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 uteruses run a store.
But I'm, alas, a senile fairy.
Step-in robe, so Roman, I gave to Meredith.
Sage! 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.