erus—ay!
Nam Eruz adimit.\textsuperscript{10}

Spit,
mark,
burn a sun, ev’n
—as I nod—
an’ as the Son o’ God say:

‘All ribs,
I bade You bow!’

The gods are no genies, Derek.”

Cup spilt.

“Listen.
Lee, Ron,
whose owner is on par?
Whose port, safe?

V rats are V;
one man is L,\textsuperscript{14} Lord.”

Local lull. Art.
“Sin is an ol’ (in situ)
angel’s barc. An’ even if fits are virgin, it never yaws.
Never.”

[ III. ]

Even I’ll attend. (...et te...)

Now ten. (...O, et in usu aestas te!)^{16}

Now Tylenol.
North Dakota

Tundra has rifts, or frets, of steel snow.

O

‘N’ sleets foster frost firs,
— a hard nut.
ENDNOTES

1 The first occurrence of a “whisper.” The entire series of letters is a palindrome—however, the word “Lisa” (“a silk sud” backwards) interrupts the logical flow of words (“a dusk Lisa spider”). For the sake of clarity, the word is pushed toward the right margin so that the reader may instead see the more logical “a dusk spider.”

2 The entire poem (parts I – III) is a letter palindrome. However, there is one mistake. The bracketed letter “i” in “ang[l]er” is not part of the palindrome—but is a necessary addition for the meaning of the narrative (the word “ang[l]er” makes much more sense than “anger” in this context). Likewise, the Roman numerals “[I]” “[II]” and “[III],” placed in brackets, are not part of the palindrome—they only occur to break up the work into sections.

3 At the beginning of the poem, our narrator sees a small group of men (“nine lovers”) gathered near the beach and stops to listen. There are three voices: Reverend O’Lenin, in quotation marks, delivers the parable and sermon. The narrator’s conscious remarks are interjected between O’Lenin’s. And the narrator’s unconscious thoughts are pushed to the right margin (the “whispers” in parentheses).

4 “in fact, dark winds [are] nothing to the sailors; amen” (Lat.)

5 purse seine

6 “go” (Ger.)

7 “go away” (Lat.)

8 “look at it!” (Ger.)

9 Venus—having been grazed by one of her son’s (Cupid’s) arrows while giving him a kiss—falls deeply in love with Adonis. In Ovid’s Metamorphoses, they spend a tender moment beneath a poplar tree—she lying in his lap, warning him to look after himself, and not be too reckless when hunting. Later, he is impaled by a boar, and dies in her arms.

10 “For the Lord—ay! For the Lort takes away.” (Lat.) Technically, “Erus” refers to the lord of the house, master, or owner.

11 “O, [my] heart!” (Lat.)

12 Hebrew word with unknown meaning. It’s repeated in the psalms, and may mean something like “pause” or “rest” or be a musical direction.

13 “See it! her mercy” (Ger.)

14 Roman numerals, i.e.: “Five rats are five; one man is fifty, Lord.”

15 “bark” or “barca” (ship)

16 Latin fragment (zeugmatic) perhaps responding to Reverend O’Lenin’s Latin, i.e.: “[Nam Erus adimit], et te—O, et in usu aestas te!” A possible translation might be: “[For the Lord takes away], and summer, as is the way of summer, [takes] you [away.]”