

E. BRIDGET SWEENEY

Anagram Poetry: If Poets Wrote Poems Whose Titles Were Anagrams of Their Names

Edgar Allen Poe: Droll Egg Paean (after "Annabel Lee")

It was many and many a past repast,
On a morning long since blurred,
When I set out to break my post-prandial fast
With the ovum of feathery bird;
And this unblemished globe seemed to nestle my soul
In a love beyond reason or word.

My antipast wore a Plutonian pall,
In death she was pale, but unbowed
There yet shone a bloom on her calcified tomb—
Its shade like a niveous cloud—
And then I bethought her a frail hidden flower
Wrapped fast in an albumen shroud.

But the ice-box was deeper by far than the reach
Of many arms longer than mine—
Of many far stronger than mine—
And neither the blushing and rosy-cheeked peach
Nor the cucumbers, sleeping in brine
Can ever recover my frangible love
From the tilt of the ice-box incline:—

Now I pine, cold and chaste, and I dream of the taste
Of the smooth and immaculate egg;
And I perish in Hell, reaching after the shell
Of the vanished, intangible egg:
And I scribble this paean to the lost sunny-side
Of her sweet tender flesh, never coddled, nor fried
In its sepulchre, bolted and latched—
In a shell that shall never be hatched.