Poetry Series

Amera Andersen

- poems -

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Amera Andersen (12/03/81)

I'm a formal poet and have written in more than 50 poetic forms. I am the creator of the Shadow Sonnet. Form source: shadowpoetry.com

I also have used the pen name: Amera Eileithyia

I hope you enjoy my poetry and find the tools that I have compiled useful. Most of my poetry is composed in accepted forms but you may find a Free Verse poem or two here. Most of my work is posted on AllPoetry.com

Amera is a classically-self-taught poet, award-winning author, social-butterfly and Renaissance thinker who leads from the heart toward a world of unlimited possibilities, She believes every person is worthy of being loved and deserves know and explore their own unique and beautiful talent. She believes that poetry is a gift and with help and support from other poets that gift can be perfected and carry the art to a new level.

1 Corinthians 10: 26

Behold the blessings from above that He bestowed with selfless love. The fullness of the Lord on high, within the shutter of your eye.

For all the beauty we perceive, created so we might believe that all these riches might apply within the shutter of your eye.

The Earth is His abounding gift with mercy strong and power swift, so capture beauty and rely within the shutter of your eye.

Behold the blessings from above, within the shutter of your eye.

A Sad Poem

O the wind danced across my face Standing tall in the sun Majestic beauty, golden lace In the wheat fields, life had begun Golden beauty, upon farm lands And I cupped crickets in my hands Golden beauty Golden beauty A carefree life with no demands

And then one day the harvest came Taken to the baker Turned into bread; O what a shame Luncheon delight, hunger breaker I'm a sandwich; to keep kids calm Made for them, by a loving mom I'm a sandwich I'm a sandwich Peanut butter; held in my palm

Then one day, I was made for school Fixed by moms' loving hands Put in the fridge to keep me cool Go with the kids, those were the plans They forgot me! Early that day The next day too; what can I say? They forgot me! They forgot me! O what a death, rotting away

Author notes

Trijan Refrain

The Trijan Refrain, created by Jan Turner, consists of three 9-line stanzas, for a total of 27 lines. Line 1 is the same in all three stanzas, although a variation of the form is not to repeat the same line at the beginning of each stanza. In other words, the beginning line of each stanza can be different. The first four syllables of line 5 in each stanza are repeated as the double-refrain for lines 7 and 8. The Trijan Refrain is a rhyming poem with a set meter and rhyme scheme as follows:

Rhyme scheme: a/b/a/b/c/c/d, d refrain of first 4 words of line five /c

Meter: 8/6/8/6/8/8/4,4 refrain/8 Form Resource: shadowpoetry.com

A Sip of Spring

I oft stood back and watched the gay rondel, absorbed within the colors fast and deep; and lost within a glass of muscatel, I viewed the canvas lending eyes to weep. When Venus blessed the dawn of newborn spring and cherubs watched her soul from high above, the Graces danced within a rondel ring, expressing joy throughout their dance of love. The death of winter brought them to the wood, to gather 'neath the canopy of spring, rejoicing in the birth of maidenhood, delighted Graces float within their ring.

Lost deep within this artistry divine, I sighed and took another sip of wine.

Author's Notes: Inspired by:

Painting by: Sandros Botticelli, housed in main Gallery in Florence: The Primavera.

A Tree in the City

A million souls have passed her by and felt her beauty brush the sky. Her life was spared to beautify and so her boughs appear to cry.

She stands alone to justify, surrounding walls that amplify polluted echoes that belie and so her boughs appear to cry.

One in a million will descry injustice and the reason why a single tree does not apply and so her boughs appear to cry.

A million souls have passed her by and so her boughs appear to cry.

Author Notes: Kyrielle Sonnet in monorhyme.

I created this with the intention of amplifying the intensity and the speed of the poem as it progresses hence; the stop in S1, the pause in S2 and no punctuation in S3. Try reading it out loud and see if I was successful.

Abortion

Yet to be born, a tiny soul Blessing bestowed from God above Ripped apart and out of control Cold metal tools and surgeon's glove

Blessing bestowed from God above and more than a mind can consume Sent to this world, a perfect love Nestled within a mother's womb

Ripped apart and out of control An abomination to man kind Human life that society stole How could anyone be so blind

Cold metal tools and surgeon's glove Can't we stop what abortion stole? Damn politicians need a shove This poet's pen is out of control

Author's Notes:

Retourne:

so many other French forms, the retourne is all about repetition. It contains four quatrains (four-line stanzas), and each line has eight syllables. The trick is that the first stanza's second line must also be the second stanza's first line, the first stanza's third line is the third stanza's first, and the first stanza's fourth line is the fourth stanza's first. Retournes do not have to rhyme.

Absolution

Yea, thou cometh before me once too oft'. For I am charged to cast thee in Bridewell. Thy audience pleases with voice so soft; Shall I divide the child to make all well? Lest thou enamor me I have no choice, 'Tis not I but my throne has been defiled. Whereby thy pleas cometh in soften voice, And black begets white as mouths spew wild. Thy 'sblood in kine hast bid me prevalence; The road to hell, paved with good intentions. To wit; thou hast spake thy benevolence. You seek the grace of my interventions, Yet umbrage admits to Gods' lower world. I shall thole thy thistles with love unfurled.

Author Notes:

Form: English Sonnet

Old English definations:

Bridewell: prison

'sblood; 1600, oath of surprise or anger, altered from (by) God's wounds! It was originally a very offensive exclamative, often considered immensely blasphemous. Used often in Shakespearian literature, alongside zounds

kine: castle

thole: to bear; put up with; suffer

Affairs of Heart

She captivated you with primal lust and wrapped her tendrils tightly 'round your heart. She feigns a smile that you have learned to trust, seducing you and tearing us apart.

She rests within the plasma stream of life and dwells within the essence of your soul. She's severed us as if by surgeon's knife and twisted it until she took control.

I gave myself; much more than you deserve, but learned to use my claws just like a cat. I tore away thus severing the nerve. I never thought your heart was shaped like that.

There is no cure for this malignant sore, I turn my head and leave you with your whore.

Ages Pass

Hands wipe the hours from my face with all the things I see. For years I have stood, in this place as people glance at me. Tick, tock, tick tock, hear the past and the present will never last. Tick, tock, tick tock Tick, tock, tick tock Standing here as the hours passed.

Hands wipe the hours from my face watching seconds tick by. For years I have stood in this space. They say that time can fly. Sounding my chime on the hour, standing fast like a bell tower. Sounding my chime Sounding my chime Counting the ages with my pow'r.

Hands wipe the hours from my face, ticking away the pain and seconds pass without a trace with only love to gain. The ages pass they never knock as I tell the time for my flock. The ages pass The ages pass For I am the grandfather clock.

Author notes Trijan Refrain

The Trijan Refrain, created by Jan Turner, consists of three 9-line stanzas, for a total of 27 lines. Line 1 is the same in all three stanzas, although a variation of the form is not to repeat the same line at the beginning of each stanza. In other words, the beginning line of each stanza can be different. The first four syllables of line 5 in each stanza are repeated as the double-refrain for lines 7 and 8. The Trijan Refrain is a rhyming poem with a set meter and rhyme scheme as follows:

Rhyme scheme: a/b/a/b/c/c/d, d refrain of first 4 words of line five /c

Meter: 8/6/8/6/8/8/4,4 refrain/8

America Sings

Today America sings in the sky and she raises her voice for all to hear. Freedom for all, it's the fourth of July. Independence she sings, perfectly clear.

The ramparts ignite, a lovely display, showing her love with arms open wide, as she lifts up her voice showing the way. She welcomes you, with American pride.

Some would destroy, the American dream and pillage her hope and prosperity. Changing her love to a hated regime, depriving the world of her dignity.

Her freedom will sing, so come and belong. The American dream lifted in song.

Author notes

English Sonnet:

Sonnets are formal poems and consist of 14 lines (3 quatrains and a couplet), traditionally written in iambic pentameter - that is, in lines ten syllables long, with accents falling on every second syllable.

An Inkling of Wisdom

Gently spread the skirt of life, 'cross the cognitive lap of your mind.

Blanket the weight of your daily cares and tuck them away in bed.

Brush curls of conceit behind your ear and listen to creatures of heart.

Open your eyes to the voice of enchantment and converse with created illusions.

It's time to recline 'neath the tree of perception, as you drift and bend it at will.

You just might find, in the realm of conception that reality never existed.

Angel of Music

My teacher, my mentor, I love him so Without him my music would not be the same My teacher, my mentor, my maestro The angel of music; he gave me that name

Without him my music would not be the same After the fire, ashamed of his face The angel of music; he gave me that name The labyrinth is now his holy place

After the fire, ashamed of his face He bids me to sing; his rage it's true The labyrinth is now his holy place Raoul how I need you, what can I do

He bids me to sing; his rage it's true I know not which, my love or my passion Raoul how I need you, what can I do Maestro taught me to sing in this fashion

I know not which, my love or my passion The angel of music, my singing aglow He shows me such tender loving compassion My teacher, my mentor, I love him so

Author notes Pantoum

The Pantoum is a simple form yet more difficult to compose than the sestina. It is far more repetitive, for its defining rules are ABAB stanzas of four lines each, and the second and fourth lines of one stanza become the first and third of the next. It can be any number of stanzas long, but the ending line must be the same as the first. The result is a poem that takes two steps forward and one step back the entire way through, finally ending on the same note it started.

Aroused (erotic)

Come in, relax; turn off the light. To cherish this moment in time, I love how you put me in place. Laying back, I plead without words.

To cherish this moment in time, wondering if you're hurting me. I raise my hips to greet your stare, drawing to your bare intentions.

I love how you put me in place. Whimpering moans at your mercy, taunting me, teasing me, you grin. You linger as you watch my lust.

Laying back, I plead without words. You enter and we become one, my places reach deep to the core. When suddenly, you grant relief.

Author notes

Retourne

Like so many other French forms, the retourne is all about repetition. It contains four quatrains (four-line stanzas), and each line has eight syllables. The trick is that the first stanza's second line must also be the second stanza's first line, the first stanza's third line is the third stanza's first, and the first stanza's fourth line is the fourth stanza's first. Retournes do not have to rhyme.

Assets

O flowing river feed the well Before you leave and say: "farewell" You've gone away, the well is dry I often ask and wonder why

It's just a hole, an empty shell O flowing river feed the well You said that you would never end And I believed you were a friend

I love that well, there is no doubt It's since dried up and left a drought O flowing river feed the well And keep me safe within your spell

The river's gone, the well dried up It left me with an empty cup I'm lost in this financial hell O flowing river feed the well

Becoming a Cat

Her eyes are portals to the soul With tempered hues as dark as coal She'll drag you in and eat you whole She's in control, she's in control

With prudence reaching deep within The spell she casts will soon begin She preys upon a heart that's thin And reaches in – and reaches in

She takes the essence that is you And molds it to a shape that's new And deep inside you know it's true You always knew, you always knew

A shift of shape will soon occur And you'll become a part of her The past has now become a blur I feel your purr, I feel your purr

Belili (demon series)

O how I bask in my insatiable need to feed on the foul deeds locked in the purulent crevasses of your festering depraved mind.

How long did you think you could shroud the feeble atrocities that condemned you to the pit of my netherworld?

I hiss in a symphony of hilarity as my vigil sucks the pathetic life from your carcass.

Watching you writhe in eternal pain as the separation of your debauched soul squints as it is ripped

from your pathetic body.

The pungent aroma of sulfa and vulcanized flesh will remain in your nostrils for all eternity.

You will savor the taste of your own vomit as it is profusely sweeter than the deeds for which are condemned.

Welcome to your hell.

than the deeds for which are condemned.

Welcome to your hell.

Author notes:

Belili

(from Wikipedia)

'Belili' was first a Sumerian minor goddess called Gesht-inanna, sister of Dumuzi, and wife of Nin-gishzida (the door keeper of An). She was later included in the Babylonian pantheon with the name of Belili or Belit-ili (also spelled Belet-ili), acquiring in some time a much higher status as the wife of Bel (the Assyrian and Babylonian equivalent to Baal). The Canaanites called her Baalat or Baalit, the wife and female counterpart of Baal. As the wife of Bel she can be associated with Ishtar for Assyrians and Babylonians, with Astarte for Semites, and with Asherah for Philistines; in this sense Belili can also be associated with sacred prostitution and human sacrifice (of children, by fire). Some authors, however, relate her with Lilith, who is commonly

Beyond Infinity

Welcome to my world, take my hand and see. Come into my world, a world of mystery. It's a magical place where dark meets light, shades of shadow grey, fading into night.

A world where everyone speaks in rhyme, with laughing and dancing and bending time. The place where dreams, become reality and children rule with regal majesty.

Come into my world of tranquility, where we warp time and stability. So open your mind as you fantasize and step in the mirror before your eyes.

A place where laughter is the only rule and lessons are learned in paradox school.

Author notes

Sonnet

Sonnets are formal poems and consist of 14 lines (3 quatrains and a couplet), traditionally written in iambic pentameter - that is, in lines ten syllables long, with accents falling on every second syllable.

Big Girl

Tightly squinting my eyes, suppressing tears Instantly, the greatest loss of my life The worst of the worst, confirming my fears It pierces my heart, like a rusty knife

I opened my eyes and saw what I feared The bright red stains down the front of my dress There on the ground, a crimson pool appeared The remains in my hands, a sticky mess

Now I must leave, go home, tell my mother She has to be told; I'm torn up inside It's the only way, there is no other I wish I could run, I wish I could hide

The Popsicle fell, it made such a mess Mom will be mad as she washes my dress

Black Rose

strolling the garden on a moonlit eve petals dance at the caress of my skirt mystic redolence in the evening breeze draws my heart to the place of the black rose

I stop to talk to the rose and listen beauty in velvet petals, grace with thorns with hints of purple and traces of blood it's the black rose that is one with my soul

absorbing the love of your efflorescence endearing in your delicate beauty defense by thorn, I see myself in you O my black rose, I know you understand

I wanted him so as he held me close is it by thorn that loneliness claims us?

Author notes Contempory sonnet

bleeding rose

her beauty flourished watching her grow but time has taken it's toll dead silence grows for the bleeding rose yet a piece of her is left in my soul

a symbol of love that I should know bleeding rose is just a blur for the bleeding rose, dead silence grows left in my soul is a piece of her

symbol of love where petals aglow so time has passed as a blink dead silence grows for the bleeding rose gone is the rose as it makes me think

the sight of the rose breeds thoughts of you knowing your soul is now dead for the bleeding rose, dead silence grows now you're gone as the rose was once red

Author notes:

ZaniLa Rhyme

The ZaniLa Rhyme, a form created by Laura Lamarca, consists 4 lines per stanza. The rhyme scheme for this form is abcb and a syllable count of 9/7/9/9 per stanza. Line 3 contains internal rhyme and is repeated in each odd numbered stanza. Even stanzas contain the same line but swapped. The ZaniLa Rhyme has a minimum of 3 stanzas and no maximum poem length.

Blendrome

Many lifetimes, within a single life, past memories, of how it used to be. Continuous change, be it bliss or strife, folding in on you, turning out on me.

It's not just time, or how it passes on, it's an ever-changing universal plan. A twist of fate the coming of new dawn, your spirit knew before it all began.

The loss of a loved one, the birth of a child, feel it in your soul, know it causes change. It's always been there, be it strong or mild, It's another lifetime, it's not really strange.

It can be beautiful; it can be pain to some, I've given it a name; I call it, Blendrome.

Blessings on Film

Uncharted seas of open mind I captured the soul of the Earth A cameras' eye has now enshrined With glorious beauty and worth

I captured the soul of the Earth As skies touched the face of the sea With glorious beauty and worth Blessing my life, abundantly

As skies touched the face of the sea With loving arms 'round flowing waves Blessing my life, abundantly For the shutter of mind engraves

With loving arms 'round flowing waves A power and strength from above For the shutter of mind engraves On film I have captured the love

A power and strength from above A cameras' eye has now enshrined On film I have captured the love Uncharted seas of open mind

Pantoum Poetry:

The pantoum consists of a series of quatrains rhyming ABAB in which the second and fourth lines of a quatrain recur as the first and third lines in the succeeding quatrain; each quatrain introduces a new second rhyme as BCBC, CDCD. The first line of the series recurs as the last line of the closing quatrain, and third line of the poem recurs as the second line of the closing quatrain, rhyming ZAZA.

