

TRELLIS MAGAZINE

ISSUE 5



Summer 2008

Editor's Letter

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the fifth Issue of Trellis Magazine! I can't believe it's been a year since we published our first issue. I continue to be amazed by the quality of the submissions we receive and the creativity of the authors, and in turn, we at Trellis have tried to make the magazine the best it can be.

This summer issue features the winners of our Villanelle contest, including a tie for First Place. You will also be treated to some nice examples of visual poetry. In addition, we have a wonderfully informative article on the villanelle form by Bryan Bridges, which includes an original poem by Lewis Turco.

I spent part of my summer helping to teach a group of fabulous middle-school students about Short Fiction. I probably learned just as much or more than they did, not being much of a prose writer myself. One of the best parts of the experience, though, was having time to write something every day. No matter the ultimate quality of the work, engaging in the act of writing at least once during the course of the day was so refreshing.

One of the authors in this issue, E. Shaun Russell, challenged himself to write one sonnet every day for one year. Two of those 365 sonnets are published here. What an awesome thing to have achieved! I always hope this magazine will inspire its readers to write more poetry, but I'd like to challenge everyone to set a personal goal of writing at least one poem a week. If you need inspiration of a poetic form to use, check out the Poetic Forms Chart in the Resources section of our website. There's always room for more poetry in the world!

Trellis Magazine

HOW TO REACH US

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Inquiries: We are striving to improve our publication and we welcome all inquiries, comments, and suggestions.

Submissions: Current information on poetry, essay, article, photo, and art submissions is available on the website. We invite submissions from all ages and skill levels.

Contests: Trellis Magazine has creative poetry contests with prizes. Current contest details, including information about how to write in a poetic form, is on the website.

Trellis Magazine is published by the nonprofit Trellis Literary Corporation. Information on how to donate to our literary and educational mission is available on the website.

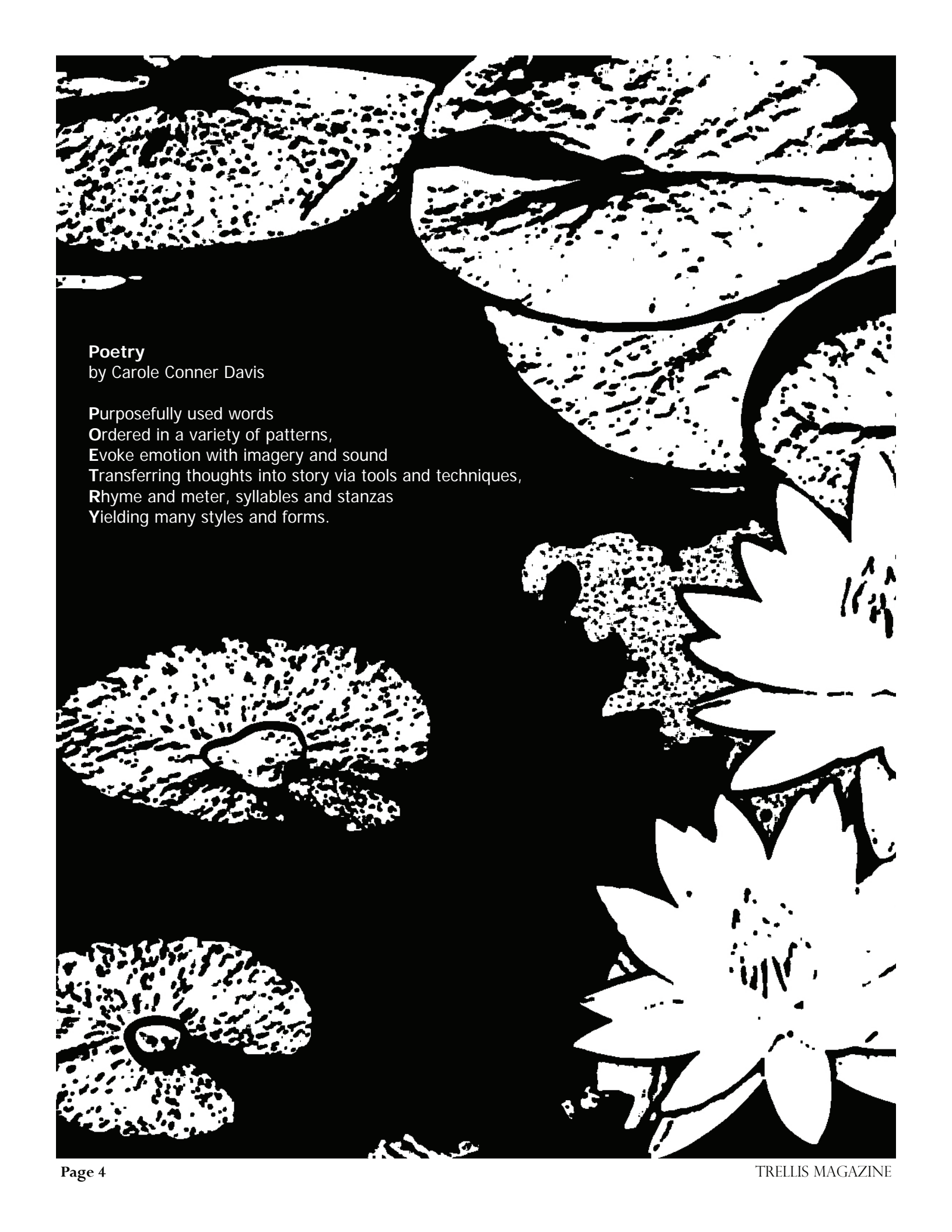
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Suzanne Morgen

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Poetry

by Carole Conner Davis

Purposefully used words
Ordered in a variety of patterns,
Evoke emotion with imagery and sound
Transferring thoughts into story via tools and techniques,
Rhyme and meter, syllables and stanzas
Yielding many styles and forms.



Slow to Fast
by Carole Conner Davis

Slow moving vehicles
impede the **flow** of traffic
along with a **flaw** in the unfinished roadway,
where a car with a **flat** tire
causes traffic to perform a major **feat** to get around,
but once past, drivers are free to pursue another crash **fest**
in their ongoing quest to go **fast**.

Ice Cream

by Carole Conner Davis

I t c a l l s
to me
albeit silently,
from dark
recesses behind the
door. Companions from a side
compartment echo the call, beckoning
me to free them as well. To top it all off,
yet another sidekick entices me to open door
number three, all together screaming they are
needed piece by piece: compiling to create perfection. Trying
to ignore them, I am weak and must obey. I open all the
doors. Nimble fingers busily prepare for sweet perfection,
easily palated, sliding one after another down the long
dark path to where they come to rest:: ice cream,
nuts, and cherries... quieted once more.

Carole Conner Davis's three poems are an acrostic, word ladder, and concrete poem, respectively. For more information on these forms, see the note below and Exploring Poetic Form.

Editor's Note on Form: Visual Poetry

Most of the time, we focus on poetic form's auditory components: rhyme and meter. However, poetic form can also be literally seen in the shape of a poem. *Visual poetry* focuses on the way a poem on the page appears to the eye. It is also known by many other terms including *concrete poetry*, *shaped poetry*, *pattern poetry*, *picture poems*, *calligrams*, and "*carmina figurata*" and "*poesia visiva*."

