

Octain

Plea For Knowing

Angels
hover near me
listen closely. I ask
to understand our lives' meanings,
how to achieve the best gleanings
from each everyday task.
Cover. Hear me
dear angels.

(Rhymed Octain)

Why Are There Planets?

Planets
in multiverse
can be a place for life
but will there be some sentience,
a chance for creativity,
to find some love, meaning,
to enhance life
on planets?

Planets
without beings
orbit space alone.
No one wondering why they're there.
No one pondering a creator.
Lifeless gas, minerals,
no one to know
the planets.

(Double unrhymed Octain)

Octain: Invented by Lillian Mathilda Svenson.
Poem begins and ends with the same word.
8 lines = octastich. Rhymed or unrhymed.
Syllable Count: 2-4-6-8-8-6-4-3. Last line takes three syllables.
When rhymed, rhyme scheme is A-b-c-d-d-c-b-A.