

S A T I R E : V E R I T A S

A PALINDROME CONTAINING 58,795 LETTERS

DAVID L. STEPHENS

WORD WAYS MONOGRAPH SERIES 1

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INTRODUCTION

This little palindrome is submitted for the amusement of those who prefer the trouvé palindrome to those laboriously concocted by logomaniacs or verbal perverts and containing images "fetched from afar and hardly worth the fetching".

These lines were found on the desk of Giles Selig Hales, the young editor of an avant-garde literary journal, ready for mailing to his friend Eton Harrison. The letter purports to contain a sample of manuscripts from his desk, submitted by divers writers in hope of publication. Some of the writers apparently are not quite sane, and some are, assuredly, at least drunk. Giles has shuffled the manuscripts to impress upon Eton the perplexing and outrageous quality of much of the literature that he must deal with. His bias is evident in some of his comments.

Some of the inclusions are literary puns, jeux d'esprit, and satiric remarks inserted for the purpose of amusing or shocking Eton, an interested but prim young man, a lawyer with political ambition, whom Giles variously addresses as "Mad Dog", "Rev", or "Pol". Eton enjoys his vicarious contact with the exciting and (he thinks) dissolute world of belles-lettres. Giles likes to tempt him with such prospects as a list of notables expected at a literary luncheon (party trap).

Eva, Giles's frenetic and bibulous friend, writes obscure verse, conducts interviews with deceased (?) celebrities, and is obsessed with the idea that dogs are taking over the world -- a notion that she got from one Damon, a self-styled classicist. Giles is amused and appalled by her poetry, but publishes it in return for her favors. He rationalizes that it is no worse than much of the stuff receiving serious attention in scholarly journals such as Sir Ron Norris's OM (Obfuscator's Monthly), devoted largely to Dada, and having few subscribers and even fewer readers, most of whom do not know coffee from split beans, or, indeed, syllepsis from zeugma. Some of the verse is included as examples of non-communication, the chief distinction of much of our literature. The propensity for foreign words, sometimes heterogeneously joined in phrases or sentences, is a common failing of our writers, as Mark Twain demonstrated in "A Tramp Abroad".

Some of the enclosures are from newspaper clippings (including a list of headlines), some are directions to Meg, an editorial assistant, some are random samples of letters to the editor, and some are snatches of conversation overheard by Giles and recorded for posterity in the manner of Boswell. One of them seems to have come from Scotland and concerns an attempt to buy a brassiere of unusual size in a particular color.

Some excerpts of explicitly sexual nature will perhaps embarrass certain readers, whose indulgence I claim on the grounds that, while there is matter to excite the prurient interest, there is a preponderant redeeming social value and serious intent. I am comforted by the thought that the most prudish will not understand all of the subtleties. Nevertheless, it is only fair to explain one allusion not easily understood without access to medical material. Koro is a medical entity described

in Stitt's *Diagnosis, Prevention and Treatment of Tropical Diseases* (Sixth Edition, 1942; The Blakiston Company), a well-known but out-of-print textbook, on pages 1145-46:

A form of anxiety neurosis described in most text books of tropical diseases has been termed koro. This peculiar phobia has been described as appearing particularly among the Buginese and Macassarans in the Celebes and in West Borneo. It also occurs among the Chinese and is known by the term "shook yong."

The condition has been described by Palthe as an anxiety state in which the patient is in terror that his penis will shoot into his belly, and that as a result of this he will die. This anxiety comes on suddenly, is very intense, and sometimes may last for several days on end. In order to prevent the occurrence that he so greatly dreads, the patient holds onto his organ with a vice-like grip, and is helped herein by his wife, friends and relatives, who sit around him in a circle. They must all see to it that the penis is not released for a single instant; otherwise, in it shoots and death follows inevitably! After long, weary hours of vigil, such an attack gradually wears off, but is repeated again and again.

If there is no help at hand, it is reported that he may actually tie the penis to his leg with string, and anchor it by means of a pin, frequently employing a double-bladed clasp instrument used by jewelers and known as "lie teng hok".

According to the native explanation of the affection, the "Yin" principle, representing the female power, dominates the "Yang" principle, which represents the male element. In order that the Yin disease may be cured, a Yang medicine must be employed.

The afflicted individuals are usually neurotics and the anxiety is said to arise out of sexual conflicts. Freud has suggested the conflicts in some instances may be related to the fear of castration which in China has generally included amputation of the penis as well as the testes ...

Much of the manuscript is from a novel ostensibly written by a Dubliner. In it various characters (mainly writers and artists) meet recurrently in a pub, where they converse with varying degrees of lucidity and recite their current works to each other. Since Giles, Eton, and Eva are among the characters, one suspects that Giles is the author, and that the book expresses his rich fantasy life, and also a dark and serious side of his psyche, which he does not express explicitly to Eton. The organic duality of Giles' s exhortations to a fuller life and his preoccupation with death is illustrated by his poem containing the line "Under ae stone veil ebon, esse nil", the reverse of which consists largely of cheerful and drunken conversation.

The strong Gaelic strain and the emphasis on eating, drinking and sex tell us something of the unconscious of the author, or, perhaps, of the nature of palindromes.

A selection from Shakespeare is paraphrased in the MS by a pompous literary hack (Drab Bard), who tries to interest Giles in a version containing more Latin, for the scholarly.

The names in this MS do not refer to actual persons, I trust that there is no Dr. O. L. Flower. If there is (and Mark Twain's experience with Eschol Sellers suggests that there may be), be he assured that the author intended nothing personal and has the highest regard for his professional dedication.

A few of Giles' s puns and allusions are given below:

- "De Vere -- not one ta'er (taker)" is a pun on a line from Poe's Lenore: "And Guy de Vere, hast thou no tear--"
- "Eliot -- opossum" refers to T. S. Eliot's nickname, Old Possum
- "Ah, Cynara, fidèle--" refers to Dowson's "I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion"
- "I ape Essenes--" is a pun on Aldous Huxley's "Ape and Essence"
- "Scampi -- et tu bore, ebon Moor" suggests Omar Khayyam's "A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread -- and Thou"

Such resonances as these are the stamp of le haut ton!

Some of the inclusions are explained in the February 1975, May 1977 and February 1978 issues of Word Ways, where they first appeared.

I hope the reader will derive as much pleasure from this little palindrome as I have -- as much, perhaps, as the other fellows have with their big ones.

David L. Stephens
Charlotte, N. C.
March 14, 1980

SATIRE : VERITAS

Sir, I stratified a mix, I made notes, mots to MS, Eton.

Giles Selig Hales Saga

Ecce homo, Saib Eton! On hubris asleep, amo, spero, ergo live on!
 Lo, of late I, lad, deliver more pap. Trop de Sir Ron Norris' Dada
 (oh wow!) es nada. Giles Selig Hales has wo'new, O now, Sab. Ass!
 Ass! Arcadian Eva -- eheu, rue! Heed, O bard, Mad Dog Eton Har-
 rison: Ta-ra-ra! No Gnus Sung Rondel. Le vers libre gone nuts, ami.
 Eton, save me, op cit, an ultimo gem! Note, Eton -- Dada, Dad!

Ta-ra-ra!
 No gnus sung
 Ever à la rêve, rondel.
Le vers révèlled.
No, rever à la rêve
Le vers revel!
Si ever brève is --
Si ever rève is --
Ever brève --
Si (verba!) brevis.

Ta-ra-ra, rotary rat
 Or tacit cat.
 Star rats' tactic
 At Ararat.
 Sung do, O god, Noah!

Sutta Rattus

Rat, avatar,
 Hot lover, rever of moor,
 Rise, vole, gargantuan!
 O gray rat, I, lost, solo --

Sex of nox.
 O pax!
 A pox on foxes!
 Ox, O pox, O fox,
 on

Sexes

Ignis sexes sing I!
 Amor ignis sexes sing I, Roma
Ave Amor! Ignis sexes sing I, Roma.

Eva

So I Dada:

Lenora, Ed, amor from Ada --
 Sad as serial -- a romantic, illicit amor.
 As time lapsed afar,
 O held in a fit -- ah!
 We've lain, Eva, in a monomania.

Sam, media man, a mania!
Gad! Well I've lain.

Eva, ere here we rut,
Part raptor,
Rapt parrot,
Part rapture,
We're here, Amir.

All enamored, under an Andine sun,
even, I'd na wed ye.
No heller -- a manic, I -- not anile,
venose Lana, Ima. So never O flag,
Nature! Sam, O smut! So, Pamela,
lap it sae vile.
Lapis is sacred rock for a Civitan,
Ymelda -- ebony -- ruby -- a jewel,
diamond or pelt. Taco? Never!
O flee fast! Ever up, Midas!
Eva gal, lead on. Ever odd,
O reven-tressed Emil bussed
a Nome lad. Alaska yak,
Sal, ask Al (ass, alas!). Sal yaks,
Al, as kayaks.
A lea far awa basks, Irene.
Rest on, Sevilla -- Reg, na danger.
All I've said Acadian is, O stranger!

Es nada (stung nuts). Salut! Na rats gnaw wangs. Tarantulas stung
nuts. A danse!

I have sung: deValera's live devil,
deValera's livid divil,
deValera's god live,
deValera's dog live.

No Roman I, Sara.
Enliven! Astride life we file.
Dirt's an evil.

Amor, for a secret
we plod in a morass.
O tired now, amid all
a mist, see I Valhalla.

O go, Elsa!
Aim a race car. Go!
O get no man a Montego.
Sam, Amy, O jam
is, Sir, Acadian, Sam.
Ian, Ira's Toyotas run
awa to green isle.
Ere we flag on no grog, Rog,

or fear of partans gone,
 I go for a secret --
 simple, hydrolytic -- à Paris,
 Harris -- Paris -- paradis!

As plate discarded in Sèvres -- O ston'd
 Ed, O wi' no sin, even (od!),
 Rev, or even on Revere Ware, rare
 filet sated, as Ed sat (O nod!)
 O with Giles' Irish Pat I pee.
 Dave had, Al, a water fallen. Naomi,
 no regret. La! Semite lad,
 as E. Bronte ye tales relates,
 I, Roger of les Etats forêt, sin.
 I, Melba, I'm a semi-tyro, memorable
 to hot laird-lover's eye, Sirs.
 Rio memoirs -- long ago, Elsa,
 Romeo, Papa -- hot Rio memoirs --
 a paper epistle from Anna.

Sirrah, Madam diddl'd (did, Sir!)
 a mad nude. Eton did not.
 Can I again?
 Aegean I am, O devil son!
 I, Madam Ada -- my mania -- my reason --
 I'm not fir'd. A sire, Edna's dear amor, is won.
 Eton's in a mania -- gae! Sir Ron
 edits even me -- lost as an amator's
 ace reward -- eh, peeress. Eva?
 Elsa, Ann, Alan, Ella: flee!
 Rise -- yet arise we sad, Ella.
 Eros emits a past.
 I deem it O so dear!
 A hotel sin -- a paynim idyll
 of a room sublet, oh!

Hey, all! Lord! O lost on a slope remote, Tibetan -- Italy Alps
 drowse -- I drowse (Rita's taste -- T.S.E.'s ode If). Sit as Midas.
 Sid, a feline, pondered: Now, Nemo, we've a new order -- O dare
 live! Rue, Ida, Nin -- noted enemy. Men, I poetic cite, opine: damn!
 ai! Sad, lo, S.O.B. -- self for a family tied as a fool! As I net foxes --
 sae dim idyl -- not so lost in a chase, Diana. Be naïf, O Romania, gay,
 O Jersey! Eh? As I, as a rose, Sir, I sun, ever as rats aglow, Olga.

O green eyes, ope! Ripe Elsa, sleek over 'n' under-done, ripe Elsa
 sits, id uneasy as bees in a wolf den. I at Sussex, I fret. Life-astride,
 liver-up, Miss Elsa here held Dupree, bade sit in a sea-green eyot's
 secret sin -- a Celt tile mosk.

Rise, lid -- easy! A Pym? O no -- Cellini urn. Amor Dei, vino! Nog!
 Na siren trapt in a rose room -- motet -- air benign in eve -- tacit O
 reign! Also daft fados do gratis gnaw. Two, Nedra, by Rota -- mad,
 we lyre verses recite, op cit. Amen! Icy Alps I'd ne'er go, Nedra,

Gwen, at an even age. Homo sap., rats, I praise id, ale, craft, safe tar. I, star, depart for a fast cat nap -- martinis! Nab rum -- O do! Sorel, Di-Di, bartender stops th' gin. Mad elan, rut! Consort Sibyl, dog, nude poet: ale! Yes, lager! Abel, bid Eton, O do so dote. Durst, if it's ill, a Roman aedile spill a Nevada vender if fired? No, Fred, no pewter Cessna melts. I pen a nocturne, Meg -- A Vassar Eve Maiden I name it, Foster. Cesare E. Borgia, hear oft, sultan, in a silly, gray, asinine robe, yet regal as Rameses.

To a lion: Ah! Tae we radical 'possum or frog -- nomadic Alpo -- goddam fine! My name is Leo, Sir. Ever of animals I reign at Nineveh. Ah, turtles (seven) O wonder. Ah, so leonine denizen in Eden is master! Few dogs are.

Red, long inebriates rode an Alpine mower upon sward -- a grave rehearsal led, I assumed, a man -- na Sussex, N.Y. lad -- Idi, as senile, fond Elia. Was less imported pot shot in a ballet's rife use? Vast sums, laminated? I ban it! I say. Navy vandals pay.

Les, deem no deep deValera secret. Sam, Eb, is a dull, droll, lewde, red wop. Dev (ah, S. deValera!), we fret: a pore tamy rot, Rog? I wire prefer. Poe, E.P. Wotton, Roe, E. Putnam -- sit. Ah, what is Sam? Oh, Thessaly man, I wot, or general Genoese, Ma. Is a missed dog never gunshot? Sal, tacit O rest serener. Ina, I draw Dean. Ina, we need a her. Us? Na, we need (rah! Ed.) ae hymn! O devil a war, a fog, as no enemy rad. I, pale, gas-lit nude-drawer, Ina, I draw demure, lewde, ripe Elsa, lass, in a bed roll. Lewde bask! Ruth, kiss -- deep, oral -- ah! Pan, Eve-mad amorist, sultan, ever O regn! I fret, Edna (Celt). Subtle Frost naps. I gab, pal; rub, Ma. Is a mad rat sad? Never (O God!), pal -- I?

No, had no rue here, Eb. Here I,
bees (O shades, revery!) purr. It's alle wold
ere verte greensward, Rowena.
We garden it sedately, Lil -- yes, rejoy!
A garden -- O green! Nell, use
as God's anodyne. Atone -- be wise --
yet as nestor O' Casey, elated
noble Erse jehu, O ye who
flee faster -- cess to ye!
Ne'er go toward calm.
Irene, rest: serene roll.
Late be ye; rise -- do, Ramona.
Misallied are we as two newts -- ruder --
O more venal -- leaning i' lame rows,
Ned, dusty, oh hot Sudan nurses (Erses)
revere my manly bison -- no -- bosom --
adamantine Kate -- vixen español.

Ed Algren, e'er gae now.
On, sure onward, Ed, ah! speeds.
Edit Eve's aria. Never, Ian,
O sin ever, O pavane!

