

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:

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

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.

Amera Andersen

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:

Amera Andersen

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: Sandro Botticelli, housed in main Gallery in Florence: The Primavera.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

Because Of You ...

because of you ... I am filled with
resplendent points of light that
cannot hide behind shadows
of doubt.

because of you ... each new day
is drenched in a glow that will
not be contained in a bottle
of scorn.

because of you ... I look forward
to the crack of dawn; watching
it sizzle - sunny side up, to
feed the world.

because of you ... there are days
that I am drenched in the
elixir of satisfaction that
reforms ashes.

and - because of you ... I have
overdosed on the opiate of
perfection and nothing
can harm me.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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?

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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'.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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 cupid's' 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

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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.....

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

Conversation With A Weevil

Cognitive intellect,
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

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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:

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera 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.

Amera Andersen

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:

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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”!

Amera Andersen

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 tries 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 too much to speak.

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

Author Notes:

English sonnet

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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 had died, we were cast to sea
I was torn inside, not enough of me

Author notes

Sonnet

Internal rhyme: aabb – External rhyme: abab

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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
relieved 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

Amera Andersen

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 losing 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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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:

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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

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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:

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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 (לִלִּית; לִלִּית; לִלִּית; לִלִּית; לִלִּית; לִלִּית; , 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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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, 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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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?

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

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traditionally written in iambic pentameter - that is, in lines ten syllables long,
with accents falling on every second syllable.

source:

Amera Andersen

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

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Trijan Refrain is a rhyming poem with a set meter and rhyme scheme as follows:

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

source:

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

Red Pencil

Red Pencil

Red pencil with magic flair
Enrichment while in school
Dancing 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

Pencil red is the teachers' tool
Enchanted magic wand
Nebulous to the Golden Rule
Classroom and teacher bond
I want to teach, want to be free
Life 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

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

source:

Amera Andersen

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:

Lister - assessor who makes out the tax lists

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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](#):

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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□

Amera Andersen

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 pivot

Iambic pentameter is not necessary

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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 pivot

Iambic pentameter is not necessary

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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....

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

ii

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.

iii

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.

iv

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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!

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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.

Amera Andersen

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

Amera Andersen