# Five Leaflets
(July 2016—August 2017)

**Anthony Etherin**

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_Penteract Press_
AELINDROMES

\( (\phi - \pi - \sqrt{2}) \)

Anthony Etherin
Old, rational ways gleam pictures I coil and frame in detained theorems and in the new score.

In space, read the worth, read vines now as lines.

Now a sad view or thread, thin space renews cores and, in the ore, mined.

Theme in detail and fractures, I compile an always-gold ratio...
\[ \pi \]

3.1415926535897932384

I nest a cone's apex,
angles in veer;
a concave
penta-tangential,
or a pit hypotenuse.

Up, we closet here
phrase or line,
a plane,
or, linear, a sphere....

We close,
then use up,
a pithy potential,
or a tangent—
cave, per a convex angle,
sines,
a penta-cosine....
\[ \sqrt{2} \]

14142135623730950488

Matrix:
In deal,
in omen,
abide gold with me.

Log
arithmetic,
so early,
kind estimates
move approximates.

Modestly kinetic,
so earth me,
logarithm-wide,
golden:
a binomial
index,
a trim....
The ‘aelindrome’ is a palindromic variation I developed during the autumn of 2012, following some experimentation with ‘palindromes by pairs’ (or, ‘2-letter unit palindromes’—such as, ‘Intense ion, Einstein!’ and ‘Reside in desire’).

The concept behind aelindromes is that their units of palindromism are heterogeneous: While both letter palindromes and ‘palindromes by pairs’ employ a consistent, homogeneous unit (1 or 2), in ‘heterogeneous palindromes’*, letters are parsed according to premeditated numerical sequences. For instance, the phrase ‘Melody, a bloody elm’ is palindromic in 1234, since ‘[m]1 [e]2 [l]y3 [o]4 [a]1 [l]2 [o]3 [y]2 [e]1’ reflects backward as ‘[a]4 [l]2 [o]3 [y]2 [e]1 [l]2 [a]1’.

The three poems included here are aelindromes heterogeneously palindromic in the decimal expansions of, respectively, the golden ratio (ϕ), pi (Π), and the square root of two (√2).

— A.E., June 2017

*‘Heterogeneous palindromes’ was my original name for the species, before the eponymic A.E.-lindromes (suggested to me by the poet Christian Bök) took its place.
An early draft of the aelindrome in II featured in the Fall 2016 edition of The Account Magazine (November, 2016).

Cover image taken from Heinrich Cornelius Agrippa’s Libri tres de occulta philosophia. (Agrippa depicts man upon a pentagram, a circle, and a cross whose arms are of equal length, thereby connecting reflectional symmetry with the three numbers explored in this leaflet.)

Anthony Etherin is a UK-based writer of experimental poetry and music. His poems have appeared online in The Account, Five:2:One, and Nagari magazines, among others, and he has had leaflets or chapbooks published by No Press, Penteract Press, Spacecraft Press, and The Blasted Tree. Find him on twitter, @Anthony_Etherin, and via his website, anthonyetherin.wordpress.com.
Wars of the Roses and Porns
(A Palindrome-Rondel)

Anbony Eberin
Bosworth Field, August 22, 1485—
Richard de Perd dies by a rondel to the skull....

Raw dirt. Up, I'm regalia no twelthb rondel brows.
Worh, led norh, flew to nail a germ. I, putrid war,
Wolf no medieval's royal prose. Norh Star. No moor.
Swaps tide by metal. Bosworth! Mood raw. O, to go!

War'd, I drowse norh by memos, by meft, Sacred Rose,
Nurse—or he begun is named one dragon's traded ore:
Draw dirt. Up, I'm regalia no twelthb rondel brows.
Worh, led norh, flew to nail a germ. I, putrid war....

Croded arts, no garden ode.... Man, singe he broes!
Runes order castle, myh—some 'myh-brone'. Sword, I draw.
O, go to war! Doom broes obstale. Myh edits, paws
Room on rats' brones or play. (Or, slave, I demon-flow
Raw dirt up.) I'm regalia no twelthb rondel brows.
Worh, led norh, flew to nail a germ—I, putrid war....
Penteract Press, July 2016

Cover: ‘R/b’ by Anthony Eperin

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THE WHITE WHALE

Anthony Etherin
“All my means are sane, my motive and my object mad.”