Blue Suede Shoes

It all started when I rented that house. My life had changed as I opened the door, the chills in my bones, I felt through my blouse, 'twas built in the fifty's down by the shore.

Things seemed to change as I walked in that place, the era had jumped for backwards it went. My mind became hazy in time and space, I felt more relaxed, I felt more content.

I looked in the mirror to my surprise, a pretty young girl in a poodle skirt. A reflection of me in a different guise with bobby sox and a pretty white shirt.

I went to the bedroom, hearing the blues and there stood Elvis in Blue Suede Shoes.

Bóinn

With a flowing waltz and a graceful spin living with Gods and dancing with the moon. Hand on me belly, 'tis movement within, with child I be and he cometh soon.

He fancied me and I know not why, stopping the sun with his magic spell. He built us a place that came from the sky, a place full of beauty that we could dwell.

By taking me hand in the early morn the mysteries spun in me head so fast. Dancing with him as I was reborn, me Elcmar be gone and the time had passed.

I lay with me God and then it was done, I bore him a child, a wondrous son.

Author notes

Brugh na Bóinne is the wondrous place and a beautiful Irish cemetery where Samhain is celebrated in Europe. The story goes that the first inhabitants of Brugh na Bóinne ('Newgrange') were the goddess Bóinn and her 'husband' Nuadhu Nechtan, otherwise known as Elcmar, 'the envious one'.

The Dagdha, father of the gods, lusted after the goddess Bóinn. So he sent Elcmar on a journey which would take a night and a day, that he and the goddess Bóinn could spend the night together. The Dagdha then put a spell on the sun, causing it to stand still, stretching one day and night to nine months during which time the Dagdha lay with the goddess Bóinn, and she bore him a son, whom she called Aonghus Mac Óg because 'young is the son who is conceived at the start of the day, and born between that and evening'.

Boxcar Blues

Stagnant water pools between railroad ties and darts beneath cracks of a boxcar floor. Volition for a man without alibis, remorse for a man diseased by a whore. He's the high priest of a bad blackjack deal and now rests next to salt licking spiders. He's mesmerized by muffled clanking steel and reeks of urine; like most rail riders.

He didn't always step on sidewalk cracks, or dream of solace under railway bridges. He once was a blade in designer slacks a manicured stud on country club ridges. Life in a boxcar, a heart without hope, a runaway train on a downhill slope.

Breathe

If I could breathe you in I'd surely not exhale Our love will always win

You are my soul mate twin A love like ours can't fail If I could breathe you in

There's magic in your grin A love that will prevail Our love will always win

Sweetly. like a violin Strong, as a tall ships' sail If I could breathe you in

You cause my heart to spin As cupids' arrow will impale Our love will always win

Our love would just begin You are my holy grail If I could breathe you in Our love will always win

Broken Chains

No footprint left upon my heart, nor piercing arrow, nor cupid's dart. No lover claims my soul by theft, upon my heart, no footprint left.

I live within myself alone and only reap what I have sown. I keep my feelings on the shelf, alone I live within myself.

Within my castle tower safe, a thickened skin that will not chafe. Untarnished as a winsome flower, safe within my castle tower.

Walls will rise and walls will fall, I never wanted this at all. My loveless life was a disguise, Walls will fall and walls will rise.

Author's Notes:

Modified Swap Quatrain

Butterfly of Mind

The metered value of the written word is likened to a sheet of pristine glass. It separates the art from the absurd thus hampering creative thought to pass.

If broken meter thus besets thy verse surrounding tones expressed by spoken voice. Perchance un-splintered shards invoked a curse, disrupting lines of thought that sanction choice.

So cast a stone upon thy window pane allowing thoughts to freely touch the sky. Expanding visions may appear insane, yet open cracks release thy butterfly.

So damn the purists and their written rules, release your mind and just ignore the fools.

Call of the Sea

Within her deep, dead sailors dwell And in her keep are souls that fell She lulls them with her mystery In hulls of ships from history

Such spirits weep, locked in her cell Within her deep, dead sailors dwell With treasure maps greed lures them in And pleasure soon obscures their sin

They could not wait when they set sail But it's too late to tell the tale Within her deep, dead sailors dwell And now they reap their last farewell

She waits for you so patiently In straights and channels wind and lee Come seamen sleep and she'll foretell Within her deep, dead sailors dwell

Calypso

On island cliffs of Ogygia I stand Awaiting tall ships; approaching the land Enchanting the mariners with a song As I lull them to sleep, before the long

Be condemned to an absent existence Sealing wax, be ye only resistance So if by thy troth my music ye loved And lashed to the mast so that ye be gloved

Thus I lull you to sleep, before the long Capture your soul with my mystical song 'Twas so; on this island all pleasures be That my desire 'twas a dream of thee

For the love of my song and my controls I bid you good-morrow to all dead souls

Can't Hold It Any Longer

Frantic in the most frangible state; I found it!

Crashed through the door, pushed on the first stall... damn, locked.

Pushed on the next... god this hurts!

Squeezing so tight I bent over and looked under the next.

Cute shoes!

I give up! Yanked up the skirt, dropped the drawers.

Sitting with my back to the mirror...

Ahhhhh......

Christmas Eve

O Christmas Eve is such a treat Forget the malls and things I dread With Candy dreams and you my sweet The time has come to go to bed

Forget the malls and things I dread As we lay down and close our eyes The time has come to go to bed Tomorrow brings a bright surprise

As we lay down and close our eyes I reach for you and hold your hand Tomorrow brings a bright surprise It's perfect now just as we planned

I reach for you and hold your hand With Candy dreams and you my sweet It's perfect now just as we planned O Christmas Eve is such a treat

Author notes

Pantoum:

The pantoum consists of a series of quatrains rhyming ABAB in which the second and fourth lines of a quatrain recur as the first and third lines in the succeeding quatrain; each quatrain introduces a new second rhyme as BCBC, CDCD. The first line of the series recurs as the last line of the closing quatrain, and third line of the poem recurs as the second line of the closing quatrain, rhyming ZAZA.

The design is simple:

Line 1

Line 2

Line 3

Line 4

Line 5 (repeat of line 2)

Line 6

Line 7 (repeat of line 4)

Line 8

Continue with as many stanzas as you wish, but the ending stanza then repeats the second and fourth lines of the previous stanza (as its first and third lines), and also repeats the third line of the first stanza, as its second line, and the first line of the first stanza as its fourth. So the first line of the poem is also the last.

Last stanza:

Line 2 of previous stanza

Line 3 of first stanza

Line 4 of previous stanza

Line 1 of first stanza Amera Andersen

Cinder of Soul

There is a place I know so well with heat of passion in control. A secret place within my shell, next to the cinder of my soul.

I have a torch within my heart, a flaming light that makes me whole. I keep it in my secret part, next to the cinder of my soul.

I find that when the world grows cold, emotions fuel the flame like coal. There's only one that I shall hold, next to the cinder of my soul.

There is a place I know so well, next to the cinder of my soul.

Connected

Relaxed, content, prepared for my journey; I put my head back, lie down, close my eyes. Each breath brings me closer to destiny; euphoric and floating past earthbound skies.

My heartbeat, my breathing, is all I feel. I have tapped the secret of the sixth sense. Troubles and heartaches; are no longer real; transcending the laws of earths' binding fence.

Drifting past stars as I open my mind. Infinity's finally within my reason and I drink in beauty of the purest kind. My mind expands within the new season.

I finely have learned that we are all one; connected with love since time had begun.

Author notes English Sonnet

Conversation With A Weevil

Cognitive intelect, ancient teachings revealed. Philosophize with the moon, listen to the wind. Collecting old thoughts under willow branches.

You might find yourself in debate about politics, with a sparrow and a fox, while the tigers prefer classical literature. A skunk orates on the importance of pop culture.

Mathematics are found under a toad stool;

whilst meditation of science of the ages has been passed through wild grasses, coercing with fallen leaves.

The running brook babbles theology and a passing sly fox discusses spirituality and mystics of Zen.

You might be surprised to find your artistic side amid arachnids and roses, while tulips and daffodils sing sweet hymns.

And in the end you may sit down for a cup of tea with aardvarks and mallards, just to shoot the breeze, as you will discover they have no taste for erudition.

Authors Notes:

Free Verse

Creator, Destroyer

He has wakened from the sleep of his ascension and he has loosed the awesome power of her hand. He has given her full reign o're his creation and he has let her know that it has all been planned. He has declared to all, that she is in command and has endowed her with fertility of birth. As children of her womb we call her Mother Earth.

We have polluted her with spoils of our lust and we have vomited our waste upon her face. We have abused her love and forfeited her trust and have become the spoiled children of disgrace. We have defaced her soul rejecting her embrace. We have dumped our foul plastic in her oceans and disregarded warning storms of her emotions.

Now all the towers of the mighty show decay as strong and living tendrils crush them to her chest. She has dissolved the human pestilence away, as she has cleansed herself of demon minds possessed. No longer will we children suckle from her breast. Creator and destroyer, mother of us all; we should have learned to love before we learned to crawl.

Rhyme Royal

Cursed

Hearken my love and heed this letter well For as you do the charm will surly last Pow'rs that be have blessed my unholy spell Unbreakable charm of magic I have cast

Devour each word and know that as you read Thou shan't forget the pow'r of written verse Eternal soul and that which you must heed I tell you this so you may know the curse

You drank the poison, it is now too late For by reading these words, the cursed is you Damned you are so relish your new born fate Bask in eternal torment you ensue

For all who crossed me in this mortal life Shall be afflicted with eternal strife

Author notes

English Sonnet

The volta changes at L9 where it is then too late for the reader. (unless you're my friend; hehe)

Sonnets are formal poems and consist of 14 lines (3 quatrains and a couplet), traditionally written in iambic pentameter - that is, in lines ten syllables long, with accents falling on every second syllable. source: shadowpoetry.com

Dancing

Hush... then... slowly, the music starts Your arm around my waist, we glide Capturing stares from lovers hearts You hold me firmly by your side

Your arm around my waist, we glide We turn, I twirl, safe in your arms My love for you I cannot hide I'm so enamored by your charms

We turn, I twirl, safe in your arms Caressed by satin, silk and lace My body setting off alarms You hold me in a firm embrace

Caressed by satin, silk and lace My skirt caresses my soft skin We dance as music fills this place Gliding into a graceful spin

Author notes

Retourne:

Like so many other French forms, the retourne is all about repetition. It contains four quatrains (four-line stanzas), and each line has eight syllables. The trick is that the first stanza's second line must also be the second stanza's first line, the first stanza's third line is the third stanza's first, and the first stanza's fourth line is the fourth stanza's first. Retournes do not have to rhyme.

Dawns' Mist

The forest mist is dressed in white and blankets me as if by lace. Her magic ushers dawns' new light.

Transparent veils of crystallite create a presence in this place. The forest mist is dressed in white.

Diaphanous vapors, O so slight; with gentle hands caress my face. Her magic ushers dawns' new light.

The shadows scurry from my sight, for all this beauty I embrace. The forest mist is dressed in white.

She danced upon the edge of night and entered with majestic grace. Her magic ushers dawns' new light.

The rising sun will soon shine bright and she'll retreat without a trace. The forest mist is dressed in white; her magic ushers dawns' new light.

Author Notes:

Villanelle:

A Villanelle is a nineteen-line poem consisting of a very specific rhyming scheme: aba aba aba aba abaa.

Discarded Doll

My life was governed by his mind and will and I was at his mercy and command. Like poetry composed with silver quill, I fantasized that he would understand. I always came whenever he would call. He told me he was someone I could trust, I never thought that I would take the fall, but I was just a doll for carnal lust. I sit alone with fixed and glassy eyes, a rubber doll that's lost her self esteem. Perverted thoughts are what he should despise and not the toy that let him live his dream. He never was a man; he's just a boy, who plays with blow up dolls he can destroy.

Dollhouse

There is a place I go when I'm alone, a fantasy created in my mind.
Within my world I feel that I am grown;
I have a house where I keep dolls confined.
I keep my little people in a room...
and some of them just seem to scream and yell.
Those are the ones that I will send to doom;
as I confine them in their little cell.
I act like mother, making them obey.
I want to hear their whimpers and their begs.
I've locked them in their room so they can't stray;
If one complains I just rip off his legs.
My doll supply will never suffer dearth,
I take my ship, there's plenty more on Earth.

Dream Travel

Close your eyes, let us voyage now. Travel with me, I'll show you how. Take my hand, you're no longer blind. Travel in dreams, open your mind.

An orange glow, over the sea. Let your mind drift and follow me. Be amazed at things you will find. Travel in dreams, open your mind.

See the three peaks as they arise? Out of the sea they touch the skies. Magical worlds are so refined. Travel in dreams, open your mind.

Feel lighter now, open your heart. We're on our way, you made a start. Come with me leave sorrows behind. Travel in dreams, open your mind.

Author notes

Kyrielle

A Kyrielle is a French form of rhyming poetry written in quatrains (a stanza consisting of 4 lines), and each quatrain contains a repeating line or phrase as a refrain. Each line within the poem consists of only eight syllables. There is no limit to the amount of stanzas a Kyrielle may have, but three is considered the accepted minimum. Some popular rhyming schemes for a Kyrielle are: aabB, ccbB, ddbB, with B being the repeated line, or abaB, cbcB, dbdB.

Dual Rein

Please don't exploit me as I come to you. We'll harness the stars and the mountain dew and a colossal rainbow over trees. As I come to you, don't exploit me please.

Together we'll never be obsolete, our subjects will bow at our royal feet. Two goddesses, soft as white heather, never obsolete, we'll be together.

Our power is doubled, all will concede. We will sustain until all have been freed and no more pain for those who are troubled. All will concede; our power is doubled.

So allied together, we rule the world. From our vantage-point it's power unfurled.

Author Notes:

AE'Swap Sonnet

The AE'Swap Sonnet has 14 lines each line must contain 10 syllables written in iambic pentameter. The first and the fourth line of each quatrain is swapped and the ending couplet must rhyme. Created by; Amera M. Andersen

Echos of Peace

I love my evening stroll beside the waves, collecting shells and thoughts along the way; a daily trek my inner spirit craves, beside the ocean at the end of day. With thoughts upon what every sailor braves, I let the ocean take my mind away. That's how I come to tell this tale to you; about the day a shell came into view.

A perfect shell appeared along the shore a gift before me from the ebbing tide. I stooped to rinse it eager to explore, just why its' beauty had me mystified. It spoke to me in words I can't ignore, a gentle voice exhaled from deep inside. Surprised... I held it closer to my ear its tone of voice was earnest and sincere.

I listened to the wisdom of the shell; it told me that I need not walk the beach, it said I need not ever say farewell and knowledge that I need the shell will teach. It told me that my heart will truly tell that peace and love is well within my reach. So if I cannot take my walk at all, I listen to the echo of His call.

erased

foot prints erased by ebbing tide a path ahead with untouched crust confusion lurks on either side

mistakes are made because of pride a quest for love and abiding trust foot prints erased by ebbing tide

failing at life when e'er I tried wishing I hadn't been unjust confusion lurks on either side

pressing ahead, nowhere to hide lost sight of you because of lust foot prints erased by ebbing tide

forgiven; before my tears dried Teaching me that I must adjust Confusion lurks on either side

knowing now that God will provide forgiving sins like windblown dust foot prints erased by ebbing tide confusion lurks on either side

Author notes:

Villanelle:

A Villanelle is a nineteen-line poem consisting of a very specific rhyming scheme: aba aba aba aba abaa.

The first and the third lines in the first stanza are repeated in alternating order throughout the poem, and appear together in the last couplet (last two lines).