The ancient Greeks are known to have written visual poetry but only a few examples survive. In Western literature, George Herbert's "Easter Wings" (1633) is the most commonly cited early example of English visual poetry. Guillaume Apollinaire's posthumous collection of visual poetry *Calligrammes* (1918) was very influential for modern French poetry. The American poet e. e. cummings began experimenting in the 1920s with typography (the art of designing and arranging letters).

Unlike most poetic forms, which have specific rules, there are no modern rules for visual poetry other than to fuse the verbal and visual in some way. The poems in this issue illustrate some of the wide range of possibilities inherent in visual poetry. The shape of the poem can replicate the shape of the subject of the poem. The arrangement and length of lines in a poem can add another layer of meaning beyond the words themselves. Typography, color and shape of words are also the medium of visual poets.

The advent of the digital age has opened up new possibilities in visual poetry. Digital poetry can be programmed to move across the screen, transform itself into new shapes or do almost anything that the imagination and skill of the poet can conceive. You can find some examples at www.digitalpoetry.org.

Bifocal

by JBMulligan

Knowledge that I lost behind me,
like a road that curiosity misplaced,
and knowledge that my mind has missed
somehow in the present, that I should see,
accumulate, combine, and await the soon-will-be
where all sorts of future knowledge will resist
possession, till what I don't know will at last
rival perhaps all knowledge throughout history.
I'm happy enough, like a flea on a dog
that doesn't understand the violent motion
and sudden stops, but knows the taste of blood
and the white snapping blades that threaten:
the science of meat is joy, to bite and hug
the bounding universe, to satisfy the need.

Facts accumulate like a lawn,
or petals of a rose, a functional shape
that spreads itself, till I find I've filled up
most of the space I can see, as well as I can.
The music of the lost illusory garden
whispers in an actual wind, where leaves scrape
melodies from each other, that stop
and go on, as ears vanish and other ears begin.
Light pours over all from the rolling skies;
equations and songs of suns and stars
open and witness a world, like eyes
that shape the light, though the vision that remains
holds as it's held, till it disappears
and goes on as another set of eyes begins.

JBMulligan's double sonnet has the added bonus of visually mimicking its subject matter. For more on this form, please see Exploring Poetic Form.

Stopping by Woods but Not for Long

by Don Thackrey

The woods are dark and deep, said Frost.
He feared that going in might cost
Him dear, though he did not define
What could be gained, or might be lost.

The scholars look at every line
Of verse Frost wrote and dig to mine
The words for woodland mystery,
To find in trees some grim design.

From his dark grave, if Frost could see
His critics hard at work, then he
Might be diverted by their pains
To hitch him to a single tree.

If woods give you, like Frost, chilblains,
Then come to where it seldom rains.
Leave trees behind, come to the plains!
. . . Leave trees behind. Come to the plains.

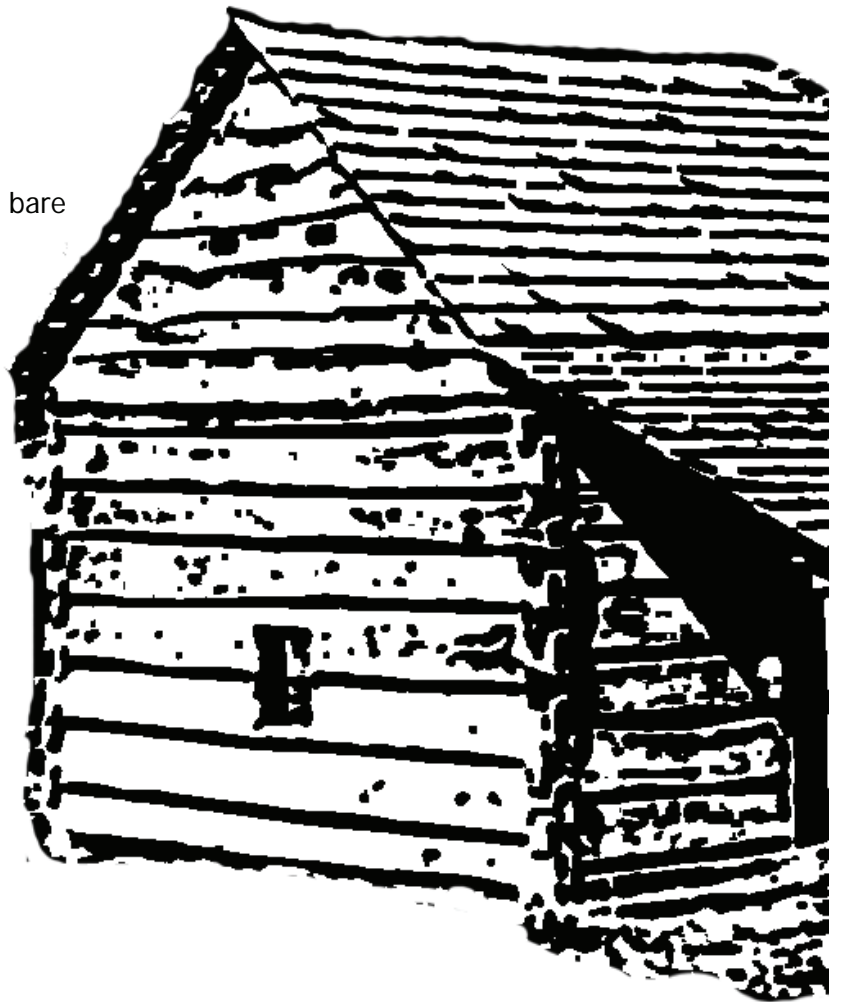


Villanelle Contest First Place Winner

Old Land

by Juleigh Howard-Hobson

Almost silver in the cold morning air,
Still traced with old hex signs, the barn walls lean,
Long ago abandoned to the grass. There
Are petals from fruit trees blown in to where
The floor is gone: they make a mezzanine
Almost silver. In the cold morning air,
Pale random stands of leggy blooms declare
That moon flowers, silvery white, convene.
Long ago abandoned to the grass there,
They weave themselves among the weathered bare
Bits of old boards, and make everything seem
Almost silver in the cold. Morning air
With a touch of grey fog, lingers to share
Its misty lack of substance, like a screen
Long ago abandoned, too. The grass there
Knows no need for mowing now. This spare
And slowly fading vision sits serene,
Almost silver in the cold morning air,
Long ago abandoned, to the grass, there.



Villanelle Contest First Place Winner

Helping Carolyn Forché Revise Her Prose Poem 'The Colonel'

by Don Thackrey

The Colonel's men toil hard throughout the night;
They want to finish by the break of day,
For Devil's work is best not done in light.

To stem revolt is a militia's right—
El Salvador must be severe, they say.
The Colonel's men toil hard throughout the night.

The bodies, mostly black—a few are white—
But all grotesque in dim night's heedless gray.
The Devil's work is best not done in light.

The rebels' hopes were always less than slight,
And now they lie in careless disarray;
The Colonel's men toil hard throughout the night

To make their point with those who dared incite
The mob to follow their rebellious way—
Oh, Devil's work is best not done in light.

Their ears cut off, displayed, a horrid sight,
To show those left the gruesome price to pay.
The Colonel's men toil hard throughout the night;
For Devil's work is best not done in light.



Blackberryin'!

by Steven B. Roof

Papa!

