

# DWELLING FORMS

The background of the cover is a vibrant, abstract composition of paint splatters and drips. The colors are a mix of bright magenta, white, yellow, orange, green, and blue, creating a dynamic and energetic visual. The paint appears to be dripping down from the top, with some large, thick drips in the upper half and more splattered, thinner paint in the lower half. The overall effect is one of creative chaos and artistic expression.

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

The page features a light, textured background with scattered small specks. Four clusters of green leaves are positioned in the corners: top-left, top-right, bottom-left, and bottom-right. Each cluster consists of several small, pointed leaves on a thin stem.

# *Dwelling Forms*

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The page features a light beige, textured background with scattered small specks of color. Four decorative green leafy branches are positioned in the corners: top-left, top-right, bottom-left, and bottom-right. The central text is written in a bold, black, italicized serif font.

# *Acrostic Poems*

*Acrostic Poems*  
*Cruel Mistress - Jenna Ashlyn*

I am the  
rise-sun, that hides  
in shadows. I embrace,  
your tempted flesh, while visioned  
dreams, dance through

Your  
salty skin. Like a whispered  
kiss. My passion, caresses, like tendrilled red satin, as it  
enraptures you. We are blinded by  
my wakeful aurora. As it glistens, across your  
lips. In this moment-

I am eternal. I  
always await, To  
tempt with a seductive play, but-  
life, still exists, it rises-  
beyond my lustrous kiss, but I must lead beyond  
my crimson  
embrace.

slowly, from your eyes, the sleep, I toss away. They  
flutter like butterflies, as you  
awake. And still, the day, he, must take you.

I can no longer hide us,  
from this design, as mourning savagely steals  
our love. I must quietly  
kiss you good-bye because for

Now,  
We  
Are  
Lost, to him.


***EQUALITY - Dale Hensaring***

Take this body, tear it down  
Rein in my hope, though truth aspired  
Angry, your words with malicious sounds  
Never, you cry, but I do not tire  
Special curses in city squares  
Gouge my soul, raze my cares  
Eyes, yours defy who I wish to be  
Noses, arrogant and upward, but down on me  
Don't box me in, limit definition  
Escape, I will, from your suppositions  
Rise above. I long to see a simple word: EQUALITY.

***Trio of Acrostics - Katherine Carlman***

Sting of betrayal, piercing the heart - a wound  
Insincerity and insensitivity are its marks; ego reigns  
No care for Other – all is pride and (self) desire

Crumpled bits of stray fragments, each starting with a  
gerund  
Little piles of commas, forgotten semi-colons, a colon or  
two



Useless jargon tripping tongues, clichés in bunches here  
and there

The articles are missing, tenses run roughshod over each  
page

The modifiers are dangling; confusion furrows brows,  
wrinkles grow

Errors everywhere; correction mark patterns, abstract but  
precise,

Red ink trails across the paper - simplicity, please,  
simplicity!

My daughter left; she just took off

I know not how it happened

She was right by my side, but

Suddenly, she disappeared

Into a life without her family

No presence, no bond, no joy

Gone...

finds she's faster on her



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# *Metered Poems*

## *Metered Poems*

Andie Joon

petrarchan sonnet

But faint in form against the greedy light,  
Whose golden disc out sputters stars like ink  
And puffs its hollowed nape to gnaw the link  
The arms of clouds have strung cocooned the night,  
I watch the moon proposition my sight  
And by example cleave—to freeze the blink  
Of dreams—its coldly hocusing moonlight,  
Which drags my hearse-held heart to lightly sink.

In stillness chained the figurative glow  
Is God. But movement trips on tapered frets  
Of shadows. Shape-shifting cirrus cygnets  
Awaken their eyes of sky in a slow,  
Apocryphal faith in vision hallowed  
To gaze with me as if heaven sets.

## *Shakespearean Sonnet*

For love cannot be made when pain is slacked.

It cannot be sipped idly from lips

Like dewy kisses sparking from the cracks

Of a breaking, egg-shaped moon when dawn nips.

It cannot be leased by crucified time,

Nor worshiped in the cubicle of One.

It cannot follow a prescribed chime,

Nor enter when it's called to aptly come.

It cannot make horizons pose as near,

Nor limit our philandering mistakes,

And yet it can make aching seem so dear

And cinching up the need for lofty stakes,

Love can be lost upon its gambled gain

Then made again from nothing save the pain.