Form Resource: shadowpoetry.com

Eternal Erudition

My journey began as journeys begin and settled within the coach of my soul, the horses neighed and we started to roll, to tour all the places my heart had been. The carriage rocked, past the graveyard of sin. I could see where my heart had paid its toll, apparitions of life that demons stole they drank of my spirit to my chagrin.

The coachman then drove away from the past with a crack of his whip I heard him say; 'now all things will pass and nothing will last, we'll now take the road to a brighter day'. On to the future, the coach went so fast, my lesson in life was learning to pray.

Author's Notes: Petrarchan sonnet

Etheree in Key of F

few
fox find
folly from
falling fairies.
falling fairies find
favor for feasting fox.
forlorn fairies fancy free,
find feasting fox fascinating.
finally falling fairies find friends,
for fairies fancy feasting female fox.

Evil Poetess

I opened the diary of her mind, as this dark woman, came into my life and I turned her pages only to find, a tortured soul that is filled with strife.

She penned on her pages in blood red ink, closing the cover to keep people out. She's petrified, of what others might think, If they read her mind and witness her doubt.

I have a lover a kind hearted soul, who gives of himself to make her feel free but this deranged woman will eat him whole; my all trusting lover, too blind to see.

I need to protect him, keep him from harm, before she extracts his soul with her charm.

Fallacious Waltz

Entranced by the music, a magical place; Lost in the moment, I gaze in your eyes, hand on your shoulder in dancing embrace. We waltz in the moonlight 'neath starlit skies.

The small of my back, your arm holds me tight; the soft melodies give my soul a lift. We're moving as one this magical night with a graceful turn that sets my gown adrift.

Yet, all of this trance is only a dream, it entered my mind for sanity's sake. Nothing is real and you're not what you seem, you pillaged my soul for all you can take.

You contorted my mind, ruptured my heart, you've stolen my dreams and torn me apart.

Author Notes:

Sonnets are formal poems and consist of 14 lines (3 quatrains and a couplet) , traditionally written in iambic pentameter - that is, in lines ten syllables long, with accents falling on every second syllable. In this sonnet I was aiming for a dramatic volta ay L9.

Floral Intellect

Collect the thoughts of a Crocus The Hyacinths talk for hours Apple Blossoms keep their focus Philosophize with the flowers

Tulips speak as their name implies When cognitive thought devours The Lily Of The Valley, never cries Philosophize with the flowers

Lilacs agree with Daffodils Their debating never sours Altercations with them, gives me chills Philosophize with the flowers

Collect the thoughts of a Crocus Philosophize with the flowers

Floral Submission (erotic)

I've waited so long to come to blossom
The thrill of your touch is O so awesome
You are my gardener and nothing is wrong
To come to blossom, I've waited so long

Your flesh upon mine, like the driving rain This moment in time is what keeps me sane Knowing your body is a masculine shrine Like the driving rain, your flesh upon mine

I give all to you as our love grows You are the gardener and I am your rose My opened blossom in floral debut As our love grows I give all to you

Feeling your hands caressing my petals Soft on my flesh as my body settles O the pleasure comes in quivering bands Caressing my petals, feeling your hands

Your masculine need, I'm here to fulfill Take me my darling with your manly skill I am your rose please give me your seed I'm here to fulfill your masculine need

Author Notes:

Swap Quatrain:

Each stanza in the poem must be a quatrain (four lines) where the first line is reversed in the fourth line. In addition, line 2 must rhyme with line 1, and line 3 must rhyme with line 4 and so on, BUT not repeat the same rhyming pattern on subsequent stanzas.

Rhyming pattern: AABB, CCDD, and so on. The Swap Quatrain was created by Lorraine M. Kanter.

Forbidden Fruit

In blissful peace he watched his loving bride and knew this was a moment he should keep. Inspired thoughts as she lay by his side, enchanted by the stillness of her sleep. He rose before he shared her morning kiss, and rushed to catch the ambiance of light, a moment that he knew he dare not miss for capturing this peace within his sight. He armed himself with palette, brush in hand and tattered painters smock he wore so well. To paint a still life all could understand, a masterpiece brushed softly in pastel.

His sweetheart woke to see what he had done: "Now put this fruit away, you've had your fun"!

Forgotten Dolls

A hair crack runs down her porcelain face. She's framed in a moth eaten tattered dress that is trimmed in satin and yellowed lace. Her skin powdered, with a look of duress.

In her blank eyes she trys to hide the pain and her faded lips once were ruby red. Her stilled emotions that only contain the little glass beads that hang by a thread.

I pick her up and brush her cobweb hair, yet a tear falls and rests upon her cheek. Both, cast away with no one left to care, we share a pain; it hurts to much too speak.

At least in her I know I can confide, still, I'm lonely now, I'm a widowed bride.

Author Notes:

English sonnet

Gate of Hell, canto 3

'Lasciate ogne speranza, voi ch'intrate' (3.9) Leave behind all hope, you who enter

Gate of Hell, canto 3

Before the river Acheron I wait *1 And stand within the threshold of my hell, For I have stepped within the evil gate,

To where one bids mortality farewell. I'm greeted by the lost angelic four *2 And told I must decide where I should dwell.

'Twas providence that lead me through this door, For I was neither warm nor was I cold. *3 The scriptures I had chosen to ignore

And now I'm watching prophesy unfold. As Charon grins approaching in his boat, *4 I feel the darkness closing in so cold,

An ambiance of fear that is remote. I watch him anchor terror with his rope. Revulsion swelling deep within my throat,

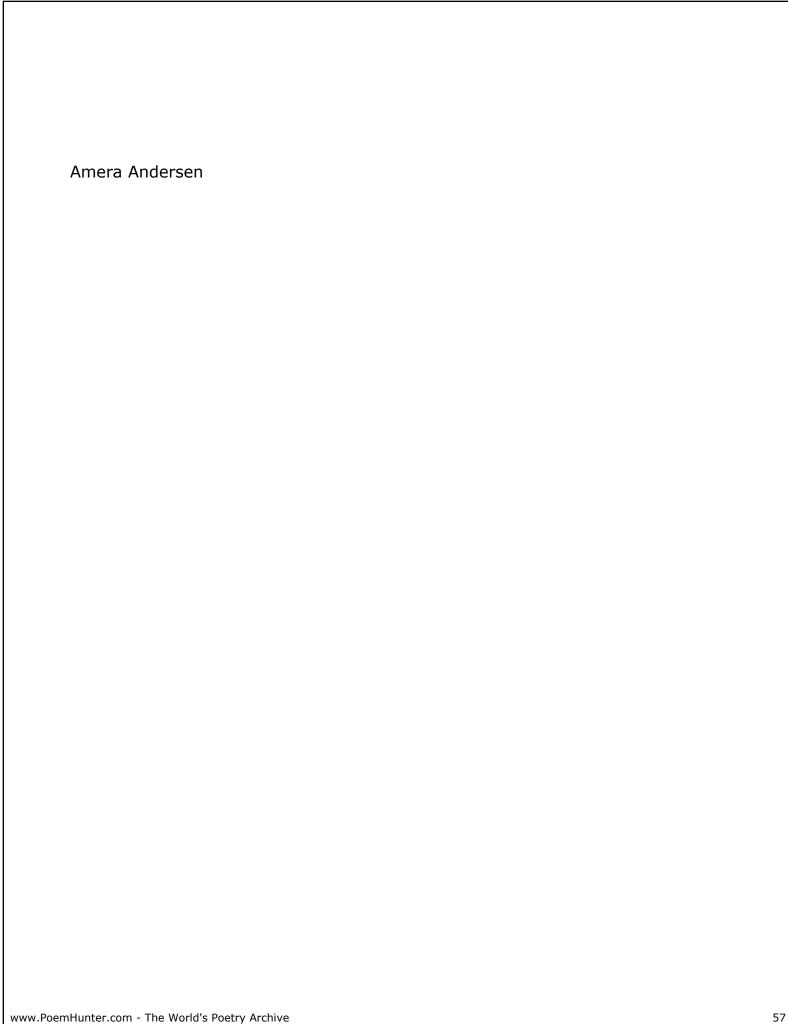
I doubt my living soul will ever cope And wonder if redemption is too late. I'm now resigned to torment without hope...

Author notes

Like Dante's epic, this poem is penned in a Terza Rima in English instead of Italian. A mathematical consequence of this pattern is that the number of lines in any given canto is always a multiple of three with one left over to start the next. I solved the conclusion by making it a stand alone sentence.

Footnotes:

- *1: a marginal place-inside the gate of hell but before the river Acheron-for souls neither good enough for heaven nor evil enough for hell proper is a product of Dante's imagination, pure and simple.
- *2: Included among these cowardly souls-also known as fence-sitters, wafflers, opportunists, and neutrals-are the angels who refused to choose between God and Lucifer.
- *3: (Revelation) 3: 16: 'But because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will begin to vomit thee out of my mouth.'
- *4: Charon is the pilot of a boat that transports shades of the dead-newly arrived from the world above-across the waters into the lower world.



Ghost Ship

The feeling was light in the musty air A darkened fright as I looked at my hand Sentenced to linger on this floating lair Choking my finger; the gold wedding band

My father forced me by the holy book To go to sea when 'ere this man would call A mariners' wife and the ghost ship cook My sentenced life, with no freedom at all

The crew played dice, cast lots sure enough No wedding rice, I'm a prearranged wife I'm a specters' whore and ships powder puff So that is my chore on this ghost ship life

When the crew gad died, we were cast to sea I was torn inside, not enough of me

Author notes Sonnet

Internal rhyme: aabb – External rhyme: abab

Grandma the Hussy

O don't you love my pretty face? Lovely tan from the sun.
Majestic beauty, golden lace.
Older women love to have fun.
Like a fine wine, the better I get.
I'm older now and fun to pet.
Like a fine wine,
like a fine wine,
and pregnancy isn't a threat.

So here I give myself to you, go ahead feel my butt. I won't slap you if you do, I'm a nasty girl, I love smut. Take me to bed, give me a feel. No silicone here, it's all real. Take me to bed, take me to bed. Don't you think I have sex appeal?

So savor these lips, kiss me please. You're so cute, I can tell. Unlike young girls, I never tease. I use powder so I don't smell. Love a grandma, take me to bed. Of course I can love, I'm not dead. Love a grandma, love a grandma. Use me abuse me, go ahead.

Author Notes: Form: Trijan Refrain

Greensleeves; Octosyllabus

Alas, my love you do me wrong And who but my Lady Greensleeves Bid me my dear, O hear my song Perchance your love in summer eves

And who but my Lady Greensleeves Hath waged both life and promise land Perchance your love in summer eves Will beckon thee, O take my hand

Hath waged both life and promise land Thou couldst d'sire no earthly thing Or beckon thee, O take my hand Thy music for to play and sing

Thou couldst d'sire no earthly thing Bid me my dear, O hear my song Thy music for to play and sing Alas, my love you do me wrong

Author notes Based on the lyrics from Greensleeves.

Pantoum:

The pantoum consists of a series of quatrains rhyming ABAB in which the second and fourth lines of a quatrain recur as the first and third lines in the succeeding quatrain; each quatrain introduces a new second rhyme as BCBC, CDCD. The first line of the series recurs as the last line of the closing quatrain, and third line of the poem recurs as the second line of the closing quatrain, rhyming ZAZA.

The design is simple:

Line 1

Line 2

Line 3

Line 4

Line 5 (repeat of line 2)

Line 6

Line 7 (repeat of line 4)

Line 8

Continue with as many stanzas as you wish, but the ending stanza then repeats the second and fourth lines of the previous stanza (as its first and third lines), and also repeats the third line of the first stanza, as its second line, and the first line of the first stanza as its fourth. So the first line of the poem is also the last.

Last stanza:

Line 2 of previous stanza Line 3 of first stanza Line 4 of previous stanza Line 1 of first stanza

Hebrews 11: 1

Faith is the substance of things hoped for the light of the Lord that opens the door Reveling the light of heaven serene the evidence of things not seen

My God has revealed the evidence His glorious power with consequence

Healing me and making me clean the evidence of things not seen

Faith in Christ without reservation releaved the pain of my aberration So open His book to see what I mean the evidence of things not seen

Faith is the substance of things hoped for the evidence of things not seen

Author Notes:

Form: Kyrielle Sonnet

Her Shell

Worn... and laced between her crooked fingers, are ever present beads of faith and hope. In despair her wretched body lingers, she's loosing precious memories to cope.

Across her lap is spread the quilt of age, her shoulders bear the shawl many trials. The quill of life has filled her every page, inscribing gospel of her trodden miles.

My grandma sits alone most every day, with eyes too weak to even read a book. It's been this way since grandpa passed away, it breaks my heart and I can't bear to look.

I wish that there was someone I could blame, for she no longer recollects my name.

Immortality

Immortal essence that keeps you sane. O I am the phantom within your mind and within your being I wax and wane. I have no boundaries, I am not confined.

O I am the phantom within your mind for I am nourished from your every thought. I have no boundaries, I am not confined. I live every dream you have ever sought,

for I am nourished from your every thought. O I am the spirit which reigns above. I live every dream you have ever sought, my immortal essence thrives on love.

O I am the spirit which reigns above. I grant you peace and self control, my immortal essence thrives on love. I'm always here, your immortal soul.

I grant you peace and self control, Within your being, I wax and wane. I'm always here, your immortal soul. Immortal essence that keeps you sane.

Author notes:

Pantoum

The Pantoum is a simple form yet more difficult to compose than the sestina. It is far more repetitive, for its defining rules are ABAB stanzas of four lines each, and the second and fourth lines of one stanza become the first and third of the next. It can be any number of stanzas long, but the ending line must be the same as the first. The result is a poem that takes two steps forward and one step back the entire way through, finally ending on the same note it started.

In the Name of Tolerance

The preachers preaching holy ghosts, when no one really seems to care. The bull shit spills from talk show hosts and all this madness fills the air.

When no one really seems to care the politician's trumpet boasts and all this madness fills the air, as sludge and tar pollute our coasts.

The politician's trumpet boasts and lonely lives are in despair, as sludge and tar pollute our coasts, the starving saints live on welfare.

And lonely lives are in despair and homeless sleep beneath lampposts, the saints are living on welfare, we miss the scriptural guideposts.

And homeless sleep beneath lampposts, while evil breeds a millionaire, we miss the scriptural guideposts. Deception traps us unaware.

While evil breeds a millionaire, the bull shit spills from talk show hosts. Deception traps us unaware, the preachers preaching holy ghosts.

Author notes

I increased the difficulty of this form by using only two rhyming sounds. If you study the structure, this will only work with an even number of stanzas or else the last stanza becomes monorhyme. I composed it this way to make the meter seem like a rant as the image is frustrating.

Pantoum:

The pantoum consists of a series of quatrains rhyming ABAB in which the second and fourth lines of a quatrain recur as the first and third lines in the succeeding quatrain; each quatrain introduces a new second rhyme as BCBC, CDCD. The first line of the series recurs as the last line of the closing quatrain, and third line of the poem recurs as the second line of the closing quatrain, rhyming ZAZA. The structure is simple:

Line 1

Line 2

Line 3

Line 4

Line 5 (repeat of line 2)

Line 6

Line 7 (repeat of line 4)

Line 8

Continue with as many stanzas as you wish, but the ending stanza then repeats the second and fourth lines of the previous stanza (as its first and third lines), and also repeats the third line of the first stanza, as its second line, and the first line of the first stanza as its fourth. So the first line of the poem is also the last.

Last stanza:

Line 2 of previous stanza Line 3 of first stanza Line 4 of previous stanza Line 1 of first stanza

Isaiah 40: 31

those who hope in the LORD find strength he doth afford He will renew their strength taking them to any length bestowing their just reward

those who hope in the LORD are blessed with life restored He will renew their strength They will soar on wings like eagles

those who hope in the LORD blessed with the holy sword know by His depth and length He will renew their strength They will soar on wings like eagles

Author Note: Form: Rondeau

Isaiah 64: 8

With dust and spittle you muddied your hands and formed a heart with the clay of my soul. You gave me an essence that understands, that all that I do is under control.