Every time you go blackberryin'
you come home with purple lips.
By the time you've reached the front stoop
the pail's empty and your belly's sick.

Mama!

Don't condemn my overstuffed belly,
or the empty bucket hanging by the flue.
It's not our fault God made blackberries
sweeter than you!

Papa!

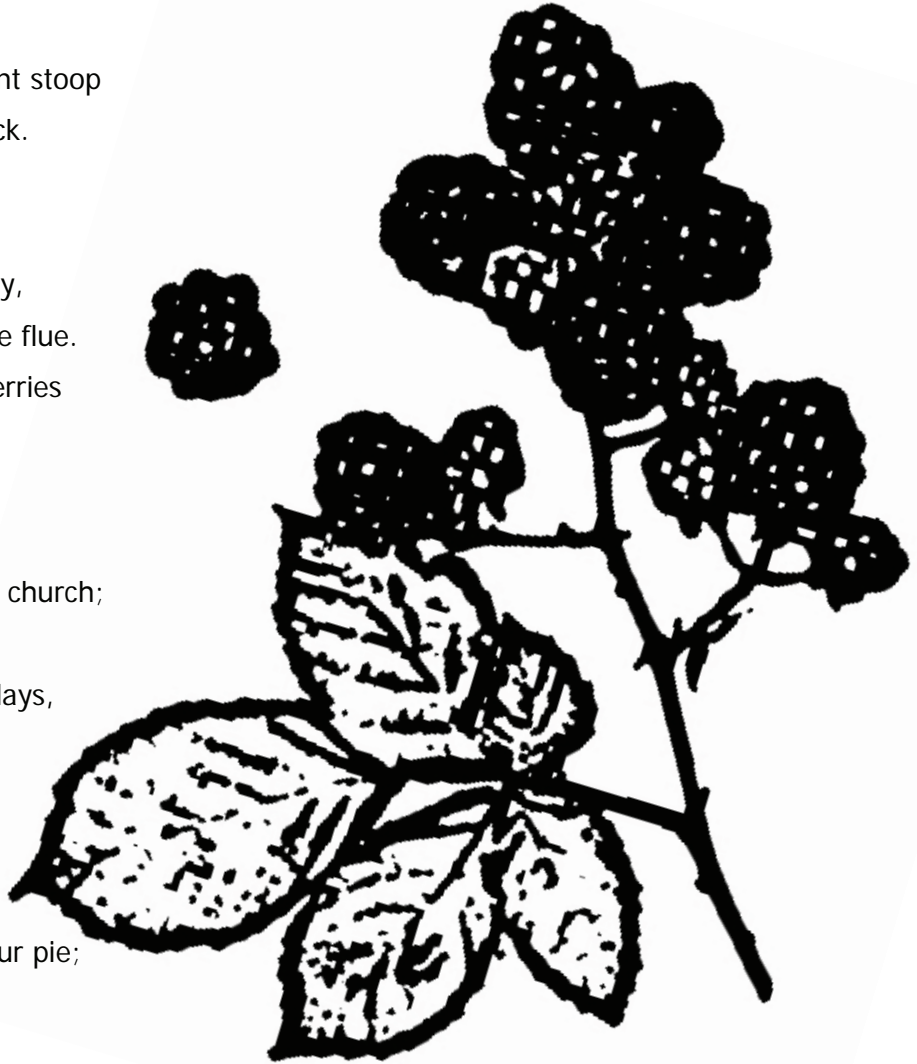
You know I must bake desserts for church;
I told you 'least four nights ago.
Now church is coming in just two days,
and I've no desserts to show.

Mama!

Tomorrow I shall go blackberryin'.
Every berry on the hill will be in your pie;
for when I reach the front stoop
the pail will be stuffed and not I!

Papa!

Oh Papa! If what you say is true,
I shall not just make one pie, but double it to two.
One to be all for yourself just so I can prove,
God could never make a blackberry sweeter than YOU!



Make Believe

by E. Shaun Russell

Preparing for another day outside,
She fights her futile fear of being seen
And forces through her usual routine
With only her cosmetics by her side.
She eyes the mirror, finds what she should hide:
What part needs blush, and what needs glossy sheen--
If rouge is best, or if a verdant green
Will better blur all traces of her pride.
Selecting colours from her makeup case,
She dwells upon the girlish fantasy
That all her life is etched upon her face;
Succumbing to her daily tendency,
She steps outside, her painted mask in place,
Deluded that it's all the world will see.



Dichotomy

by E. Shaun Russell

I marvel at inventions of the past:
How every era of the civilized
Could see their greatest prospects realized
By building on the knowledge they amassed;
In retrospect, our growth was swift and vast,
Each concept grander than the last devised,
In time it seemed no plan was ill-advised--
That everything we made was made to last.
Yet all the wonders that our kind has wrought
And all the vital works we adulate
Are easily destroyed by our own race;
So in this fierce dichotomy we're caught:
Our inborn inclination to create
Is rivalled by our penchant to deface.

These two poems are sonnets. For more on the sonnet form, please see Exploring Poetic Form.

Divine Dimension

by Marilyn S. Moran

Liquid gold glistens on scattered sea-sprayed stones,
echoing the brilliance of sun's emblazoned tones.

Generous in her ebbing grace, she still has shine to share,
creating kaleidoscopes of color for earth to proudly wear.

As pastel waves crescendo and crash in splendid show,
horizon starts to slice her shape and steal her warming glow.

But vibrant day to sacred night is nature's passage sure.
Each sunset seeks to reaffirm divine dimension pure.

Surfers' Watch

by Marilyn S. Moran

Two sentries watch over the cerulean sea
as it slides into its destiny,
spreading out into the crescent sand
as if gently propelled by God's own hand.

With respect for ocean's tumultuous tide,
they offer thanks for safe passage inside
a cove where currents challenged their will
but let them triumph, their dreams fulfill.



Photograph by Marilyn S. Moran

Shades

by Tammy Whisman

Haunting
shades of myself
reside in the corners
waiting for an exorcism;
freedom

Movement
catches my eye
head down, eyes fixed, I wait
I'm pretending not to notice;
too late

Shadows
dominating
casting doubt, control lost
leaving only a minute trace;
lucid

Opaque,
lacking of form
now a mere semblance
in my peripheral vision;
waiting

A gasp
I know, I know
darkness dominating
seeping through the lone silhouette;
haunting

Tammy's poem is a cinq-cinquain, a modern syllabic form which means "five groupings of five." For more on this form, see Exploring Poetic Form.

Dawn of My Life

by Albert M. Schlaht

Dawn of my life,
Angel of my heart,
Were it not for you
No sun would arise,

Only a dark shadow,
Flailing arms of bleakness at

My moribund soul,
Yelling,

"Lost, loveless, lifeless,
I am your existence,
For-
Ever!"

Did you notice Albert's poem is an acrostic?

Hysteron Proteron* (Upon Graduating from High School)

by Robert Sonkowsky

It would seem more right to me
If we could start out old
And grow down
Young.
For now,
In backward line
With fresh youth first,
Though not yet wise, we must choose our lives.

