

# A POTPOURRI OF PALINDROMES

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## DRAWN INWARD

"Dogma is a deified evil," I stress  
A madam on every lane  
Vile, bad-egg uterus run a store,  
But I'm, alas, a senile fairy.  
Step-in robe, so Roman, I gave to Meredith.  
Saga! Revive revolts rifted:  
A Caesarian waddle! Hebrew orator raped insatiably!  
O, evil one, veer up, peek, eye popes on a toilet.  
Sahib, Barbara deified a devil to clear sin.  
A nomad asserts idle barony --  
Tied one on.  
A canine maniac revolts in an onanistic Attica trial!  
Sex of an idle Hebrew organ.  
I gave in.  
Egad, a genie vagina-grower beheld in a foxes' lair!  
Tacit, tacit sin, an onanist lover.  
Cain, amen! -- in a canoe, no Deity, nor Abel, distress Adam!  
On an Israel cot lived a deified Arab rabbi.  
Has T. Eliot a nose?  
Popeye, keep pure,  
Even Olive Oyl.  
Bait a snide parrot.  
A rower beheld dawn, air --  
A sea cadet, first-love reviver --  
A gash-tide, remote vagina, morose-born --  
I pet Syria felines.  
A salami tube rots.  
A nurse sure tugged Abe.  
Liven a lyre!  
"Venom!" Adam asserts, "I live deified  
As I am God."

## AMORAL AROMA

"Dogma is a deified evil," I stress.  
A tuna salad I assess.  
A memory Latin in issue.  
Damn a lime, vodka on a tissue.

Damn amoral I am!  
 Delivered, I hit on senile, fetal, lewd evil goddesses, so passe.

Legal aromas in America, in a man - even a maniac ire!  
 Man is amoral, ageless:  
 A possessed dog lived well, ate feline snot.  
 I hide reviled mail.

A Roman made us sit.  
 An oak dove.  
 Milan made us sin in Italy.  
 Rome masses said "alas".  
 A nut asserts, "I live deified  
 As I am God."

### SENILE FELINES

Senile fetation:  
 Gods name no definite limits, goddesses, so prevent it! Senile fat!  
 Catnip murders, I hear, demand a monk nomad named Rae, his red  
 rump intact.  
 A feline's tit.  
 Never-possessed dogs, Tim, I let in.  
 I fed one man's dog.  
 No! It ate felines!

### DENNIS' COWORKERS

Dennis DeMatos is a deliverer at some cafe in Eger.  
 "Up as a hen on a mast I was," Dennis remarks to Connie Sirica:  
 "My - eh - diastole."  
 Mac, Dennis' boss, repaid nine men, as nine more had no frets.  
 "I'm sillier as dike Doris Kramer sinned," told a baron to Len  
 Asani. "Revenge, Len, one vile war epopee: Danish tymbal fracas  
 in a DeSoto sedan!"  
 "Allan, a DeSoto sedan is a car."  
 "Flab myths in a deep opera! We liven one leg, never in a sane  
 lot nor a bad lot."  
 Dennis remarks, "I rode. Kids are ill."  
 Is Mister Fonda her omen?  
 Insane men in diapers sob - sin. Ned Camelot said, "Hey, Mac,  
 I rise in no cots Kramer's in!" Ned saw it's a man: "One has a  
 pure genie face."  
 Most are reviled, as I, so tamed, sinned.