

Centó In Prose and Poetry

by Sian Barbara Allen

* * * *A "Centó" which is a "patchwork poem" using the words of other writers.*

for V.W.

To sing of wars, of captains, and of kings,
...and all the leanings of his life were for the ardenthearted...
with their voices they are calling me
_but here I was...at the door...into the library itself. I must have
opened it
The lily whispers, "I wait"
It is raining women's voices
Lift me up, Mom
I won't be fictitious...we are coming back by Greece
As you set out for Ithaca
What kept you from us for so long and where?
When the Muse comes She doesn't tell you to write; She says get up
for a minute, I've something
to show you, stand here
and her eyes lightenings and her shoulders wings
"Oh, what is going to happen now?" she cried
We forget all too soon the things we thought we could never forget
...you've got to put your bodies upon the gears
How hard true sorrow hits

Back out of all this now too much for us
With rered brest lift up above the seas
The starres moove still, time runs, the clocke wil strike
Whatever self it had, became the self
Under the curl shone a bright juice of beautiful green

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He has let Vanessa see his most indecent poems _____ she is filled
with delight...

And I eat men like air

I shall be gone, and you may whistle for me

For there she was

Yet Sappho, I loved you

and a few lilies blow

