

Poetry in Motion

She has much to ponder as she tackles the task
There is syntax and metre and form to unmask.
What tone should she take and which point of view?
First person? Second? No, third person will do.

Summoning her inner Banjo, she tries to type a ballad
She dons her thinking cap whilst eating yummy salad.

There was movement at her station, but the job was proving tough.
What form should this one take, free verse or stanza?
She had joined the wild bush poets-they were made of sturdy stuff
The hacks prepared verse extravaganza
All the tried and noted writers 'round the town were working late
They'd mustered words aplenty with delight.
For the local bards love writing and they write at quite a rate
They can stir unbridled passion to take flight!

Fly? Haiku will do!
A crane soars in a blue sky
And runs out of words...

No?
Then perhaps a sonnet?
She's on it!

Will Shakespeare brings a titter and a tear.

Thanks to Romeo and Juliet!

Raise your tankard high, say cheers to King Lear!

She'll try to get that couplet written yet!

T, B or not T, B, that is the congestion?

Consumption be done about it?

Of corpse it can!

But it may take a lung lung time...

Acrostic? Elegy? Ode?

Lyrical? Logical? A la mode?

Epic? Cinquain? Serious or silly?

Spicy, saucy packed with chilli?

Perchance she should construct a limerick?

And she's off like a shot! Click, click click!

There was a shy girl from Fassy

She was a beautiful lassie

She ate carrots for tea

And sang for a fee

She's classic and chic and sassy

Methinks she should stick to rhyming.

As we know, it's all about timing!

And now she thinks it's time for coffee...