

Y Myfyriwr Ymchwil
Cyfrol 4, Rhif 1, Mai 2017, 57–59

The Student Researcher
Vol. 4, No. 1, May 2017, 57–59

Prifysgol Cymru
Y Drindod Dewi Sant

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Haiku

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Lluniwyd y cerddi hyn fel rhan o elfen portffolio creadigol mewn modwl lefel 5 ar ysgrifennu barddoniaeth. Tyfasant i gyd o ymarferion mewn ffurfiau penodol ar ysgrifennu.

The poems here were produced as part of the creative portfolio element of a level 5 module of writing poetry. They all grew out of exercises in writing particular forms.

Two Haiku

California dreams,
floating flotsam to far shores,
glitter in the sand

LA babes lope by
water bottles on their hip
trees dying in the drought

Song of the Suffragettes: A sonnet

I come before you now amidst the fight
to tell you why we're forced to take up arms,
pushed to violence just to win the right
to earn without the need to trade on charms.
Our sisters daily run the risk of jail,
in feathered hats they terrorise good folk.
Beaten, bloody, chained against the rail,
at worst we're loathed, at best we're just a joke.
A skirted army marching on parade
From out the parlour to the halls of power
to have our voices heard and labour paid.
The women cometh, but when will come the hour?
Think not this war is all about the Vote,
The future knows it's just a sounding note.

Mona Lisa's Soliloquy: A Villanelle

As I sit gazing at the hours pass me by
I wonder do you think my secrets deep?
Shall I stay silent or tell you a little lie?

Am I content or do I hide a sigh?
Scheme for gain or feel my life replete,
as I sit gazing at the hours pass me by

Am I a lady or Medici spy?
A pious wife or lovers do I keep?
Shall I stay silent or tell you a little lie?

My smile: does it amuse or mystify?
Do I dwell on God or am I half-asleep
as I sit gazing at the hours pass me by?

I'm trapped inside this frame I occupy
while crowds file by like endless bleating sheep.
Shall I stay silent or tell you a little lie?

Perhaps one day I'll up and say goodbye,
but now I only dream of freedom's leap.
As I sit gazing at time pass me by
shall I stay silent or tell you a little lie?

Prifysgol Cymru Y Drindod Dewi Sant

Random Acts of Violence

Bang! Bang! They fall,
 six years old and blameless
 clutching each others' hand

Bam! Bam! Bits of arm,
 legs and lumps of flesh
 flying in all directions.

Scraped up and bagged,
 catalogued and cremated.
 Everyone asking why.

Crash! Slash! Humvees plough
 through the market stall;
 A man on the metro bleeds out.

In the name of God? Of anything?
 Or just another senseless seed of
 evil fruiting in its season?

Elaine notes: 'Most great artists, even if their style is abstract, are also good draughtsmen/women. This is equally true of poets. Even if the chosen form is free verse, it is important to know and be able to employ traditional forms. This is not just for purposes of anterior discourse which is arguably less relevant today since fewer readers today grow up with the knowledge that Milton was using the Petrarchan sonnet to show off his virtuosity. But unless the poet is aware of and able to apply traditional forms, he/she is forced into a single-note language that limits contextual and stylistic richness. What sets the Mona Lisa's is Da Vinci's knowledge of anatomy. While we don't see the bones, muscle and nerves beneath the surface we know from his drawings that he had intimate knowledge of the many layers that make up the human form.'