## *Shakespearean Sonnet*

If partnered be this promise by a pain  
That falls asleep in adjunct pleasure's bed  
And all recitals leash to pill-box brain  
Until their molting habitat is fed,  
And if so long that latency rebinds  
Across the skin a husk of half-mast hope  
And women expire their lying spines  
To awkward stand alone to self-elope,  
Then know for else but good or gain I wait  
To lace apart the twinkling Sun King spear  
Whose home of light had quickened us too late  
When dreams had spent the tidy comforts near  
And brushed all powder shapes of memory  
To lastly fetch the want of you to me.

# ECOPOETRY HAIKU [3] - Gerard Sarnat

## I. Solving Climate Change [2]

Each time after time  
since worldwide Industrial  
Revolution jolt

humans never miss  
opportunities to miss  
opportunities.

## ii. Ecopoetry

Intimations of  
time past echo unheeded  
climate change warnings.

- Janis Thompson

*Autumn Sonnet*

Is Spring a better beauty than the Fall  
with insects seeking sweetness as they fly?  
Or is the Autumn prettier than all  
due to the brightness of the leaves that die?

How brief the kiss so colorful and rare  
of orange, red, and brown to name a few.  
Yet crisp and clean the smell of colder air  
with chill that comes when the first frost is due.

The barns are pregnant with the nature's yield  
as pewter thunder colors crown the skies.  
Now laid stark bare are waving Summer fields...  
the harvest feast is set before our eyes.


The Autumn season most outshines the rest  
and with respect we say, "Come Fall, Be Blessed."

*10 syllables per line, tradition*

*Shakespearean Sonnet iambic pentameter*



*Waste*



town  
children  
walk dead paths  
past dark houses  
ghost residences  
wasted places  
possessing  
hope for  
non

*Form: NINETTE Syllable count*

1

2

3

4

5

4

3

2

1

nine lines



## *Old Coals*

The summer grill has old coals that are gray  
with little life to get the food well done.  
But when they're stoked with ashes knocked away  
an orange glow of warmth is left in some  
enough to give completion still to one,  
old coals that burn with passion like the sun.

The few coals worked to make a sizzling flame  
as charcoal flavor tickled at the nose.  
Soon with a single hot dog one man came  
and to this proud occasion old coals rose.  
The hot dog was well done or so it goes  
for old coals have a value someone knows.

English Quintain  
10 syllable per line  
rhyme scheme  
ababbb

- Thomas Davis

*The Creativity of Annihilation*

a Shakespearean Sonnet

Gas from a black hole's yaw hurled massively  
In deep, deep space. In Orion suns blazed  
Out from the incubator galaxy,  
New stars a coalescing plasma raised  
From clouds of light as Shiva walked  
In nothingness and felt unraveling  
Annihilate into creation as he stalked  
Through dances of light's christening.

Upon a Himalayan mountaintop  
He sat. Snow leopards, muscling with grace,  
Leapt from a ledge of ice, the yawing drop  
Below them sheer, a cliff's dark, rocky face.

Two mountain goats danced dark with hooves away  
Into a cloudy heaven's sheer ballet.


*A Poet's Age*  
*An octave in eight stanzas*

He walked into the dark, high, empty room  
And moved into the labyrinth of racks  
Until, at last, the winter cold so sharp  
His breath flowed white then disappeared in air,  
He reached the shelf beside the ancient tomb  
Of some forgotten king, the zodiac  
Portrayed above a dimly painted harp,  
And took a book in hand with tender care.

The darkness seemed to dance with wisps of light  
As, walking through the stacks, he seemed to grow  
As shadows leapt before him on the floor.  
He seemed a shadow, like reflections deep  
In Plato's cave where shadows thought that night  
Is all there is—that what their minds could know  
Was real and true in spite of how the door  
Of waking opened only in their sleep.

He left the racks and put the massive book  
Upon a marble table, struck a match  
And lit a candle placed beside a jar of ink  
And took an old black pen and set the quill  
Upon rich velum, in his eyes a blazing look  
Of fire, as if his mind could swiftly snatch  
His blood and flesh and make his true self shrink  
To strong, honed words shaped by his flawless skill.

