

# Triquain

## Mono-rhymed Triquain

### Scientists Flunk

Our space junk  
takes celestial chunk  
of sky, orbits Earth and falls kerplunk.  
As for terrestrial safety it is just bunk.  
Thousands of pieces are launched then plunk,  
out of control like drunk.  
Research stunk.

## Unrhymed Triquain

### The Sky is Falling

What goes up  
will come down. Gravity.  
Our satellites spin, but when spun out  
they leave orbits to plunge debris onto the Earth.  
So far they have left little damage,  
disintegrate in air—  
but not all.

**Triquain:** Invented by Shelley A. Cephas

1. Unrhymed or rhymed. Seven lines.
2. Syllable Count: 3-6-9-12-9-6-3
3. They are centered.