



Fonts used are Goudy Old
Style (text) and Goudy
Stout (titles).

I hope you enjoy the poems & are
inspired to write your own.

SPORE CASTLES: VISIONS: PRIM INCENSES VOLUME ONE

Fortress Poetry Form

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A Poem Written According to A Dwarf

THE PRIM INCENSES

rhyme scheme respecting the full poem is
ABBA.

The Prim Incenses is a poetic narrative, originating in The Unions of Eviscerating. The rules of the form are applied by poets to produce individual poems which can be recited. The poem is divided into three distinct parts: four quatrains, two to three nine-line stanzas and five tercets. Use of ambiguity is characteristic of the form. A form of parallelism is common throughout the poem, in that certain lines often contrast underlying meaning. Each line has six syllables.

full poem is DDA.

The first part is intended to describe the past. Certain lines use the same placement of allusions. The fourth line of each quatrain reverses the word order of the first line. The

For grotesque creep and flump

They work at the oil's pump

Locked with our proper chore.

Frequently as of yore

Where we're free to ignore

Hills keep the drunk old grump

Live aching masses of poor

Where there is kept no score

Beyond, the blistering sore,

The sky sees nothing plump.

Withered soil, an old stump,

Who'd sought to ask for more.

Where kids sleep on the floor

Steamy room past locked door

Behold this slimy lump:

Implore he did, what for?

Expel he did what for
Beyond our poisoned shore

Above over and ashore.

Spore Cat baked live evil Gore?

Terrible wonders near

Which show that ASCII's clear

Gore evil live baked cat Spore?

More for his castle, roar!

What did he fetch so near

The gossip made them sneer

Roar! Castle his, for more

Bore great labors, the chore

Arrive with cups of beer

Tire the glass with a cheer

Chore, the labors, great bore

For what did he implore

The tasty crevice dear

The salty jelly smear

Where dreams still die galore.

There came the fork ahead,
To Death, or life instead.

No stories evermore.

Strength found horizons red
The sleepy lie for bed
World free new the explore.

Or barren land unfed

All life, all dreams long dead

Hands strange from outcomes more.

A land of cheer or dread

The options ours to wed

Between peace or last war

Anger and fear they said

So hate and death would spread