

Batman Smells!

Nick Mitchell (ft. Adam Maresca & Scott Handelman)

Answer: **HASTE**

First, identify the poets by their portraits, presented alphabetically by last name.

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|---------------|----------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------|--------------------|
| William Blake | Elizabeth Barrett Browning | Samuel Taylor Coleridge | Emily Dickinson | Robert Frost | Langston Hughes |
| Joyce Kilmer | Henry Wadsworth Longfellow | John McCrae | Christina Georgina Rossetti | Robert Louis Stevenson | William Wordsworth |

The 12 lines given are examples of “crambo” or “capping the rhymes” with one poem by each author. Pair the punchlines, which match meter & rhyme scheme of the opening they belong to, with their original first line. Be mindful of the original order the punchlines were presented in.

| | | |
|------------|---|---|
| McCrae | <i>In Flanders fields the poppies blow</i> | But Homer took his mower. D'oh! |
| Blake | <i>Tyger, tyger, burning bright</i> | Siegfried's trailer's sparked alight. |
| Coleridge | <i>It is an ancient Mariner / And he stoppeth one of three</i> | He's too old to be covering second base, if you ask me. |
| Stevenson | <i>I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me</i> | That moody hedgehog figure fits my keychain perfectly. |
| Dickinson | <i>Because I could not stop for Death / He kindly stopped for me</i> | He made me pay for gas, but that's just common courtesy. |
| Kilmer | <i>I think that I shall never see / A poem lovely as a tree</i> | So, to preserve the greenery, I'll publish electronically. |
| Rossetti | <i>When I am dead, my dearest / Sing no sad songs for me</i> | But make your karaoke stay mostly ABBA-free. |
| Frost | <i>Whose woods these are I think I know</i> | They're borrowed from the golf club pro. |
| Browning | <i>How do I love thee? Let me count the ways</i> | Here's number seven: "With my loins ablaze." |
| Longfellow | <i>The shades of night were falling fast</i> | At 3-Day Blinds, that's all they last. |
| Wordsworth | <i>I wandered lonely as a cloud / That floats on high o'er vales and hills,</i> | Then came back down to earth and vowed to dump those Oxycontin pills. |
| Hughes | <i>What happens to a dream deferred?</i> | It takes its safety school, I've heard. |

Once this is done, match the original openings with their enumerations and find the (intentional) error in each. Index the erroneous number into its word and take that letter.

| | | | |
|---|------------------|----------|---|
| In Flanders fields the poppies blow | 2863[5]4 | POPPIES | I |
| Tyger, tyger, burning bright | 5[1]76 | TYGER | T |
| It is an ancient Mariner / And he stoppeth one of three | 2227[1]328325 | MARINER | M |
| I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me | 1416[3]4423342 | SHADOW | A |
| Because I could not stop for Death / He kindly stopped for me | 71534352[1]732 | KINDLY | K |
| I think that I shall never see / A poem lovely as a tree | 154155314[4]214 | LOVELY | E |
| When I am dead, my dearest / Sing no sad songs for me | 41242[6]423532 | DEAREST | S |
| Whose woods these are I think I know | 5[1]531514 | WOODS | W |
| How do I love thee? Let me count the ways | 321443253[2] | WAYS | A |
| The shades of night were falling fast | 362547[3] | FAST | S |
| I wandered lonely as a cloud / That floats on high o'er vales and hills, | 1862154[5]243535 | FLOATS | T |
| What happens to a dream deferred? | 47215[4] | DEFERRED | E |

For one last rhyme to find the beginning of, IT MAKES WASTE clues the answer, **HASTE**.

Author's Notes

Adam: Originally this puzzle was *way* too hard for its spot; *two* poems per poet, still notable but less famous choices... and *no portraits*. The enumerations were paired and disguised as equations; there was even a "B" in there for one poem's eleven-letter word, which hopefully would've scared people into thinking about arithmetic in base-twelve-or-higher. Then we remembered that the opening is meant to be, you know, accessible. It gave us a chance to make the poet roster a little less white, male & crusty as well. Scott brought you the Hughes and McCrae riffs; I think my best one was either Blake or Stevenson.

Nick: What Adam says. My favorite one is the Coleridge.