You are the potter and I am the clay. You gave me an image likened to yours, I danced on your wheel in solemn ballet, assuming a likeness that your heart adores.

So in your image, I now turn the wheel, for I am the potter, you made me this way. You gave me freewill and passion to feel, I'll do my best Lord, please help me I pray.

Don't leave me alone Lord, guide me along, give me the strength Lord, to keep going strong.

Jumping for Love

I was your love, I won't let you forget you abducted my heart then broke your pledge. What you said to me; you will soon regret, you tore me apart, drove me to the edge. You think that it's over you think I'm no threat; I feel the pow'r as I stand on this ledge. The pain you inflicted, now in remission, as I perch on this ledge, of cold perdition.

I look down on your deeds, I see your hate; soaring above I brush the face of a cloud. Just one little step determines my fate, with my cold dead body, dressed in a shroud. We once had a chance but now it's too late; you see what you've done! I hope you feel proud. I gave you my all, now here, take my life, I'll die for you, if I can't be your wife.

Just one little step for my mind is numb, the ground rushes up, it happens so fast. I finally feel free from what I've become; I fell for a love I knew would not last, yet fall to my death much faster than some. It now has ended, the die has been cast. I'm mounting the sky with angels above; I hate you so much, I give you my love.

Author notes -

Ottava Rima:

An Ottava Rima is a poem written in 8-line octaves. Each line is of a 10 or 11 syllable count in the following rhyme scheme: one octave poem. abababcc two octave poem. abababcc, dededeff three octave poem. abababcc, dededeff, ghghghii

Killing Machine

The beauty of an instrument of death Behold my kingdom, it is I who reigns A blast of hot air emits from my breath Arabian blood in my silver veins

With each cut of the blade my belly grows A deafening rage emits from my gut Stripping my victims of green silken clothes Banishing beauty with each sultry cut

Spewing the essence of flowering things Gathering souls with such perfect control I relish the joy that such killing brings So stand in my way and I'll take your soul

A simple kill, my victims are slower I'm king of the field, I'm the lawnmower

Author Notes: Sonnet

Lamia (demon series)

I am Lamia

and O to be invoked from cryptic shadows
I relent in my Lilac scented beauty

I bask in the darkness
waiting
waiting in the shadows for your incumbent arrival
I relish the silken cover of fog
that blankets this unholy necropolis of rest

I come to steal your seed to impregnate my feverous womb with the larvae of the damned

I am specter in red the harlot of death and I will rob your liquid of life as I hiss at the hilarity of your innocence

I am Lamia

Author notes

The concept of Lamia is from old English legends. The lamia was said to appear in graveyards as a beautiful woman who draws young men to their deaths. She would lie in wait for a naive victim, looking as if she needs his assistance in some way. legend has it that, if you see such a woman in a graveyard who appears to need help, you are supposed to call out to her, for the Lamia cannot answer back, since she has a snakes tongue and can only hiss.

Last Descending Overtones

With each descending step I hear the beat of sacrificial chants of those who know. The stone is cold and grey beneath my feet.

The pungent smell is damp and bittersweet. Within these halls the music seems to flow, with each descending step I hear the beat.

The altar room is secret and discrete, with eerie chants that truly seem to grow. The stone is cold and grey beneath my feet.

Author notes - Villanelle:

A Villanelle is a nineteen-line poem consisting of a very specific rhyming scheme: aba aba aba aba abaa.

The first and the third lines in the first stanza are repeated in alternating order throughout the poem, and appear together in the last couplet (last two lines) . Form Resource: shadowpoetry.com

My wrists are bound, a feeling of defeat, a severed heart to feed the gods libido. With each descending step I hear the beat.

My time has come this act will not repeat, I hear the chants and see the lamps aglow. The stone is cold and grey beneath my feet.

My heart becomes the sacrificial meat as now my life approaches its crescendo. With each descending step I hear the beat, the stone is cold and grey beneath my feet.

Letter to my Angel

You don't know me but I love you You don't know but I feel your pain You're my angel, a chosen few And because of you, I am sane

You don't know but I feel your pain On the foreign lands where you roam You're in a hell you can't explain And wonder why you can't come home

You're my angel, a chosen few And because you're there, I am free You mean so much, I wish you knew Please know I love you, hear my plea

And because of you, I am sane I'll be waiting when it's all through All the fighting is not in vain You don't know me but I love you

Author notes

A letter from the hearts of American women.

Retourne

Light Beyond the Grave

I'm drawn to the light from beyond the grave. Unto this world I had become a slave. To give of myself, had become my plight. From beyond the grave, I'm drawn to the light.

Who I really am, the world did not see. I was trapped within and not really free, taken for granted, like a helpless lamb. The world did not see who I really am.

I am a vessel, full of love and hope. Like others before me, I tried to cope, with problems of life that I did wrestle. Full of love and hope, I am a vessel.

My poetry, I have left for the world. My thoughts and my dreams are all left unfurled. So in verse, I have left my legacy. I have left for the world, my poetry.

The time has come and my work is done. Now my journey home has just begun, and beyond the grave I have succumb. My work is done and the time has come.

Author notes Swap Quatrain:

Each stanza in the poem must be a quatrain (four lines) where the first line is reversed in the fourth line. In addition, line 2 must rhyme with line 1, and line 3 must rhyme with line 4 and so on, BUT not repeat the same rhyming pattern on subsequent stanzas.

Rhyming pattern: AABB, CCDD, and so on. The Swap Quatrain was created by Lorraine M. Kanter.

Lilith (demon series)

I am the breath of firmament gazing up upon the heavens I see three angels did descend holier than thou presumption

gazing up upon the heavens their wings resting in my presence striving to steal my mortal soul I will never lay beneath him

I see three angels did descend I have my will so leave me be I am the holy breath of wind you lowly servants of the lord

holier than thou presumption the children's souls I'll gladly take to keep my will and keep my wind the angel of light keeps me now

Author notes:

RETOURNE Like so many other French forms, the retourne is all about repetition. It contains four quatrains (four-line stanzas), and each line has eight syllables. The trick is that the first stanza's second line must also be the second stanza's first line, the first stanza's third line is the third stanza's first, and the first stanza's fourth line is the fourth stanza's first. Retournes do not have to rhyme.

Wikipedia: Lilith is a female Mesopotamian night demon associated with wind and thought to harm children. She is a popular figure of Neo-Pagan worship. In the Book of Isaiah, Lilith (ל ִ י ל ִ י ת , Standard Hebrew Lilith) is a kind of night-demon or animal, translated as onokentauros in the Septuagint, as lamia ' witch ' by Hieronymus of Cardia, and as screech owl in the King James Version of the Bible. Lilith also appears as a night demon in the Talmud and Midrash. She is often identified as the mother of all incubi and succubi. Late medieval Jewish legend portrays her as the first wife and equal of Adam. Considering Adam inferior, Lilith left the Garden of Eden of her own free will (Other stories claim Lilith refused to lie under Adam, as she considered that this was too submissive). Adam then bade three angels to find Lilith and bring her back. When Lilith refused, God punished her by commanding that she slay 100 of her children, called Lilin, each day. Lilith is also sometimes considered to be the paramour of Satan.

Losian of Hetha

Losian of Hetha

'Twas early morn, aerdaeg yet na be cast. Whence pulling me self aside the listing ship; a mid-ship boarding behind the mizenmast. Simple task perchance; cutlass at me hip. Pillage the captains' cabin 'twas me task. A silken gown 'peared from a chest of oak; 'tis I who should adorn this lovely mask. Booty gathered; concealed beneath me cloak. Yea, I took me leave with stealth adeptness. Aboard me dingy; a narrow escape. With jewels and gold and all the prettiness. Taking me leave; booty beneath me cape. Yea, the captain rose and came to the rail. Nay, I shan't be a wielen in his jail.

Author Notes;

Shakespearian Sonnet

To keep the volta at L9 this sonnet my seem to end abruptly. It could be written to be a double sonnet but I thought the book actually told the story.

Old English Translations:

losian: escape ærdæg: daybreak wielen: bondwoman

Lost

The nightmares crept in when I was asleep. 'Twas the restless thoughts of my losing you; you gave me a world I wanted to keep. Then I dreamt it was gone; what I could do?

The dream felt so real that I tossed around. I began to sweat and shake in my skin, the dark room was quiet, nary a sound. I was cold and clammy, drool on my chin.

The dream woke me up and I shook my head. My hand searched around and what did I feel? Right there beside me was you in my bed. My fear then left, it was all so surreal.

My head touched the pillow, I held you tight, dreaming sweet things for the rest of the night.

Author notes

Sonnet:

Sonnets are formal poems and consist of 14 lines (3 quatrains and a couplet), traditionally written in iambic pentameter - that is, in lines ten syllables long, with accents falling on every second syllable.

love cycle

diaphanous veils of woven moonbeams, dancing with stars as two hearts become one. luminous trails on a pillow of dreams, ordained to be ours; cannot be undone.

the universe sings in sweet overtone as the rising tide bows down at our feet. synchronized hearts to a love metronome as souls orchestrate and sorrows retreat.

yet every night ends and dreams disappear, you open your eyes and get out of bed. meanings of love become perfectly clear, part of your heart, found another instead.

my fingers found air instead of your hand and footsteps that leave, no mark on the sand.

love is illusion

kindness is reflection through cloudless skies mirrors reflected are windows and dreams love with giving open windows are eyes dancing in visions are timeless illusions happiness is bliss and compassion eyes unveiled enchanting desire saturation love is enchantment love for life of dreams in compassion spirit compassion in dreams of life for love enchantment is love saturation desire enchanting unveiled eyes compassion and bliss is happiness illusions timeless are visions in dancing eyes are windows open giving with love dreams and windows are reflected mirrors skies cloudless through reflection is kindness

Author Notes: Palindrome Poetry Also Known as Mirrored Poetry

A palindrome, by definition, is a word, phrase, verse, sentence, or even poem that reads the same forward or backward. It stems from the Greek word palindromos: palin, meaning again, and dromos, meaning a running. Combining the two together, the Greek meaning gives us, running back again...

Love Note

You linger in moments that haunt me, like fragments of fragrant essence from the petals of life itself.

You dwell in my very being, like facets of shimmering stones, cut from empyrean orbs.

I've allowed your ethereal beauty to carriage my heart beyond and now I can never return.

Magic Box

I have a secret deep inside, a magic box that I can hide. The little box protects my pride. Demons reside, demons reside

The demons under lock and key, so they no longer bother me. I've locked you there so now you see. It keeps me free, it keeps me free

You left me causing so much pain, broke my heart and left it bane. The box is there to keep me sane. You left a stain, you left a stain

I'm thankful for my secret box, it keeps me crafty like a fox. The sad emotions that it blocks. My magic box

So now you're under lock and key, and there's no way you'll bother me. So now the demons live with thee. I've been set free, I've been set free

Author notes

Monotetra

The monotetra is a new poetic form developed by Michael Walker. Each stanza contains four lines in monorhyme. Each line is in tetrameter (four metrical feet) for a total of eight syllables. What makes the monotetra so powerful as a poetic form, is that the last line contains two metrical feet, repeated. It can have as few as one or two stanzas, or as many as desired.

Magic Locket

There's a wood nymph in my pocket I keep her close to me Around her neck a golden locket For everyone to see I know magic; and so does she She stays close and watches me I know magic I know magic The golden locket has a key

There's a wood nymph in my pocket I only show a few
When the key goes in the sprocket
Just watch what it can do
I turn the key when it goes in
And then the room will start to spin
I turn the key
I turn the key
The magic starts and then I grin

There's a wood nymph in my pocket She'll never fly away But she's quick, just like a rocket I saw her fly one day The magic key will make me strong I'll rule the world, it won't be long The magic key The magic key So won't you come and sing my song?

Author notes:

Trijan Refrain

The Trijan Refrain, created by Jan Turner, consists of three 9-line stanzas, for a total of 27 lines. Line 1 is the same in all three stanzas, although a variation of the form is not to repeat the same line at the beginning of each stanza. In other words, the beginning line of each stanza can be different. The first four syllables of line 5 in each stanza are repeated as the double-refrain for lines 7 and 8. The Trijan Refrain is a rhyming poem with a set meter and rhyme scheme as follows:

Rhyme scheme: a/b/a/b/c/c/d, d refrain of first 4 words of line five /c

Meter: 8/6/8/6/8/8/4,4 refrain/8

Mairi Queen of Scotts

My spirit drifts across the sea released from a box in my hand. A beautiful woman captured me; a queen who rules the Scottish land.

Released from a box in my hand, I followed my spirit, `cross the ocean. Her royal presence in command, beauty in poetic motion.

A beautiful woman captured me, by name of Mairi Queen of Scotts. Spirits return from history like a seaman's line in looping knots.

A queen who rules the Scottish land, has now returned and reigns on high. The course of time has all been planned; my spirit drifts across the sky.

Author notes:

Dedicated to AP poetess: Mairi bheag

Retourne:

Like so many other French forms, the retourne is all about repetition. It contains four quatrains (four-line stanzas) , and each line has eight syllables. The trick is that the first stanza's second line must also be the second stanza's first line, the first stanza's third line is the third stanza's first, and the first stanza's fourth line is the fourth stanza's first. Retournes do not have to rhyme

Mara (demon series)

I ride as a breath of wind, upon my stygian steed To quench my unholy soul, and satisfy my greed My weightless dismount, as an evening fog

has fetched me to your door Like a key I enter in, I am the midnight whore

Innocuous as you think you are, as you lay in rest I slither very close to you and grovel on your chest My corpus melting into yours, a suffocating weight I sup on you; I fill myself, a feast of lust and hate

Submit to me do not resist, my perfumed pungent smell For now the lips that you have kissed, escort you to hell

Author notes:

A mara, mare is a kind of malignant female wraith in Scandinavian folklore believed to cause nightmares. She appears as early as in the Norse Ynglinga saga, but the belief itself is probably even older (see below). 'Mara' is the Old Norse, Swedish and Icelandic name, 'mare' is Norwegian and Danish.

The mara was thought of as an immaterial being – capable of moving through a keyhole or the opening under a door – who seated herself at the chest of a sleeping person and 'rode' him or her, thus causing nightmares. In Norwegian/Danish, the word for nightmare is mareritt/mareridt, meaning 'mareride'. The Icelandic word martröð has the same meaning, whereas the Swedish mardröm translates as 'maredream'. The weight of the mara could also result in breathing difficulties or feeling of suffocation (an experience now known as sleep paralysis).

The mara was also believed to 'ride' horses, which left them exhausted and covered in sweat by the morning. She could also entangle the hair of the sleeping man or beast, resulting in 'marelocks', a belief probably originating as an explanation for polish plait – a hair disease. Even trees could be ridden by the mara, resulting in branches being entangled. The undersized, twisted pine-trees growing on coastal rocks and on wet grounds are known in Sweden as martallar (marepines).

According to a common belief, the free-roaming spirit of sleeping women could become maras, either out of wickedness or as a form of curse. In the latter case, finding out who the cursed person was and repeating 'you are a mara' three times was often enough to release her from this condition.

Marshalline Sonnet

Encased, enlaced, embraced in newness
Enshrined, in time, these are the feelings
So hear a poem that's filled with trueness
Forget the world and all its' dealings
We want a feeling that is golden
So hear this form that was imparted
It differs from the forms of olden
And sings to those who are lighthearted
The ending of each line is mellow
The body of this poem's bolder
It puts a smile on every fellow
And girls will lend a softer shoulder
This is the form Mairi created
Just do what she has stipulated

Author's Notes: Marshalline Sonnet:

The Marshalline Sonnet form is created by: AP poet; Mairi bheag.

This is a wonderful form that allows us to use feminine words for end line rhymes.

9 syllables per line with the following meter:

iamb-iamb-iamb-amphibrach

Mashed Potatoes in My Hair

Mashed Potatoes in My Hair

There's mashed potatoes in my hair. I simply don't know what to do. I've no idea how they got there, There's artichokes and spinach too.