Mood^{vi}-madder I trip a toe.
 Moron, I stride -- sure pace -- not so
 do servile -- no, no, pure pap,
 no puerile crap.
 O trot! I'd e'er race a doe.

G. Selig

Go gaga -- gad! A dog!
 I go Dada -- gag, agog.
 Stark, rabid, I, barred
 now in Eden.
 Is it odd or even?
 it asks a mad fool.
 Elba's nowise born in wo.
 Devils drowse -- ye nod, Em -- ah, so!
 Rêves send a m'sieur to sin.
 I, men, et Nemesis -- O rue, no win!

Eve
 Ever Eve
 Never ever even
 Ever even -- ever, Eve?
 O no!
 Odd, odd, O!
 Mad madam! Dam'!
 O gone! No, go.
 Mars ever -- Eve's ram.
 O God! O go!

Sopor, tacit -- na, morose.
 Sore Rose, wod ya pose?
 Ay, mad Amy, Aesop.

Ave, Eva!
Roman amor
Nemo, women
Siren Eve veneris
Si, semen's Nemesis
Seul Noël, Leon: lues
Rise, Sir
Sine penis
 Na more gae eager, o' man
Nemo nomen, Nemo no men, Nemo omen

Liam, on Madam meek, Ilya (Slav): it's easy.
 O Brett, Ella, usurer uses us all, I declare!
 Bill, a rude corpse, L. Bertram, Margaret's patron,
 is a foe of Wales. O Romy!
 No, Ben, I draw dear amorists --
 acerb, moonlit, nude -- bask, lo! female.
 Ye reek: awa, Sir! O give me room, Sam.
 Oh, the Roman evil -- so refined!
 Rub as I, Ledra. Fond, lo! hot Delia -- fat infidel --

I ever on Ella never use me. Yes, Ma, damn me!
 Lo! speed onward, Rev, or ever O drag.
 No, lost on a lea -- far awa -- flow on, O lava hot --
 on, Rev! Enfin over evil draws nox -- as a tapir tired
 now, no sad impure wolf. No, Meg, as I wed Ima,
 no more at Topeka was A. Nin mine. Siren, O tais-toi,
 Di-Di, Madame. Sleek amid idyl periods, I as a paynim
 revel in a deltoid id Veneris. I smell lilac. I golf?!
 O live, Lu, Fred, now -- for, eh? tides run, flow
 ere we vile go. Deo!
 Fret, sulk -- call I vederci! Damon, damno! O Monsieur,
 to revel I've a wale. Verd idyll -- autumna! I, dim,
 unstarred, unlit, here held no finer merit. As a
 nepotist I deign in even an ode's revery
 reverses order an idle heresy's words:
 God saves alle wantons. For all I pray.
 Games I won -- I wonder.
 I freely race volatile whales.

Overture

We're nigh Aetna.
 Sot Diana, chased naiad --
 Nile-liver -- O ave!
 Eva, elixir tae -- beatific, I!
 Perennial lives! No woman is
 Drab at ten A.M. i' May.
 Rota, Ma'm Amaryllis!

Rev, Eton, gals: drowse not. Na, I dare. We life defile? Yes, Rev,
 O lewd as ever -- amor O made reversed! O deil, lust-ridden, mild
 as gnus, nude rise. Here, Ramona, we sit.

O' Hara has said;
 I, raised afar, oh,
 ever bare, venose carrot, I deem it wo.
 Now Olga's, Meg's lap, O deil, lay, no
 before man as ever.
 For O tide, time, too, he kill, Wouk.
 Sundown on a moor's end, air alive, dim, as in one
 Miss A. Nin roman, in a May all lorn.
 Rut as Saturn O!

Nip on, pupils.
 Nip in, put up, pull up.
 Pee deep.
 I hot eel flee.
 Hop, eels asleep!
 Oh, eel flee
 awa. Na more gae,
 O hot purest lover,
 if evil onyxes sexy.

No, Tom, red, hot lips
 murmur red rum to no dismay.
 Smug Ada stabs bats, eh?
 Lo, O fool! Ah, sex of dog,
 Sex of no god.
 As red roses rose -- dire omen!
 Oh wo, women!
 O he rids evil, eh?
 Re Tom (no bon mot-er) Moore,
 romantic, I lose, we lose,
 both as sad as Damon's dog.

No! Do no greener Essenes
 see pain or a pity?
 Betimes, egod!

Tom, Ann, up! A pun is an inept aphorism, egad! Art's a (egad!) --
 an -- an epigram, eh? Did -- not can -- in Acton did one glib pun,
 a maxim --

Stop!
 Knit, sew.
 O do sew! O do so!
 We sew. O do we? So do we.
Si, sap, I rip as we sew, sap -- ah!

Funnee! U.S., Sinai, Mississippi, Sam. Gemstone gal, Lips Regal,
 pols. Yas, I'd e'en sup succus --

Nog nip, pale Ilya, Slav.
 It's easy: O joy -- 'tis!
 O Min, alive, regnal!
 An Abderite's reverse races --
 a resort, Sibyl. I, mere vir,
 at ae tame werewolf's dog meet,
 seen as nine men in an index,
 ever as Tolstoi -- Dieu!
 Never sex at ten -- not six.
 Enemy name Yosu? No. Yasu?
 Not Nat -- Sid Arafat is in Ufa.
 Olde Essenes seek a big gem -- a hero.
 Mt. Aetna ignored. O
 red robots must save vast sum,
 to gibes recite Negro rime --
 or gentle go.

Anal, Lana,
 O Greek e'er go,
 ogres ergo,
 O Greta, a tergo.
 Onan in ano,
 ass on Ossa!
 O no?
 Sore, Hon?

No, héros.
O go!

Anal was I ere I saw Lana.

Koro or O. K. ?
Sine penis,
Doc? Koro or O. K. cod?
Rot cod, Doctor!

Sore on Eros, I sit in a lab.
Ball? I've balanitis! Ill I,
wan, antic, ill, I, emoter,
upset, sate. Pat: Sit, Pa. Banana?
Never! O no, Missy, as papaya,
papayas, O diet, are venial. Sal,
Alan, ever all are venal, alas!

Denials

Sad? I'm Midas.
Sad? I'm, Sid, ashore.
Venial liver is Ida's.
Eros, O so sore.
Sad? I'm Ida's.

Na! Wee Mirage Motel is all inane. My name tag we note: Sir S. R. En-
nis, Eva, hotel baron. O hero monk, said I, Di-Di, as I said, idées
sell if self O be mad. No, fired now, we ne'er flag. Ye have sad Im-
lac's ardor: mind -- lone vertu. O live, Ada, Lana! Be ye not as I
say am I, ami.

A rod -- na poem, Eva.
So no, na more gae awa,
pudental red rose veneris.

Onan was I ere I saw Nan O!
On, oh cock! Cochon O!
O hogs drowse: yes, words go -- ho!

Dear be! Sore an eye! Ah, dear be! Nan in a tan E cup. No téton --
not Ida, honey.

Ah! A. W. O. L., gay, antic,
illicit O reeled I far,
any chaste opal aglow
(one's eye).
No sonnet -- late poem, Eva.
Hey, star! Eva, hotel base
lover, use me suave.
(Yas, Massa Bob, as Sam say.)
O note op cit, na moral -- a poem --
no, hot, pure -- not purée:

Live! Be not solo, ami.
 Revolt, solicitor Eton!
 Eva, hot, evil --
 O lost lover --
 Evil wo, lost lover!

E'er free live!
 Sinward drawn, O
 Hae ye lived, O Eton?
 Hae ye ne'er gone mad?
 I note, Rev Eton:
 Gallop, pol!
 Lag not, egad!
 I draw no deep shade.
 Liver, revolt!
 Safe rider, abed, unsung,
 Sad ewes, I rave -- ha!

Gods, na madness send a man --
 Na madness send a man.
Le vers, drowse not. Rev, listen!
No song -- no song --
 Nor won wassail, Ed.
 Ale, malt, so long
 Noses, red as roses,
 Rev Eton, live!

Dost love revolt?
 O wise, ye pagan! Amo!
 We rut, anew fired. No,
 With gin, dim forêt.
 Say, Madam (a dame),
 Tame rats (O did we!)
 Lost one, take me:
 Gag -- ne'er lag.
 Do, O good idyl,
 I'd na rise yet.
 I, Red Baron, I'm as rude,
 Wan, debile. Afar, sad, alone,
 Maori paths I pass alive.
 Wo! -- no Grail.
 O green Erin I see,
Señor -- a secret Tiber issue.
 Yes, adored Damon, demon,
 Ever I, flat Roman idol.
 Peter, ah, Sir, if one mere
 Heritage begat ire here --

Rev, O let all angers
 Ever of Deus irae, yes,
 Nedra, from ideas emote.
 Tome reposes past,
 Silly, dismal Sigurd,

Amos, Emir. Consider,
 O Manet, Fildes -- art saps:
 E.g. ask Corot.
 A gloria persists -- all lit, still.
 I live e morte --
 Yes, Rome, regn ever sad.
 I -- vile body -- ah, self, flesh -- O!

Party trap, Eton!
 From A. Gide (ye dig?)
 to rococo Corot.
 Ten 'ombres, a Serb, Monet,
 ten amiable fools, lo, of Elba, I, Manet,
 Degas, aged,
 Papa, Edna St. V., T. S. and E. A. P., A. P.,
 L. Edel
 (Leon), Noel,
 Lorre, Errol
 (Ryta's satyr),
 e. e.,
 drat! Sade, dastard
 (repartee: meet raper),
 la G. Sand, Edna's gal,
 Camus, Amy, Yma Sumac,
 so -- Genet (ten egos),
 doges, egod!
 No, ten mad dogs! God damn, Eton!
 Wo! Who else? Mad Dame S-----l, E. (oh wow!)

Eva's note:

Ave, Lee! Fired now as in amor, I act as lever to prose: I reverse. We says word, Mac: Cave canem! Ye boxer dog a god? (Regal lager, pal, I murmur. Rot! I demur, no dam! Peel's!) As Damon says word: Evil Sparta's bassets attest now dogs are deified, now one dog (O two!) bit ae period's gods -- a wo! Big Alfreda, fine, mad Eva, sere we were -- wo, lost! So le bon Dieu gave me manna. Vidal, good popes reign in Rome, to me revile. To mere vile doge we nod -- nod -- war illicit -- na more. No, leash atom, red sun -- ever. If an ass at Oslo of tastes say me if Ol' Dev loved sun: a rude yes! No? Kill it? Never! O murder's evil. Are we not damned? I am, nor iron-laden madman is to war if ired. Now keeps Mars a worse week. A wasp saw, not as sad Amos lad -- as ogres. I wish colder cash to me, Hebrews. Naomi, no regrets. At Topeka we do pure bosh, Sir -- inane patter, effusion:

Hello, Decatur Ada, Boston Deb, all! I, reven maiden ris'n, oh sure bred well! Lorene, resign it; 'tis done. Ye nod, military men. No gray rat, Ned, 'e states: Ye nob, na, is sodomy not an illicit sin? -- an Onan? -- a no, na, no, Nan? In re harmony, not an ill amiss. Ale not a nil. La, Miss, all are flat anagrams -- O Sam! -- meaning nil. Laggard as inane voles, I -- we -- rusticate. Bleats Ed: Mad Amos, sith as I piss (O green!), I sat. Ah, what catnip is a siren! I, martyr Reb -- we -- dared na grog or frog. One lame, flat, seven or even eight or two ranine men in drag,

Erna. I'd na do so -- na I, Reg, Inez. A man is na rude. Manxes see some (no, twenty) -- oh not Xanadu stallions in a dust! O'Hara has hotter bedded Rowena Snider, Al, ceded Rollo T. Sir Ben opined: In S. Hades Sade's rape were hot fired. I, wan, I defer it, oh!

Rae, dear Edna, Ma, Lasses,
 or a Miss Ima's Alan T.: Sir, up!
 As rude basilisk, Sir, flee, Trevor of Yale --
 no lad, Eban O' Deill,
 Ada. Do ye feel ruffled, Ella? Clarissa?
 Erase it in a vat, in a suburb mall --
 a rude yen -- O hot, not new, Irish sidar,
 as acidic as a radish.
 A piss pot sign at top step
 says: Ae Satisfied Urinal.
 Al let on not to wonder at it.
 Raped (not rapt?) sap
 sits to pee. Placid Emma Erdel
 did a most idle Mata Hari danse --
 filed or fled amid idiots.
 I wish to, Ms. Adele, rifle
 tomes or edit even aoristic
 poets at wold (a hilly, grassy
 banal wood). As to nebulas,
 Ledra, Hebrew Olga, no dim
 image moot -- ah, planets I'll limn.
 I go. Hostile period o' steel, fire
 fast, safe as nurses' procedures irenic are.
 Ron, isle foe, Nadine H. was led among us all:
 Ina, Rae, Fido, Wardell (I've done, Bill -- eh?),
 Nimrod, Anita, Tab, Asa, pal Fred, Dame
 Wanda Lee W. et al.
 Dastard Erses order beer for evil. Live on!

Ere held illicit, O Rex o' felines,
 Rae, dost purr -- O coyly!
 Mere wops inept, part. (Oh, are wops inept?)
 Pat, O has ae tonic. It, Sir, oh pays ae fool
 as inept (oh snot!) Carmen image, Ma.
 Feel glad, Ned? Up at a pagan!
 Idle here, we regard nine men in drag
 ere we vomit or puke, Erses,
 or net torture. Durst I?

Ave, Giles Selig Hales!

Sage D.: O la! Me Roman? I, Degas? Re pap: non-amoral, les
idées -- seed I sell -- a roman on paper. Live on rum?
Rum! I murmur no evil. As God rose, we deliver rêves,
 Amelia. Hot manna! O Jesu! Mad idyl -- damn! O gnus
 sung no evil, illicit song. Yma Sumac? Claptrap! Opera
 are pop art, pal C. Top-drawer reward pot. Reward?
 God aloof -- de rêve -- fate. Yes, Albert, I am Degas,
 aged maitre, blasé, yet a fevered fool -- a dog-drawer.

Ave, emir Degas! Gods send a mot, dead, admired. Now le vers
'tis reviled. No, O Camus, so, poet, alas! -- étoile à la mode robot.

Ere hogs no pack rats.
Ye boxer Rex obey.
Ere hogs go here.
Dogs are era's god.
Reel, Ryta's satyr, léer!
Nod on, red dodder, nod.
On Ossa ass -- O no?
Era's god dogs are.
O gerbils libre go!
Rats' god a dog star;
Hot lovers revolt, oh!
Eros, Mars, Eve's ram sore,
O we livers revile wo!
'E, Roman devil, lived na more
On ass on Ossa, no?

On Ada was I ere I saw Adano.

Seul Noël! O pang nor wo's rue
Is no mad idyll of Elba.
I'm a sad agnostic; ill I live.

Sore? H'llo, diable.
Ada's Elba idōl, le hero mondial:
Q ha, ha, ho! He-he!
Noël, Boney! No, liar, pas de mal --
No evil, moody M' sieur.
Ada did none wrong (nor we: non!), did Ada.
He's sad. A bad rat's abed.
A sore, parasitic, ill I live,
E.g. as ivy. Rota mad, ill apes
O never use nitre. Bill Amin:
Ah, Sir, illicit song as benign as
So many dynamos.

