

SONNAGRAMS

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[Exact anagrams of Shakespeare's Sonnets: each Sonnagram contains the same letters, in the same distribution, as its original (all letters left over once a new English sonnet in iambic pentameter has been assembled are arranged to form a title). Mr. Mohammad's current book project of the same name is an anagramming of all 154 of Shakespeare's sonnets.]

“Oh, We Be Few, Oh, We Be Few,” She Huffed

**Go softly to the Disneyland Hotel,
Its simulacral threshold grown sublime:
The bedrooms all emit that new car smell,
Like nothing else in bourgie Anaheim.**

**Where leftist brownies get our mothers high,
Humanity is poorly led, forsooth—
In Eisenhower's shadow lies the lie;
In Soviet-run brothels lies the truth.**

**Henceforth let odorous intensities
Of talkativeness, torture, filth, and death
Stiffly arouse posh, gilded melodies
Beethoven might have come up with on meth.**

**The tawdry footsteps of a bawdy Goth
Are footsteps washed in washed-up Oshkosh broth.**

[Sonnet 3 (“Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest”)]

**My, You Annoy Me, Funny Daddy Roy: Yes, You
of Uneasy Eye (Eye of Yore)**

**Wise fools who rub the curly heads of state,
Sweet monsters who sell honor out for fun:
Now by my learned counsel be set straight,
And board a flying saucer for the sun.**

**Lifesaver, doughnut, onion ring, or halo;
Lacuna, vacuum, emptiness, or hole—
The UFOs in Limbo hover way low;
In Purgatory, langue's denied parole.**

**I know a word the OED omits:
Its syllables are fatal to be heard.
Whoever says it retches, dies, and shits;
I urge you not to utter such a word.**

**Although you feel the author's days are through,
The author in the end erases you.**

[Sonnet 13 ("O! that you were your self; but love, you are")]

Overwhelm the Hot Depth of the Hush Muff

Unwholesome leather flagpoles gross me out;
I never may endure their bulging mass.
Abjection hatches random nests of doubt
When I am reading Newsweek in the grass.

Intense coyotes way hopped up on meth
(Mere formalists by virtue of their hats)
Cannot but shudder at the thought of death,
Although they dwell at Watergate with rats.

Those photogenic walruses are still
Unfocused in their smooth immunity
To styrofoam protrusions of the will,
And oft enough outwitted by a bee.

Are London bedbugs thought to be that tall,
That Mammoth Jack must huff to drub them all?

[Sonnet 44 ("If the dull substance of my flesh were thought")]

Attend Not Man's Tons

**Skeletons yodel doubtfullest downtown,
Where tuba wax and Tudor blood appear,
The heaviest of jewels on the crown
That parakeets on paraquat revere.**

**The venison proposal one endorsed
Is pilloried by jurors as unsound;
Upon this tufted helm so rudely forced,
Both parakeets and Englishmen redound.**

**A death's-head on his deathbed dreams a way
To murder all the muppets in their sleep;
As saxophones in fivefold motion bray,
A stallion loans a Stalinist a jeep.**

**How odious is this sonnet I am writing:
So dull a verse makes larva seem exciting.**

[Sonnet 129 ("The expense of spirit in a waste of shame")]