

Macaroni

(Terrance Hayes-Style Anagram Poem)

I find the ordeal ironic.
A victim of a self-induced con,
I mused: “I will have that heart. I
Can claim the prize from which I once ran!”
Supposed fate, ever bothersome to man,
Chose my favorite daydream to maim.

Hubris worthy of a Roman
And the self-helping heart of a raccoon
Lead me to crave gold and iron,
Not unlike the Bard’s Moroccan.

Then the God of both Moses and Aaron,
—The Overseer of Abel and of Cain—
Unpeeled the truth, that bittersweet onion:
“I orchestrate life as only I can,
And I will have My way anon.”