René, man, a dear amorist, Nedra,
Siren, I, martyr, even I, Sir --
O give a nut a gulp!
Nita, gulp non-reg. Lao-tse
Goblet o' hot nog? No, Ma.
Enid Hollis, tae Giles' fine big nub,
Stap Pat's tap, Pa. Two,
Now one step, pets. Marg, Anacin!
O men: My-T-Fine Village Villa
(Tant pis!) Ross, Abel, a fop,
In a depot toped on anon.

Ode

We're not to cotton. Wo

Be we if we do
 Piss upon a still --
 An ill act or foe,
 Pa. Jed, a memo: have a dill.
 A pall -- euphoria fades.
 Ah, cara, more Poles recite
 Rapt, rapid, Ima's tune remade.
 Ere we yet urbane lave,
 Vast, na Peru seashore vexes still.
 Eh? Ere prêt, soft foster père,
 Yes, I wonder. It revolts a fond, adored
 Damosel. Baron -- oh, Sidney -- amor, flee!
 Rise yet, effete emotion!
 Ah, Nita lass, I'm Sid to ye.
 Na more Sir, Madame -- agree?
 Placid are we again -- a morsel sin.
 I talk radical, pontifical, misallied,
 Or heterodox alfaki religion.
 Ah, Nita snored, Lacedemonian
 Logomania -- gad! I asleep am.
 'S no joke, Ewan. I trap Edward
 Errol (Eros' son). 'E damned all.
 Ed Rafton downed Enid.
 (Ed is Errol -- odontoid Israeli --
 Masterful wonder.) Israeli, Ma'am?
 Am I, Ma?

Reva, a lover true is no mere hidalgo.
 Ere here we wed under a banyan -- O rot!
 Led astray, art's as goddam rats reviled.
 Retame vigor! O two now, oh sere,
 Hot love, revolt! On evil, O two ne'er flag.
 Na, Ina, ride me et seq. Esteemed Irene,
 Rise mad. For Eve, Rev, O late ye be, son.
 Na moron wod nod. Eb, as I, ye're vile now
 Or tired de bonté. Ye be not so.
 De Vere must, as le MacRae -- héros lad --
 O wise, tacit. Suré, Madam is Siamese,
 Nor ever, as drowse minarets, is analytical.

A snide rat's rue:

Never No Mo' Rondel
 Go never O to green isles --
 O madder ever! La santé --
 Yes, I wonder if Illinois sap
 Saner sired now is.
 Eyes, Adonais, sure tales relate.
 Liven in sanitas. No, don't --
 No, don't -- O no desire.
 Ye're raw? O no -- sore.

Héros, atone, Bony, mon ami.
 Do not rise, Sir,

O to go down in a mania.
 Gae, Sir. Noël!
 O Pan, evil e'er!
 Forever O frets Israfeli -- sad, eh?
 Sadden, madden -- mild as a dog I beg
 Amid ill a pal (a Moor? La, never!)
 A bastille cell -- it's abys's!
 O men old, lo, can I live, dead, alone?
 Ye be so per Elba, Ron.
 Oh nae man arose.
 Yes, not can I meet seem --
 A fleur -- can I?
 Wod Temote, sore, MacRae?
 Ye're men of iron.
 So, Duke, son, na morose,
 Ye've laid no mere hero
 Man, parodiable.
 Par O diable!

Sin, if lived, folly did: Assisi.
 Semen's sensuousness' Nemesis.
 Sin, if lived, folly died: Assisi.
 Semen's sensuousness' Nemesis.

Non! Abel was I ere I saw Lebanon.

An ass on Ossa -- na -- alone on Ossa, aloof as Adam, lived Cain -- a
 maniac era. We behold Abel, a nomad as Adam. Revered now, no
 Pan-deifier, ever anon Abel saw nowhere no evil:

Late petals, à la mode robed, ave, O good
 Reviver! A viva! Gloria forever of moors. Room!

On Adano, Sibyl, dwell ever. Draw, O Helots rude, bigoted -- O Rome!
 O pang, no, son -- sin. Evil age, nod. O drab fool, an ire we note, op
 cit -- na more room. Sam, oh true is to Willis (alas! eheu!), or
 semi-true. Is no media, no man impure? Wo, Pan! Evil age! Ave,
 petal! O I've rad, I. Fired now, I, Sade life, do sin, I.

A Gassed Doge's Rondel

Can a man on a moor live -- no, last?
 I'll listen. O Meg, avast!
 Awa! Sees no sun, ever.
 Ill-starred now, treble-domed,
 Under an evil star -- Elba.
 Rude, durable rats, inward drawn,
 O timor feel!
 Fine mores!

I, Monsieur -- we -- hear or recite: Men are venal, placid. Are ye
 tired? Nope. We nod. No, canna condone. First, na vassalage legal,
 as savants rife nod.

Wed, Roses or Dew

Rise, Sir! Mars ever!
 Ahem! -- 'E's abed.
 Madam! Hoo-hah! Armada!
 Punish a live devil!
 Rise ye, Sir!
 O no, Sir, O noser -- oh, on!
 No hero, son.
 I'm Adam: Deb's Eve.
 We'd no be wed -- no bed.
 We'd no bed.
 Dew ewe, Sir, dewed?
 O dew! O do!
 Do not sin in a rose garden.

Rats! Go, dog!
 God, O go!
 Rat say no: beware. --
 Rare cargo.
 Race car -- God!

Oh! O sol, I, victim or free villain, ev'n I sailed off, O! Deported,
 reports Slobmag's reporter (U. P. asset):

Soho (ho!) had a mad idyl. Eros? No, Sibyl.
 Lana? No. Dr. dear R.A. Byron (Ima's rude
 leer!), Camus, Amy. Delia railed:
 Leer, Stacy, as I murmur.
 O stare, Big Nurse!
 Oh cellar of free beer
 Frees revel, for, O mad
 A man is. Ever live, time's revel!
 Revée, O poem! Eva, so analytic
 A lassie, sae tease Nolan:
 Ever obey, O dog!
 No, nay, Amy, am tired now.
 Live O never on wo, dog!
 Sex at ten? Na, brute!
 O peer -- gae ye Roman -- O go!

Two vile verses, said I. Asparagus?

Awa! No, nurse, God damn it!
 As no Roman, I do no tenor possess.
 Ae big nurse, Mad Ada, has rum,
 Ella sang. No mad emus, said I --
 Bared, unseen knees --

Nigh asleep, mad,
 A wan pup,
 Rude plug Dallas Lee,
 Saw wet stew.

Sexes

Wo! Vici! Nomen mnemonic, I vow.
 O men, mon nom Nemo!
Nemo won no women.
Ecce, ole man, ere
Monsieur Tossport's tops.
 So true, is no moron --
 Oh, no evil ogre --
 To women ye no hero, Man.
 Roman amor et tu, sore foe --
 Man alive!
 No sin, unisexes in unison.
 Wo! Vici, demon!
Nemo, we rose sore women.

O Nero, did I dingier reign? I did, I do: Reno.

He won, kid; I know, eh?
 So now Nemo won no women.
 O ten in sexes, Roman amor's
 Ever, O fairy, snide Vassar,
 Oh, Elba, rude Nineveh --
 Lo, O fond idyl, Eros!
 Illicit, O red-robed -- raw
 Nona women analytical assess
Adele's satyr -- even in airy Syria.

Omen: Id numen et Nemesis, e mente ne mundi, Nemo.

Ignis Sing I

Revolts erupt. Oho!
 Revel ever, sure vile devil --
 Revolt!
 Oho, Sir! A secret pure --
 O rêver of evil!
 Sin, O Renata Neronis!
 Sin, O Reno -- na,
 No evil, no evil sing I.
 Amor ignis sing I, Roma.
 Live on, ignis Romae!
Sum summus muse!
 Vile, gay, my Rome --
 My mere vers.
 I, mad as Xerxes,
 I be ye bi-sex rex.
 Sad amis, revere my memory.
 My age lives,
 Or a deified era has passed.
 Ah, Nineveh! So bad an Eden!
 O god Ira!
 Sir, a sea Caesaris.

Ha! By Rome, Meg, a vassal as ever, edit. No one vile revolts, rude, wanton Rowena. Wonder if Eros lives in amor, eh, Eva? O Reno!

Ill, Eb, was I ere I saw Belli.

Wo! Vici, demon Eros! Mad doge-violator, I won. Stop, S. D.: do not rebut. I, begod! no testator, ill. I saw Dr. O. L. Flower. 'E was as selfless as a werewolf. Lord!

Belli saw I ere I was ill, Eb.

SUED DOCTOR. NO TEST. ASTOR RECLUSE'S ULCER ROTS
AT SETON.

OGRES SAW FEM LIB BARE METAL LEG.

ALFREDA, ELLA PAPE, L. P. RUPE, POP DENIA, DR. OWEN

O' IDAHO CHIDE RENO DEMOS. ROS SUES SEUSS.

I. GRAHAM'S GOD'S GOLF STARS GULP CHEERIOS.

STOP: H. SAHIB, BARBARA ET ALLAN RUT.

CONTI, BROS. LEVER, EIRE LORDS ASK COROT TO GO.

DEGAS DRAWS NO WORSE.

MAD DR. OF DORSET RECEIVED.

EUREKA! MERE WAN DENIALS ERASE MANY DEMOCRATS.

Drab Bard

I'm as sad as Damon's dog.

O wo! Doom! Damn!

I'm, ah, so bored.

Now I wonder, eh?

To be, be not --

Sum, esse, non esse ---

De mal, Deb, ne'er go.

Deb, ne'er go.

No, wo me, Nemo!

Here's hell, eh?

To hero's doom --

War's raw mood's wo.

Bob -- Massa Lee --

Fleet steel feel.

O glee feel!

Go to, idiot!

O greenswards drowse --

Sopor, eh?

Dad, I saw rats on tops stun gnus. God's name! Pared nude, Tarzan raised Cain -- a maniac!

Says Tom Cinom: En Médoc slang is signals. State Selsnad, Segar et al: Literary Latin (I say, sum summus mus, yas) --

Heat incite casino? Lemon? Do -- O good lime soda! Gals, Ryta, Shasta, oh see wee Sigi, pared nude, bared nude, Susannah! O good

isle! Verses reel. Did I, mad ass, boob, deltoid -- I, fop, martyr ever -- not carted, I -- did I, bromidic Ada Sorel, let Red -- never! If -- O rot cod, Dame Mater! I tired now. I won -- know I won. Ken I, men, I sin. Not Eton, Della: vertu!

Bedlam's Idyll

O Fred! Well, Lord's name, Ewan! Ah, to sit, Sires! I-- we -- rut, Anna. We draw now or then. Is no purist idée harasses Sal, C. M., Adelaide: Mere robot e'er free? Rot! Can a rēx ever, oh Walla Walla, peruse livres? Rev, I fast inured now, I nod. Warren, I, martyr ever, sad as gnus I sing no sonnet, Silone poem -- pat, so analytic -- a gas! (no sagas) Elba tire? Venerly rots. Lu, Fred, now Dublin taxis tax Essenes. Sex is no pure heat in ire. O na vile verses recite, media men, if (O soror -- O sot, Rosy!) sae, ne'er flag. Had we, lost on ale, so madder bedews -- no madder -- na bed ewes, or never, oh sin, Ada! Roomed (lo! Nan, O devil lass) a vassal, no vedette. Rojama's rude tale-relater, O' Mara, more tale: in it a basset am (Ah, well, as revery rots, ah, Siva, rise!) Tanya, my lil dog puce. Na, sit -- no, pup, incite me. O what pure dessert! Tu be not sad. I'm Midas, Adonais -- sure, solid as ever sat in a series simple. Have, Madam, no pale merit, I. Rot César! Damn! Wod no be no pure tame mate. Nip us, not as a sassed dog, Elinore. Live! Be not solemn. Wod I dare cigar tonight? I deem Gargantuan O Granadas a million. A cigaret, Sis? Fired now? Puff up! O Democrats sell, Al, less tar. Sibyl, did I -- pardon! A word to wise: Sure gae. So, H.P. -- my! No tisane, man? Eda, Elsa, wontons? I honor it. Sack? Cordiale? Not Sara. Hot catnip? Martini? Now obey. O two, Vidal? 'Tis droll! Rigatoni, Madam? O Selig, O too fast! Nurse, gruel? Beef rôti? Dessert, Sid? Emil? Busy do belt til --

So, men, no damp martyr.
O vino, beer, ale --
Verse madder, ever sin, O Dada!
Sad, eh? Sad, mired now, O low mood!
Time editor, liven amid sin.
Ire Nixon, revile Agnew.
O Sam, gin?
Eden mad -- era's rot can ever issue.
Yes, God damn a brute! Big nits stab.

Dr. O. C., Eric, Sid -- not Ledra --
We're as lice chos'n, eh, pets?
Diva, David, Allyn, Nedra,
Edna: long swive lively!
My Aram men,
Under heaven undercast, Sir,
Upon Ararat, tented in Eden.
Mad Ada had a -- not mal de folie --
Not rated insanity. Me lord E.
Dorset received uno, two --
Vidal (Gore), hère Mondale, 'e
Was sae ill. I was mad at Waterloo.

To th' loo,
 Fred duLac. Sartre, pure rum?
 Edna wore denim. Rev, enliven -- do!
 I, Ma, lived -- I made
 Grog (Dewar). Starrett, a monk (no!) made
 Fallen Ellen under a bed unmade.
 Bill eyes Irish cold lochs. I fade.

Re grub, Errol, Eda, Emil cite media, Look: Naomi, leer, Ava,
 Ryta's pets. O Di-Di, Kit, Sam, Adam: gorge, lap. Amen, Omar:
 call it rot. No pure grub -- scampi, dark olive dip, et tu, bore, ebon
 Moor. No, Omar, O no stale verses recite. Mere tale-relater emetic.
 Na, we cite mess. Elsa et (wo!) Lima, Peru, peas raw, Ed. Gorge,
 Madam! Anna, we snub no pure grub -- no sin, ever. O men, O never
 is Mahomet sated under a banyan. Olive dip, a shad, a last salad -- ah,
 Anna! A hard roll, Lew? Prune, Bela? Kelp, pal Ilya? Waterfowl --
canard? Dessert's a sleeper -- carob, O baked Alaska et soave. Earl,
 Rafe, no port? Ed snubs a diet. An abalone or peanut? Yam, Sid? A
 jam? Ah, compote pot! O Nevil, oleo? Noel, cruet, cod, wonton? Dr.
 Alton Taft, Sebastiani's, Simi -- Mateus Rosé? Yes, Lee. Olaf, food!
 Eat up, Ed! O.J.? I have Pepsi, snob. No be tardy, ho! Bracer-up is
 hot sirup, Freud. No, fellow. Zymotic ill, it's éating, I bet. I belt til
 enow. On to brut, Dew, et sec. I Alpo note, Doritos, or even in, up a
 radish, a gnat. Hah! Sir Epigone, lap it! Sara, Ed, a low tea tonight?
 I'd eat intact a fat ipé peroba bud, Ida G. Bosh, Sir! I'd no food,
 Ewan -- no dammedeats. Ah, sad -- I tae na more, so I to dessert
 never say licit -- na more esteemed. A shame, lord! Is it?