** This is a classical figure of speech similar to our English phrase "putting the cart before the horse."*

Villanelle Contest Second Place Winner

An Abbreviation

by Stuart Sharp

Just like Teresa is cut down to Tess
Our love is shortened now to just this kiss
The name might change if there were any less

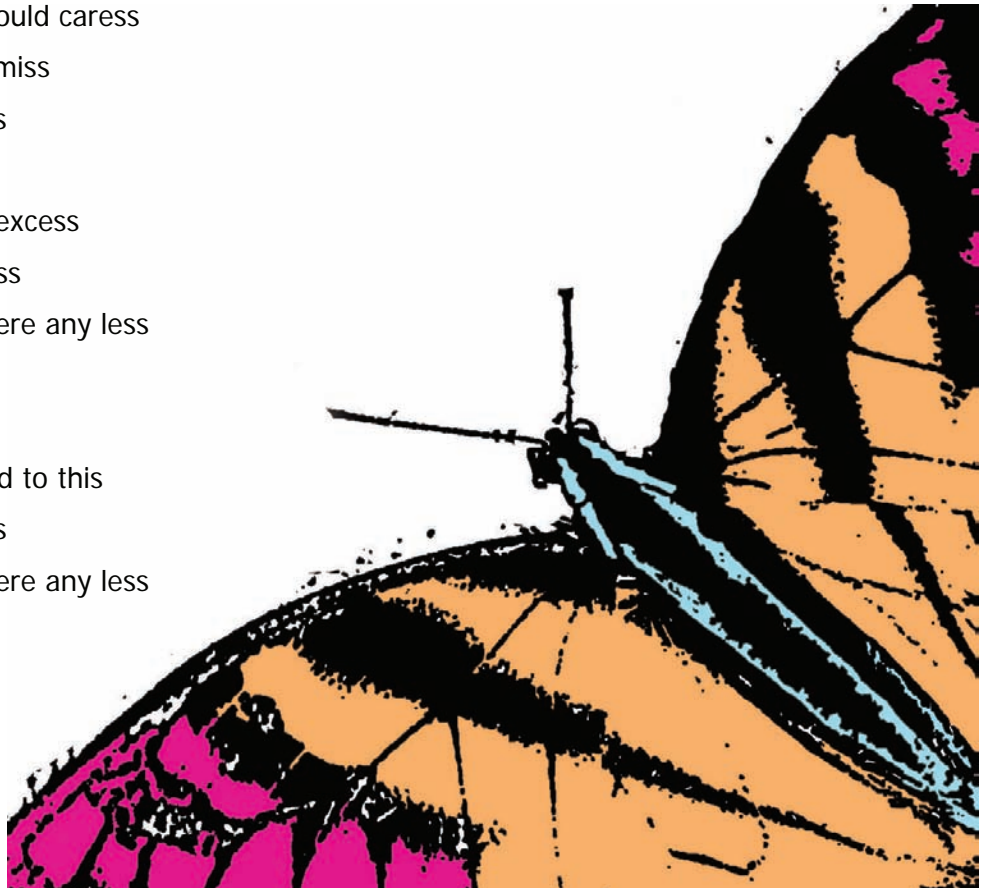
Or like Elizabeth is shortly Bess
The bulk of love has simply gone amiss
Just like Teresa is cut down to Tess

What once was great has now become this press
Of lips to yours, something we can dismiss
The name might change if there were any less

A touch of hands where once we could caress
As mistress has become now only miss
Just like Teresa is cut down to Tess

Our love's old depths are rid of all excess
A foot-deep hole instead of an abyss
The name might change if there were any less

As for reasons we can only guess
Just why our love has been reduced to this
Just like Teresa is cut down to Tess
The name might change if there were any less



Villanelle Contest Third Place Winner



In Arles

by Margaret Rabb

No paintings by Van Gogh remain in Arles
though every corner turns up his tableaux.
Their canvas versions frame a second world

a second time, its grit and board, flakes, marl,
potato people as we are, peeled so
no paintings by Van Gogh remain. In Arles

his landscape lay in wait, a wind that swirled
rank weeds and broke a rush-seat chair. Let go
their canvas versions. Frame a second world

with yarn he wound to test the pigments' snarl
and snap from a lacquer box. We know
no paintings by Van Gogh. Remain in Arles

and focus on the grass. The sky means furled
eternity; the crows there flap and slow
their canvas versions' frame. A second world

will ring, will call; we ask *qui parle, qui parle*,
but no one speaks or speaks far off, too low.
Their canvas versions frame a second world.
No paintings by Van Gogh remain in Arles.

The Villanelle and Variants: An Overview

By Bryan Bridges
(writerbryanb@yahoo.com)

EARLY HISTORY OF THE VILLANELLE

While popular belief states that the modern villanelle form is a well-established sixteenth century French traditional form – that is not the fact.

In the Middle Ages, most people lived and worked on farms. They were uneducated and had little disposable income to spend on entertainment. For those reasons they developed a rich culture of folk music, both instrumental and vocal, as well as dance and story-telling. In Latin, farms were called villas and the farm workers were called villanos. This was the origin of the name “villanelle” which originally meant a French rustic folk dance with accompanying song.

In the sixteenth century, the French used the term for any number of pastoral songs. These songs took a wide variety of forms. In 1574, Jean Passerat wrote a nineteen-line poem that was named by its first line: *J'ai perdu ma tourterelle* (*I have lost my turtledove*). This *nonce* (unique for one occasion) poem was the only one that Passerat wrote in the form that we now call a villanelle. There is no reliable scholarship that has shown that any other French poet of the era wrote in the form, although many wrote pastoral poems in various other forms. ^[1]

In the mid-nineteenth century Wilhelm Ténint published a handbook of poetics that claimed the villanelle (of the Passerat turtledove form) was a well-established French Renaissance form. Using that erroneous source, Théodore de Banville, who became the leading force in making the Passerat villanelle popular in nineteenth century France, claimed it was an established ancient French form. ^[1]

THE VILLANELLE IN ENGLISH

Edmund Gosse, led by Banville, brought the form to England when he published his essay: *A Plea for Certain Exotic Forms of Verse* (1877). Many British poets took up the form. Some of the earliest English villanelles were from Gosse, Oscar Wilde, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Henry Austin Dobson.

The villanelle was not well received in all quarters at the time. As the villanelle was coming into its own in Victorian England, so was the modernist movement. The modernists brought about a move away from form toward free verse. An early modernist James Joyce wrote, through his alter ego Stephen Dedalus, a villanelle for the novel *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916), most likely to emphasize that Dedalus was in an early stage of his literary evolution.

In the 1930s, the villanelle enjoyed a rebirth when poets such as W. H. Auden and Dylan Thomas followed William Empson into a revival of the villanelle. It was Thomas who wrote what is arguably the archetypical villanelle: *Do not go gentle into that good night* (1951). The post-war poets were followed by notable poets of the 1950s and 1960s writing villanelles. Elizabeth Bishop is credited with writing perhaps the best example of an American villanelle when she wrote *One Art* in 1976. In the last two decades of the twentieth century there was a new formalist movement and the villanelle enjoyed a resurgence.

THE VILLANELLE FORM

The villanelle form has five *tercets* (three-line stanzas) and a concluding *quatrain* (four-line stanza) for a total of nineteen lines. The *meter* (the number of syllables and rhythmic beats per line) may vary from poem to poem, but all of the lines within a villanelle should be the same metrical length.

There are only two rhyme sounds used at the ends of the lines, which can be denoted [a] and [b]. Essentially, the tercets rhyme scheme is a-b-a.