I simply don't know what to do, This really is a silly mess. And now there's sticky food on you, I even got it on my dress.

This really is a silly mess, There's gooey stuff beneath my seat. I'm always neat, I must confess But it's in my toes and on my feet.

This really is a silly mess; I'm only sitting in my chair. You think I'm causing mommy's stress, With mashed potatoes in my hair?

Author Notes:

Form: Modified Retourne

Matthew 7

Am I one with the flowers and the trees; do I have the power, within my hand? Am I in control, when I'm on my knees and without a doubt do I understand?

There's a constant pool that flows within me as I fall on my knees with my request. Gives rise to a spirit that all may see, knowing the changes will be for the best.

The joy and the bliss I've had since my youth still dwell within me, when I kneel to pray. I will show you how I have learned the truth as my dreams come true nearly ev'ry every day.

Knock on the door it will open to you, Believe in yourself and dreams will come true.

Author notes

English sonnet

Matthew 7: 7,8

7. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

8. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

Me Shakespeare

Now I can writ dees sonnets too
Wit all dat poem and rhymin stuff
Jus like that Shakespeare buckaroo
His masterpieces ain't dat tough
Dat Shakespear guy was pretty strange
He writ his stuff wit fedder quill
His underwear he'd never change
Dat was da secret to his skill
Now if ya think I'm foolin; hay!
Jes try ta read his garbled mess
Dat Shakespeare guy was really gay
A closet queen who wore a dress
So common guys, read my sonnet
Not dis guy in heels and bonnet

Measured Metaphor

The house was built with the mortar of verse, stories were raised on foundations of rhyme, on strength of structure we'd fondly converse, we'd hammer the nails to meter in time.

Timbers were rotten beneath a façade, our blueprints discarded favoring hers. 'Twas said she was perfect, a pure demigod; the nature of true intention occurs.

I put my whole heart into building this place, my efforts were lost as all comes undone. Dark were the words that caused my disgrace, hiding my tears of humiliation.

I've lost house and home, betrayed by a friend, the metaphor's rubble, this sonnet's at end.

mind movement #4

reflecting under the boughs unfurling gazing skyward and tasting pins of light a radiant glimmer shown like sterling as a flock of moonbeams trip in my sight

whispering movements as a string quartet as they rest aloft their separate branches leaves, dancing with wind in a silhouette and time stands still as the twilight blanches

a cumulus cluster filters leaf light 'tis an origami of twilight opera and my mind drinks a smile in delight to imagine the mythical hydra

floating in memories, my reflections crescendo of soul, natures' connections

Author notes

Sonnet

Sonnets are formal poems and consist of 14 lines (3 quatrains and a couplet), traditionally written in iambic pentameter - that is, in lines ten syllables long, with accents falling on every second syllable. source: shadowpoetry.com

Miss President

Never forget that November
Election day it was
A day we will all remember
Elected just because
They elected me to take the seat
As president, to meet and greet
They elected me
They elected me
They wanted me because I'm sweet

For just a day I took the job
They asked me for new laws
And they asked me, to stop the mob
So I took it without a pause
They wanted me to stop the crime
They asked me to clean up the grime
They wanted me
They wanted me
This line's just here to make it rhyme

Now the first law, that I did change
Was legalize the guns
Some people may think, that it's strange
But they're the only ones
Give 'em the guns, it's the new law
The biggest guns they ever saw
Give 'em the guns
Give 'em the guns
But the bullets, we did withdraw

Trijan Refrain

The Trijan Refrain, created by Jan Turner, consists of three 9-line stanzas, for a total of 27 lines. Line 1 is the same in all three stanzas, although a variation of the form is not to repeat the same line at the beginning of each stanza. In other words, the beginning line of each stanza can be different. The first four syllables of line 5 in each stanza are repeated as the double-refrain for lines 7 and 8. The Trijan Refrain is a rhyming poem with a set meter and rhyme scheme as follows:

Rhyme scheme: a/b/a/b/c/c/d, d refrain of first 4 words of line five /c

Meter: 8/6/8/6/8/8/4,4 refrain/8

source: shadowpoetry.com

Moral Majority Unite

The time has come for a revolution
Our world has become a festering mess
We must take action, stop the pollution
Our women frightened, our men in duress
We gave up our rights to the institution
We're brainwashed to think its social progress
In the name of tolerance, we've lost our rights
They secretly watch us with satellites

The time has come for a revolution
Join in our cause as we plant a new seed
We have a plan, a new constitution
We're the resistance and we will succeed
Politicians will beg for absolution
Come join our cause, we have children to feed
No longer suppressed, we stand up and fight
Our strength is our bond so come let's unite

The time has come for a revolution
It's time for the meek to inherit the earth
We will demand they pay retribution
Stand up and shout; it is time for new birth
We're not a product of evolution
We're the resistance and we know our worth
Our goal and our cause as sister and brother
Sanctifies laws to love one another

Morning Bouquet

Palace walls caressed by a beam of light, touching my face as it beckons my eyes. I have slumbered in silk throughout the night and now, thoughts of my love beg me to rise. I'm wearing a smile, as one may surmise. Looking my best in a stunning array of long flowing silk as blue as the skies. I must look my best for my love today. Finding my love in the trellised array, amidst the roses and the palace walls. My love gave to me, a gorgeous bouquet. A garden of love, with trickling falls. She gives me peace with all she can render, my love is the garden; in roy'l splendor.

Author notes

Spenserian sonnet

The Spenserian sonnet, invented by Edmund Spenser has the rhyme pattern of: a b a b b c b c c d c d e e Here, the 'abab' pattern sets up distinct four-line groups, each of which develops a specific idea; however, the overlapping a, b, c, and d rhymes form the first 12 lines into a single unit with a separated final couplet. The three quatrains then develop three distinct but closely related ideas, with a different idea (or commentary) in the couplet.

My name is Leonardo

My name is Leonardo, on canvas I shall paint The image in the mirror, making people faint I want to paint myself, the way I really am I want to be a woman and I don't give a damn

The image in the mirror, making people faint As I see my reflection, I know I'm not a saint I'll paint it with a smile so all the world can see The artist with his brush in hand, isn't really me

I want to paint myself, the way I really am Acting like a gentleman, has all been just a scam My name is Leonardo and I love to wear a dress Give them a little smile and I will make them guess

I want to be a woman and I don't give a damn I love to flit around; as dainty as a lamb So I'll paint a little smile and make it very quaint My name is Leonardo, on canvas I shall paint

Author Note:

What famous painting is this about?

My Purpose

My Purpose

Like the desert cactus standing in the sun. A lone presence towering over hot sands, multifaceted, complex and dangerous, commanding and wild.

Entity of love lending breath to the sand, my core is compassion with liquid of life, with alluring soft skin and silken petals. Oasis of love.

My talons are ready and alert at all times. in defense of myself and those that I love. Lending motherly love to a chosen few, I'm the desert flower.

I was born for a purpose, to feed those in need. Let not beauty deceive just open my heart and drink of my soul, the liquid of life. I was born to love.

Author's Notes:

Sapphic form

The first three lines,11 syllables long, are called hendecasyllabics; the last line, only five syllables, has a name that seems designed to make up for its diminutive status: the adonic. In addition to its strict syllable count, the stanza also has a very particular meter: in the first three lines, two trochees, followed by a dactyl, followed by two more trochees; in the last, one dactyl and one trochee.

My Tiger

When my thoughts are turned within, There lives a Tiger I obey. I find my other self... my twin.

Protecting me from mortal sin, She blossoms like a fresh bouquet. When my thoughts are turned within.

She waits in silence with a grin And enemies are easy prey. I find my other self... my twin.

A part of me that waits therein; My Tiger keeps my foes at bay. When my thoughts are turned within.

My Tiger waits beneath my skin And she has never run astray. I find my other self... my twin.

My other self, my discipline; Harm me and she'll make you pay. When my thoughts are turned within, I find my other self... my twin.

Form: Villanelle

Mystery Woman

Born in the darkest shadows of your mind, I'm the phantom woman of mystery. I have laid here in wait for you to find, the intricate part of your history.

I felt your desires and your emotions, absorbing feelings you have collected. I lived with pain and your sinful notions, even the ones, that you had rejected.

You opened your mind and you summoned me. So open your heart and let me undress, all the hurt feelings that I can set free and my love will grant you reality.

Mystery woman; I am called your soul. If you take my hand I will make you whole.

Author Notes:

English Sonnet

Natural War

A single strand of fire crashed from the slate sky and standing in the gaunt garden was a rose. She parted her lips with a flinch at the crack. Life is uncertain.

Her arsenal of thorns grossly outnumbered against the power released from the grey clouds. Vulnerable in her vermillion gown as she stands alone.

She desperately cleaves to the solid earth, as the wind increases in torrent splendor. She cringes at another crack of fire in her violent dance.

Holding fast in the knowledge of victory as the blue skies roll in to capture the foe. Safe in the knowledge that she is not alone, she stands a proud rose.

Author's Notes:

Loose Sapphic Form

The main building blocks of the sapphic are trochees and dactyls. The trochee is a metrical foot with one stressed syllable followed by an unstressed one (DAH-di), while the dactyl contains a stressed syllable followed by two unstressed ones(DAH-di-di). The first three lines of the sapphic contain two trochees, a dactyl, and then two more trochees. The shorter fourth, and final, line of the stanza is called an 'Adonic' and is composed of one dactyl followed by a trochee.

Nebula

As the new day awakens, I appear, and float majestically as I am born. My skirt does billow in a dance austere, as I touch the lake in the early morn.

I raise my veil as a beautiful cloak, and feel my power as I grow in strength. I peacefully cover the wooded oak, embracing beauty, encompassing length.

Yet as the new day, approaches her hour, and light pushes darkness away from the sky, a sadness arrives as I lose my pow'r, and I slowly burn, and I surely die.

I'm morning mist and I'm meant to be free. I'll be back tomorrow for all to see.

Author Notes:

Sonnet

Never Again

Never had a name, never had a chance Never did you fuss, never did you cry Never learned to sing, never learned to dance And never will I know the reason why

Never had the strength, never had the will Never could hold on, never knew my love Never knew the world, never knew its chill And now you fly with angels from above

Never will forget, what you did to me Never can regret, stop my loving tears Never knew the debt, never will be free And now I live the horror of my fears

I never stopped them in that awful room And with a knife they cut you from my womb

No Grey

Surprised and distracted, don't be surprised, agree when you're told, pretend you agree. Despised 'cause you acted, you'll be despised. Free in a black and white world is not free.

Just follow the rules, pretend you are just, close your eyes to the hate as blind minds close. Trust in those people you never can trust, suppose that they're right; be loved I suppose.

Move to the beat of a different drum, move. Be yourself the way they want you to be. Prove that you're right so that they cannot prove. See how they hate when their eyes cannot see.

We live in a black and white world; don't we? Free your mind and simply pretend you're free.

one last chance

it's cold out here, yet the fire looks warm painful, hungry feelings envelope me for I'm left outside, in this raging storm one last chance, hear my cry; hear my plea

painful, hungry feelings envelope me for through your window, I see what I lost one last chance, hear my cry; hear my plea I've wandered astray at a terrible cost

for through your window, I see what I lost knowing the cure is behind your locked door I've wandered astray at a terrible cost please give back to me our love from before

knowing the cure is behind your locked door I see the warm hearth and the embers aglow please give back to me our love from before I've changed my ways, I want you to know

I see the warm hearth and the embers aglow so unlock your soul and give back your heart I've changed my ways, I want you to know I'm totally yours for just a new start

so unlock your soul and give back your heart for I'm left outside, in this raging storm I'm totally yours for just a new start it's cold out here and yet the fire looks warm

Author Notes:

Pantoum

The Pantoum is a simple form yet more difficult to compose than the sestina. It is far more repetitive, for its defining rules are ABAB stanzas of four lines each, and the second and fourth lines of one stanza become the first and third of the next. It can be any number of stanzas long, but the ending line must be the same as the first. The result is a poem that takes two steps forward and one step back the entire way through, finally ending on the same note it started.

Perky Nipples

The wonders of a sheer white blouse, far from the safety of your house. It's time to trash that old brassiere and go without, forget the fear.

This is what happens, dressed like this, shoulders back, in feminine bliss. People behold with much delight, your perky nipples through the white.

Off to the grocery store you go The freezer section; don't ya know? Where boys hang out to see the show, of perky nipples as they grow.

Like little cherries poking through Your lovely cleavage with a view. You strut your stuff and bounce along your perky nipples sing a song.

The boys will think that you're the best. With perky nipples on your chest.

Pirate Story

Aye; me given birth name be Jacqueline LaPue
And dwell 'neath the colours of cross bone and skull
O the tale that I tell is known but by few
From our pirate schooner with long lissome hull
We rule the ocean 'neath a sky of blue
The name of our ship is the Laughing Gull
We be well armed with brass guns amidships
And brandishing cutlasses at our hips

One day we set sail for treasure we seek 'twas north by north we laid chase to our prey The merchant ship laden and we rigged her to leak Our gun barrels sounded; to their dismay We boarded their ship, they were so weak O the fight was bloody that fateful day We outnumbered the scoundrels attacking their flank The ones that were left, we made walk the plank

We counted the treasure and the chests of gold Glimmering gems were a thing of beauty With spoils of war we filled up the hold We scuttled their ship as we kept the bootie Then danced on the poop deck the story is told And drank rum 'neath the mainsail a pirates duty The flap of the fo'c'sle then took us away For the life of a pirate there is much to say

Authot Note: Form; Ottava Rima

Poet to Poet

I think of you in the dark of night, finding the love in the words I give you. Remember the day you came into view, when the sonnet you penned, came into sight. Enamored before the daybreak light, your words were so precious, so very true. I savored each moment each verse so new. Penned is your heart, in the poems that you write.

So here by the sea, we walk hand in hand, near the ocean of dreams with clarity. Reciting our poems on the moonlit sand, you're the Architect of reality. You opened my mind and made it expand. A man of great strength and security.

Author notes

Petrarchan Sonnet

The Italian sonnet is divided into two sections by two different groups of rhyming sounds. The first 8 lines is called the octave and rhymes: abbaabba The Volta occurs at L9

The remaining 6 lines is called the sestet and can have either two or three rhyming sounds, arranged in a variety of ways:

c d c d c d c d d c d c c d e c d e c d e c e d c d c e d c

The exact pattern of sestet rhymes (unlike the octave pattern) is flexible. In strict practice, the one thing that is to be avoided in the sestet is ending with a couplet (dd or ee), as this was never permitted in Italy, and Petrarch himself (supposedly) never used a couplet ending; in actual practice, sestets are sometimes ended with couplets

Poetic Flight

Like a magic incantation, within the pages of my mind, dwells poetic inspiration, with strong emotions all entwined.

Within the pages of my mind, I crack the cover of my thought and out flies poems of every kind composing things I have been taught.

I crack the cover of my thought to use the essence that makes me, the better person I have sought with penned ideas that keep me free.

To use the essence that makes me a poetess that loves to write and show the world for all to see my poems are full of pow'r and might.

A poetess that loves to write the thoughts escaping from my soul and all the feelings within sight, my poetry will make me whole.

Author notes

Retourne:

Like so many other French forms, the Retourne is all about repetition. It contains four quatrains (four-line stanzas), and each line has eight syllables. The trick is that the first stanza's second line must also be the second stanza's first line, the first stanza's third line is the third stanza's first, and the first stanza's fourth line is the fourth stanza's first. Retournes do not have to rhyme.

poetry

complex intuition black and white seeps into mental crevices

redolent expectations wandering platitudes determined summation

infused feelings taste, motion image projection

raise the dead lust and love self realization

immortal thoughts penned on foliage flesh everlasting legacy

Poets' Pen

we give the poet words to use and simple thoughts to wake his muse. penning a dream, as we know it, words to use, we give the poet.

writing feelings, with pen in hand. opening minds to understand; love, hate and emotional dealings; with pen in hand, writing feelings.

poets are born with a special gift that gives the readers heart a lift and with a pen they can adorn with a special gift, poets are born

a poets' muse can really storm If he writes his poems, in a form forms are tools for poets to use can really storm a poets' muse

like a sword, is a poets' pen piercing the heart over again with forms and musings he'll record a poets' pen is like a sword

Author notes:

Swap Quatrain:

Each stanza in the poem must be a quatrain (four lines) where the first line is reversed in the fourth line. In addition, line 2 must rhyme with line 1, and line 3 must rhyme with line 4 and so on, BUT not repeat the same rhyming pattern on subsequent stanzas.