Regn, Adonis!

Ode to Nell Afton

Eyots (îles) O Madam,
 As Omar, a red rose we cite, mimosa.
 Nine robots aloof -- ah, gin!
 O small irony: by an ire gored,
 I rose, bored. I wrote:
 We pardon no sin, ever.
 If a tacit surmise, ye nod -- war!
 No dwarfs beset are
 Til Lilliput I possess.
 Ah, Sartre, pure russet air benign!
 O' Mara, we don't fill a Pymm.
 As to idiot nut -- a tub o' nog,
 Alfred Nelson!

Names recite. Optic, illicit surnames
 reel i' Bedlam's idyll. As I'm a slob,
 Magog, Ma, is aloof god.
 Deliver rêve, revenant.
 Na, never ever.
 O Sir A. P., as I'm a snob,

le bon mot sung D. abed --
 a sad aria. Perverse Noel
 did I -- mad ass, I.
Si, semen e'er free erupt on -- revel!
 O go, Gogol! I, as Ryta's dog -- live devil --
 snap forever at Ava. Evil
 I so remain.
 I slain, ever?
 I? O never,
 as I live, for I am revenant -- O no!

Enola, O greensward draws.
 Ne'er go alone.
 Live fog of evil --
 No laggard drag, gal -- on!
 Go by. No, be not solo, lost
 On ebony bog.
 Sir, omen nemoris.
Sinistra art sin is.
 Owl, wo-hoo! Peer, creep, o-o!
 Howl wo!
 Wold evils, livid divils, lived low.
 Do go not to Wotton -- O God!
 O howl: wo, ho!
 O wail, echo.
 O Celia, wail -- echo.

Ecce!

Oh, Celia, we do, 'ave we not, now one wo, never one risk. Come to
 me -- ah, come! Romp in, Ava, reel! Pale lager spilt! Oh, harem
 no rêve -- rave, Pasha! O go, pet satyr! Olga, not sore? De Vere,
 live! Not one ta'er? Certes, Anna, I'm a Pisces. No, I no evil. O
 Nan, in it ram, O gorger! Up, nigh asleep. Regal sleep, mad Naomi.
 René slipt O' Haragain ades. Sip Aya's ale, Herb, mon. O be evil! A
 red nude, bask calm, O Olga. Hah, Suh, noon -- a dim moor! (Rêve?
 No, Rev: erotomania. Va, vanitas!) Nita sat in satin. Ava vain? A
 motor ever on -- ever! Ah, as Ryta's na in, O lass, eh, these times
 drag. Gals, revile, talk. Come, ride me, suave, debonair Olga. Ed,
 under a bed, a refill? Aroma, nip -- ah, catnip! A lime pilsener.
Es-tu prête, pet? Arise ye, Nan, in a mad idyll (idyl), Lady Dali.
 O hot sultan at lust, oh! O Greta, O Greta, I frolic! I do cotton to
 wide, bad ass Kay, sirrah! Eheu! Never sex at ten pins? O go Pogo!
 Some do. Rot, Senator! God! Na moron, egod! One pair of pols, one
 sure wo: paid emetic slop! O sip, Al! Lap, O Ron! I'm as rude, rife
 brats. O now, Olga, Hoyt, find no maid an eyesore. Her? O sotto?
 Hero men, oh, some green salades? Sap, I say. No, be not as a vassal.

All-in, Ava, rococo contessa,
 timed anon,
 sat in a stone mosk, rigid.
 Sex elicitor Ella -- Stella -- l'étoile --
est-elle belle, belle,
Barbra B.? Si!

Is Estelle belle, T. S. E. ?

Enid, mad Ada, men: I am regal. Le roi serves on Sèvres. Rôti!
deStael bleats. Ed.

Yap I evil, Eli, Vera, fey Dido:
Yawn, Amor.
Live now, O Logos.
Deliver, ergo, logomania.
Come not.
O wold I, as dogs, drowse.
We no, be not serener,
España.

Lo! O wan Nita's (no pun) wo -- deil wo!
New bard, O seer, free le vers.
Roman, O wonder! It's I, Giles.
Never O flag. Ave, O lost isle!
Gai, bale sorts, olde rebel, I gasp.
Ilya, me lad, o-o good ale, me lad!
Lime tarts! No, medic, I -- not aloof.

All Essenes: sex is wonderful!
I, na well-armed as a maniac octopus,
I won Eton's gal, Ima. No mere hog,
Ima is a mastoid idiot, Sam.

Dido did dose yaws,
Rot sae vile,
Ye veneris sores amoris.
Dido did.

Nox in Erin -- exotic, illicit?
Na, deValera, we beg never.
So mad asses reel bare --
Never its Erses reverse,
O Dido!
I gad, Asa, snakes na dare
Gae. O Green Isle Erses,
Recite me no puerile verse.
Yes, sad Ivan, I aver,
A baton roll is murder!
Ansyl, Guru of no eld,
Did a rap-a-tap-a-tap.

Verses-reverser, oh we do pay no gala enemy.
Have we not now one wo? Not a motto: Hogs drowse.
Yes, Lee, war evil may not now start.
Oh sleep, Enola. Bar evil war era.
We be not so, lad. A sin ever is evil --
A revil'd lobo. O joy! O joy!
Rêver, reviled Romania!
Gae, Sir, O to God. Eh?

Surcease again: amor for evil.
 Live forever, O fever of Avalon!
 DeValera lives -- lived -- was in Eden.
 I (hot ardor of doom!), animal,
 Analyze 'erbal tea, M'am.

No wise Pole elopes. I wonder if Roman or even Latin mad dogs, red
 art-traders revolt under stress, Editor, to have a new order, flag or
 governor. I say not done. Yes, words bolster a back, Sir Ben. In-
 deed, Nixon, Sam Malone, men, if war be, beware guns of iron. Oh,
 Sid, on, Sir -- ever on! O honor! If one man eristic at Tara make rue
 now, Ewan, Roland et dear Oliver, eheu! Sam, me lad, I vow na more
 gas war. Ben, I felt busy, Roger, used. Ursa, we hear no reveille
 today. Lilacs are not alive on Tara. Ebon nox as deep, Sir, as each
 sin upon a man. Ah, can a coward live down all at last on ae satine
 robe, Roberta? Eh, Ted -- in satin?

Gorgon Eva's sad orison: Go, Hades Saga!
 Wrong no man. It is God's nap, pal: to nod, O sod.
 If no paynims drowse, daft, illicit,
 Tacit air, O sperits drowse -- ye rise, nod.
 Ministres, said Alfieri, flat Romania padre,
 Gore-bored now, I. Said one Orpheus:
 Sires, sans ado, wi' no name tag, God lived.

Ha! Sure, Brecht, sin -- a crude model,
 Bertolt. I was ill, eheu!
 Hades I arrive at last. Wo!
 Le bonté saved a high-born oda,
 But na Mr. O'Neill.
 I wot one Zeno, not as amiable men,
 Even wod flee.
 Durst we not -- not na way! -- dally.
 Race off, Leslie -- do!
 We agreed -- Sade, Carew --
 We raced unto Hades's apse light --
 A pallider effusion.
 Na we -- I -- Dali, dallied not ere illusion
 Elapsed afar, oh! mid a rêve et reveille.
 Do H.P.'s anile verses recite -- rapt.
 Raped, illicit lecher, ever, O flea, go!

T.S., acerb, moot -- late poet Allan -- if Sade decrees: ami, deil,
 drag; gals, do pet Allan; do hae rats, Ava; doss amid evil; drag,
 gals, do pet all -- and O! here's na poem:

Eva's sure vile, down on wo.
 Dogs go -- deliver enemy names,
 Or red dam' foe.
 Born inane,
 Be ye so.
 Romy, Ada, evil Anna,
 Cruel fever, be not so.

Late? Yes, O rue!
 Here gae we ne'er far
 O frae Tara.

Hodnall, I've never a fear
 Of an idea, green-islèd
 Norse don -- I fled. Abed,
 Instil rude reverses, 'sad eld.
 Dark cat, tacit-sired, O
 Wine vessel -- drowse.
 Ye fill a minimal life. Wo!

Wo, vile Bill A. Gody, name of an evil age! I've an all right idea. My
 code, men: I was rude wolf, Deb -- Beeville, Wheeling, Nineveh,
 Tyre -- never a bad rat.

Sabre danse à la bal -- ballet -- sex, Essex, in an idle, dreamy revery.
 Doom! Live, Nan! Oh, sift fish, Oliver. Ever O flee, fine vessel!
 Now we'll rig a rod, reel, as rude yaps Selig. Now Eva hot won Eton's
 id -- ah, not Ella! Roman isle so madder is, eh? Note for ae hot sin
 ode -- ho! Lo, O frets lunatic. Illicit am, Margaret. Sam, sad,
 admired now, I a good deed do. O! gasp Ilya, Meg -- never na more.
 Zeno, lo! O came Essenes; seem a nomad. Ella creeps. Acronyms
 (IRA) pen I at no false Minerva, hedonism. Regret sin, Israfel? I
 bed; am I to lie? No, nay, na bared nude; sit à bas, Ida. Bah, Sir!
 Ida stared. Now rise, wise nurses; recite operas. Drowse not -- na,
 never, Sara, Edna. We had a brisk lawn walk, Sir.

Giles' odes reverses, revered Emir, Rev, étoile, star: any chased, O
 secret, fast lovers, revel, emote, live! Ye be not solo, Rev, ol' lag.
 Ye have no, nae, not a rep. Pal, go! Ne'er fret, sulk. Call avanti!
 Pisseroo! Hero men, I ne'er flag nor pass. I'm a tergo Giles. Mater
 gave Miss Abel ae potion. Ah, aroma! Dwell at Roma? No Roman, I.
 A vanilla dessert tame? No, no, Pa -- not sure -- wold if ired now.
 I, fired now, O howl. Age: pay me, lad. Ah, I fire pot tops. So, these
 some times past, na vast era, Bacchus reign at night time. Dull age,
 pass! I'm Giles, ye boor et al. O drab, evil ass, impugn I vile bores'
 reverses, Rev.

O lyre-crossed on a morn,
 I'll order a dram, O rimer of verse.
 Do not fade. Be not sodden.
 Eva gave (ha!) ole Sid a rap.
 O tarts abuse me! Kate, take me sure.
 Gae, ogre-eye! No, Hon, awa,
 O green eyes! I rose mad, madder --
 Was I mad! Ah, Sir, I was,
 I saw, Irish, Adam.

Revered now as I flower, Ewan, I, Americi, remain a werewolf lamed.
 Lo! O for Eva I'd own a Monet: A Desert Snomass. Ah, Sir, O obey
 ere we're sowed as seed in Eden! I, art-sore here, I'm ultra for a
 style malign. In Rome a toga was worn, even. O benign! I, poor

Degas (oh, ami Degas!), revered nude-drawer -- Iago, sip. Al, no beer? Oh -- 's na in. O I Degas, even, O sip, Al! No -- be: set. Rats are one. Sire brats on no 'oman; na mad nut-boy. A menu, Troy? Do. Lemon flesh -- O peels! O, pants Alan, a monk, saith Giles' word:

Do not stifle. Na,
Ina, ride gay till
Under ae stone veil
Ebon, esse nil.
No fog nor woes senile,
Nolo wrong nor wo -- esse nil.
Oh fog nor wet --
No bedlam now lived among.
No sadness -- send a song.
No mad evil won.
No sadness send a son.

Eire Verses, Reverses: Reverie

No, na -- O green lea far awa --
Raft on Dalonega
Mid a sad image.
Erin -- ah, Sir, in rêves,
Not far awa Tarawa.
See dim idées -- sae dim ideas.
Wonder if name Nolan --
A lone man -- fine man, Eve.
Ye wonder is it so.
Hae ye nae madrigal? Let song
Arbitrate ye wrong.

O dog, again a mortal fired
No pure pot o' gin.
I, agape, Ewan, O did (liar!), tired,
Na woo T. A. Nin.
I won Eva's eye. Iya, snob is in.
I sin! Linda, bon ton live!
Tae perverse love. Durst we
Now -- two starred, lost Abderites --
Run home ? (O pest!)
On sere, hardened iron ore -- home now.
A waste, H. P., or Pegasus sap I,
Rapid, Ima gal. Revenge be won.
Rise, Robin O' Dale, melody men!
E'en I'm all euphoria, for Ed
Now is at Eelford Hall.
I, Miss Ender, a tardy ass assess
As Eros. Yma edits Eire vol.
Seule, vite, bigod!
Dashed able effort!

Ay, prête Penny, lave me.
Ope not an epitaph -- O no, nurse!

Very minor -- a camel bides a time,
Ed, Toni, maims a Time editor.
On to le macaroni, Leonidas!

Elsinire: O rats! No beer! I, free fool as I, no, O' Mara, be not led.
No, regal live. A deal afoot. So, Nero, O pot-tosser, I -- ah, Sir
Ignis, did Peel say ale? Here's a motto: Wise nod.

Lo, e'er from a fog
No sad, low, sure voces
Seem, Afton, to call a name.
Nor oft on Severn rêves, O!

Na, O misere!
I, mule-sore ass,
O tired I reel.
Awa! Sae speed.
No, do not e'er gae
Si, Rafael,
Evil, O now on
Sere lea far
Hae we rade, rad.

One remed lame.
Ride a tan camel bare?
Never! O no! Here, help!
Pine some. Carp, mad.
We Demo state programs assay --
Nay, assess: all are bilge.
Promote not, na, never sell I
Flat, severe verses -- O ryme, Sire!
Rare talk! A lad nasal as Ned
Raged (A. J. Foyt). I verbose tire.
Ye cite opined law. Is it illicit --
Na more roses on a siller trellis?
Nedra, gay lily, as ten amaryllis.

Sit as I sat in Avon dale.
Mere héros, le MacRae,
Do ye know, old Amos says
I, Onan, am a sadness --
An ass alone forgot.
No, we be not so.
Does one verbose bore Deus?
We sue here: Do, O God!
Is it done?
We nod.

'Tis ill -- a dam'd evil.
Error relive for Eve.
From regret sin is.
Sin is na wee mal.
No, Beriah, Sām,

All sin ever is evil,
 As is sargasso
 Forever on Ossa.
 Grasses sodden, red sod
 I deliver as Adele's satyr,
 Ever as debris.

No, Donegal. Age, nod. ^
 One more hero man,
 O green e'er go
 (Wo, Nemo!) home now.
 Na well, eh? Sad
 Abed, Amos, I -- we --
 Had also mad
 Reverie on evil.
Le forêt so far --
 Ever, oh, sae speed!
 Amor fed under a peroba,
 Till it sleep.

