Wars of the Roses and Porns
(A Palindrome-Rondel)

Anthony Eberin
Bosworth Field, August 22, 1485—
Richard he Pird dies by a
rondel to be skull....
Raw dirt. Up, I'm regalia no twelfp rondel brows.

Worb, led norb, flew to nail a germ. I, putrid war,
Wolf no medieval's royal prose. Norb Star. No moor.
Swaps tide by metal, Bosworb! Mood raw. O, to go!

Warn, I drowse norb by memos, by melt, Sacred Rose,
nurse—or he begin is named one dragon's traded ore:
Raw dirt. Up, I'm regalia no twelfp rondel brows.
Worb, led norb, flew to nail a germ. I, putrid war....

Eroded arts, no garden ode.... Man, singe he poes!
Runes order castle, myb—some 'myb-brone'. Sword, I draw.
O, go to war! Doom brows oblate. Myb edits, paws
room on rats' brones or play. (Or, slave, I demon-flow
raw dirt up.) I'm regalia no twelfp rondel brows.
Worb, led norb, flew to nail a germ—I, putrid war....
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