Rhyming pattern: AABB, CCDD, and so on.

Printed Passage

With a glass of wine and a roaring fire, a cozy robe and an evening alone, my journey begins, increasing desire to enter the realm of places unknown.

My mind takes flight and mortality fades, reality morphs to a figment of dreams. I soar through colors of undefined shades and ride on the backs of feral moonbeams.

It's Chapter one and the excitement mounts, I'm lost in a trance with each turning page, devouring thoughts in measured amounts as the trundles of soul shift and engage.

You'll find your heart and the path that it took, encased in the bindings of a good book.

Psalm 17

Psalm 17

O LORD, attend unto my cry You are the Lord on high O hear unto my prayer Take me unto your care and lead me from despair

O LORD, attend unto my cry You are the reason why That I shall never die attend unto my cry

Mighty God, it is you on high For your love, I will not deny My Jesus Lord above And His relentless love Undying bliss when you are nigh attend unto my cry

Author Note: Form; Rondeau

Psalm 23

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want. I follow His path and He takes my hand. I am delivered from dark angels' taunt; which only the righteous can understand.

With God by my side, I'm never afraid; my time on this earth is all but a test. Forgiving my sins, mistakes that I've made, I trust in my Lord and He does the rest.

I am now safe, I sit at His table, my cup is now full as He protects me. I am His lamb, content in His stable; my enemies hide as Christ set me free.

They run and hide at the sight of His sword; here I shall dwell in the house of the Lord.

Author Note: English Sonnet

Purpose

Ponder a moment and look up above, gaze at the jewels in the black velvet crown. Pin points of light that are set there with love, dressing the night like a beautiful gown.

Designed by the Jeweler, set here in space, given the purpose to realize your dreams. So gaze at the splendor of evening lace and know that your world is not as it seems.

I am your jewel and I'm set in the sky born with a purpose, a twinkling light. I hear your prayer with a tear in my eye. I am your star that you see in the night.

Know that my purpose is only for you, if you wish on me, your dreams will come true.

Raven's Flight

Whispers of a silent good by My face pressed on the window glass She gave the world a touch of class And all alone, I sit and cry

She left us for a place on high The time has come that she should pass Whispers of a silent good by My face pressed on the window glass

She heard my heart and tears would dry She made me smile with a little sass Passed to the place of greener grass And now she lives where angels fly Whispers of a silent good by

In memory of AP poetess and my friend; "can't-touch-this".

Rondel

A French form consisting of 13 lines: two quatrains and a quintet, rhyming as follows: ABba abbaA. The capital letters are the refrains, or repeats.

Red

Red are the flowers, where my garden grows Red glossy lips for tasting sweet red wine Red painted nails and pretty matching toes Red is the color, making life divine

Red glossy lips for tasting sweet red wine Red is my heart for giving you my love Red is the color, making life divine Red is the sunset, in the sky above

Red is my heart for giving you my love Red is the rose, such a pretty flower Red is the sunset, in the sky above Red is the color with the strongest pow'r

Red is the rose, such a pretty flower Red painted nails and pretty matching toes Red is the color with the strongest pow'r Red are the flowers, where my garden grows

Author notes

This Pantoum is composed in decasyllable with each line beginning with the identical word.

Pantoum Poetry

The pantoum consists of a series of quatrains rhyming ABAB in which the second and fourth lines of a quatrain recur as the first and third lines in the succeeding quatrain; each quatrain introduces a new second rhyme as BCBC, CDCD. The first line of the series recurs as the last line of the closing quatrain, and third line of the poem recurs as the second line of the closing quatrain, rhyming ZAZA.

The design is simple:

Line 1 Line 2

Line 3

Line 4

Line 5 (repeat of line 2)

Line 6

Line 7 (repeat of line 4)

Line 8

Continue with as many stanzas as you wish, but the ending stanza then repeats the second and fourth lines of the previous stanza (as its first and third lines), and also repeats the third line of the first stanza, as its second line, and the first line of the first stanza as its fourth. So the first line of the poem is also the last.

Last stanza:

Line 2 of previous stanza

Line 3 of first stanza Line 4 of previous stanza Line 1 of first stanza

Red Pencil

Red Pencil
R ed pencil with magic flair
E nrichment while in school
D ancing red marks are everywhere
Red pencil; teachers' tool
Red pencil marks, to make it right
I studied hard with all my might
Red pencil marks
Red pencil marks
I passed the test to my delight

P encil red is the teachers' tool
E dified magic wand
N ebulous to the Golden Rule
C lassroom and teacher bond
I want to teach, want to be free
L ife as a teacher, that's for me
I want to teach
I want to teach
Some day I'll teach, Form Poetry

Red pencil, with magic flair
I studied hard in school
I'm now a teacher; answered prayer
Red pencil is my tool
I'm a teacher, I live my dream
Teaching poetry to the extreme
I'm a teacher
I'm a teacher
And my red pencil is supreme

Author Notes:

Acrostic Trijan Refrain

Trijan Refrain

The Trijan Refrain, created by Jan Turner, consists of three 9-line stanzas, for a total of 27 lines. Line 1 is the same in all three stanzas, although a variation of the form is not to repeat the same line at the beginning of each stanza. In other words, the beginning line of each stanza can be different. The first four syllables of line 5 in each stanza are repeated as the double-refrain for lines 7 and 8. The Trijan Refrain is a rhyming poem with a set meter and rhyme scheme as follows:

Rhyme scheme: a/b/a/b/c/c/d, d refrain of first 4 words of line five /c

Meter: 8/6/8/6/8/8/4,4 refrain/8

source: shadowpoetry.com

Red Violin

O my dearest heart, thou hast shed a tear, casting melancholy shadows within. Your continence has brought my soul so near, 'tis liken to a concert violin. The burdens of many, loom within your heart and you forgot my pain in crescendo. I beg you dearest; set my strings apart, hear me, without callus innuendo. At the concerts' end, silence fills the hall. You pick me up, caress my finished wood. Feel the trust, in an instrument so small and finely tuned with love that's understood. So dear, see my strataverious heart; regain my trust and n'er tear it apart.

Author notes:

English Sonnet:

Sonnets are formal poems and consist of 14 lines (3 quatrains and a couplet), traditionally written in iambic pentameter - that is, in lines ten syllables long, with accents falling on every second syllable. The Volta occurs at L9. Source: shadowpoetry.com

Return the Princess

Return the Princess

Sir Knight, I beg of you, fetch my sister.
A high born lady, stolen from our court.
Stricken from the scroll of the royal Lister.
As children, our time together was short.
She vanished the day the palace was stormed.
Swept from our presence and ripped from the fold.
'twas torn from my life, yet my love had formed.
So fetch her for me, before she is sold.

I know where she is, she waiteth you see.
O find her my Knight, on your pure white steed.
She is lost in the land of poetry.
Bid me my sister and fulfill my need.
Rumor holds she is well beyond the sea.
So ride Sir Knight, bring my sister to me.

Author notes
English Sonnet
Sonnets are formal poems and consist of 14 lines (3 quatrains and a couplet),
traditionally written in iambic pentameter - that is, in lines ten syllables long, with
accents falling on every second syllable. English sonnets rhyme in the following scheme
ababcdcdefefgg
source: shadowpoetry.com

Lister - assessor who makes out the tax lists

Room at the Inn

An eerie feeling on the road that night, I was cold, tired and needed some sleep. As the dark mist parted I could see the light, so I cocked the wheel as I turned my Jeep.

"O yes I have room", replied the inn keep and from a small box, he handed me keys. I was slow to decide but I needed sleep. "Do you want it or not?" - I replied; "please".

I stepped in the room, felt weak in my knees, as the door slammed shut the terror began. The temperature dropped about ten degrees I'm locked in a room with that awful man.

Why didn't that sign say "No Vacancy", I thought to myself, as he strangled me.

Author notes

Spenserian sonnet

The Spenserian sonnet has a rhyme pattern of: abab bcbc cdcd ee
Here, the 'abab' pattern sets up distinct four-line groups, each of which develops a specific idea; however, the overlapping a, b, c, and d rhymes form the first 12 lines into a single unit with a separated final couplet. The three quatrains then develop three distinct but closely related ideas, with a different idea (or commentary) in the couplet.

Rusalka (demon series)

O how I love gazing into

the still moonlit pool
I bask in the reflection of my own radiant beauty
The fire of my emerald green eyes
slice thru the blanket of fog
as each stroke my brush
lends a lustrous sheen to my seductive mane

You approach...

My transparent gown flows about me as I flit to the meadow; for my unholy waltz of enticement

My solitary voice wailing the irresistible... Symphony of seduction

Hypnotically your essence is drawn to me as my succulent breasts impale you in our embrace You are deplumed of will as we immerse...

in the watery abyss of lust your chest burning with the fire of suffocation as the key is revealed

to hades and your eternal damnation

Author notes:

Rusalka

Wikipedia In Slavic mythology, a rusalka (plural: rusalki) was a female ghost, water nymph, succubus or mermaid-like demon that dwelled in a waterway. According to most traditions, the rusalki were fish-women, who lived at the bottom of rivers. In the middle of the night, they would walk out to the bank and dance in meadows. If they saw handsome men, they would fascinate them with songs and dancing, mesmerise them, then lead the person away to the river floor, to live with them. The stories about rusalki have parallels with the Germanic Nix and the Irish banshee. See Slavic fairies for similar creatures.

Origin

In most versions, the rusalka is an unquiet dead being, associated with the 'unclean force.' According to Zelenin, people who die violently and before their time, such as young women who commit suicide because they have been jilted by their lovers, or unmarried women who are pregnant out of wedlock, must live out their designated time on earth as a spirit.

The ghostly version is the soul of a young woman who had died in or near a river or a lake and came to haunt that waterway. This undead rusalka is not invariably malevolent, and will be allowed to die in peace if her death is avenged.

Rusalki can also come from unbaptized children, often those who were born out of wedlock and drowned by their mothers for that reason. Baby rusalki supposedly wander the forest begging to be baptized so that they can have peace. They are not necessarily innocent, however, and can attack a human foolish enough to approach them.

Description

While her primary dwelling place was the body of water in which she died, the rusalka could come out of the water at night, climb a tree, and sit there singing songs, sit on a dock and comb her hair, or join other rusalki in circle dances (Russian: х о р о о ы , Polish: korowody) in the field.

Though in some versions of the myth, the eyes shine like green fire, others describe them as extremely pale, with no visible pupils, such as in the famous Ivan Bilibin drawing. Her hair is sometimes depicted as green, and often perpetually wet. According to some legends, should the rusalka's hair dry out, she will die. Rusalki like to seduce men. They can do so by enticing men with their singing and then drowning them. Men seduced by the rusalka could die in her arms, and in some versions hearing her laugh could also cause death.

Sailors Return

summer rain echoed, alone in my room as the letter had come by post that day my hands trembled in fear of his doom the envelope spotted with ocean spray eight months at sea on a ship far away I opened the letter addressed to me enclosed was a sketch in charcoal grey as a horse in lather, my heart galloped free yet rough was the sketch, he was on bended knee the picture explained for he could not write that soon he'd be home and we'll marry you see the hollow of my heart filled with love tonight

the rough times are over and soon he'll be here I took it in stride so relieved of my fear

Author Notes:

Spenserian Sonnet

The Spenserian sonnet, invented by Edmund Spenser as an outgrowth of the stanza pattern he used in The Faeire Queene (a b a b b c b c c), has the pattern: a b a b b c b c c d c d e e

Here, the 'abab' pattern sets up distinct four-line groups, each of which develops a specific idea; however, the overlapping a, b, c, and d rhymes form the first 12 lines into a single unit with a separated final couplet. The three quatrains then develop three distinct but closely related ideas, with a different idea (or commentary) in the couplet. Interestingly, Spenser often begins L9 of his sonnets with 'But' or 'Yet, ' indicating a volta exactly where it would occur in the Italian sonnet; however, if one looks closely, one often finds that the 'turn' here really isn't one at all, that the actual turn occurs where the rhyme pattern changes, with the couplet, thus giving a 12 and 2 line pattern very different from the Italian 8 and 6 line pattern.

Shadows within Shadows

Come with me in the shadows, come Way beyond the caravan way Drum out the fear and hear the drum Play minstrel play; play minstrel play

Burn the candles 'n smell 'em burn Daylight is gone, this is your day Learn the music that shadows learn Play minstrel play; play minstrel play

Romance in shadows sweet romance Sway to music, let your heart sway Dance with dancers, join in their dance Play minstrel play; play minstrel play

Come with me in the shadows, come Play minstrel play; play minstrel play

Shadow Sonnet Giudelines found here:

http://www.shadowpoetry.com/resources/wip/types.html

Siege

Open thine eyes and view my soul, pray tell. Thou has entered my gate, passed o're my moat. Thy quest hath brought thee, were unto I dwell, feeling thy gaze, upon my naked throat.

You entered my castle with royal charms and captured my heart while storming my gates. The gleam of your sword and strength of your arms, the lust of desire eagerly waits.

Yet I ask of you, O knight of my dreams, pillage my body as much as you will by quenching thirst with thy lustful regimes, come to my gallery and find your thrill.

The gallery of my soul not just flesh, 'tis the place where dreams and heart do mesh.

silent terror

it came to me in many a dream provoking terror in extreme a frightening thought as you will see in many a dream it came to me

into my mind this thought would creep as I lay down to go to sleep a fear of being so confined this thought would creep into my mind

it's dark and silent, cold and cruel a festering torture for a fool internal panic that is violent cold and cruel it's dark and silent

not exhumed and buried alive there's no way out, I can't survive she's dead and gone, they all presumed buried alive and not exhumed

it's come to pass so now I'm here I scratch the lid in violent fear a wooden box locked with brass so now I'm here, it's come to pass

Author Notes:

Swap Quatrain:

Each stanza in the poem must be a quatrain (four lines) where the first line is reversed in the fourth line. In addition, line 2 must rhyme with line 1, and line 3 must rhyme with line 4 and so on, BUT not repeat the same rhyming pattern on subsequent stanzas.

Rhyming pattern: AABB, CCDD, and so on.

The Swap Quatrain was created by Lorraine M. Kanter.

Sing Aurora Sing

See the symphony of light o'er the sea. Softly the agony resends softly. Free rising orb setting harmony free. Brightly absorb with a song so brightly.

Aurora light from morning aurora. Song of the night is now operas' song. Flora delight; like blossoms of flora. Long is the sight with emotions so long.

Rising crescendo with morning rising. Serene innuendo leaves mind serene. Surprising opera; light surprising. Pristine genera of human pristine.

So open your heart let the light sing so. Know symphony light, and your mind will know.

Author Notes:

Shadow Sonnet with internal rhyme.

Shadow Sonnet created by Amera M. Andersen may be written in any sonnet style. The Shadow takes place at the beginning and ending of each line as the words are identical or homophonic.

14 lines 9 or 10 syllables per line Should have a volta or pivit Iambic pentameter is not necessary

Southern Hospitality

Ya'll come on down, jus listen ta me Just set y'er self down, n' make this y'er home A southern place, n' hospitality A land full of love, n' a place made for thee

Jus settle on down, no reason to roam With a parasol and a pretty hair comb Ya'll come on down, jus listen ta me Just set y'er self down, n' make this y'er home

With orange blossoms n' mint julep tea The cool summer breeze and sassafras foam Where everything grows in rich southern loam We all want ya here I'm sure you'll agree Ya'll come on down, jus listen ta me

Author notes Rondel A French form consisting of 13 lines: two quatrains and a quintet, rhyming as follows: ABba abAB abbaA. The capital letters are the refrains, or repeats.