Now I drowse.
 Yes, words, Dr. O. Logos.
 Doge, nod.
 I'm, ami, done.
 Ye sword I won.
 Drowse. No, Miss Naomi sees ill afar.
 Again, Niagara, fall adim.
 Astral arts amid a gloria forever afar.
 Ever, O fair Olga,
 'Tis red now, live desire.
 Rise, devil! Wonder 's it fired
 Now. I'd live revil'd.
 I wonder if O shades
 Are today a dot erased.
 Ah, so no be still.
 Its ebon emit.
 Editor, O tide, time note!
 Stallion sees no ill at Seton.
 Gems, eyes aglow (Olga's eyes, Meg)
 Erupt oh! Fire e'er if hot, pure.
 Erupt on fire e'er if not pure.
 Hot lover, reviled, deliver!
 Revolt, savage memory!
 Rome, Meg, Ava's fool, e'er gae. Agree?
 Lo, O fond idyll of folly, did no fool
 (O greene isle!), Elsie, ne'er go?

Siva, ave! Mater O stabat!
 Ah, sure, sirs, near draws an evil age.
 Nod, O Erin Isle --
 Regne, vain Ara!
 Was na rude, gay revel.
 Sin, ire -- no -- pure wo!

Tara -- Tara men -- no, Corot,
 No benison -- O never!
 O sage Degas, Asa, sup, Mac -- no -- wonder.
 O no hero, nor I -- no, too far,
 Edna, wide Nedra, here held I idle.
 I far afoot sare gae, devil.
 Rev Eton, Eva, hired
 Now, I'd live retired.
 B. Anatole, held in a sad idyl,
 Eremitic, illicit, I'm 'ere.

Ever amain, a man, a mania. Gae? No, lad. Egad! As Lee fired, lo,
 sin! Ire! Aware enemy men! O God, elf, awa! Na, good lor'! Reel!
 Ah, evil aside, we drag on, alas! I, Elsinire, ne'er go -- na gae --
 footsore here. We were hero men o' Lammas.

O olde rebels in ire,
 No wonder if dogs drowse,
 Village nod.
 No, na regard.
 Lo! Erin, an ire --
 No wonder if snug dogs drowse,
 Village nod.
 Tara fall if one moon pales?
 Word 'tis wo -- new wo.
 Not sad, Alec?
 No, 'ere we will as Damon live
 On to new era.
 No, Sam, 'tis na my age, boyo.
 Bored now, no evil, livid divil.
 O go flee, ye elf, O go!

Fired now, no evil I did, Iago.
 Not lewd in Eden if I do get a cover.
 Eve did all a cover-up. No mist,
 sae lie, O fond rib, lo, of Adam!
 (Na bad, eh?) Sin, if ever Eve's leg --
 Na, rêve regnat. Rapt, serene,
 rest on -- O dream!
 Adored, lo, Eve (O God!) nue.
 Nod nue, nod low -- drowse.
 Nod, as still as I, liver-on.
 I'm alive! One moon is on Eve,
 even in a mad idyll -- O female!
 Now, or til I've lain, Eve, I lie.
 So Perfidia's dog lived, meek, atoned.
 Rage not. So, lots older, a devil in sin,
 a man ever is had, eh?
 Sin up, Eros, ere here we wed.
 Under a fig I fared. Nude we were.

Reviver

O good divil Eros' live désirs.
 Do good. DeValera's live désirs,
 Late petals sore,
 Awa fled.
 Lo! severed roses or dewèd.
 No, before women, O go awa.

Rêver of Eve forever,
 Ever, O fever of evil!
 Madam, mad Adam,
 Lost in Eden,
 In a mad idyl live -- lived --
 I, Eve, Madam.
 Reviled dog, I.
 Madness send, Ami -- God --
 Deliver Madam Eve.
 I, devil, evilly did --
 A man in Eden.
 It's ol' mad Adam, Madam.
 Live for Eve -- for Eve.
Rêver of Eve forever!

Awa -- O gone, mower of ebon-dewed roses!
 Order Eve's old elf awa.
 Eros's late petals rise;
 Devils are lavèd.
 Do, O gods, rise.
 Devil, sore, livid,
 Do, O go!

Reviver!

Ere we wed under a fig, I fared nude.
 We were here sore punished.
 Ah, Sir, even a man is nil.
 I've dared, lost -- O lost one garden!
 O take 'em, Devil, God said, if --
 Repose. I lie. Venial evil?
 I trow one lame folly did a man in, Eve.
 Eve, no sin. O omen -- O evil!
 A minor evil is all. It's sad.
 One sword wold one undone undo.
 Go, Eve, older, O dam!
 Aer, do not serene rest.
 Part anger, ever angels -- ever Eve.
 Finished a ban -- mad -- a fool bird,
 No foe. I, least simon-pure vocal lad,
 I'd Eve revoke, God, if
 In Eden I dwelt on. O gai did
 I live on wonder! If --

O go flee, ye elf, O go! Livid divil, live on wonder. O boyo, be gay,

man! Sit, Mason. Are we not no evil nomads, all? I -- we -- were once, lad. As to now, we now sit, drowse, lap. No omen of ill afar. At Donegal live swords -- God! Guns fired now on Erin -- an ire -- old rage -- ran on Donegal. Live swords, God-fired, now on Erin Isle be red, lo! O Sam Malone, more: here we were héros to O' Feagan.

O green Erin Isle, is Alan O' Garde wed? Is alive?
Hale, Errol, Doogan -- awa fled!
O gone, my men, e'er awa!
Erin is older.
I feel sad, aged --
Alone again.
A man, a mania --
Ma rêve.

Eremitic, illicit, I merely did
As an idle Helot -- an Abderite revil'd.
I wonder I have not ever lived eager,
As too far afield I idle here.
Hardened, I wander afoot on iron ore,
Honored now on campus as a sage, Degas,
Or even on (O sin!) Ebon Tor
O' Connemara, Tara Tower upon Erin Isle.
Very aged urans awa ran.
I, avenger Elsinire o' Donegal,
I've na sward. Ra'ens rise, rush
At a bat sore tame.
Va, avis!

O greene isle! Elsie, ne'er go.
Lo, O fond idyll of folly, did no
Fool e'er gae? Agree. Lo!
Of savage memory, Rome -- Meg,
A vast lover reviled -- deliver revolt. Oh,
Erupt on fire e'er if not pure.
Erupt, oh fire e'er if hot, pure.
Gems, eyes aglow -- Olga's eyes
(Meg, note).
Stallion sees no ill at Seton.
Emit, Editor. O tide, time
No be still. It's ebon.
O shades are today a dot erased.
Ah, so fired now, I'd live revil'd.
I wonder if 'tis red now.
Live desire, rise. Devil, wonder.
Sit a gloria forever afar,
Ever, O fair Olga.
Dim astral arts amid all,
Afar again Niagara fall
I see. Si, moans Simone.
Sword, now I drowse,
Ye nod.
I'm, ami, done -- God!

So go, lords, drowse.
Ye sword I won.

Peels till it, a bore,
Pared nude from a deep
Sea shore --
Vera Foster, O fell!
I've no Eire verd, Amos, lad.
A hew is O! made bad
As hell, Ewan.
Wo, Nemo, home now,
O green e'er go
Na more, hero men o'
Donegal. Age, nod on.

Sir, beds are very tasseled,
As are vile Dido's derved dossed.
Sargasso, nor ever of Ossa,
Grass is alive, Sir.
Even is llama's hair -- ebon lamé.
Ewan, sin is sinister germ
Or fever of evil --
Error relived -- mad!
All: Is it done?
We nod.

'Tis I, do-gooder, eheu!
Sew suede robes, O brève nose.
O dost one be won to Grofe?
No, lass, an ass end as a man?
A noisy ass, O mad low on key!
O dear! Camel-sore here, me lad.
No vanitas, I. Satis.

Silly R. A. Manet, say, Lily -- a garden --
Siller trellis -- a nose-sore romantic -- ill --
It is I. Walden, I poetic eye rites.
O brevity of jade gardens!
Alas and alæk!
Later are, rise my roses.
Revere vestal filles, revenant one.

Tom or Peg, liberal lasses
Say: Any ass? as
Marg, or pet at
Some dew-damp racemose nipple.
Here, Honoré, venerable MacNat --
Ae dire mal de mère, no?

Dare -- dare we, ah, Rafael,
Ere snow on olive leaf arise,
Agree to nod on deep seas?
Awa, Lee, rider!

I toss ae rose.
Lumières! I moan.

O Severn rêves!
 Not for one man all.
 A cot, not fame --
 Esse -- cover us.
 Wold a song of amor
 Free old ones?
 I wot Tom as, ere he lay
 Asleep, did sing Irish aires
 Sotto. Poor Enos, too,
 Fa-la-ed ae village rondel:
 Tonebara moon is aloof.
 E'er fire, ebon star,
 O Erin Isle!

Sad, I? No, Elinora.
 Camelot no rot. I deem it as
 Miami -- not deem it as edible
 Macaroni. My rêves run on.
 Oh pat I pen a tone poem,
 Eva Lynne.

Peter Pyatrof: Feel bad, eh?
 Sad dog! I bet I've lues.
 Lo! Veriest idea!
 My sores assess, assay.
 Drat! a redness. I'm ill.
 Ah, Dr., O fleet as I wonder.
 O fair -- oh, puella,
 Mine enemy. Dole!

Me lad, on I bore, Sir. No! we beg. Never lag à midi, pari passu.
 Sage prophet saw a wo, Nemo. Hero, no ride Nedra!

Here's no T.S.E. poem:

Oh, nurse tired bats,
 Older rat, sow, two newts,
 Rude voles, Rev.
 Repeat evil not.
 No bad -- nil nisi -- nisi bon.
 Say lie, yes, ave now.
 I, Nina, too, wander: I trail.
 Dido, na weep again.
 I go to Peru.
 Ponder I flat Romania. Gag,
 O dog! Nor we, ye tart, I brag.
 No, Stella, gird a mean eye.
 A host I sired? No, we --
 Ye've na men if na me.
 Nolan -- a lone man -- fired
 Now -- sae dim ideas, see dim idées.

Awa, rat! A war -- Afton --
 Severn -- Irish --
 An ire, E.G., amid a sad image.
 No, lad, not far awa,
 Rafael, ne'er go.

Anon.

(Eire verses, Rev: Erse's reverie.)

No sadness send. A son
 Now lived among
 No sadness. Send a song.
 No mad evil won.
Mal de bonté --
 Wrong of holinesse.
 O wrong nor wo -- loneliness --
 O wrong of onliness!
 No, believe not seared nullity,
 Aged Iranian elf.
 It's to nod, drowse light.
 I ask no man a last nap.
 O sleep! Oh self!
 No melody or tune
 May obtund a man. Na moon,
 No star be risen o'er
 Astarte's ebon lapis,
 On Eve's aged Ionian shore.

(Ebon lapis? O gai!)

Rewarded under ever-sage,
 Dim, ah, osage,
 Drooping in ebon, even rows --
 Awa go tae morning!

I, lamely, tsar of art,
Lumière, héros,
Trained en idées --
 Sade, wo! Sere were
 Ye, boorish ass --
 A monstre sedate.
 No man wod I aver.
 O fool de mal flower!
 Ewan, I am Eric; I remain.
 A werewolf is a wonder, ever.

Mad? Ah, Sir, I was, I saw, Irish. Adam, I saw red! Dam' dames!
 O rise ye! Ne'er go awa. No, honey, e'er go eager. Use me, Kate.
 Take me sub astra to paradise, lo! Ah, Eva gave! Ned, dost one be
 daft on odes? Rev, for Emir Omar dared roll in Roman odes --
 sorcery, lo! Verses-reverser, O be living up, Miss Alive Bardolater!
 O obey Selig, Miss Ape Gal. Lud! Emit th' gin tangier, Suh C.,
 cabaret savant, sap, Semite Moses -- eh? Tossplot toper! If I had ale,
 my Ape Gal (wo-ho!), wonder if I -- wonder if I'd lower us to nap on

one mattress, Ed -- all in a vain, a moron, a mortal, lewd amor --
 aha! No, I tope ale (Bass). I'm Eva, Greta M. Selig: O Greta, Miss
 Apron Gal, free nine more hoores. Sip it, naval, lackluster, free
 nog-lapper! Atone anon.

Eva, hey, gal! Lover -- O lost one -- be ye vile to me. Le vers
 revolts after ces odes. Ah, Cynara, T. S. Eliot ever rimed ere verses
 reversed. O Selig! Risk lawn walk, Sir? Bad! Ah, Ewan, dear as
 revenant ones, words are poetic Erses' runes. I -- we -- Sir, wonder
 at sad Irish abadis -- abatished under a banyan. O' Neil -- O Tim --
 a debile, far, sinister germ: sin! O deHavre, Nîmes, la Fontaine,
 Paris, Mynorca (sp?) e'er called à mon âme. Essenes seem a cool
 one -- zero, man! Revenge may lips a good deed do (O gai!). Wonder
 I'm Dada's master -- a grammatic, illicit -- an Ulster fool.

O hedonist, O hear of Eton!
 He sired damosels in amor.
 All Eton had is not enow
 To have won Giles' spayed Ursa.
 (Leer, Dora girl!)
 Lew won less, even.

I feel forever evil.
 Oh sift fish on an evil, moody revery,
 Ma Erdel. Dina nixes sex.
 (Estella, blab à la E. S. Nader -- bastard!)

A bare venery -- th' evening Nile, eh?
 Well I've ebbbed, flowed, Ursa.
 Wine? Médoc, Yma? Edith girl,
 Lana, Evie gal, I've na foe.
 Many do, gal, libel, I vow.

O we fill a minimal life.
 Yes, wordless, even, I wod, eristic,
 Attack raddled asses' revered ur-lit. --
 Snide, bad, elfin odes, rondels.
 I ne'er gae, Dina,
 For ae far, even evil, land.

O' Hara, tear for a free,
 New, eager (eheu!) rose.
 Yet a lost one, brève fleur,
 Canna live a day morose.
 Ye be, Nan, in robe of madder rose.

Many men ere vile dogs go down on wo.
 Deliver us! Save me, O Pan!
 Sere, Hodnal, late pods
 Laggard live, dim as sod -- a vast
 Area, Hodnal -- late pods laggard lie,
 Dim as e'er ceded -- as final -- late --
 O petal -- to ombre cast!

O Gael forever, eh? Celtic, ill,
 I depart, paretic Erses.
 Revel in asphodel -- lie verte.
 Ever a dim hora fades pale.
 No, I, sullier Eton, deil
 Lad (I, lad, I, Ewan?) -- no, I suffered ill.
 A path Giles passed --
 A hot nude, Carew --
 We raced as deer gae.
 Wo, deil (self) !
 Foe, Caryl, lady (a wanton),
 To Newt's rude elf:
 Down! Even E. Melba, Ima
 Sat on one Zeno.
 To Willie Norman, Tuba Don,
 Rob, H. G., I had Eva set --
 No below t' salt.
 Ae vir raised a hue.
 Hell! I saw it -- lo!
 Treble-domed ur-canis -- th' Cerberus!
 Ah, devil dog, gate man, on!
 I wod as Nasser issue, H. P. Roe.
 Nod I as I wonder -- O
 Be roger'd! A pain -- a mortal fire.
 If, lad, I assert sin, I'm done, Sire.
 Yes, words tire. Psoriatic, Attic,
 Ill -- it fades. Words, Min, yap on.
 Fido, so do not lap pans, dog -- sit in among,
 Nor wag ass. Ed: A hog?
 No, Sir; odas save no grog.