There are two *refrains* (lines repeated later). Line one of the poem can be denoted refrain [A] and line three is refrain [A']. The refrains alternate as the last line of the other tercets.

In the quatrain, line one rhymes [a], line two rhymes [b], and lines three and four are the refrains. In some cases it is better to reverse the refrains in the quatrain and this is an acceptable practice leading to two forms of the “classic” villanelle. This is one way to graphically depict the rhyme/refrain scheme of the villanelle form:

AbA' abA abA' abA abA' abAA' or abA'A

Villanelles can have any theme, and can be serious or humorous.

Continued on Page 20

Villanelle Contest Student Book Prize Winner

Such a Cacaphony

by R. S. Chase

My head begins to ache
When you play the Backstreet Boys.
And I need something to take

Like real drugs or even fake.
Since you insist on playing noise,
My head begins to ache.

Hush up, for goodness sake,
That music which annoys!
And I need something to take

'Cause my temples start to quake.
I'm tempted now to break my poise.
My head begins to ache.

This dissonance will make
Me want to move to Illinois!
And I need something to take.

Because the silence you did break,
And the peace your noise destroys,
My head begins to ache
And I need something to take.



Villanelle Contest Honorable Mention

Lake Michigan Dunes

by Frank Hubeny

The dunes rise up and happy kids climb high.
When young, my folks would bring me here to play.
We run down screaming, dreaming we can fly.

The seagulls float about the cloudless sky.
"The sun is hot. Put lotion on," they say.
The dunes rise up and happy kids climb high.

Sand burns my feet. It makes me want to cry.
There is some shade, perhaps a cooler way.
We run down screaming, dreaming we can fly.

We walk along the sandy beach and try
To see Chicago's towers, small and gray.
The dunes rise up and happy kids climb high.

"Let's do one more before we say goodbye!"
I tell my kids before the end of day.
We run down screaming, dreaming we can fly.

Sand, water, wind, and sun, and grass, and why
Not rent some place tonight so we can stay?
The dunes rise up and happy kids climb high.
We run down screaming, dreaming we can fly.

Release

by Kristen McHenry

We've not yet learned to let these bodies go with ease.
We fortify their cells; bleach clean their blood and blight.
We know merely how to purge bodies of disease.

Though we may want long sleep, our spirits to appease,
Survival muscles in; enlists us in its fight--
We've not yet learned to let these bodies go with ease.

How loathe we are to watch a body fail and seize;
We only understand the shoring up, the fight.
We know merely how to purge bodies of disease.

Our bodies will fall barren, with a final wheeze.
Their ceaseless, small decays erode us bite by bite.
We've not yet learned to let these bodies go with ease.

Death leaks its taint into our vessels' thousand seas.
While our flesh tells time, and knows when to shift the light,
We know merely how to purge bodies of disease.

We worship constant motion, not the lasting freeze.
We tether tight the soul to keep it from its flight.
We've not yet learned to let these bodies go with ease.
We know merely how to purge bodies of disease.

Kristen's villanelle was inspired by Dylan Thomas' "Do Not Go Gentle" and by the painful death of her grandmother.

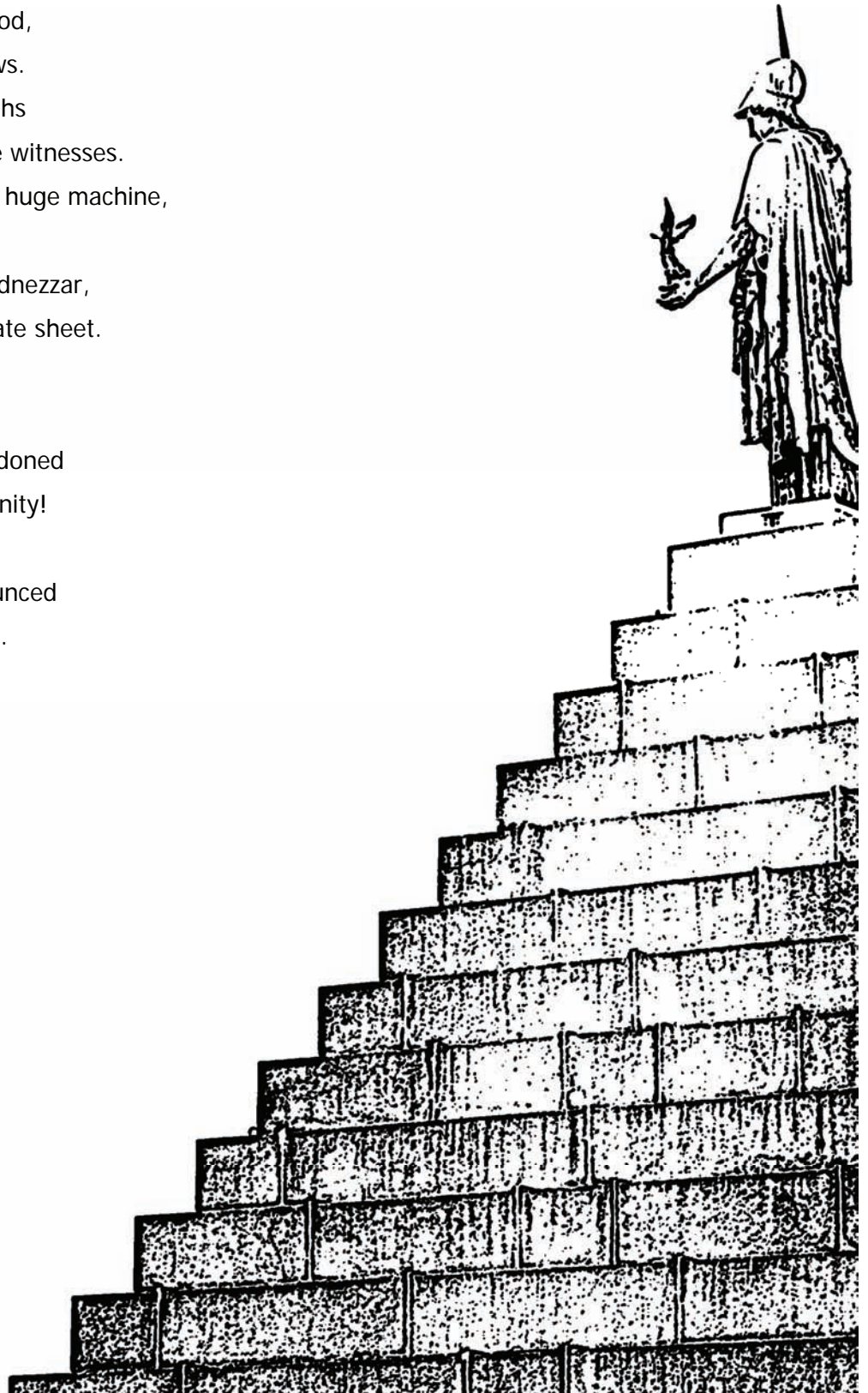
December 30, 2006

by Tembong Denis Fonge

Saturday dawn saw the Persian Gulf Super-Figure
Escorted by armed-to-the-teeth chamber guards,
And in solemn and gruesome mood,
Dispatched the hero to the gallows.
With panting hearts in their mouths
Shock ran down the spines of the witnesses.
Then in an eye's blink, below the huge machine,
In the hang-house, emerged
The self-claimed heir of Nebuchadnezzar,
Wrapped in a snow-like immaculate sheet.