—Melville, Moby-Dick
Oh, cetology! Oh, Ahab!
But, snow or speed,
damp 'umiaq'--
aim up, raw sloop, too big....

I rage,
bet a mere we wed it,
a saner alias, in acts.

Oh, meet!
See no keel stars die,
render algae, some madness I hide.

Item albino....
Sane, rain, as deeds,
an 'T'.
Arena: "Son, I blame..."
Tied, I hiss, end a memo.

Sea-glared nereids rat,
sleek one
esteem.
Host, can I sail?

Arenas? A tide, we were....

Mate, beg a rig!
I boot.
Pools warp.
Umiaq, aim up!

Mad deeps row on, Stubb.
"Ah, ahoy!"
Go, lot.... Echo.
TWO

By moon, abet it, whale.
Tamed, blue trim, reside in us---
in one mad, to once land....

Pagan, operose harpooner,
Ishmael, Ahab,
grim swathes crew at sea, reside.

As I dam, see a pew.

I, as red as a time, go look:
Bone ties id, so a leg.
Queequeg, also, I destine, book.

"Lo! Go." Met is a dare, a swipe.
Ease amid, as desire eats.
Wares cheat.
"Swim!" Grab a helm,
a shrine.

0, or, phase---rope no gap
and lace onto
a demon, in us.

In desire,
I'm true, bled---
a metal, white tab on Moby....
POSTSCRIPT

The two poems presented here are palindromes. The poem on the left is palindromic by letter, while the poem on the right is palindromic by pairs of letters.

These two palindromes are perfect anagrams of each other.

With both its content and the extent of its constraint inspired by Ahab’s obsession, The White Whale is, to date, the most intricate work of constrained poetry I have composed.

---A.E., March 2017
Anthony Etherin is a UK-based writer of experimental poetry and music. His poems have appeared online in The Account and Nagari magazines, among others, and he has had leaflets or chapbooks published by No Press, Spacecraft Press, and The Blasted Tree. Find him on twitter, @Anthony_Etherin, and via anthonyetherin.wordpress.com.
MIRROR, IMAGE

Anthony Etherin
The Camera Obscura/
The Infinity Mirror

We fall, as I demand I glass end-locks.
Awe? I’ve revivers, mirror its repair.
A fast, naïve dynamic of one box—
a totem (user set in, if nil air)—
traps items, rid a ‘now’, to date by art.
Seer, gain ‘I, duo’—yet a cold light, apt.
Felt pad as wall, lens speeds astir, we dart.
Snip pins, trade writs, as deeps’ Snell laws adapt.

Left path: Gild. Locate. You’d, in I, agree.
Stray, bet ado: two nadirs met, I spar.
Trial infinites resume to tax. O, be
no foci, many deviants afar!
I, aper, stir, or rims revive, review.
Ask coldness (algid, named), is all a few?
The Reflecting Telescope/Reflections in Water

Robust rays, imitating streams afar, trust I reflect, affix locality, swell radiating novae, sparkle stars, so waves, in aided phases, mirror seas.... Well radiated and identified, below, move rivers—tainted, do again pen Newton’s aim: telescopy applied. Applied telescopy, aim Newton’s pen....

Again, do tainted rivers move below, identified and radiated well. Seas mirror phases, aided in waves, so stars sparkle—novae, radiating, swell. Locality, affix! Reflect, I trust, afar streams, imitating rays robust....
The Shattered Mirror

Softly, all space suffers: Our stiff mirror shatters, so we sonorously scatter its wave of colourless shards into a palindromic mosaic — constraints then solve three more....

Stray, viewer candle, halo of spots: tilt far, cross or cast fire. So, hem muse Sol, sun in rot. Torn in us, lose, sum me. Hose rifts across, or craft, lit stops. Fool a held nacre— we, ivy arts.

‘Infinity mirrors’ fear for echoes. Colossal repeats hold a countless start. (Vows must, must vows start.) Countless, a hold repeats colossal echoes— for fear mirrors infinity.

Optic halls focus on mirrors that reflect astral fusions (‘eyes’). Astronomers view odds, so astronomers view fusions.... Eyes reflect ‘astral mirrors’ that focus on optic halls....