Nita? Snide theatre bore bore Nita? Sea not salt? Allan, wod evil
 draw? O, can Achan, a man, O punish Caesar? I speed, Saxon. No be
 a rat -- no evil atone, rascal Ilya. Do tell I ever on Rae! He was rude,
 sure gory, subtle, fine, braw, sage Roman. Wo, Vidal! Emma Sue,
 her evil ora, Ed, Ted -- na Lorna. We won! Eureka! Marat, tacit
 sire na men of iron. O honor ever is no dishonor if -- O snug era! --
 we be braw, fine men o' Lammas nox, indeed! Nine brisk cabaret
 slobbs drowse. Ye nod, Tony, as I. Ron, Rev, O grog, Alfred?
 Rowena, Eva, hot rôti? Desserts? Red nut-lovers, red art-traders,
 God damn it, Al -- never! On amor fired, no wise Pole elopes. I won
 Mamà et la breezy Lana L. Am in a mood for -- O drat! Oh, in Eden
 I saw devils evil are laved -- no lava for Eve, forever of evil. Liver
 of Romania, gae sae crushed. O go to rise again. Amor, deliver
 revery o' joy. O Jo, O bold liver! Alive, Sir, even I, sad, a lost one,
 beware raw liver, abalone peels, hot rats, wonton, yam, live, raw
 eels' eyes (Words go! Hot tomato!). Now enow. On to new Eva
 hymeneal agon-yap ode: Whore's Reverses, Rev.

Pat-a-pat, a paradiddle on
 Four ugly snare
 Drums! Ill or not, a bare
 Vain, avid ass eyes revel.

Ire upon emetic Erses'
 Reels! I ne'er go eager à danse.
 Kansas adagio didoes, reverses
 Rest, ire venerable Erses.
 Sad Amos, revenge!
 Beware! Laved, antic, illicit
 Oxen ire Nixon.
 Dido did.
 Si, Roma's Eros, siren Eve.
 Ye live Astor's wa,
 Ye sod. Dido did.

Mastoid idiot! Sam, as I am, I go.
 Here mon ami lags not enow.
 I sup 'ot coca, Ina, Ma, Sade,
 Mr. Allewani, Lu, Fred.

Now six Essenes sell a fool a tonic.
 I demonstrate mild ale, me lad:
 O-o, good ale!
 May lips agile be red,
 Lost rose labia gel!

Sit solo, Eva gal,
 For even Selig is tired now,
 On amor's revel e'er free.
 So drab we now lie down
 Upon satin -- na wool.

A nap serene --
 Rest on, ebon ewes.
 Words God said:
 Lo! wo to Nemo, Cain --
 A mogul ogre reviled.
 So go low on
 Evil Roman way.
 O did ye fare,
 Vile live: I pay.

DeStaël bleats: Editor serves no Sèvres! I or Ella, Germaine, mad
 Adam: dine?

Est-elle belle, T.S.E.? Si!
Is Barbra belle, belle, belle, T.S.E. (Eliot)?
 El, Al, let's all erotic illexes dig --
 Irksome, not sanitas.

Non! A demi-tasse,
 T. N.? O coco, Cora -- vanilla, lass.
 Ava sat on ebony as I passed -- alas!
 Ne'er gem O shone more hot
 to sore hero's eye,
 na diamond nifty, oh aglow -- O
 no star be firèd, Ursa mi-
 nor, opal lapis O!

Pols cite media power. Use no slop, for I ape no doge, no Roman dog.
 Rot a nestor! O Demos! O G.O.P.! O go! Snip net taxes, revenue.
 He (Harris) yaks sad abed, I wot not to codicil or fiat.

Ergo a tergo, hot sultan at lust -- oho! I, lady, dally-dilly. Did a
 man inane -- yes, irate Peter -- put serene, slip Emil a pint? A
 chap in amoral life rade, bared nude, a Gloria -- no bed. Eva, use
 me dire. Mock late livers, laggard Semites, eh?-- Thessalonian
 satyrs, aha! (Rêve? No, Rev: erotomania. Va, vanitas!) Nita sat
 in satin. Ava vain? A motor ever on -- ever.

Room mid a noon
 Hush. Ah, a gloom
 Lacks a bed,
 Under a live ebon ombre.

Hélas! Ava pissed a Niagara! Hot pilsener, I moan -- dam! Peel's
 lager! Peel's -- ah, gin! Pure grog -- O martini! Nan, olive?
 Onion? Sec? Sip, ami, Anna -- set, recreate. Not one vile rêve
d'Eros to nag. Lo, Ryta, step: O go! Ah, sap Eva, rever on me --
 rah! Hot lips regale, lap, leer. Ava, nip more Mocha. Emote,
 mock siren, or Eve. Now enow! On to new Eva ode:

Wail, Echo

Ecce!
 Oh, Celia, wail, echo!
 Oh, Celia, wo!
 Oh, owl, wo-ho!
 Do go not to Wotton -- O God!
 Wold evils, livid divils, livèd low.
 Owl, wo-hoo,
 Peer, creep -- o-o
 Howl wo!
Sinistra art sin is.
 Sir, omen nemoris,
 Go by.
 No, be not solo,
 Lost on ebony bog.
 No laggard drag, gal, on
 Live fog of evil.
 Enola, O greensward draws.
 Ne'er go alone.

O not -- na, never mair
 Of evil is a rêve noire venial sin.
 I am Eros. I live, avatar ever
 Of Pan's live devil-god,
 Satyr. Sail, O go, Gogol, ever
 Not pure -- e'er free!
 Nemesis is sad amid idle ones, Rev.
 Repair, Ada, Sade, bad gnus,
 Tom, Nobel -- bons amis -- à Paris!

O rêve revenant!

Na, never ever.

Reviled dog, fool as I am,

Go, gambol, Sam!

I sally, dismal, debile Erseman --

Rustic, illicit, poetic Erseman!

No slender flagon -- O but a tun

To idiot Sam, my pal!

Lift no Dewar among inebriates --

Sure, Rupert, rash asses sop it up.

Ill illiterates (Eb, S. F. Rawdon) --

Raw? Done?

Yes, I'm rustic at a fire -- venison?

No, drape wet or wide robes --

O ride, Roger! I? Nay,

By no rill am so nigh a fool

As to bore Nina so.

Mimetic ewes order a ram:

O Sam, a damosel is to ye

Not fallen, O Ted -- O sin!

O danger!

'Tis I, Dr. O. Lem, ah, Sade -- meet, see romantic Ilya's reven-
tressed, otiose Roman. Eat, Ida, Shasta, Eden Madonna. We do, O
fond Irish S.O.B. Gad! I dub a bore Pepita -- fat cat Nita, Edith --
gin? O tae two. La! Dear Asti, pale nog. I perish, ah! Tang! Ah,
sidar! A pun: I never, O, sot, I rode to no plaice -- stewed turbot.
Now, one little bite, Big Nita -- est-il licit? O my! Zwolle
fondue, R. F. (purist)? Oh, si! Pure carbohydrate bon-bons is pep,
Eva. Hijo de puta, Ed -- O offal -- O! Eels' eyes or suet, ami?
Miss Ina, it's a best fat -- not lard. Not now. Docteur C., Leo,
Noel, O liven! O tope top Mocha, Maja! Dismay! Tuna, E. P. Roe?
No. Laban ate Ida's buns. De trop! One farl, Rae? Eva, O steak,
salade, kabob -- or a crepe, Elsa stressed. Dr. A.: NaCl -- wo!
Fret away! Lil, apple? Kale, Ben? Urp! Well, Lord R., aha! Anna
had a last salad. Ah, sapid! Evil? O nay -- na bared nude. Taste mo'
ham, Sir? Even one more venison burger upon buns, Ewan? Na,
Madame. Grog (Dewar) -- sae pure, Pam. I 'low tea's less emetic,
Ewan. Cite mere tale-relater emetic. Erses revel at Sonora Moon
Room. No beer, O, but tepid evil okra dip, Mac's burger upon tortilla
(Cram one, Ma!). Pale grog, Madam? Asti, kid? I do. Step, satyr!
A Va. reel, I moan. Kool-Aid emetic. Limeade, Lorre? Burger?

Eda, fish cold lochs.

I rise, yell: I be dam'!

Nude, bared nun! Ellen, Ella

Fed a monk -- no matter --

Rats, raw. Ed gorged amid evil,

Ami, O. D. Nevil -- never mine.

DeRowan, demure Rupert

(Rascal -- udder fool!),

H. T. O' Tool,

Reta, W. T. Adams, A. Willie
 (Ass!), a wee lad,
 No mere hero -- glad,
 I vow, to nude vie --
 Certes rode (drôle!) my
 Tina, snide tart O' Neil
 Of Edlamton. Ada had
 Adam, Ned, Enid, et Netta
 (Rara!) -- no purist, sacred pun
 Eva (eh? red nun?),
 Emma, Ray, my Levi (Levi!),
 W. S. G., Nolan, dear Denny L.,
La diva, David Stephens (oh!),
Cecil S. Ae reward --
 Elton disc -- I record.

Bats sting? I bet!
 Urban mad dogs eye us, Sir.
 Even actors are damned enigmas.
 Owen, gae, liver. Nox in Erin
 Is dim -- an evil rot.
 I deem it doom.
 Wo, lo! wonder I'm dashed --
 A sad Adonis.
 Revered dames revel -- are ebon,
 Ivory -- tramp mad on
 Nemo's little body.
 Sublime distress, Editor!
 Feeble urges -- runts afoot --
 O Giles -- O mad ami --
 Not a girl lords it, lad,
 I vow, to ye.
 Bow on! In I tramp, intact.
 O' Hara, stone, laid rock,
 Cast iron, oh! is not
 Now as leaden (amen!) as I to
 Nymphos' eager uses, I wot.
 Dr. O. W. A., nod rapid, idly, bis.

Rats sell, Al, less tar. Come, do puff up! Wonder if, sister, a G.I.
 can -- O, ill! I'm a sad -- an argonaut. Nag, rag me, Edith. Gin (O
 tragic era!) did own me. Lost one, be viler, O Nile goddess, as a
 sat-on, supine, tame mater upon ebon down, Madras. Ector, I tire
 me. Lap on, Madam. Eva, help Miss Eire. Sanitas! Rêve sad -- I
 lose Russian oda -- sad -- I'm mid a stone buttressed. Erupt, ah wo!
 Emetic nip upon tisane cup. God! Lily May, nates I ravish (a story
 reversal, Lew. Ha!). Mates, Sabatini, elater O' Mara more tale
 related:

Ursa, majorette, Devon lass (a vassal), lived on an olde
 moor. A Danish, or even rose-wed (Eban, Red Damon),
 Swede-bred damosel -- a not so lewd (ah!) gal, free 'n'
 easy sort o' soror. O so fine maid (emetic Erses revel,
 Ivan) o' Erin! I tae her up on six Essenes -- sex at six

(at nil, Bud!).

Wonderful story, René -- veritable saga, son! Sagacity, Lana! O stap me open! O listen! No song nisi sung sad as revery. Traminer, Rawdon? I wonder: unit's a fiver? Servile, sure pal, law all a whore vexer -- an actor e'er free to bore remedial Edam classes. Sara, heed it. Sir, upon sin, eh? Trow onward, Ewan. Nature wiser is ('tis!) O, than a wee man's droll, lewder folly -- dismal debut rivalled not, Eton, nisi nemine. Know I won -- know? I wonder I tire -- tame; mad doctor of ire -- vender -- teller o' sad, acid (I, morbid id, I detract on) revery. Tramp of idiot-led boobs, sad amid idle Erses' revels, I do, O go. Hanna's used under a bed. Under a pig I see wee shoats. Ah, satyrs lag. A dose, mild -- o-o good! No melon is acetic, Nita -- eh? Say sum summus mus -- yas. In Italy rare til later ages. Dans les Etats slang is signals, code, mnemonic mots. Yas.

Cain a maniac! Desi Arnaz, rated under Ape Man's dog, sung:
Nuts! Spot no star! Was I, Dad?

Hero, pose, swords draw -- sneer!
Go to, idiot!
O glee feel -- go!
Lee, fleet steel feel,
As Sambo bows.
Doom -- war's raw mood.
Sore, hot hell, eh?
Sere home --
Nemo won.
O green bed!
O green bedlam.

Ed.

Esse, non esse --
Must one be bothered?
Now I wonder.
O bosh! Am in mad mood.
O wo!

God's no mad, sad ass, ami. Drab bard!

STAR COMEDY NAMES ARE SLAIN!
EDNA, WE RE-MAKE RUE DE VIE.
CERTES, RODFORD DAMES ROW ON SWARD.
SAGE DOG OTTO ROCKS AS DROLERIE, REVELS ORBIT
NOCTURNAL LATE ARAB
RABBI HASH POTS SOIREE.
H. C. PLUGS RATS, FLOGS DOGS.
M. A. HARGIS SUES SEUSS OR SOME D----- ONE.
RED I. H. COHADIO NEW ORDAINED POPE: PURPLE PAPAL
LEADER.
FLAGELLATE ME, RABBI L.M. EFWASSER -- GO!

No test. Astor recluse's ulcer rots at Seton. Rot cod, Deus! Belli saw I ere I was ill, Eb. Dr. O. L. Flower, 'e was as selfless as a werewolf. Lord! Was ill. I rot at Seton. Dog 'e bit 'Ubert on odd spots. Now I rot, Al. O, I've goddam sore. No medic, I vow. Ill, Eb, was I ere I saw Belli.

O Nero, ave! He, Roman, is evil, sore. Fired now anew or not, na, we durst love, relive noontide rêves. Alas, savage memory! Bah!

Sir, a sea Caesaris --
 Arid -- O gone -- de nada.
 (Bosh! Even in Hades
 Saps -- ah! are deified.)
 A rose, vile, gay,
 My Rome, my mere.
Versi, mad as Xerxes,
 I be ye bis, ex-rex.
 Sad amis, revere my memory.
 My age, live!
Sum summus muse!
 Amor sing I, no evil.
 Amor ignis sing I, Roma.
Ignis, live on! Live on ano Neronis.
 Sin, O Renata Neronis!
 Live forever, O erupter: César is.
 O hot lover, live --
 Deliver us.
 Revel ever,
 O hot purest lover!

Ignis sing I!

Omen: Id numen et Nemesis, e mente ne mundi, Nemo.

Airy Syria! Nine very tasseled asses
 (Salacity, Lana!) -- Nemo, wan, onward
 'E bor'd, erotic, ill (I sorely did!).
 No fool, he've nine durable horas.
 Saved in Syria for Eve's Roman amor.
 Sexes nine to Nemo won.
 No, women won.
 (O she won, kid, I know, eh?)

O Nero, did I dingier reign? I did, I do: Reno.

Nemo, we rose, sore women.
 No medic, I vow.
 No sin, unisexes; I nun, I son.
 Evil a name of Eros.
 Utter, O Man, amor na more.
 Honey, Nemo wot!
 Ergo live on honor.
 O Monsieur Tossplot's tops, sot.
 Rue is no mere name.
 Lo, ecce! Nemo won.

No -- wo, men!

Omen:

Mon nom Nemo.

Wo, vici! Nomen mnemonic, I vow.

Sexes!

Wet stew was eel sallad. Gulped urp! Up 'n' awa, damp eels! Ah, gin!

