

Devising a Rhyme

1.

The bard who wrote these poems three
Was a queen of far off ages.
She wrote her verses by the sea
And shared them with wise old sages.
Though unimpressed with most her words,
They nonetheless were much engaged
By the queen's poetic hints for nerds.
They puzzled and they saged and saged.
Little or naught good to be found
In poems themselves oft there was.
But to rejoice and gather round
Some analysis brought them cause.
The queen had her own favorite trick,
A fondness for the use of rhyme.
Until she could well make it click,
She thought about it all the time.
What the sages had all found out
Was letters which appeared not
In the text, nor were there drowned out.
But silent letters mattered not.
And yet with their newfound system
The sages could not at all tell
What the meanings were; they missed them,
And nothing seemed to ring a bell.
After all, things went in order;
What more was there left to be said?
How else to divide or border
In the first poem they had read?
At last the sages could divine
What it was they needed to do.
They knew what meaning to assign
And which thing really held the clue.
Unrelated to the meter,
Not *simply* poetic device,
Not some strange and obscure theatre:
None of these things would quite suffice.

Instead they had to build upon
The first idea their minds had drawn.

The sages offered up a toast
To the things that had helped them most.

Line breaks, they thought, those can be nice,
But line breaks will not here suffice,

Because though line breaks sure are fine,
You need not read every line.

If you are stuck on what to do,
Look just at starts, then bid adieu.

But beware, for future use of rhyme
May be different ev'ry time.

In poems of the queen renowned,
Sundry mechanisms abound.

You'll have to read each poem well
If you intend to solve their spell.

I hope you are not forced to yawn
By poems like this that drag on.

2.

The second poem of these three
Will offer riddles that are new,
And to other mechanisms clue.
Nonetheless in this “Poem Two”
There may similarity be
With that first poem, for, you see,
The sounds at ends of lines are key
And notations like A or B.

Not long ago in a fine old tree
Was a treehouse with clapboards blue.
Therein lived a programmer who,
Like the poet of poems three,
Was awf’ly fond of poetry.
With her, rhyme was a guarantee.
A simple happy life lived she,
With code and verse as all to do.

As the good Reader might foresee,
This programmer (who was called Pru)
Often blended her passions two,
And on diverse expertise drew.
All languages let her roam free;
They counted to her equally.
Ev’ry line mattered to good Pru,
Whether Python, English, or C.

Living up in her maple tree,
Pru left messages which she knew
Puzzlers could easily see through.
Each group of eight made up one clue,
(A trick she’d learned from coding, see).
When puzzling out this riddle, you
May find that it will helpful be
To bear this trick in memory.

Black or white, filled-in or empty,
Distinctions like this, it is true,
Should be applied by any who

Wish to solve this fine mystery.
Letters as numbers you may view,
And it will help you answer, too.
Good luck, puzzlers, good luck to you,
With the second poem of three.

Once more we give apology
For our abysmal poem clue.
Our deep regrets to those of you
Who enjoy good, real poetry.
Bad meter and low quality
Of rhyme and syntax we do rue.
But this poem good enough should be
For seekers of puzzles, like you.

As the good Reader might foresee,
This programmer (who was called Pru)
Often blended her passions two,
And on diverse expertise drew.
All languages let her roam free;
They counted to her equally.
Ev'ry line mattered to good Pru,
Whether Python, English, or C.

3.

The text of a plain paper piece

Reads "SOJUEPY."

A car in the lot (cov' red in grease)

Lacks a key (you note with a sigh).

Once again, you'll be saved by rhyme.

You must this last answer descry;

A cipher will help you this time.