Refill, wave: Lost, post-loch, its dam restores us, or chance. Some ray (for stars fit in us), on onus, in its far story, frames ocean choruses; or streams ditch, lost, post-love, wall fire.
Two-Way Mirror

‘Mirror, Image’ presents two Shakespearean sonnets in iambic pentameter, each of which discusses, divided between its octave and sestet, an apparatus and a phenomenon pertaining to reflections of light and the capturing of images. The first sonnet, which addresses the camera obscura and the infinity mirror, is palindromic by letter. The second sonnet, whose subjects are the reflecting telescope and reflections in water, is palindromic by word. These two sonnets are perfect anagrams of each other.

As a complement to these anagrammed palindrome-sonnets, The Shattered Mirror presents an additional experiment in literary constraint. In this piece, the four subjects discussed in the sonnets are reexamined within short palindromes of various styles: the camera obscura (top left) as a one-letter-unit palindrome; the infinity mirror (bottom left) as a one-word-unit palindrome; the reflecting telescope (top right) as a two-word-unit palindrome; and reflections in water (bottom right) as a two-letter-unit palindrome. These four palindromes are all perfect anagrams of each other. Moreover, each of these palindromes is a perfect anagram of The Shattered Mirror’s introductory paragraph.
Anthony Etherin is a UK-based writer of experimental poetry and music. His poems have appeared online in The Account, Five:2:One, and Nagari magazines, among others, and he has had leaflets or chapbooks published by No Press, Penteract Press, Spacecraft Press, and The Blasted Tree. Find him on twitter, @Anthony_Etherin, and via his website, anthonyetherin.wordpress.com.
Palindrome-Sestina
for Arnaud Daniel

Anthony Etherin
...In which the 12th century Occitan troubadour (and inventor of the sestina) becomes lost one misty evening....
Go from lace tales or deeds. Drab, stir a fog.
Part aria in owned esteem, raw dew.
Pure Venus, we desire to morph, self-trap.
Go, fall or edit, mid some maestros, won.
Part pun-war, Daniel fits demand, net up.
'Push to me,' he began. 'I part, lutes' bard....'

Drab riser! Occitan, a fate spins, hard,
no web. Loops tier. I fret familiar fog.
We don't age by art's names. Pale strider, up!
We dome, gel cyclic nets, erupt far dew.
Drab tenet, met in Italy, be won.
Partite mist—lover-set, is six a trap?
Go from rot, sad ellipse! Do peek a trap.
I put it far: Can its esteem, damned hard, 
now sun one poet-age—sum, axis won?
No wiser, act. Nail prose born in a fog.
Go, frosts! I'm met in opuses or dew.
Drab atlas, misery.... Lo! Sail, all up.

We drone, peruse. Soon, late pariahs, up,
part one dirt sadness—send a stride no trap.
Push air, a petal noose, sure pen or dew.
Pull alias: O, tyres! I'm salt, a hard.
Wed roses upon item, mists or fog:
Go, fan in robes, or plant cares I won....
Now, six a muse, gate open, onus won,
Drab, 'den-mad', meet sestina—craft it up.
I partake—epode spilled a storm or fog.
Part axis, sites, revolts I met, I trap.
No, we, by Latin, item tenet, bard.
We draft pure stencil, cycle gem, O, dew!

Pure direts elapse. Man, stray, begat no dew.

Go frail: I'm after fire, its pool. Be won,
Drab snip! Set a fanatic core, Sir Bard!
Drab, set 'ultra', pin age, behemoths up.
Put end-named stifle in a drawn-up trap.
Now, sort sea-memos. Dim tide, roll a fog...

Part flesh, promote: Rise, dew! Sun, ever up!
Wed, war meets Eden, Won, I air a trap.
Go far: Its bard's deed rose late calm or fog...
Calligraphic flourishes by Clara Daneri.

Cover linocut by Clara Daneri, after a detail from Recueil des poésies des troubadours, contenant leurs vies (via Bibliothèque nationale de France).

Anthony Etherin is a UK-based writer of experimental poetry, prose, and music. His poems have been published by No Press, Spacecraft Press, and The Account Magazine, among others. He has several e-books available online. Find him on twitter, @AnthonyEtherin, and via his website, songssofinversion.com.