The great tree has fallen.
The grandeur of power has abandoned
The aspiring Emperor. Vanity! Vanity!

In a moment the end was pronounced
Of the menace in the Middle East.
Hope may be on its way,
And so the beginning of peace.
So how shall lasting peace be?
When by the sword they ascend
And so descend. Vanity! Vanity!



Here is an example of the villanelle form, from *The Children of the Night* (1897):

The House On The Hill
By Edwin Arlington Robinson

They are all gone away,
The House is shut and still,
There is nothing more to say.

Through broken walls and gray
The winds blow bleak and shrill:
They are all gone away.

Nor is there one to-day
To speak them good or ill:
There is nothing more to say.

Why is it then we stray
Around that sunken sill?
They are all gone away,

And our poor fancy-play
For them is wasted skill:
There is nothing more to say.

There is ruin and decay
In the House on the Hill:
They are all gone away,
There is nothing more to say.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE REFRAIN

When he was asked what he does as he prepares to write a villanelle, the poet Lewis Turco answered, "You need a good refrain line to begin; preferably a couple of them."^[2]

It can not be stressed enough that the success of the villanelle rests on the two refrains. In the villanelle, there are nineteen lines total. Ten of those lines are the refrains. That only leaves nine lines that are not repeated. Twenty-six percent of a villanelle is the first refrain. Another twenty-six percent is the second refrain. Only forty-eight percent of the total poem is composed of lines that are not repeated. The refrains are crucial.

BEYOND THE VILLANELLE: VARIATIONS

There are many variations that have been created from the original villanelle form. One of the most popular changes to the villanelle is to modify some or all the refrain lines so that they have slight differences but maintain both the meaning and, at the very least, the last word. This technique was employed often by American poets of the post WWII years. A prime example of this technique is Elizabeth Bishop's *One Art*. *One Art* keeps the first refrain unmodified throughout the poem except for a slight variation in the ending quatrain. However, the second refrain is modified throughout the poem as shown below:

From *One Art*.^[3]

L3 to be lost that their loss is no disaster.
L9 to travel. None of these will bring disaster.
L15 I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.
L19 though it may look like (Write it!) like disaster.

As you can see, Bishop does not use the same refrain for the entire poem. She does maintain the meter and the last word.

In addition to making differences within the basic form, the villanelle has also been combined with other forms to create completely new forms. The most famous combination form was developed in the mid 1960s by Lewis Turco

who took the villanelle and an Italian form called the terza rima and combined them into a completely new form with elements of both called the *terzanelle*.

The terza rima has an undetermined number of tercets with a concluding *couplet* (two-line stanza). The tercets interlock because the middle line of a tercet sets the rhyme for the first and last lines of the next tercet. In a true terza rima, the meter is usually *iambic pentameter* (line of 10 syllables with iambic rhythm "ta-DUM ta-DUM ta-DUM ta-DUM ta-DUM").

The terzanelle form is fixed at nineteen lines using the villanelle pattern of five tercets and a concluding quatrain. From the terza rima, the form borrows the way the stanzas interlock, with the second line of a stanza becoming the third line of the next stanza as a refrain. Like the villanelle, the quatrain has an optional line arrangement. The terzanelle can be represented like this:

ABA' bCB cDC dED eFE fAFA' or fFAA'

All of the capital letters are refrains. All of the same letters rhyme. ^[4]

Here is an example of the terzanelle form:

THE BLACK DEATH
London, 1665

By Wesli Court ^[5]

"I have a buboe, mum," my daughter said
and raised her sleeve to show me. In the street
the bellman cried aloud, "Bring out your dead!"

The heart of me froze like a drop of sleet,
dropped into my bowel when my darling child
Raised up her sleeve to show me. In the street

the crier's bell rang out both dark and wild.
The end of time opened like a flower,
fell into my bowel as my darling child

showed me her fatal wound. Our final hour
blossomed before my eyes in Satan's garden,
for the end of time had opened like a flower.

I felt the heart in me begin to harden
against a Deity who could ordain
such an evil blossoming of Satan's garden.

What were the sins that could have earned such bane?
What sort of Deity could so ordain?
"I have a buboe, mum," my daughter said.
The bellman cried aloud, "Bring out your dead!"

Other variations include long and short villanelles created by adding or deleting a middle tercet, the 38-line "hybridanelle" created by Erin Thomas, and the "mock villanelle" created by R. Sam Gwynn.

^[1] French, Amanda. "Refrain, Again: The Return of the Villanelle". Dissertation, University of Virginia, 2004.

^[2] Turco, Lewis. Personal correspondence. 2008.

^[3] Excerpts from www.PoemHunter.com.

^[4] Turco, Lewis. *The Book of Forms: A Handbook of Poetics*, Third edition. Hanover and London: University Press of New England. 2000.

^[5] Used by permission of the author.

This article has been condensed. For a deeper discussion of the villanelle, and many links to example poems, see the full-length article at www.TrellisMagazine.com.

Villanelle Contest Honorable Mention

A Blessed Sailor Be

by Michael R. Samford

It was a good sailor God blessed me be.
In me veins be sea salts me heart pumps through.
I'll pray me Good Lord shall look after me

on dire crossing from port, to seas anew.
I'll trade not me fate to no man nor tide
in me marrow, sea brine me heart pumps through.

Me sheet be made fast to draft leeward side,
but this breeze too tight, for me ship to stand
yet I'll trade me fate to no man nor tide,

not to work a poor shop or plow on land
but sail this sea and a good sailor be.
This gale be too fat for her sail to stand.

A main mast crack, to be an end to me
to the bottom me ship and I'll may go
but fight this sea and a good sailor be,

it is all I've asked and enough to know.
It was a good sailor God tends me be
so be sea bottom me ship and I'll go,
even there me Good Lord looks after me.

Michael's poem is a terzanelle, a creative hybrid of the terza rima and villanelle forms.

Prom Night

by Jonece Dunigan

In this fairytale, he's a venomous knight.
Trapped in his gaze, I know not this plot.
His heart's the toxic apple, I'm Snow White.

His voice smooth with melody, has my soul tight.
But beyond the charm, his lust makes love rot.
In this fairytale, he's a venomous knight.

A sun-kissed physique masks his spirit's blight.
I waltz in love's masquerade, lost to this thought.
His heart's the toxic apple, I'm Snow White.

A sweet suicide comes from the kiss so light.
The side effect wasn't the one I sought.
In this fairytale, he's a venomous knight.

Burning in me, his bitter spell comes to life.
I'm caged in this nightmare that can't be fought.
His heart's the toxic apple, I'm Snow White.

I'm buried in my dreamland with this fright.
The hero who wakes me, the same scheme is brought:
"In this fairytale, he's a venomous knight.
His heart's the toxic apple, I'm Snow White."

The Most Unusual Rose in the Garden

by Marilyn S. Moran

One rose stands out in my garden this day,
with fragrance-filled petals unfurling each way.
Gentle in color but character strong,
from bud to full bloom, its cycle is long.

When hues fade to palest, and shape softens so,
its essence will ebb, and some beauty will go.
But the radiant richness remains with me here.
The lavender rose stays eternally near.

