

A MESSY ESSAY, MAMA MIA!

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Scarfin' Fatback challenges me to half-alphabetize Frost's *Stopping by Woods*, first boasting victory and second conceding defeat. This is not difficult to do; I show the possibilities with a single stanza apiece. (Further stanzas would expose him to such choice epithets as Gewgaw Guy, Mickey Moose, Wigwam Squaw and the nonpareil Yo-Yo Mommy, Commie swami!) To engage in further rodomontade and billingsgate is, I aver, supererogatory. (This is, no doubt, a half-vast response--butt I have perhaps made a gratuitously-vulgar toast in the very first line!)

Using only the odd letters leads to an odd vocabulary, strong on personal pronouns (I, you, we, us, me, my) and animals or birds (ass, goose, mouse, moose, ram, ewe, cow, sow, cock). These alphabetic restrictions result in mostly monosyllabic words, leading to a singsong sort of poetry unworthy of Frost.

Eck, A Cosmic Sage

Success! I'm awesome! Swig my eau!
 Make way, I say--as sheik I go.
 Scummy sow, you make me sick.
 Cease key scams (I mock you so?)...

Eck Kisses Ass

Swami, you owe me a smack.
 I miss my aim--I squawk, I yack.
 So I amuse you? Kick me quick!
 I'm a goose-egg, gassy quack...