"Dammit I'm Mad"

Dammit I’m mad.

This is a 224-word palindrome poem

Evil is a deed as I live.

By Demetri Martin

God, am I reviled? I rise, my bed on a sun, I melt.

With some random lines inserted in between

To be not one man emanating is sad. I piss.

So that I can test

Alas, it is so late. Who stops to help?

Does my I/O palindrome python program really work?

Man, it is hot. I’m in it. I tell.

Or is it just going to not work.

I am not a devil. I level “Mad Dog”.

And be buggy.

Ah, say burning is, as a deified gulp,

Oh buggies.

In my halo of a mired rum tin.

How irksome it is to dig you out.

I erase many men. Oh, to be man, a sin.

But like a child I somewhat revel in it.

Is evil in a clam? In a trap?

Sticking my fingers in the mud of clotted code.

No. It is open. On it I was stuck.

Wiggling them about, searching.

Rats peed on hope. Elsewhere dips a web.

Typing some random solutions.

Be still if I fill its ebb.

Adding more bugs to the mix.

Ew, a spider… eh?

Then simplifying.

We sleep. Oh no!

And crazy as it is,

Deep, stark cuts saw it in one position.

I find this fun!

Part animal, can I live? Sin is a name.

Fun without the sun.

Both, one… my names are in it.

Alright am I almost done?

Murder? I’m a fool.

Just a few more lines.

A hymn I plug, deified as a sign in ruby ash,

So while I can't match Martin in poetic quality

A Goddam level I lived at.

I can meet him in poetic quantity

On mail let it in. I’m it.

Is this a poem?

Oh, sit in ample hot spots. Oh wet!

Or am I just bored at home?

A loss it is alas (sip). I’d assign it a name.

Perhaps this distracts me from the fact that I'm home alone?

Name not one bottle minus an ode by me:

No, I'm not alone.

“Sir, I deliver. I’m a dog”

My zoo surrounds me.

Evil is a deed as I live.

And I hope this works.

Dammit I’m mad.

Because I'm good without bugs.

RACECAR!