

# Nonet

## Backyard Landscape

A petal-daubed palette paints our lawn.  
Pinkish petals look as if drawn  
upon a green canvas. So  
textured, when the winds blow  
children conjure seas  
waving in breeze.  
Then they dive.  
Alive!  
Thrive!

## Drawing With Grandkids

Magic markers flood blank white pages,  
reveal skills, different stages.  
Scissors, tape, glue collage bits  
creating new orbits.  
Draw as they're able  
(sometimes table)  
markers whirl,  
twirl, swirl,  
curl.

## Painters

Rowan and James like to daub in paint–  
dabbling, dribbling, Degas they aint.  
But they spill colors and flow  
hues where they ought to go.  
Circles, scribbles, lines,  
declines, inclines.  
Brushes deep.  
Page sweep.  
Keep!

## We Are Climbing Grandpa's Ladder

Rowan and James climb a high ladder.  
I can't tell which one is gladder.  
As each climbs gray metal stairs,  
I hold my breath, grip stares.  
Both smile, then they laugh.  
Metal giraffe.  
At the top  
don't drop!  
Stop!

## Modern Angels

Why do angels reside on a cloud?  
Why do they sing off-key out loud?  
Why do they travel with wings  
when technology brings  
swifter slights. ear plugs  
soft seats, plush rugs.  
Adjust sites!  
Smooth flights!  
Right?

**Nonet:** Nine lines. Can be unrhymed or rhymed. Flush left or centered.

Unrhymed Version: Syllable Count: 9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1

Rhymed Version: 9a-8a-7b-6b-5c-4c-3d-2d-1d