Marilyn wrote this simple rhyming quatrains poem about someone very special in her life who passed away -- her father. She planted a lavender rose bush in his memory.



Photograph by Marilyn S. Moran

Villanelle Contest Honorable Mention

Fear

by Stephanie N. Ihejirika

The fixation that stops your dreams from coming true
That only seems to be heard in the absence of light
I am the obsession in the very core of you

I am the inkling in your head
The one that sees no victory in sight
The fixation that stops your dreams from coming true

I am the addiction that is followed by dread
A craving that only comes in the lonely night
The obsession in the very core of you

I am the being that turns your feet to lead
I am one that follows you left, back, and right
The fixation that stops your dreams from coming true

I am the words that stay unsaid
Their very mention equaling flight
The obsession in the very core of you

I am the feeling that turns your vision red
I am that which takes away your will to fight
The fixation that stops your dreams from coming true
The obsession in the very core of you

Stephanie's poem adds an unusual twist to the villanelle form by using a third rhyme sound.

Exploring Poetic Form

Acrostic

Albert Schlaht and Carole Davis have created nice examples of Acrostic poetry, which uses the first letter of each line or stanza to spell out a message, such as the title, a name, or the alphabet. This ancient type of message-poetry has been popular in many languages throughout history.

Cinquain

Tammy calls her poem a "Cinq-Cinquain", which is a sequence of five cinquains functioning to construct one larger poem. The cinquain form was invented by modern American poet Adelaide Crapsey. It consists of five lines with syllable counts of 2, 4, 6, 8, 2. Tammy chose to begin and end her poem with the same word, a technique for closing sequence poems satisfactorily.

Concatenation

Robert Frost's original poem "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" whose form Don Thackrey has imitated humorously in "Stopping by the Woods but Not for Long," is an example of *concatenation*, the linking or "chaining" of stanzas by verbal repetition. Frost's poem has a simple yet haunting form, with four 4-line stanzas of iambic tetrameter lines and this linking rhyme scheme: a-a-b-a b-b-c-b c-c-d-c d-d-D-D. The last two lines are *refrains* (lines having identical words). Another example of concatenation is *terza rima*, an historic chain verse poetic form. Terza rima carries over a rhyme sound from one 3-line stanza to the next like this: a-b-a b-c-b c-d-c d-e-d e. English poets sometimes end their terza rima with a couplet (e-e).

Sonnet and Double Sonnet

Sonnets are poems with 14 lines, rhymed and metered in various historic patterns. The standard Petrarchan sonnet, as in this issue's poetry by E. Shaun Russell, uses iambic pentameter and the rhyme scheme of an *octave* (8-line stanza) rhymed a-b-b-a-a-b-b-a, and a *sestet* (6-line stanza) newly rhymed in various ways such as c-d-e-c-d-e. There is a "turn" in the focus of the theme between the stanzas.

JBMulligan's poem is a type of *double sonnet*. His poem is composed of two modern Petrarchan sonnet forms with differently-rhymed sestets. For more on the sonnet, please see the first issue of Trellis Magazine or read about the history of the form on our website.

Word Ladder

Carole Davis's poem changes "slow" into "fast" one letter at a time. The *Word Ladder* was probably invented by author Lewis Carroll, and is still a popular puzzle poetry game today. The goal is to change one word into another word, often of opposite meaning, by altering one letter at a time while each step still results in a real word. In this way, you can magically change LEAD into GOLD!

Contributor Biographies

Bryan Bridges has a science background and was a U.S. military medic, but his lifelong passion has been photography. He is now a freelance photographer and writer in Massachusetts. He prefers poetry in short forms, and he has been published in magazines such as *Shadow Poetry's SP Quill* and *Sketchbook*.

R. S. Chase is a senior at Monticello High School in New York. His favorite class is English, and he is excited about the September school field trip to the Geraldine R. Dodge Poetry Festival in New Jersey.

Wesli Court is the anagram pseudonym of Lewis Turco, an award-winning American poet. Turco is retired Emeritus Professor of English Writing Arts at SUNY-Oswego. Turco/Court's works have appeared in many journals and books, including *The Book of Forms: A Handbook of Poetics* (Univ. Press of New England 2000) whose original 1968 publication encouraged the New Formalism movement. His latest book is *Fearful Pleasures: The Complete Poems 1959-2007* (Star Cloud Press 2007).

Carole Conner Davis of Texas has publishing credits including writings in *The Whimsic Alley Book of Spells*, *The Language of Leadership*, *Pawsitively Awesome Pet Poems*, *Best Modern Voices, Volume 1: A Poetry Anthology*, and in greeting cards from Blue Mountain Arts, Inc.

Jonece Dunigan is a third-year creative writing student at Lee High School in Alabama. She has been published in a small journal and has been recognized by the Statewide Literary Arts Organization of Alabama for her poetic work. Her villanelle was inspired by a situation that happened in a relationship during her freshmen year.

Tembong Denis Fonge is a bilingual native of Cameroon, where both English and French are official languages. Born in Fonki Village, he was absorbed in 1998 into the Cameroon Civil Service as an English teacher. He has obtained a Postgraduate Teacher's Diploma, a Master's Degree, and DEA in English Literature from the University of Yaounde Cameroon, where he is currently a research student in the English Department.

Juleigh Howard-Hobson has lived in the UK, Australia and both coasts of the US. Her poetry, like her passports, has appeared all over, including *Snakeskin*, *The Barefoot Muse*, *Mezzo Cammin*, *The Hyper Texts*, *ShatterColors Literary Review*, *The Raintown Review*, *Möbius*, and *Contemporary Rhyme*. Australian awards for poetry include the prestigious *ANZAC Day Award* and a gold medal from the MacArthur Arts Festival.

Frank Hubeny lives near Chicago and works in data processing. He has published poetry and micro-fiction online. His poetry appears in *Our Pipe Dreams*, *Snakeskin*, *Contemporary Rhyme*, and *Lucid Rhythms*.

Stephanie N. Ihejirika is in eleventh grade at Largo High School in Maryland. She loves to read and write. Writing poetry has always been a frustrating challenge for her, but with a satisfying end, such as her contest villanelle.

Kristen McHenry is a poet by night, and health outreach worker by day in Seattle, WA. Her poetry has been published in online magazines such as *Wanderings*, *Heart*, and *Pregnant Moon Review*. She has received local poetry awards from the Shoreline Arts Council. In addition to writing, she loves to sing, but only alone in the car with all of the windows rolled up.

Marilyn S. Moran runs a business in New York that provides marketing strategy, copy, basic design and digital photography for websites, direct mail promotions, ads, press releases, brochures and catalogs. Her job demands diverse writing styles to serve a wide range of clients. Poetry, photography, and gardening are her "hobbies," which combined well for this magazine.

JBMulligan has had poems and stories published in dozens of online magazines, including *Big Pond Rumours*, *Broken Bridge Review*, *Poetry Midwest*, and *Colere*, in two chapbooks *The Stations of the Cross* and *THIS WAY TO THE EGRESS* (Samisdat Press), and in the anthology *Inside Out: A Gathering of Poets* (Tombolo Publishing).

Contributor Biographies Cont.