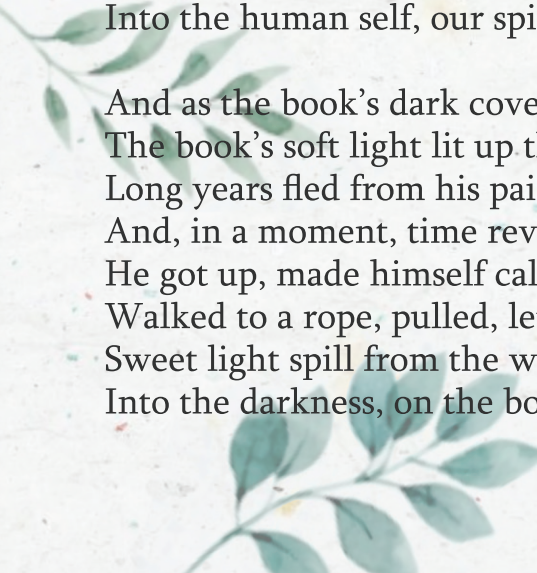
For thirty years his pen had moved his hand  
And bled his life into the book, each day  
His writing draining life from who he was



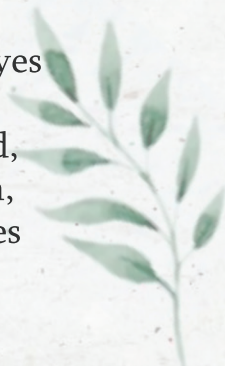
Into the words that crawled from page to page  
As pages seemed to magically expand  
Each time he walked through stacks and made his way  
To sit down at the table as the buzz  
Of life wrote songs that made his spirit age.

As words flowed from his pen, his hair grew white,  
And in his heart the burdens placed by years  
Wrapped tight against the beating of the drum  
That let him be the poet that he wished to be.  
The pages glowed and danced as if the plight  
Of humans and their lives were only fears  
That scattered when the words began to strum  
Their shining lives into eternity.

His hands began to shake. His wrinkles spread  
Across his face and hands. He felt so old  
The thought of living yet another day  
Seemed heavier than what his heart could bear.  
He sighed inside the darkness, closed the dread  
That emanated from the words that told  
The story of the love that rises fey  
Into the human self, our spirit's prayer—



And as the book's dark cover slowly closed,  
The book's soft light lit up the poet's flesh,  
Long years fled from his pain-filled, reddened eyes  
And, in a moment, time reversed its flow.  
He got up, made himself calm, strong, composed,  
Walked to a rope, pulled, let the daylight's fresh,  
Sweet light spill from the winter's cold blue skies  
Into the darkness, on the book's soft glow,



Then turned and took the book into his hands  
And walked through racks so filled with endless books  
They seemed to never end, the evidence  
Humanity still lives, thinks, feels, and sings.  
Around him whispered time's ephemeral sands;  
He reached the last, cold shelf and heard the rooks  
Of spring alive in ancient forests dense  
With life before there were lost graves for kings.

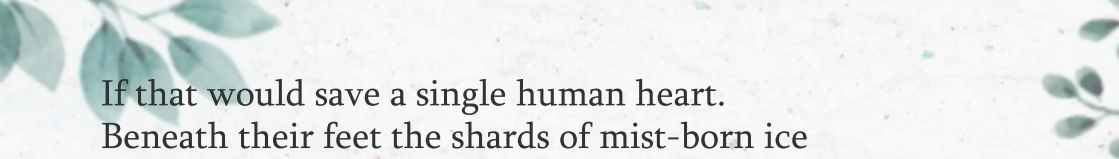


## *The Time of the Poetic Spirit's Splitting* *a double sestina*

The wind was blowing shards of shining ice  
That crystallized from fog steamed off the ground  
Into air bright with sun, but biting cold,  
A day so weird it had the monk think twice  
Before he left his cottage by the sound  
To walk toward the rendezvous—more bold  
Than he had ever felt inside his heart.  
The forest seemed alive in ways not real,  
The trees alive to Taliesin's song  
As if the Lord had let His truths depart  
The earth and leave to bards His rightful zeal,  
Their ballads making land and men all wrong.

Inside a meadow's snow-dressed cold, the wrong  
The monk saw made the gathered bards, as ice  
And mist caked beards with frost, chant out a song  
Rejoicing in the Goddess: Earth-weird zeal  
Alive in thrumming songs said twice, then twice  
To kindle memories the monk's hard heart  
Would bury in the dead earth's frozen ground  
And freeze into a death so harsh and real  
That women's wombs, and fields, would grow so cold  
The Mother's moon would lose its glow, depart  
Into a past alive with songs still bold  
Enough for poems and chants and sacred sound.

