

Raccontino

When we create **poetry**
our hands translate our *hearts*.

Our passions spill, poem **leaps**
to the page in mini-*parts*

Words start at top, dribbling **down**
like bullets penetrating *ramparts*.

Muses guide descent to **page**
poetry one of the succinct *arts*.

Until a form becomes a poem **into**
which our insight *imparts*.

We follow prompting of the **heart**
until our trajectory *departs*.

Raccontino:

1. Couplets. Any number to tell the story.
2. Even numbered lines had the same rhyme.
3. Tell a story with the end words of the odd lines.
4. Odd lines do not rhyme.
5. Even-lines are mono-rhymed.

The odd lines (in bold) tell the story: Poetry leaps down page into heart.
The even lines (in italics) rhyme: hearts, parts, ramparts, arts, departs.