FIVE ROMANTICS
IN FIRM OCTAVES

Anthony Etherin
Palindrome for Wordsworth & Coleridge

Name no side moods, sort a blame.
O, proud, an axe mires....
Wordsworth—gilt far daffodils, slate,
peg dire lochs in a vital fog.
(Yell a valley, go flat—I vanish....)
Coleridge—petals slid off a draft.
Light rows drowse Rime, Xanadu or poem—
Albatross-doomed is one man.
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?
At dusk, a closer poem dies with life.
Amiss, I walk. I cloud the forest deep.
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?
It was the lucid dream of loss. I keep
its laws. Dues opiated, hemlock rife,
fled is that music. Do I wake or sleep
at dusk? A closer poem dies with life.
Anagram-Triolet for Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud....
All lay worn. I seduced an ode,
a lucid yarn no seed allowed.
I wandered lonely. As a cloud,
alone in duel, delays a crowd,
I answer you, ‘All land decode!’
I wandered lonely as a cloud.
All lay. Worn, I seduced an ode.
Anagram-Triolet for Shelley

My name is Ozymandias, king of kings.  
A knife, I kiss my sand, my gazing moon, 
so fazed moans ink my sky, imagining 
my name. Is Ozymandias king of kings?  
An oak-size infamy, my kingdom sings.  
A sinking sky my maze, I'm fading soon—  
My name is Ozymandias, king of kings.  
A knife, I kiss my sand, my gazing moon....
Anagram-Triolet for Byron

She walks in beauty, like the night—
the bleak eye knit with Luna's sigh....
Beneath—guilt-shaken, silky white—
she walks in beauty. Like the night
wakes blue, in haste, the inky light,
built high, the new lines take a sky.
She walks in beauty, like the night
the bleak eye knit, with Luna's sigh....
Anagram-Triolet for Coleridge

The nightmare, life in death: Was she the sea? Mild feathers hang in white. Marine faith hands the light we see. The nightmare Life-In-Death was she. Ah, what things sail? The men die free—I, wreathed the same, in ashen flight.... The nightmare, life in death: Was she the sea? Mild feathers hang in white.
Five Romantics in Firm Octaves presents six eight-line poems based on five romantic poets: Samuel Taylor Coleridge, William Wordsworth, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Lord Byron and John Keats. The first five poems are triolets whose lines are perfect anagrams. Each triolet begins with, and anagrammatically explores, a line composed by its titular poet. Freer in form, the sixth octave is a palindrome by letter, inspired by Coleridge and Wordsworth.
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