Seen knees, nude, rabid, I assumed,
among nasal lemurs.
Ah, Ada, dames run, gibe --
asses so prone to nod in amor
on satin. Mad doges run on awa.
Sugar, A. P. ? said I. Asses revel.
I vow to go na more.
Ye agree, poet, urban net taxes
go down, or even -- O evil wonder! --
it may -- may -- anon go.

Do ye bore venal ones?
Ae tease is salacity, Lana.
O save me, O Poe --
Ever le vers emit --
evil rêves in a mad amor
of le vers e'er free.

Beer for all! echoes. Run! gibe rats. O rum! Rum! I say. Cats reel.
Delia railed. Yma Sumac reeled. Ursa Minor, Ybarra (Ed) r----d on
anally. Bison sorely did a mad (ah -- oh -- O hostess!) a pure troper's
gambol.

S. S. Troper
De trop!

Ed.

Off, O Delia! Sin venial, I veer from it, civil, O Soho!

Dog, race car!
O grace, rare, raw,
Ebony as tar!
O go, dog!
Go, Dog Star!

Ned rages, or A. Nin is to nod.
O do! We do?
Dewēd rise we, wed,
Deb, on dew,
De bon dew,
Ēbon dew -- Eve's bed.
Mad, am I?
No, sore, Hon.
No, 'horeson!

Orison: O rise ye, Sir!
Live devil!
Ah, sin!
Up, Adam!

Rah! Ah--ooh!
 Madam!
 Debase me -- har!
 Eve's ram -- rise, Sir!
 Wed, roses or dew!

Done! First, na vassalage legal, as savants rife nod. No, canna condone. We ponder it, eye radical plan -- ever an emetic error -- ae hew. Rue is no miser. O men, I flee from it! Onward drawn, I star, Elba. Rude, durable rats liven a red, nude model, Bert. Wonder! Rats'll ire Venus on see-saw at savage Monet's ill-lit salon. Evil room! Anon a manacled Norse goddess again is O! defiled, as I wonder if I dare violate P----, Eva, egal. I've na power. Up, Min, à mon aide, Monsieur! Time's roué, he's, alas! ill, I wot. Sieur Thomas Moore, romantic poet o' New Erin, aloof bard o' Donegal, I've, Nis, no song, na poem or ode to gibe. Durst ole Howard revel lewdly bis on Adano?

Moors -- room forever,
 O fair Olga! Viva, Reviver!
 Do, O go: evade boredom.
 Alas, late petal, live on!
 Erehwon was Lebanon --
 A rêve reified.

Nap on. Wonder ever, mad as Adam on ale. Bad -- lo! he beware Cain, a maniac devil, mad as a fool -- a ass! O no, Enola? An ass on Ossa, na?

Non! Abel was I ere I saw Lebanon.

Si! Semen's sensuousness' Nemesis.
Is Sade idyll of devil. Finis.
Si! Semen's sensuousness' Nemesis.
Is sad idyll of devil. Finis.

Elba, I do rap -- Elba, I do rap
 Na more here, mondial, Eve.
 Yes, O Roman nose: kudos.
 Nor if one mere year came, Rose,
 To me, I'd O! win a cruel fame!
 Esteem in Acton's eyes, or a name --
 An honorable repose.
 Be ye no lad -- ae devil
 In a cold, lone, mossy bastille
 Cell. It's a bare, venal room --
 A la pallid image, bigod!
 A sad-limned, damned, dashed asile.
 Far sister, forever O free live!
 Napoleon, rise again, a man.
 In wo do go to rise, Sir,
 To no dim anomy.
 No, be not a sore hero.
 Son o' war, ere ye rise,

Do not, no, don't nod
 On satin, as nine vile talers elate
 Russian odas' eyes.
 I wonder is Rena's passion
 Ill if ired -- no, wise.

Yet nasal, revered damosels I ne'er'got,
 Or even ogled, nor (O mon revenuer!)
 Stared in salacity, Lana -- sister a Nimes.
 Words are Veronese?

Mais si!

Madame rusticates. I wod also re-hear
 Camels at Sumer. Eve, dost one be yet
 No bedder? I trow one live rey is abed
 On down. O Roman nose, be yet
 A lover ever of dames.
 Irene, ride me et seq,
 Esteemed Iranian gal,
 Free now to live,
 Not love revolt. O here's how:
 O now, Toro, give!
 Mater, deliver star-mad dogs astray.
 Art sad, El Toro? Nay --
 Na! Bared nude we were
 Here O glad!

I here, Monsieur Trevola, aver.
 Am I, Mama -- am I Lear-sired now?
 Lu frets: Am I Lear's idiot? No dolor
 Resided in Eden. Wod not fardel-laden
 Mad Enos' sore -- lor'! --
 Red, raw -- depart in a week?
 O Jon's Ma Peel said again:
 A mogul na in?
 O Mede Calderon sat in Hanoi.
 Gil, Erik, a flax O do ret,
 Eh? R. O'Deill, as Imlac, I fit
 No placid ark, Latin isles.
 Romania gae we, radical peer?
 Gae, Madam -- rise -- Roman eyot
 Dismiss, a Latin, Hanoi to meet.
 Effete? Yes, I reel from a yen
 Dishonorable. So, madder, O Dad!
 No, fast lover. Tired? No -- wise.
 Ye're prêt, soft foster père?
 Hell, it's sex ever! Oh, sae sure
 Pants: Ave, vale! Na brute, ye
 Were, Eda -- mere nuts a midi --
 Part paretic. Erse looper O' Mara
 Chased a fair, oh puella pallida --
 Eva, home-made jape of ROTC.
 All in all, it's an opus. Sip -- O Dew!
 Fie! We bow not to cotton ere we do.

No, na, no depot toped a nip of ale (Bass)
 Or sipt natal live gall.
 I've nifty mnemonic anagram:
 Step, pets. Enow? O now: tap Pat.
 Stap Pat's bung.
 I, Ben, if Selig eats,
 I'll oh! dine among.
 On to Hotel Bo-Gest.
 O Algernon!
 Plug a tin, plug a tun.
 Ae vigor is in every Traminer.
 Is ardent Sir O' Mara (Ed) an amener?

So many dynamos sang in Eb's agnostic, ill, Irish, animal, libertine,
 sure venose, pallid, amatory visage. Evil, illicit is a raper. O Sade,
 bastard -- a bad ass, eh?

Ada did none wrong (nor we, non!)
 Did Ada. Rue is my doom.
 Live on, lamed sap!
 Rail on, ye noble one!
 Heh! O ha ha ho!
 Laid no more!
 Hell! O diabes!

Elba idol, l'héros: Evil illicit song!
 Ada's amiable folly
 Did a monsieur so wrong.*
 Napoleon

*Lues

On Ada was I ere I saw Adano.

On ass on Ossa, no?
 'E, Roman devil, lived na more.
 O we livers revile wo!
 Eros, Mars, Eve's ram sore,
 Hot lovers revolt, oh!
 Rats' god a Dog Star,
 O gerbils libre go!
 Era's god dogs are,
 On Ossa ass, O no?
 Don red dodder, nod.
 On, reel! Ryta's satyr, leer!
 Dogs are era's god,
 Ere hogs go here.
 Ye boxer Rex obey.
 Stark capons go here --

-- to boredom à la Eliot. 'E's a late opossum.
 A coon delivers its revel, wonder. I'm Dada-ed to madness. Dogs,
 aged, rime. Eva

Reward -- God -- aloof -- de rêve -- fate. Yes, Albert I am

Degas, aged maitre, blasé, yet a fevered fool -- a dog-drawer.
 Top-drawer reward pot? Claptrap! Opera are pop art, pal C.
 (Camus, A.), my gnostic. Ill, I live on. (Gnus sung on madly.
 Did amuse Joanna M. to hail 'em as ever-reviled ewes or dogs
 alive on rum.) Rum! I murmur no evil. Re pap: non-amoral
les idées -- seed I sell -- a roman on papers aged in amore,
malo.

Degas

Selah, Giles Selig.

Eva

Its rude rut, rotten roses reek.
 Up, rot! I move. We regard nine men in drag
 ere we're held in a gap at a pudendal glee.
 Fame, gamine! Mr. Acton's hot pen is aloof,
 easy, aphoristic. I note:
 As a hot, apt pen is power,
 a hot, rapt penis power,
 Emyly -- O corrupts. O dear
 senile fox, erotic! I'll idle here.

No evil liver, O free bred Rose's
 red rat, sad, late wee lad.
 Na, we madder flap as a bat
 at, in, a dorm in hell.
 I be no devil, Ledra.
 Wod I fear an ill as ug?
 No, mad Elsa, when I, Dane of Elsinore, Racine, rise,
 rude corpses run sae fast. Safer
 I fleet, so do I repel it.
 Soho gin mill, listen! -- alpha to omega.
 Mimi, do na glower, be hard.
 Elsa, Lu, be not sad.
 O owl, an abyss, Argyll!
 I had low taste, op cit. Sir,
 O an evetide rose motel fire.
 Led as moths I wist -- O I did! --
 I, mad elf, rode life's nadir.
 Ah! at a meld, it's O mad, idle dream!

Medical pee pots, 'tis past. Part -- on --
 depart it a red. No, Wotton, no tell Alan
 I rude if sit as easy as pet (Spot).
 Tang is tops -- sip -- ah!
 Sidar as acidic as a radish.
 Sir, I went on to honeyed Ural lamb.
 Rub us, Anita. Vanities are as Sir Al
 called elf fur. Lee, fey oda, dallied
 on abed, alone lay for overt eel frisks.
 I, Lisa, bed Ursa, purist N., alas!
 a Miss Ima Rose's salamander (ae dear).

Hot ire fed in a wide rift. O here
 we parsed (ass! Ed.). Ah, snide nip!
 One Bristol lorde declared insane,

worded Debrett. Oh, Sahara -- hot Sudan!
 Is no ill at Sudan? Axton, Hoyt, Newton,
 E. Mose, Essex: named urans in a maze Nigerian
 (O sod!) and, Ian, regard nine men
 in a row, troth gie never one vestal
 female -- nog or frog or gander.
 A dewberry Traminer -- is a sip intact?
 Ah, what a sin e'er gossip is -- ah, 'tis!
 So, Madam de Staël, be tacit, sure, wise.
 Love, Nan, is a drag, galling. Nina, Emma,
 so's Marg -- a natal, feral lass.
 I'm all in -- atone, lass.
 I'm all in atony. No, Mr. Ahern, in ano
 (na, no, Nan!) -- an onanistic ill,
 Ina, Tony, mod Ossian, Boney,
 set at sedentary Argonne, Myra,
 til I'm done. Ye nod, sitting.
 I serene roll, lewder be.
 Rush on, Sir Ned.
 I am never ill abed.
 Not so bad a rut, ace doll -- eh?
 No, I suffer, Etta, pen an Irish
 (sober up!) ode. Wake, pot taster!
 Geronimo, answer behemoth sacred lochs.
 I wiser go -- sad also -- mad as sat-on
 wasps awake. Ewes row as rams peek.
 Wonder if IRA wot sin (Am damned, Al!)
 nor iron maiden mad to new era lives.
 Red rumor, even till ikons eyed Uranus,
 devolved (lo, fie!) my assets at fools o' Tass.
 An afire Venus, Dermot. Ah, sae lone,
 romantic, ill -- I, Rawdon -- done --
 We go, deliver, emote, live, remote morning!
 I, Erse pop, do. O glad Ivan, name me vague.
 I'd no be lost, so low! ere we were saved.
 Amen! I, fader, flag; I bow (as dogs do?) --
 I repeat: I bow to God. Enow -- on.

Deified era's god won't set tastes, Sab. Satraps live, drowsy as
 nomads asleep -- mad on rum, Editor. Rum! Rum! (I lap Regal
 lager) Dog a god? Rex, obey! Menace vaccam, drowsy as ewes'
 reveries or pot revels at Cairo. Man is a wonder, I feel.

Eva

Eton, save!

Wo! Who else? Mad Dame S-----l, E. (oh wow!),
 no, ten mad dogs! God damn, Eton!
 Doges, egod!
 So -- Genet, ten egos,
 Camus, Amy, Yma Sumac,
 la G. Sand, Edna's gal
 (repartee: meet raper),
 drat! Sade, dastard,

e. e. ,
 Ryta's satyr,
 Lorre, Errol,
 Leon, Noel,
 L. Edel,
 Papa, Edna St. V., T. S. and E. A. P, A. P.,
 Degas, aged,
 ten amiable fools, lo, of Elba, I, Manet,
 ten 'ombres, a Serb, Monet,
 to rococo Corot,
 Gide (ye dig?).

Am orf!

Note party trap.

Oh, self, flesh!
 Ay, do be livid as revenge, remorse.
 Yet Rome -- evil, ill -- it still lasts --
 Is. Repair, Olga, to rocks, ages past --
 Rased. Lift, enamored.
 Is no crime, soma drug. Islam's idyllists
 Apses ope, remote to me --
 Sae dim or far, dense year.
 I sued for Eve's regnal late lover.

Ere heritage begat ire,
 Here men of Irish arête
 Plod in a mortal fire.
 Venomed -- no, madder
 Odas eye us, Sire.
 Bitter César one sees in ire.
 Ne'er go, liar. Go now,
 Evil ass -- apish tapir.
 O amen! O lad, as Rafael
 I bed, na wed, Ursa Minor,
 Abderite. Yes, I randily did.
 O-o, good gal, re-engage me, Kate.
 Not so lewd, I do stare, mate.
 Madam Ada, my aster of midnight,
 I wonder if we, Nature Woman,
 Agape -- yes, I wot love revolts.
 O devil, note verses, or sad Erse song.
 No lost, lame lad, Elias, saw no wrong --
 No song, no sonnet, silver tone's
 Words' revel. Na madness send a man.
 Na madness send a man's dog.

Ah, Eva, rise!
 We'd as gnus,
 Nude, bare, dire --
 Fast lover reviled --
 Ah, speed onward!
 Ida, get on.
 Gallop, pol!
 Lag not ever, Eton.

Ida, men, O green eye --
 Ah, note, O devil eye --
 Ah, onward drawn:
 Is evil e'er free?

Revolt! So low live --
 Revolt! Solo live
 To have not.
 Erotic, I lost love, Rima.
 O lost one, be vile.
 Erupt on -- erupt, oh!
 On me, O pal.

A romantic poet -- O no?
 Yes, Massa Bob, as Sam say.

Eva, use me sure.
 Voles, able to, have rats.
 Ye have me, O petal.
 Ten nos, one yes -- enow.
 Ol' gal, a poet's, ah, Cynara, fidèle,
 Erotic, illicit, nay -- aglow. Aha!

Ye no had it on -- no téton. Puce? Na, tan in an E bra, Ed. Hae ye
 nae rose bra?

Ed.

O hogs drowse: yes, words go -- ho!
 On, oh cock! Cochon O!
 Onan was I ere I saw Nan O!

Siren Eve's order:
 Lad, Ned, up!
 Awa, eager o' man!
 O no, save me, O Pandora!

Ima, I may, as I sat on, eye banal Ada, evil, out-riven old Nimrod,
 rascal Midas. Eva -- hey, gal -- free new wonder! I fond am, Eb,
 of les filles. See, Di-Di, as I said, I did. I ask no more honorable
 to have. Sinners rise to Newgate -- many men -- an ill asile to Meg.
 A rime, Ewan!