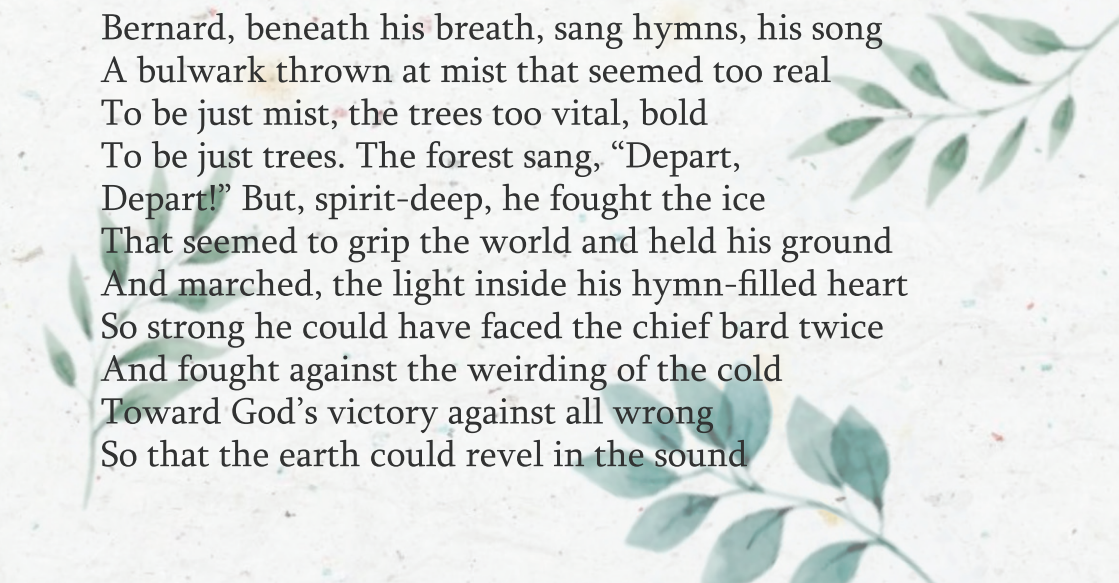
Bernard was joined by other monks, the sound  
They made while walking soft. They faced the wrong  
Inside the day composed, their courage bold  
Enough to face the coming conflict twice



If that would save a single human heart.  
Beneath their feet the shards of mist-born ice  
Kept rising as they marched downhill, the ground  
As treacherous as trees that bristled cold  
And tried to force their courage to depart  
And let them shun the bards and ancient song  
Conceived to drain their spirits of their zeal.  
Inside the mist they felt half-made, not real.

The head bard, Gwion, knelt and felt how real  
The marching monks were, reached for sacred sound  
With strength enough to move the winter's heart  
And let the Goddess stir the tree sap with her bold,  
Sure hands and cause the mist and trees to twice  
Take steps toward the monks so hearts so wrong  
Revering Him, their God, would turn, depart  
Back to their foreign lands, and let the ground  
The Goddess blessed blow past the winter's cold  
And let the blood of women stir the zeal  
Of men so that the grip of monk-born ice  
Would melt in passion's fertile, earth-bed song.

Bernard, beneath his breath, sang hymns, his song  
A bulwark thrown at mist that seemed too real  
To be just mist, the trees too vital, bold  
To be just trees. The forest sang, "Depart,  
Depart!" But, spirit-deep, he fought the ice  
That seemed to grip the world and held his ground  
And marched, the light inside his hymn-filled heart  
So strong he could have faced the chief bard twice  
And fought against the weirding of the cold  
Toward God's victory against all wrong  
So that the earth could revel in the sound



Of angels singing songs of faithful zeal.

As Gwion felt the rising tide of zeal  
Inside the monks, his voice grew deep, his song  
Rang out as poetry, as wildly bold  
As epics sung to make bad times depart.  
The bards behind him sang words softly twice,  
A harmony as varied as the ground  
That rises into hills and mountains, heart-  
Horizons of the Mother, sun and ice  
And men and women's flesh all glory—wrong  
The business of the monks whose sense of real  
Was twisted by the holy words whose sound  
Fell like a hammer on men's hearts made cold.


Above the bards the brown-cowled monks walked cold  
And stronger than they should have been as zeal  
Flowed from the bards to monks then back as heart  
Contested with another's heart, the real  
Of two realities contesting wrong  
That trembled like two great, blue cliffs of ice  
About to crash and cascade over ground  
Into an eon where men's souls depart  
Into a purgatory void of sound,  
Of poetry or hymns, where spirits bold  
Enough to sing lost knowledge blessed by song  
Have lost their love and spirit, losing twice.