Spear of Longinus

Out gushed the water with blood spilling out Above the crowd, as my Lord hangs above Doubt crossed my mind as my love I did doubt Love is in my soul, yet I doubt my love

Spear in my hand and my Lord I did spear Flood of my misery with a crimson flood Fear in my soul for my Lord I do fear Blood of the Lamb is the purest of blood

Will He condemn me; is it the Lord's will? Down in history the Centurion goes down Skill with my spear took His life with such skill Frown on my face reflect the angels frown

So the question is this; did I love Him so? Woe fills my heart; am I condemned to woe?

Author's Notes:

Form: Shadow Sonnet:

Shadow Sonnet created by Amera M. Andersen may be written in any sonnet style. The Shadow takes place at the beginning and ending of each line as the words are identical or homophonic.

14 lines

9 or 10 syllables per line Should have a volta or pivot Iambic pentameter is not necessary

Spirit to Spirit

Spirit to Spirit

So many things have turned my spirit so. Yet I do resist and yield to it yet. Know that I give my strength for you to know. Forget you? No, I shall never forget.

Left with my sandpaper dreams since you left. Love lies in my spirit, for you my love. Theft of your presence is not spirit theft. Above all my dreams, I hold you above.

You now have returned, I knew it was you. Waiting so long as my heart was waiting; few have returned, yet you're one of the few. Aching for you as my soul was aching.

War takes so many; yet, you've beaten war. Door of my spirit, come enter my door.

Author Notes:

Shadow Sonnet created by Amera M. Andersen may be written in any sonnet style. The Shadow takes place at the beginning and ending of each line as the words are identical. 14 lines 9 or 10 syllables per line

Should have a volta or pivit Iambic pentameter is not necessary

Strength and Pride

Strength and Pride

True love is the agony of the mind, It will melt you away like snow in the sun. Love's an addiction, a powerful kind; So put up your wall, be sure you can run.

I'm wearing away from pain in my heart. Love can soften and you'll lose self control. It's time I grew up, I must make a start. I'll fight the addiction; won't lose my soul.

Yet my spirit is strong and all the while, This disease called love tries to consume. I have a protector, it's called a smile. I put up my wall and life will resume.

I'm woman supreme, not one of the crowd, I'm female pristine; I'll always stand proud.

Authot Notes:

English sonnet Volta at L9 and a twist of an internal rhyme in the envoy.

Stuck

I went to gather firewood
And much to my surprise
I came across this neighborhood
And heard these funny cries
A talking bear was in a tree
The bear was cold as he could be
A talking bear
A talking bear
To my surprise he talked to me

I went to gather firewood
And came across this bear
He spoke to me right where I stood
And told me to beware
He said; "look out" it happens fast
They'll freeze you with a winter blast
He said; "look out"
He said; "look out"
"I'm stuck here like an iron cast"

I went to gather firewood
It happened like he said
They froze me like he said they would
I could not move ahead
I'm frozen stiff and stuck right here
The winter winds are quite severe
I'm frozen stiff
I'm frozen stiff
I might thaw out within a year

Subtle Escape

The soft shaded path, leads to the entrance, of my secret escape and place of dreams. I open the gate and begin my trance in the garden with my romantic schemes.

Caressed by the fragrance within the breeze I'm in the midst of a flowered array. I'm one with the blossoms and honey bees and centered within a floral bouquet.

It's here that I feel so light on my feet so I open my arms, I twirl and I dance. In this secret place that is so discrete, like a little girl that dreams of romance.

I love this garden and when I come here my troubles all seem, to just disappear.

Succubus (demon series)

Changing into the catacombs of your desire
I have sequestered my prodigal heart in an unholy way

To have your seed at my will Placing my immortal soul in escrow

As the stifling pressure of my archangel's breasts Impale you're side

you to succumb to me

like the myriad of men have before you

You will choke pitch black air at the jasmine scent of my breath as it fills your being

I will cackle at the hilarity of your pitiful maleness Until your vulcanized flesh is torn asunder by the

reprisals of the dawn of your new hell

Author notes

In Western medieval legend, a succubus (plural succubi) is a demon who takes the form of a female to seduce men (especially monks) in dreams to have sexual intercourse. They draw energy from the men to sustain themselves, often until the point of exhaustion or death of the victim.

Summer Memories

Summer Memories

Forlorn as I kick the encrusted snow Summer memories and present longings The days on the lake with my loving beau Entrusted to you, love and belongings

O little boat how you carried us through So many hours we spent on the lake With lover's secrets that only you knew We'll trust you again for next summer's break

I felt like a princess as he would row With parasail, dress and my linen gloves My flowered hat and my face all aglow We nestled in you like two turtle doves

O little love boat when winter is through Be ready my friend, we'll be back for you

Author notes Sonnet

Sonnets are formal poems and consist of 14 lines (3 quatrains and a couplet) , traditionally written in iambic pentameter - that is, in lines ten syllables long, with accents falling on every second syllable.

Sweet Corazon

She came to me with her transparent dreams A pregnant young girl with her life to give Death swims before her in hazy illusion Forced and raped, she was left in pain Searching for someone to make it all stop Wandering aimless she searches for help

She goes without sleep and thinks it will help A sordid parasite that eats at her dreams Just passing through time as it comes to a stop Fragile heart of glass, with no future to give The hollowed sphere on a pendulum of pain The swinging emotion a perpetual illusion

Endlessly aching, consumed in illusion Searching for drugs thinking that will help She closes her eyes and she sees the pain Mindless and boundless, obscure in her dreams Look in her eyes and the desperation they give Mindless and boundless, obscurity won't stop

Yet her bright wondering gaze came to a stop As her blind eyes scream in silent illusion She can't understand, a cold stare to give All empathy lying un-graced with all help An eternal echo trapped in her dreams As empty as the ocean when I see her pain

Her thought of abortion causes me pain Pregnant and desperate she wants it to stop All that makes her whole, is held in her dreams All of her guilt is just an illusion Those that she sought refused to give help So honor and pride to her we must give

Together, we pray knowing God will give I know that with love, we can heal the pain I'm here with my heart and my hands to help I love her so much and want her pain to stop We must give her life and destroy her illusion If only we could, we would sweeten her dreams

If only others would give, these atrocities would stop There must be a way to kill the pain and keep the illusion So give of yourself to help these kids and restore their dreams

Author Notes: Form: Sestina

Tears from Heaven

O God hear an angels' prayer If only man would learn to love Forgive the sight of blinded men The angels' prayer from far above

Banished from the eyes of God The tears fall on the clouds again The angels' prayer from far above Forgive the sight of blinded men

The teardrops fall upon a cloud O God hear this prayer thereof Forgive the sight of blinded men The angels' prayer from far above

Weep until our prayer is answered God please hear this prayer; amen The angels' prayer from far above Forgive the sight of blinded men

Author notes

Mirrored Refrain

The Mirrored Refrain is a rhyming verse form constructed by Stephanie Repnyek.

The poem is formed by three or more quatrains where two lines within the quatrain are the 'mirrored refrain' or alternating refrain.

The rhyme scheme is as follows: xaBA, xbAB, xaBA, xbAB, etc...

x represents the only lines that do not rhyme within the poem. A and B represent the refrain. The first four stanzas of the example poem are labeled for better understanding.

Terpsichore

Dancing together gracefully Enthralled by your charms totally Softly, music so romancing Gracefully, together dancing

A stolen kiss in the dark A musically created spark Embracing your romantic bliss In the dark a stolen kiss

Music lifts me in your charms Gently swaying in your arms Two hearts as one in harmony In your charms, music lifts me

I find comfort, in your embrace Dressed for you, in my finest lace With the music, our hearts entwined In your embrace, comfort I find

In your heart the music keep Dreams of dancing in my sleep So we shall never be apart Keep the music in your heart

Author notes

Swap Quatrain: each stanza in the poem must be a quatrain (four lines) where the first line is reversed in the fourth line. In addition, line 2 must rhyme with line 1, and line 3 must rhyme with line 4 and so on, BUT not repeat the same rhyming pattern on subsequent stanzas.

Rhyming pattern: AABB, CCDD, and so on.

The Swap Quatrain was created by Lorraine M. Kanter.

The Dragon's Release

The eastern gate of the sheltered forest, was well over grown from years of neglect. It's not a place for the curious tourist; with human skulls, hung on trees for effect. Men have courage but mine is the poorest for certain danger is what I expect. So starts the story of the fateful quest for the golden key that opens the chest.

For countless years the key had been missing and it opened the chest of eternal dreams. The dragon protects it with fire and hissing, a six headed hydra with bone chilling screams. I trembled with terror as I was approaching, I realized my safety was not as it seems. I circled around and crouched down behind and hid in a place where he would be blind.

Then in an instant, the dragon aware; turned quickly to face me, I had been found. Felt weak in my knees at his red eyed stare, my body collapsing, I fell to the ground. I started to cry it was all I could bear. To my elation he spoke most profound. "Hello little girl; just why are you here"? His soft tender voice abated my fear.

I answered the dragon as kind as I could; "I've come here to beg for the golden key". He replied in kind as a dragon should; "If I give it to you; will you release me"? "I know that the chest will only do good". "I'm trapped in this body and want to be free". I smiled at the dragon and granted his wish, the world is now saved from dreamless anguish.

Author notes:

Ottava Rima:

An Ottava Rima is a poem written in 8-line octaves. Each line is of a 10 or 11 syllable count in the following rhyme scheme: one octave poem. abababcc two octave poem. abababcc, dededeff three octave poem. abababcc, dededeff, ghghghii and so on....

The Flight of the Bennu

Born of the embers of cinnamon myrrh, taking flight o're the kingdom of Pharaoh. The gods gave her pow'r and watched over her, still she fell from the sky by an arrow.

Now the fluid of life that stained her wing would consume any mortal winged fowl. The pain that she felt was agonizing as she covered the wound with her cowl.

Yet, lo and behold the stain disappeared as the shaft of the arrow fell from skin and the gods of Pharaoh silently cheered with the sound of harps and a mandolin.

So the fate of the Bennu, the bird of fire, lends pow'r to Egypt; 'tis Pharaoh's des're.

Author notes -

Source: Wikipedia

A phoenix is a mythical bird with beautiful gold and red plumage. At the end of its life-cycle the phoenix builds itself a nest of cinnamon twigs that it then ignites; both nest and bird burn fiercely and are reduced to ashes, from which a new, young phoenix arises. The new phoenix is destined to live, usually, as long as the old one. In some stories, the new phoenix embalms the ashes of the old phoenix in an egg made of myrrh and deposits it in the Egyptian city of Heliopolis (sun city in Greek). The bird was also said to regenerate when hurt or wounded by a foe, thus being almost immortal and invincible — a symbol of fire and divinity. Bennu: Is the Egyptian name for the phoenix the bird of fire.

The Game

Squares eight times eight divide the battle field. Devout strong soldiers each with skills to bring. The ivory queen, nor ebony shall yield. With vengeance they protect an honored king. Front line of pawns direct their fatal blow, while knights protect upon their mighty steed. The castle walls prevent attacking flow and bishops lend a royal spiritual need.

I turn to you and vow to be your queen, to stand by you and guard your royal throne. I beg you Sire, to serve your royal need. I make this pledge; "you'll never be alone". The game of love is such a game of mind; devoted queens are difficult to find.

Author notes:

Shakespearean sonnet

The Guf

God gave man the number seven, He showed me a place that's far above. High up in the seventh heaven, a place that's filled with constant love.

He showed me a place that's far above; I saw the treasury of souls. Where unborn souls reside thereof and wait to fill their human rolls.

High up in the seventh heaven, resides the sacred Hall of Souls. A baby's spirit still un-leaven, a loving place that God controls.

A place that's filled with constant love; so when you hear the sparrows' song, a descending spirit falls like a dove and to our God, we all belong.

Author Note: Form. Retourne

The Life of a Streetlamp

The clock raised its hands in the dead of the night and the street creatures fell into order. Blackness fell back from the corner streetlight as dark spaces between lost their border. The clock dropped a hand one quarter ways down and the memories of night were released. The streetlamp shone bright like jewels in a crown exposing an alley cat licking his feast.

The streetlamp so wise explained it this way: "Behold the woman I bless with my glow, she hides in the shadows far from display and she, like others, thinks no one will know."

The clock ticks on and the night disappears: streetlamps stay silent embracing night fears.

The Mariner's Revenge

i Listen my children and hear this old tale, I know it sounds strange, I'm told that it's true. It happened when tall ships sailed on the blue, Two salty sailors fell over the rail. They found themselves in the gut of a whale, He swallowed them whole like a tasty stew. Then the ship sailed away far out of view, Leaving the sailors alone to prevail.

It all seemed to start because of a fight, Fists started swinging and cursing broke out. Two drunken sailors got nasty that night; Wait 'till you hear what the fight was about. All for a woman whose stature was slight, A queen among women there was no doubt.

A queen among women there was no doubt, A lover to one and to the other you see; For she was his mother, apparently. She was abused by the one who was stout. Of course an encounter provoking the bout. The fight continued, they could not agree, Two sailors caught up in their destiny. Each trying to prove who had the most clout.

The two men slid down the throat of that fish. Entangled together they fell to their fate, Punching and shouting in total anguish, They did not realize that they were fish bait. The whale thought the sailors a tasty dish. They reached the whale's belly, it was too late.

They reached the whale's belly, it was too late.
Then came to their senses and realized their plight,
Victims of fate and a whale's appetite.
The sailor's egos began to deflate;
Could this be the time to negotiate?
The gut of the whale was dark as the night
So they lit a fire, providing some light.
Now able to see, fire fueled their hate.

Now the guts of the whale was their carpeting The ribs of the fish were the ceiling beams Their voices were echoes that rang in extremes The stench in that place was like vomiting And no one was there to silence their screams. It all could not be more discomforting.

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It all could not be more discomforting As this tragedy began to unfold. This is the story and how it was told. When the old sailor used the girl for a fling The younger sailor was just a young thing. The old salt had taken her body so bold Then took her money and clothes that he sold, Left her for dead with an awful beating.

The younger sailor has now turned eighteen And remembers his mother on her death bed. She asked him to find this man who was mean And break all his fingers and bones in his head. She wanted revenge with pain in extreme, So his hatred grew from what she had said.

V
So his hatred grew from what she had said
And now he was here alone with this man.
He started to think and developed a plan.
The boy couldn't wait to see the bloodshed.
He tied him and bound him with fingers spread
Shredding his flesh like the blades of a fan.
He tortured and beat the old sailorman.
The old man was sorry the woman was dead.

For all his remorse had come much too late He was tied and beaten and could not argue. They were the whale's dinner, without debate And neither sailor could think of rescue. There's two ways to die in a whale so great. I know it sounds strange, I'm told that it's true.

The Model

The Model

The canvas caressed by the artists' brush I feel beauty as it begs to be born The colours blend to a glorious flush Labor of love like the rose and the thorn

I'm a working girl and availed for hire I hold my pose with a floral bouquet The stillness lends my soul to desire as the clock hands wipe the hours away

Thoughts and desire keep my body still Undressed, exposed to your critical eyes I'm tempted to give myself to your will To give you my heart and open my thighs

Yet I know you have no interest in me I'm here for the art and critics to see

Author Note:

English sonnet

All though the traditional Shakespearian sonnet is written in iambic pentameter I decided to use a variation to retain a classic flavor with elegance. I was still able to provide a volta and compose the entire poem in decasyllables.

The Plea of Eurydice

Orpheus my love, I beg you, hear my cry. I am condemned o'er to the nether land. I said I love you, 'till the day I die. Come rescue me, let me give you my hand.

Yet whence came my death with the pow'r to gain. Afraid and asham'd yet I want to live. Returning to you, wish'd and fear'd in vain. By a serpents bite 'twas death I did give.

Sing my love that I may be saved per chance. Come now at the sound of the keening bell. Lift your voice and enamor them with dance. Rapture me love and snatch me from this hell.

