

# A Suite of Nonets

**Note:** A “nonet” is a poetic form that is inspired by the musical term of the same name, which refers to a composition that requires nine musicians for a performance. In poetry, a nonet is a poem that consists of lines of descending syllable count, starting from nine. That is, the first line of a nonet has nine syllables, the second has eight, the third has seven, etc.

In the last couple of “Kapow!” meetings this spring semester, we’ve written some group nonets, in which one of us would write a line, pass on the poem to the next person in the group, who’d then write the second line of the nonet and then pass the developing poem to the next person in the group, etc. As in any such group endeavor, while there may at times be a lack of consistency from line to line, there is also, we have found, moments of surprise and delight, as well.

—Stuart Lishan (Faculty Advisor, “Kapow!”)

I. I’m on cloud nine with my cool nonet!  
I bet you will want to read this  
as your mind fills with wonders  
like dream salamanders.  
What is your next thought,  
drifting away,  
like today?  
Think on,  
now!

—Brittany Larson, Stuart Lishan, Jawonne Seabon

II. Surely we can run with a cool breeze  
soaking up sunlight’s memory,  
grooving on life’s scenery,  
loving where we are now.

I can feel so much,  
reel in your touch.

Give me peace,  
alone,  
home.

—Brittany Larson, Stuart Lishan, Jawonne Seabon

III. I can find peace where others may not,  
drinking juice on a used car lot,  
staring at my dog's sun spot.

Lazily start to dream,  
like mist in a scream:

I can love these things.  
I can see  
past me,  
there!

—Brittany Larson, Stuart Lishan, Jawonne Seabon

IV. What would you for a Klondike Bar?  
Well, depends on whom I'm asking,  
or where you are, in Ferguson?  
I don't like ice cream, though.  
Heck, that's not my fault.

What DO you want?  
Blond dyke? Bar?

Stop it!  
Please.

—Brittany Larson, Kris Kasotis, Emma Smith, Stuart Lishan

V. Heart, you ain't got no go round no more,  
your beats starting to lose tempo.  
And if they halt, you don't know.

Could be the caffeine... or  
a snowfall of beans  
or hazy dreams,  
love's true things.  
Could be  
bliss.

—Brittany Larson, Kris Kasotis, Emma Smith, Stuart Lishan