“Begone! Begone!” the great bard said. “It's twice  
I tell you that this land has naught but cold  
And grief for those without the Mother's song.  
Her people have, with spirits long made bold  
By trees and runes and moon and sacred sound,

The will to tell you that you must depart  
Before the triple breasted Goddess swirls the ice  
Into great warriors fearless in their heart.”  
Bernard heard base apostasy and wrong  
And walked toward the bards, his eye’s bright zeal  
A lightning bolt so fierce and burning-real  
He thought the bards would fall, dead, to the ground.

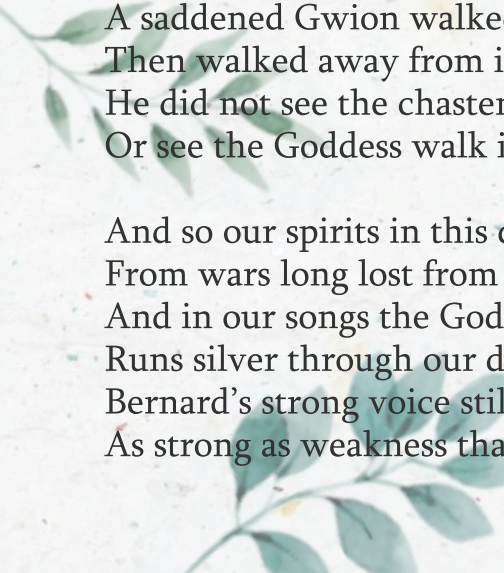
The bards stopped chanting; Gwion rose from ground  
And motioned, gravely shook his gray head twice.  
The youngest bard stepped forward, made a sound  
So pure his words sparked bright as sun-struck ice.  
A shimmering of air danced with the cold  
And, in a moment, real no longer real,  
The trees reached deep into each monk’s stout heart  
And changed to sensual women: Songs depart  
Lithe bodies from tree’s bark, and other song  
Strikes longing deep into the monks’ strong zeal  
And challenges their sense of right and wrong.  
The nymphs are beautiful and bold.

Bernard began to pray, his heart once bold  
With courage drawn from years on holy ground  
Now shaken by the bard’s nymphonic song.  
He felt the stirring spring defeat the cold  
And soothe his feet and hands, and felt the real  
Of living life as sunlight thawed the ice  
From earth, soft thunder in his beating heart.  
He swooned toward the poet’s silver sound  
And felt his fervor from his soul depart  
As if the cock had crowed his song just twice,  
And summer’s warmth had snatched away the zeal  
That let him know seduction as a wrong—





But deep inside Bernard, he felt the wrong  
And grasped, with spirit strong, eternal, bold,  
Sweet Christ hung sorely on the cross, the real  
Of God come down to earth, a blessing twice  
As strong as bardic songs. He forced the cold  
Of winter down into his bones, forced sound  
Of holy hymns into his voice, and roared his song  
So loud it made the bard's sweet voice depart  
Into the glistening of sun on ground.  
Around him, shining with the light in ice,  
He felt triumphant, rising waves of zeal,  
And felt his faith flood back into his heart.

The Chief Bard felt a sinking in his deepest heart.  
The day was lost; the world had turned black, wrong.  
The monks were stronger, speaking words so bold  
They stunned the Goddess with their fiery cold  
And leached the magic from poetic song.  
His spirit burdened, fiery in his zeal,  
His silence filled with old, unspoken sound,  
Unbroken by the day, the Goddess near him real,  
A saddened Gwion walked a circle twice,  
Then walked away from ice and cold, hard ground.  
He did not see the chastened monks depart  
Or see the Goddess walk in white on ice.



And so our spirits in this distant day depart  
From wars long lost from any sense of real,  
And in our songs the Goddess spring-time song  
Runs silver through our days of youthful heart.  
Bernard's strong voice still prays, his spirit twice  
As strong as weakness that he feels—the ground



The page features a light, textured background with scattered small specks of color. Green leafy branches are illustrated in the corners: top-left, top-right, bottom-left, and bottom-right.

Of warriors facing visions in the ice  
Still clothed with fiery words of human zeal.  
I sing of poets cloaked in spring-time's sound,  
Of glory, hope, and not of human wrong.

ACROSTIC POEMS  
SHAKESPEAREAN SONNET  
HAIKU  
PETRARCHAN SONNET  
NINETTE  
IAMBIC PENTAMETER  
AN OCTAVE  
ENGLISH QUINTAIN  
DOUBLE SESTINA

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