

Pantoums Again

(first one April 19, 2016)

I was inspired by the Laure-Anne Bosselaar poem, “Stillbirth”, below to take another look at Pantoums.

The prompt is to write a pantoum today.

Pantoums, like villanelles, work really well for dealing with repetitive, obsessive ideas.

A note on pantoums just in case they’re new to you:

Pantoums have stanzas of four lines each. The second and fourth lines of the first stanza become the first and the third lines of the following stanza. This progression continues somewhat repetitively through any number of stanzas until the final stanza. The final stanza uses the third line of the initial stanza as line two, and the first line of the initial stanza as the final line of the poem. The poem comes full circle; its first and final lines are the same.

Stillbirth

On a platform, I heard someone call out your name:

No, Laetitia, no.

It wasn’t my train—the doors were closing,
but I rushed in, searching for your face.

But no Laetitia, No.

No one in that car could have been you,
but I rushed in, searching for your face:
no longer an infant. A woman now, blond, thirty-two.

No one in that car could have been you.

Laetitia-Marie was the name I had chosen.

No longer an infant. A woman now, blond, thirty-two:
I sometimes go months without remembering you.

Laetitia-Marie was the name I had chosen:
I was told not to look. Not to get attached—
I sometimes go months without remembering you.
Some griefs bless us that way, not asking much space.

I was told not to look. Not to get attached—
It wasn't my train—the doors were closing
Some griefs bless us that way, not asking much space.
On a platform, I heard someone calling your name:

Laure-Anne Bosselaar
Anthologized in: *The Art of Losing:*
Poems of Grief & Healing
Edited by Kevin Young

A loose Pantoum:

Whirlfest

This poem goes round and round.
I'm walking the elliptic track.
My thoughts go round and round,
rarely with resolution.

I'm walking this oval track
while our earth circles the sun.
Circles have no resolution;
my thoughts are thinking me.

While earth circles the sun,
the moon orbits the earth.
which revolves like my spinning thoughts,
even within the atom all is spin.

As the moon orbits the earth,
everything spins and twirls.
Even within the atom all is spin.
It's a whirlfest.

Everything whirls and spins.
My thoughts go round and round
It's a whirlfest,
but this poem has come full circle.

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