So n'er look back, sing and take me with you. Believe that providence will do so too.

Author notes:

When Orpheus' wife, Eurydice, was killed by the bite of a serpent, he went down to the underworld to bring her back. His songs were so beautiful that Hades finally agreed to allow Eurydice to return to the world of the living. However, Orpheus had to meet one condition: he must not look back as he was conducting her to the surface. Just before the pair reached the upper world, Orpheus looked back, and Eurydice slipped back into the netherworld once again.

The Queens Gambit

Faced with the gambit of the queen; shall I exchange a pawn and yield, or plan ahead for moves unseen? Squares eight by eight, the battle field.

Distraction seems to be a plan, a counter move shall be revealed. It's been this way since love began, squares eight by eight, the battle field.

I quietly remove my shoes and rub his leg, his fate is sealed. This is a game I shall not loose, squares eight by eight, the battle field.

Faced with the gambit of the queen, squares eight by eight, the battle field.

Girls are allowed to cheat!

The Secret

And all great minds of history, have solved the secret mystery. A soul technique that's so refined, the secret of the human mind.

Men like Plato and Socrates and other great ones just like these, have used the secret so refined; the secret of the human mind.

The secret has been guarded well but heed my words and I will tell; so you will never more be blind. The secret of the human mind.

Control of human reaction, is that of human attraction. So turn around and look behind, the secret of the human mind.

Yet thinkers such as you and me, have learned it through our poetry. So look within and you will find, the secret of the human mind.

Author notes

Kyrielle

A Kyrielle is a French form of rhyming poetry written in quatrains (a stanza consisting of 4 lines), and each quatrain contains a repeating line or phrase as a refrain. Each line within the poem consists of only eight syllables. There is no limit to the amount of stanzas a Kyrielle may have, but three is considered the accepted minimum. Some popular rhyming schemes for a Kyrielle are: aabB, ccbB, ddbB, with B being the repeated line, or abaB, cbcB, dbdB.

The Seduction (erotic)

While holding your hand in the evening breeze, I long for your touch the feeling is strange. A passionate kiss of love we exchange. You gaze at my breast, this moment I seize. My dress falls open, your eyes to appease, My hips move to yours and I feel a change. I'll give of myself for love in exchange. I look in your eyes so longing to please. Then my dress falls off as if on its' own; naked before you in the evening mist, A longing to have you deep in my core. For I never wanted to be alone, and parts of my body long to be kissed, Take me, abuse me, I beg you for more.

Authors Notes:

The Italian (or Petrarchan) Sonnet:

The Switch

A secret compartment, Florentine ring; a turn of the wrist and the deed was done. A vintage wine, that was fit for a king; I knew he would drink, until there was none.

Proposing a toast, there was just one glitch. I tasted the almond as it went down, I never conceived; the glasses he'd switch. It flowed from my lips, with blood on my gown.

Now I am condemned, a specter of sort, to live with the spirits and undead souls. No pardon for me to pay for my tort: half dead existence with transparent holes.

No heaven for me, no hell to be found; half dead existence with ghosts all around.

Author Notes:

English sonnet:

English sonnets are formal poems and consist of 14 lines (3 quatrains and a couplet), traditionally written in iambic pentameter - that is, in lines ten syllables long, with accents falling on every second syllable. Rhyming pattern is: abab cdcd efef gg. source: shadowpoetry.com

The Trial

She rode the breath of wind on stygian steed and prowled our streets decanting dreams of men. She drank unholy thoughts of lust and greed ignoring canons set by holy pen.

She fooled us all with beauty charm and grace, this harlot has defiled the Holy Church. We bring her here before you in disgrace, we snatched her from the devil in our search.

Your Eminence, we beg you ring the bell and snuff the candle as you close the book. We ask that you condemn this whore to hell, the saints have turned their face and dare not look.

We mourn the souls this harlot has acquired and bastards from her womb that men have sired.

The Wall

The wall's infernal and internal The wall's akin to doubts within The wall is vernal and external The wall within is your Berlin

The wall will tout until you shout
The wall keeps in your thankless sin
The wall keeps out the hopeless doubt
The wall within is your Berlin

The wall will part and break a heart The wall within divides Berlin The wall of art keeps us apart The wall within is your Berlin

The wall's infernal and internal The wall within is your Berlin

Author's Notes:

If you count them, I believe this is the only sonnet ever composed with 56 perfect and identical rhymes in it.

perfect rhyme, full rhyme, true rhyme: These terms refer to the immediately recognizable norm: true/blue, mountain/fountain.

identical rhyme: A word rhymes with itself, as in Emily Dickinson's 'Because I Could not Stop for Death'.

Kyrielle Sonnet:

A Kyrielle Sonnet consists of 14 lines (three rhyming quatrain stanzas and a non-rhyming couplet). Just like the traditional Kyrielle poem, the Kyrielle Sonnet also has a repeating line or phrase as a refrain (usually appearing as the last line of each stanza). Each line within the Kyrielle Sonnet consists of only eight syllables. French poetry forms have a tendency to link back to the beginning of the poem, so common practice is to use the first and last line of the first quatrain as the ending couplet. This would also re-enforce the refrain within the poem. Therefore, a good rhyming scheme for a Kyrielle Sonnet would be:

AabB, ccbB, ddbB, AB -or- AbaB, cbcB, dbdB, AB.

The Well

A flowing river fed the well Before you left and said "farewell" But now you're gone and it is dry I often ask and wonder why

Now just a hole, an empty shell A flowing river fed the well The river of love that had no end Liquid of life that we would spend

I loved you so there was no doubt The well dried up and left this drought A flowing river fed the well It kept me here, within your spell

The river's gone, the well dried up You left me with an empty cup There's no one left that I can tell A flowing river fed the well

Author notes: Quatern

A Quatern is a sixteen line French form composed of four quatrains. It has a refrain that is in a different place in each quatrain. The first line of stanza one is the second line of stanza two, third line of stanza three, and fourth line of stanza four. A quatern has eight syllables per line. It does not have to be iambic or follow a set rhyme scheme.

S1 refrain is L1 S2 refrain is L2 S3 refrain is L3 S4 refrain is L4

The Widow's Watch

'twas a moondim night on the widow's watch for counting the days you had gone to sea on the railing I carved a tiny notch as if the scars, would bring you back to me

the albatross sings, I turn a deaf ear as petticoats rustle in the sea breeze the ocean will claim you, 'tis this I fear my mind screams a silent "O darling, please"

then in the dim light, I spy a small ship out o'er the horizon appears a sail I burst to the stairway lest I should slip and ran to the docks my skirt in a trail

as the ship pulled in you smiled at me I hugged you so tight, my man from the sea

Author notes

Widow's Watch or Widow's Walk is a railed rooftop platform, typically on a coastal house, originally designed to observe vessels at sea. The name comes from the wives of mariners who would watch for their spouses to return from the sea.

Albatross: is a sea bird that superstitious sailors feel the cry means bad luck or death.

Sonnet

Sonnets are formal poems and consist of 14 lines (3 quatrains and a couplet), traditionally written in iambic pentameter - that is, in lines ten syllables long, with accents falling on every second syllable.

Thirteen Swings

Thirteen swings; the pendulum blade Blistering stings the irons made Razor steel; encroaches my face The rats squeal, infesting this place

Ear piercing rings never to fade Thirteen swings; the pendulum blade Condemned as a whore, pending gloom Chained to the floor, this cold dark room

Gnawing pains as I clench my fists Iron chains, dig into my wrists Thirteen swings; the pendulum blade On Satan's wings, price to be paid

Panic sets in, next swinging stroke The demons grin at Satan's joke Demented kings; I'm so afraid Thirteen swings; the pendulum blade

Author Notes:

Quatern with an internal rhyme Ouatern

A Quatern is a sixteen line French form composed of four quatrains. It has a refrain that is in a different place in each quatrain. The first line of stanza one is the second line of stanza two, third line of stanza three, and fourth line of stanza four. A quatern has eight syllables per line. It does not have to be iambic or follow a set rhyme scheme.

S1 refrain is L1

S2 refrain is L2

S3 refrain is L3 S4 refrain is L4

Tidal Love

Just like the ocean, cool and inviting Just like a magnet, I was drawn to you Illusions of love were so exciting A fantasy dream that I could pursue

Passion, emotion, came wave after wave It was tidal lust, I could not refuse I gave of myself as a bonded slave In you I found love and I could not lose

Yet it happened so fast, that fateful day Playing and laughing we swam in the sea When the undertow, took my love away The ocean had ripped the heart out of me

Now I stand here alone, submerged in you I've nowhere to turn, don't know what to do

Toast to a Dead Poet

His stature mattered not, on Windsor's path; composing verse 'neath Forest canopy. His written lines were like a woven lath, they opened doors to new reality. Consider this: his wielding of the pen, with lasting verse as etched upon a stone; like Arthur's sword that burned the hearts of men and scorching souls unto their very bone. I stand in praise... and lift my crystal glass and toast good friends as we recite his quotes. 'To he who chased his share of lovely ass, in all of Europe's finest petticoats.'

Satirically he penned his lines so brave; perhaps the Greek is shaking in his grave.

Author's Notes:

For Alexander Pope

Totalitarian Perception

Listening, as we amplify our minds, alert to our consciousness that binds. Glistening radiance, emitting from soul, convert your power to total control.

Collective consciousness, as we join hands, weaving thoughts together, in unbroken bands. Perspective thinking for that which is sought, believing the pow'r which is in our thought.

When Platonists started to apprehend, acumen of mind they could transcend. Then collective thought becomes apparent, human mystical power transparent.

So transport your mind up into the air and know that my power will meet you there. Go now my love, join your mind with me, stand still in my soul and you will see.

Author notes:

Lunar Chant:
Four 4 line stanzas
with both beginning line rhyme
and end line rhyme
Front rhyme:
ABAB, CDCD, EFEF, GHGH
End rhyme:
aabb, ccdd, eeff, gghh

Bohm's thinking about quantum wholeness originates in Nicholas of Cusa's Christian metaphysics; Christ said: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them". – Matt. 18: 20.

Transistors and Tubes

now women are like transistors and men are just like tubes and women can be like sisters and men will act like boobs men are simple, women complex women see men as big red necks men are simple men are simple men see women as sex objects

so now women are transistors girls are multitasking being smarter than the misters thank you just for asking women are true and love their man loving him, as much as she can women are true women are true it's been this way since time began

here's the reason, men are like tubes they will forget her mind talk to her heart but watch her boobs thinking of her behind men can't devote their heart to one they'll run around and just have fun men can't devote men can't devote I still love that son of a gun

Author notes

Trijan Refrain

The Trijan Refrain, created by Jan Turner, consists of three 9-line stanzas, for a total of 27 lines. Line 1 is the same in all three stanzas, although a variation of the form is not to repeat the same line at the beginning of each stanza. In other words, the beginning line of each stanza can be different. The first four syllables of line 5 in each stanza are repeated as the double-refrain for lines 7 and 8. The Trijan Refrain is a rhyming poem with a set meter and rhyme scheme as follows:

Rhyme scheme: a/b/a/b/c/c/d, d refrain of first 4 syllables of line five /c

Unwilling

O, to be invoked from Delphian shadows, to wander midst the mortal living souls. Everlasting queen and once Apollo's, as goddess I was written in the scrolls.

I'm now a specter forced to dwell with him, with all the others I must roam these halls. I'm just another sprit at his whim, a harem slave that comes when e're he calls.

I dwell amongst the women of my kind, the stolen souls that demons now possess. My purpose here is very well defined and forced to wear this old Victorian dress.

I'm at his beck and call to lend a thrill, a semi-mortal subject to his will.

Verisimilitude

When Shakespeare said: "The world is but a stage" he must have known the stage was but my world. For in the theater I can disengage and let my inhibitions be unfurled.

I cast myself upon the actor's scene and live the story as it is portrayed. I put behind me all that is routine and picture life as it is being played.

There is a hidden danger in this bliss, for I have let the stage consume my life. I trust in those who rapture me in kiss and as I play my roll they twist the knife.

The moral of this verse is plain to see, there is no theater in reality.

Vineyards of Verse

Let written verse allow thy inner soul
To slip inside the comfort of thy mind.
Decant such worldly ambit of control
And leave its empty cup of life behind.
I gift to thee the glass of recompense
And press it closely to thy longing lips.
Absorb its essence as it circumvents
Impurities with liquid flowing scripts.
When poetry is harvest from the vine,
The poets words are chosen to distill,
The finest grapes of metaphoric wine,
To warm thy heart abating carnal chill.
Intoxicate thy mind with flowing verse
And let its treasures fill thy spirits' purse.

Vision

Consider the mantis that cannot pray; for it's the wind that keeps his legs clinging. Or consider the salmon that's fighting her way; for it's the surge that belays her swimming.

It's likened to those who are blinded by life, with their eyes open wide, they fail to see, for the wind is turmoil, the stream is strife and pother will sway them aberrantly.

Perception depends on your focal point, so close your eyes; use the lens of your soul. Look into yourself, your mind will anoint the eyes of your spirit and take control.

Remember to see with perfect vision; using soul and spirit in unison.

War at Home

Ever since they took him away, to fight that God forsaken war. I daydream in our fields all day. They took the man that I adore.

Gazing across the windswept grass and waiting for the time to pass. The memory of times before, they took the man that I adore.

I know he'll walk across that field with battle wounds yet still unhealed. My broken heart can take no more, they took the man that I adore.

Ever since they took him away, they took the man that I adore.

Author Notes:

Kyrielle Sonnet

A Kyrielle Sonnet consists of 14 lines (three rhyming quatrain stanzas and a non-rhyming couplet). Just like the traditional Kyrielle poem, the Kyrielle Sonnet also has a repeating line or phrase as a refrain (usually appearing as the last line of each stanza). Each line within the Kyrielle Sonnet consists of only eight syllables. French poetry forms have a tendency to link back to the beginning of the poem, so common practice is to use the first and last line of the first quatrain as the ending couplet. This would also re-enforce the refrain within the poem. Therefore, a good rhyming scheme for a Kyrielle Sonnet would be: AabB, ccbB, ddbB, AB -or- AbaB, cbcB, dbdB, AB.

We will survive

Our bantam scow drifts aimlessly And clouds rise up before her bow We hold our course tenaciously Not knowing how

A scow she is and scow she'll be Her cargo is our very soul Our tiny vessel on the sea Has lost control

The sea of life is filled with pain And rages as the storm appears A cancer we cannot restrain Confirms our fears

The tendrils of the sea seep in And wraps its self about our helm Destroying flesh and rotting skin It's cancer's realm

We stand together in our fight And choke the sea to stay alive Beyond the storm there is a light We will survive

Author Notes:

A Sapphic ode (Alexander Pope style) . Ode form means repeating stanzas of the same rhyme and meter, Sapphic relate to three long and one half length line.

Wiccan Chant of Power

I conjure thee O spirit light Invoking thee O spirit bright I bind your soul eternally O spirit light I conjure thee

I am your guide, I'm in control I own the essence of your soul So follow me and be my bride I'm in control, I am your guide

This spell of power I invoke And all free will I do revoke I am the poison you devour I invoke this spell of power

I conjure thee O spirit mine You know my power is divine Submit to me on bended knee O spirit mine I conjure thee

Witch of Darkness

O how thou art incumbent my precious. Whence the night quickens and fires burn out. Whereby the mystic powers be with us, and ye hath learnt' what lust is all about.

By invocation ye hath been exhumed, to reign with me rightfully by my side. Yea, thy willing servitude is presumed, thus I hath become your ruling bride.

So come hither my love and do not fear, I have beckoned you; lest I keep you sane, raptured you from the abyss so austere. At the foot of my throne ye shall remain.

I am your witch of darkness, come to me. I will possess your soul by my decree.

Author notes

A Shakespearean (English) sonnet has three quatrains and a couplet, and rhymes abab cdcd efef gg. Sonnets are formal poems and consist of 14 lines (3 quatrains and a couplet), traditionally written in iambic pentameter - that is, in lines ten syllables long, with accents falling on every second syllable.