

The Linvillanelle

(a poetic form)

Background

In 2011, Cynthia Linville, along with her writing group members Shawn Avenigo and Lytton Bell, invented a new poetic form which Lytton dubbed *the Linvillanelle* as a play on Cynthia's last name and the form's loose connection to a *villanelle*. ([Follow this link for more explanation about a villanelle.](#)) Kathy Kieth of [Medusa's Kitchen](#) profiled the form in July of 2011 and invited readers to submit their own poems written in the form.

Explanation

The Linvillanelle is a poem in three parts:

The lines in the first part are repeated in the next two parts, but in a (mostly) different order. Different punctuation and capitalization are also allowed.

The last line of the first part becomes the first line of the second part, and the last line of the second part becomes the first line of the third part.

The last two lines of the third part are comprised of the first line and the last line of the first part.

There are no other rules.

Examples

The following poems, written by Cynthia Linville, are examples of the form.

After the Eclipse

It was a day of U-turns—
teeth and shoes and all

Now I need to be smoothed down
by the gravity of home

I want silence like a blanket
I keep thinking I hear rain

We are sinking into patience
We are keeping the light on

* * *

We are keeping the light on
wrapping ourselves

in silence like a blanket
in the gravity of home

I am smoothing myself down —
teeth and shoes and all

I am listening to the rain
forgetting the U-turns

I am sinking in.

* * *

I am sinking down into patience
smoothing myself like rain

All I want is silence
All I want is a blanket of gravity

No more U-turns
I am keeping the light on

Jean-Pierre (Miles Davis)

Part of her is still sitting in that café
listening to that song
the record, scratched.

She was deep in his pockets then —
the omens were clear.

She just wanted out of the rain
just wanted to whisper his name
over and over —
not thinking about lifting the needle off the groove.

* * *

Not thinking about lifting the needle off the groove
listening to that song
over and over –
the record, scratched
the omens, clear.

She was too deep into his pockets.
She just wanted to whisper his name.

Part of her is still sitting in that café.
Part of her still wants out of the rain.

* * *

She still just wants to be out of the rain
listening to that song
that whispered his name,
the record scratched.

Over and over,
the omens were too clear.

She is no longer deep in his pockets
but part of her is still sitting in that café
not lifting the needle off the groove.

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