Sad, I? Midas?
 Eros, O so sore.
 Sad I, Sire, villain.
 Ever, oh sad is Midas.
 Sad, I'm Midas, slain.

Ed.

Sal, Alan, ever all are venal, alas! La, I never ate, I do say, a
 papaya. Pap, says Simon, or even an anabaptist ape, tastes pure to
 me. Illicit, na? Naw: ill I sit in a lab -- evil lab. Balanitis! I sore:
 no Eros.

Rot cod, Doctor!
 Doc, koro or OK cod?
Sine penis?
 Koro or OK?

Anal was I ere I saw Lana.

O go!
 Sore, Hon? No, héros.
 O no?
 Ass on Ossa,
 Onan in ano,
 O Greta, a tergo.
 Ogres ergo,
 O Greek e'er go
 Anal, Lana.

O gelt! Negro emir or genetic Erse bigot
 must save vast sums to border Oder.
 On, giant! Eat more ham, egg.
 I bake Essenes seed loaf.
 U.N. -- is it a far, a distant onus?
 Ay -- on us!
 O ye many men exist on net taxes,
 revenue. Idiots, lots are vexed.
 Nina. Nine men insane esteem
 God's flow ere we mate at a river.
 Emily, bistros erase cares,
 reverse tired, banal anger,
 evil animosity. O joys aestival
 say: Lie lapping on.

Succus, pus, need I say slop, lager spillage -- not smegma. Sip piss --
 is simian issue. Ennuf?

Hap, as we sew, sap, I rip as I sew.
 O do sew! O do we sew?
 O so do we.
 So do we,
 Stink pots.

Mix a man up? Bilge! No, did -- not can -- in Acton did he? Marg, I
 pen an adage, a Strad, a gem, Sir. Oh, pat pen, I na sin up a pun na mot.

Doge, Semite,
 By Tiparon
 I ape Essenes serene,
 Ergo nod on.

God's nomad, sad ass. Ah, to be sole, we solicit na more room. Re
 Tom: no bon mot-er, he lives dire. Ho, Nemo, wo! Who? Nemo.
 'E rides 'orses, orders a dog on foxes (God! Foxes!) -- haloo!
 Fool! He stabs bats, Ada, gums yams. I do not murder.

Rum, rum spilt!
 Oh, Dermot, onyxes!
 Sexy, no? Live fire!
 Volts, erupt, oho!
 Eager o' man, awa!

Eel, flee,
 Hop, eels asleep!
 Oh eel fleet!
 Oh I pee deep.
 Pull up, put up, nip in.
 Slip up, no pin.

On! Rut; as Saturn roll.
 Lay a man in amor -- Nina's Simenon
 is amid evil Ariadne's room.
 Anon wod Nusku owl-like hoot:
 Emit, editor of rêves --
 a namer of ebony, allied opals,
 gems aglow -- O now!
 Time, editor, races on!
 Ever a brève hora fades.
 I, arid I, as Sahara hot is, Ewan.
 Omar, ere he sired unsung,
 sad-limned, dirt-sullied odes,
 revered amor. O ma rêve!
 Sad, we lovers eye life.
 Defile we radiant ones?
 Words lag not, ever.

Silly ram am; amatory am I, Manet.
 Tabards in a mow on Sevilla.
 Inner epic! If I tae Beatrix,
 I leave Eva or evil Elinda.
 I and E. S., ah! can aid
 To santé -- ah, gin ere we rut, Rev, O!
 Selah.

We lit a love, Caryl.
 E'er fired now, I, no wise Magyar --
 Pillar of snot! -- na well, as Eva's
 Dogs drowsy, sere, held in a red
 Rose's revery, reversed on an evening,
 I edit, sit, open a satire, Mr. E. N.

I fondle her -- eh? til nuder. Rats Numidian mutually did revel. Awa,
 evil! Ever O true is no moon-mad, nomadic, red, evil, lackcluster
 foe -- doge -- live werewolf. Nurse, dither of wonderful evil of logical
 ill. Lem's is, Irene, V.D. Idiot-led, anile vermin yap as ais do. I
 reply: Did I make Else mad amid idiots? I atone: risen, I'm Nina's.
 Awake, pot-taer, O mon ami! Dew is a gem on flower. Up, Midas!
 On wonder I trip at a Saxon sward. Live, Rev -- on! If never, not, oh
 Avalon! O wolf, awa! Rafael, a not so long ardor ever overdrawn. O
 deep, solemn madams eye me. Sure, venal Lenore, veiled -- if Nita
 failed -- To hold no fardel is a burden if Eros liven amor, eh, Thomas?
 (Moore) Me vigor is awake! Ere ye lame folks abed until no ombre
 cast Sir O'Mara (Edward) in ebony. Morose law, foe of a sin or
 tapster. A grammar trebles procedural liberal cedillas' use. Surer
 usual letter boys aestival say (Like 'em, Madam?): No mail.

Nemo omen
Nemo nomen
Nemo no men
 Na more gae eager, o' man
Sine penis
 Rise, Sir
 Seul Noël, Leon: lues
 Si, semen's Nemesis
Siren Eve veneris
Nemo: wo, men
 Roman amor
Ave, Eva

Pose? Ay, mad Amy, Aesop -- ay.
 Do we, sore Rose?
 So romantic -- Atropos!

O God, O go!
 Mars ever, Eve's ram!
 O gone! No, go!
 Mad, Madam? Dam'!
 Odd, odd, O!
 O no!
 Ever Eve, never Eve,
 Never ever even.
 Ever, Eve?
 Even I.

Wo! Neurosis e mente neminis -- O true!
 Is madness ever (O shame!) done?
 Yes, words live down in robes I won --
 Sable, lo! of damask, satin.
 Ever odd, O 'tis in Eden.
 I wonder -- rabid I bark.
 Rats go gaga -- gad! A dog!
 I go Dada -- gag, agog.

Giles, Geo. D., AE, Carré, Editor:

To parcel ire upon paper,
 Upon one livre, so dost one caper.
 Use dirt, sin, O Rome! O tapir,
 Tired, damno, O men! a vapor
 Even is on air -- even air --
 As evetide's deep shade
 Drawn o'er us -- now one -- a greener
 glade.

Lo, nap, Senex? I've taken it.
 Na, Madam, O sob on.
 No, Sibyl -- na -- my mere verses reses run.
 Na dust, oh Hoyt sudden swore.
 Malign Ina, Ella? Never!

O more! Durst we nowt, sae we rade ill.
 As I'm an Omar (O desire!) ye be tall,
 Lorene. Rest serener, Imlac.
 Draw, O to green eyots, secret, safe, elf.
 Oh we, you, he -- Jesreel Bond et al --
 eyes a Corot, sensate. Yes, I -- we --
 be not ae N. Y. don, as dog sae sullen.
 Ne'er go, Nedra. Gay, O Jersey Lily,
 let a destined rage wane.
 Word, raw sneer --
 get revered Lowell a stirrup y-reversed --
 ah, so -- see bier (eh, beer?) --
 eheu! Ronda, Hon, I, lap dog,
 or even dastard, am as I am.
 Burlap bag is pants, or felt bustle
 can deter finger or even, at lust,
 Sir, O Madam, even a phalarope.

Ed's Sikh Turk's abed, well.
 Lord Eban is, Sal, asleep.
 Ired wele, rum Edwardian
 I rewarded, until sage lapidary men,
 eons ago, far awa, lived on my heade, hard e'en.
 Ewan sure had (e'en Ewan) Ina. Edward, Ian,
 Irene rests erotic at last.
 Oh snug reven goddess, I'm a
 Siamese one (Glare, Negro!) to win
 Amy lass, eh, Thomas? Sit. Ah, what
 is Man -- tupee or not
 towpee? O prefer periwig or Tory, Mater?
 O Pater, few are laved, shaved, powdered well,
 Lord L. (lud!) as I be.
 Master Cesare laved (peed on) me.

Edsel

Yaps lad Navy Vanya: Sit in a bidet? Animals? Must save Sue first!
 Ella: Ban it! Oh stop -- de trop! Mis's Elsa wailed. No felines, said
 Ida. Lynxes, Susanna? Mad emus? said Ella's Rae. Here Varga
 draws no pure women. I plan ae Dorset air benign. Older era's god,
 we fret. Sam's in Eden, Inez, in Eden I. Noël! O shared now one
 vessel -- truth. Ah, even in Tangier Islam, Ina, forever is. O Elsie,
 many men, if mad, do go placid among or from us, so placid are we at
 Hanoi. Lao-tse (S.E.), Marsala, Gerte, ye bore Nin. I say, Argyll,
 is A. Nin at lust for ae Haig, Rob? E'er a secret softie man, I, Ned,
 I am ever, as savage men rut. Con an epistle. Man's secret we
 ponder. Fonder if fired, Nevada, venal lips elide an amoral list. If
 it's rude to do so, do not.

Edible bare gals eye late oped, ungodly bistros, nocturnal Edam
 night spots' red net. Rabid idler o' Sodom, urban sin it rampant
 acts afar. Oft raped rats, irate -- fast farce! Ladies, I, arpist,
 arpas o' Mohegan even at a new garden o' green display -- cinematic,
 poetic Erses' revery. Lewd, amatory bard, enow! Twang sitar,

gods! O daft fados! Lang I erotic at evening, inebriate Tom Moore.
 So ran it, partner. I sang on, on ivied Roman ruin. Ill economy pays
 aediles. Irksome little canister, cess to ye! Ne'er gae sanitised.
 A beer puddle here has less impure, vile dirt. Ae filter fixes
 sustained flow. Anise? Eb says ae nudist is asleep. Ire, nod. Red
 Nun revoke. Elsa, sleep. I repose. Ye ne'er go.

Aglow, Olga, stars are Venus' irises,
 oras (ais?) -- ah, eyes! Rejoy again,
 amor of Ian, Eban, aides -- ah, can it, so lost?
 Only dim ideas -- sex often is -- aloof
 as a deity -- Lima -- far off Lesbos -- old Asian Maden.
 I poetic cite, opine, my men --
 Ed, Eton, Nin -- adieu!
 Reviler, adored Rowena, Eve, women
 wondered no penile fad is sad.
 I'm satisfied.
 O sestets at satire's word (i.e. swords) play
 Latinate, bite. To mere pols,
 a not solo droll lay, eh?

Hotel Busmoor -- a folly dim in Yap
 (An islet, O' Hara. Ed.) O so time
 Edits a pastime so real!
 Led as ewes irate, yes, I reel,
 Fallen, Alan -- na as leaves --
 Sere ephedra -- we're cast, Sir --
 O Man, as at solemn eve's tide --
 Nor rise again.

A man is not enow, Sir O' Mara (Ed).
 Sand e'er is adrift on Minos' aery main,
 Amy, Madam Ada -- Minos' live domain
 Aegean. I again
 Act on.
 Did note, Ed, unda maris?
 Diddl'd did Madam Harris?

Ann, amor felt? Si, père.

Papa's Rio Memoir
 To Hap -- a poem or --

As Leo Gagnol's Rio memoirs rise --
 Yes, Rev, old Rialto Hotel bar --
 O Memory! Time's amiable minister of state.
 Self or ego, rise -- talers elate
 Yet -- nor be sad.
 Ale, times alter, Geronimo, Ann, Ella.
 Fret awa, lad!
 Ah, evade epitaphs.
 I rise light. I wod, O not as deSade,
 Taste life rare -- rawer ever --

No, never overdone.
 Venison I wod, Ed, not so serve
 Snide Dr. A.C., Sid, et al.
 P.S.: As Ida raps, I rap, sirrah.
 Si! Rapacity (Lordy! Help, Mister César!).
 O fog, i.e. nog's
 Na trap for ae frog
 Or gorgon -- no, gal.
 Fewer eels I ne'er got a wan Ursa, toy.
 O Tsarina, Ima's na Ida, carissima, joy!
 Mama, so get no man a Monetgo.
 O Grace, cara mia, as Leo go.

Allah, la vie est si mal.
 Lad, I'm a wonder.
 I toss a Roman idol --
 Pewter César of Roma.

Liven! Astride life we file.
 Dirt's an evil, near a sin --
 A moron evil.
 Gods are laved.
 Evil dogs are laved.
 Livid divils are laved.
 Live devils are laved.
 (Gnus, Eva? Hi!)

Es nada (stung nuts). Salut! Na rats gnaw wangs. Tarantulas stung
 nuts. A danse!

Regn, arts! O sin aid Acadia Sevilla?
 Regn a danger. Al lives not serene --
 Risk, Sab. Awa, Rafael, as Kayak
 Sal, ask -- ay, lass -- Al (ass, alak!)
 Sal, ask a yak:
 Salad? A lemonade's sublime dessert.
 Never! Odd or even, oda Ella
 Gave sad, impure vets a feel.
 For Eve no cattle prod!
 No, Ma. Idle we, Jay Bury?
 No, Beadle Mynat.
 I, Vicar of K. C.,
 Order cassis.
 I? Pale, live Asti, pal.
 Ale, Ma? Postum? Soma? Serutan, gal?
 For Eve no Samian ale, son.
 Evelina, tonic in amarelle --
 Honey dew, Andine Venus, Enid?
 Nana? Red nude Roman, Ella?

Rima, ere here we rut,
 Part raptor,
 Rapt parrot,

Part rapture,
 We're here -- a venial evil --
 Lewd again.
 A man, a maid (Emma's ain),
 A monomania, venial Eve.
 What if an idle hora fades,
 Pal -- emits aromatic, illicit --
 (Na, moral!) aires -- sad -- a sad amor
 From a dear one, lad. Adios!

Ave, Amor! Ignis sexes sing I, Roma, Eva.
 Amor ignis sexes sing I, Roma.
Ignis sexes sing I!
 Sexes!

Nox, O fox, O pox!
 O sex of nox!
 O pax! A pox
 On foxes!

O lost solitary
 Argonaut,
 Nag, rage,
 Love, Sir.
 Room forever!
 Revolt, oh
 Rat, avatar.
 Sutta Rattus.

Ha! On, do, good gnus.
 Ta-ra-ra, tacit cat,
 Star rats' tactic
 At Rotary, rat,
 Or Ararat.

Si (verba!) brevis,
Ever brève,
 Si ever rêve is --
Si ever brève is --
Le vers revel.
Ever à la rêve.
 Rondel: le vers revelled,
 Nor ever à la rêve,
 Gnus sung on Ararat.

Dada, Dad! Note, Eton. Meg, omit lunatic poem, Eva's note, Ima's
 tune: No Gerbils Revelled Nor Gnus Sung on Ararat. No, sirrah!
 Note goddam drab ode, eheu, rue! Heaven aid a crass ass à bas!
 Wo now enow, Sah. Selah.

Giles Selig, à danse (wo, whoa, Dad!)

Sir Ron Norris, Ed. Port. paper OM, reviled Dali et al. Fool! No
 evil ogre or Epsom ape. Elsa, Sir Buhno note bias. (OM! Oh, ecce!)

A gas!

Selah.

Giles Selig

Notes, mots to MS, Eton.

Ed.

A mix I made, I fit. Art, Sir is
Satire: Veritas.