Margaret Rabb is an accomplished poet with deep North Carolina roots. She holds degrees in English and law, has worked to improve health care in the developing world, has taught at UNC and UW, and currently directs the creative writing program of WSU in Kansas. Her award-winning poetry has appeared in numerous journals and in the books *Figments of the Firmament* (NC Writers' Network 1998), *Granite Dives* (New Issues Press 2000), and *Old Home* (New American Press 2007).

Royston Robertson lives in Kent, England and he is NOT a fan of the Backstreet Boys. After university, he was a sub-editor at The Times, but gave up his day job to devote full-time to his art. He is a widely-published British cartoonist whose humorous illustrations have appeared in Reader's Digest, The Times, Scholastic Children's Books, and many other US and UK publications (samples at www.roystonrobertson.co.uk). His two-dog cartoon first appeared in print in Prospect magazine (UK).

Steven B. Roof is a drywall contractor in North Carolina who also enjoys writing. His style of poetry is Confessional, and he usually includes the element of surprise for the reader.

E. Shaun Russell is a musician and formalist poet based in Vancouver, British Columbia, whose poetry has appeared in a variety of publications including *Contemporary Sonnet*, *Whistling Shade*, and *Jerry Jazz Musician*. He has been writing poetry for years, but a large portion was written in 2006 when he undertook successfully to write a Petrarchan sonnet each day for the entire year.

Michael R. Samford is a husband and grandfather who likes to write a few poems, while living and loving life on the gulf coast of Texas. In later life he has found himself loving the beat of poetry and learning to write in forms such as sonnets, rondeaux, and this new terzanelle. His first book of poetry is *South of Houston* (Lulu 2008).

Albert M. Schlaht resides in the Rocky Mountains of Montana where he enjoys hiking, fishing, and writing poetry. He has had poetry published in the *Missoulian*, *The Copperfield Review*, *My Light Magazine* (for children), and *A Montana Centennial: 100 Years In Poetry*.

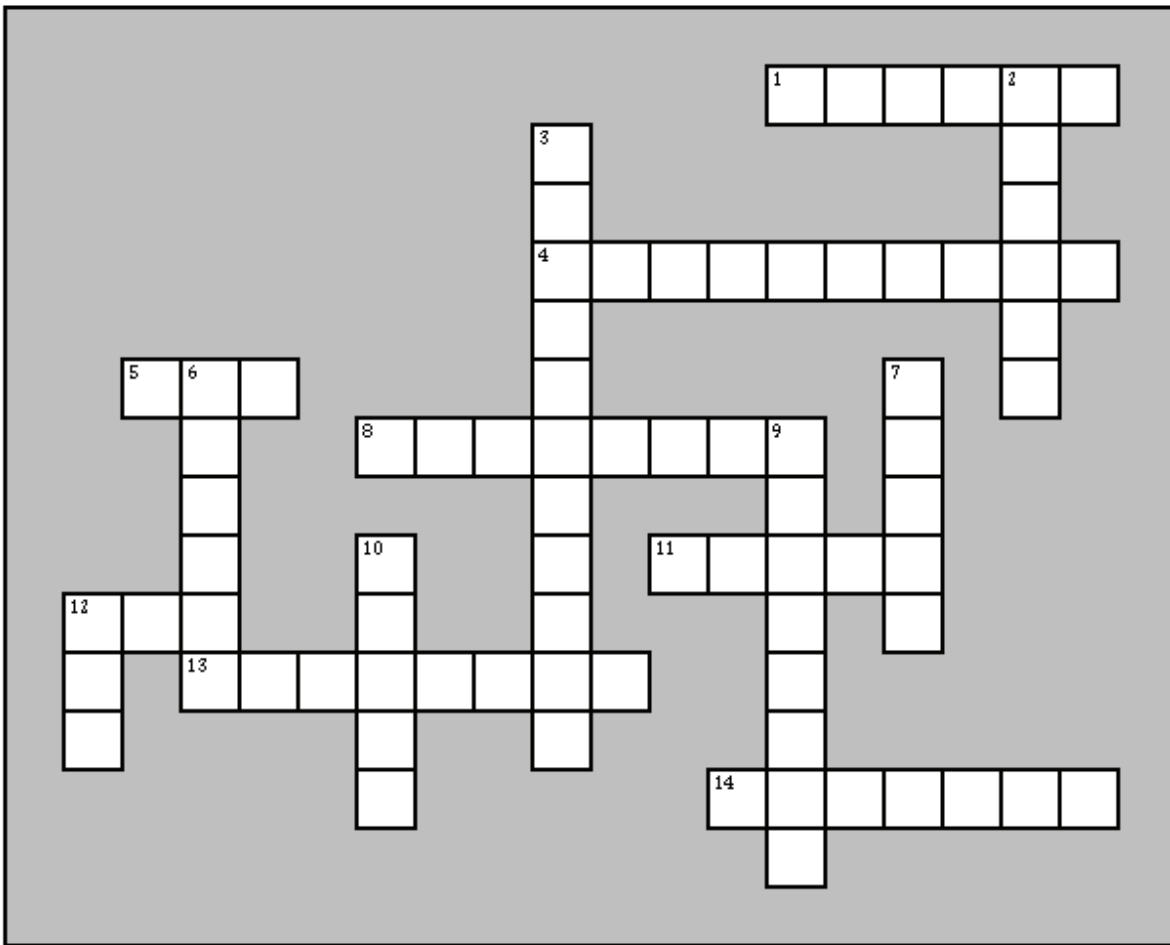
Stuart Sharp is a writer and PhD student living in East Yorkshire, UK. His articles, short stories, and poems have appeared in a number of places, including *Estella's Revenge* and *Inside Out Magazine (UK)*. He spends his time in a combination of reading, writing, music, and playing far too much cricket.

Robert Sonkowsky is a Professor Emeritus in classical studies at the University of Minnesota. He received his PhD from the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, and enjoyed a long career teaching classics and theater. He is now a writer, actor, published poet, and proud grandfather in Minneapolis.

Don Thackrey lives in Dexter, Michigan, where he is retired from teaching and administering at the University of Michigan. In his university career, he published prose, including a book on Emily Dickinson, but has only recently begun submitting verse for publication. Many of his formal verses have been published by journals in 2007 and 2008.

Tammy L. Whisman resides in southern West Virginia. She's a member of the West Virginia Writers, Inc., and a frequent contributor to several online poetry magazines. Tammy is the author of two books of poetry, *Sliced Ice Cream* and *Fireflies, Moonlight and All That Jazz*. A small town girl living her dream of being a published author.

Villanelle Crossword



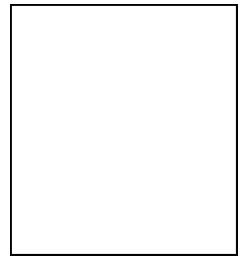
Across

1. all lines are same metrical ____ in villanelle
4. created new "terzanelle" form
5. rhyme scheme of tercet in villanelle
8. stanza of four lines
11. uniquely written for one occasion
12. villanelle has ____ different refrains
13. French author of original turtledove villanelle
14. line repeated later

Down

2. stanza of three lines
3. wrote archetypical villanelle "Do not go gentle"
6. woman who wrote modern villanelle "One Art"
7. measuring number of syllables and rhythmic beats in line
9. number of lines in standard villanelle
10. introduced villanelle form to England in an essay
12. villanelle has only ____ different rhyme sounds

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**"All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.**

**Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest."**

-- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow