

Gra Reformata

Pondering Comet ISON

ISON, you head toward sun from cosmic night
your cloudy coma and bright tail flashing.
From fringe Oort cloud, ort is now streaking light.

A giant snowball of gas, rock and dust
turbulent tumbling in orbital thrust.

When warmed nearing sun, pass gas while in flight
toss rock and dirt debris in sky-dashing,
can start life, bring solar system insight.

Ison called "Comet of the Century"
A part of universal mystery.

Two-thirds mile wide facing perilous plight,
ISON merely grazes sun not crashing
just one million miles from sun-melting site.

Other small comet grazed hot-grabbing sun
fell apart later which surprised no one.

Your slingshot trajectory- no respite
prods scientists' thoughts to doomsday bashing.
At first they thought you had survived, despite

images of sunbath from your sky show.
Still said you would not have much time to go.

Both comets and cats have tails and delight.
surprise, do what they like while we're hashing
over their many lives, seek oversight.

Understanding cosmos—we're neophyte.
Scientific theories and facts clashing.
Their conclusions we will have to unwrite.
Might turn to study a meteorite.

Gra Reformata: Created by Michael King

1. Based on Villanelle. It has extra couplets between each tercet.
2. Couplet can rhyme or not. Should be in iambic pentameter. Example has ten syllables instead of iambic pentameter throughout the poem.
3. Pattern: a-b-a x-x a-b-a x-x a-b-a x-x a-b-a x-x a-b-a a-b-a-a