

From the Plume

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Michel-Vincent Corbeaux

Introduction

Michel-Vincent Corbeaux and I have been mutual followers of one another's work for quite some time now. Indeed, we both like to feel that we function as parts of a loosely-associated small cadre of like-minded poets, who choose to embrace more traditional forms of rhythm and structure (though, truth be told, perhaps a great deal more religiously in Mr. Corbeaux's case, when compared to my own). Likewise, as Mr. Corbeaux has been a tireless advocate and promoter of my work, it's only right that I at least attempt to return the favour.

Most of us feel that, especially in these days of traditional poetic forms mostly having become a dying-and-almost-forgotten art, it's more important than ever for poetry to not forget those roots, perhaps even at the risk of being thought a dinosaur, and the ever-dreaded 'out of step with the times'.

While a great deal of my own work often slides towards the maudlin and world-weary, Michel-Vincent Corbeaux often reminds the reader of the importance of trying to maintain a centre of optimism, no matter how dark the hues that optimism is ultimately painted with.

With all that said, I cordially invite the reader to explore and enjoy the works of Mr. Corbeaux, just as I have.

Trevor Patrick,
04 May 2018, St. Augustine, Florida

Fables & Follies

Fables are the first section of this collection, mainly because fables, such as in the vein of Aesop, were the literary starting point for the poet. Four of the six poems included here in this section will be doubtlessly recalled by any aficionados of that teller of tales, and are my original verse adaptations of his fables. The opening poem, Little Vixen Red, and the final fable, Agricola & Avarice, are the only narrative poems here of any true originality from the poet, but it is hoped that doesn't detract from reader enjoyment. Much indebtedness is given to Aesop, and his various successors throughout history, for helping this poet get to his true beginning.

~ Michel-Vincent Corbeaux

Little Vixen Red

Clever, cunning, slyly sneaking;
Clever little vixen red.
Fix your gaze upon her peeking;
Whoops! The little vixen's fled!
Where's she going? No-one knowing
That the little vixen red.
Far from prying eyes, is spying,
Laughing as her games now spread.
Clever, cunning, slyly sneaking;
Clever little vixen red.
Hunters in confusion speaking,
Wonder where they have been led.
Where's she going? No-one knowing
That the little vixen red.
Far from prying eyes, is spying,
Laughing as her games now spread.

Clever, cunning, slyly sneaking;
Clever little vixen red.
Hunters in their frantic seeking
Miss the paths where she has tread.
"Where's she going?" No-one knowing
That the little vixen red.
Far from prying eyes, is spying,
Laughing as her games now spread.

Clever, cunning, slyly hiding;
Clever little vixen red,
With the hunter's will subsiding,
Pounces on his weary head!
After playful trick, she dashes
Through the Autumn leaves all dead,
Far into the woods she crashes,
Laughing as her games are spread.

The Lion & The Boar

Two beasts arrive to drink at summer's height,
The boar and lion find a flowing stream,
But then they clash with brutal words and fight
To be the first to drink and reign supreme.

But vultures perch within a nearby tree
To watch them fight and wait for one to die;
The boar and lion turn around to see
These birds above that circle in the sky.

The morbid thought of vultures at a feast
Upon their flesh defused the tension there,
So peace returned unto these once mad beasts
And soon the birds took flight to other air.

Recall in hostile times the sage instruction:
Resist the urge to rage and sure destruction.

The Peacock & The Crane

The peacock spied a crane of duller shade;
He deemed her less among the creatures made.
'Twas then he flared and flashed his plumage fine.
"Your plumes may catch the eye far more than mine,"
The crane replied. "But when it comes to flight,
"My wings allow for me to soar in height.
Although I may be dull compared to you,
My feathers serve a greater purpose too."

Afterword

I won't lie, when Michel-Vincent Corbeaux approached me to write his afterword, I was both extremely honoured and intimidated. I thought, "Wait. Why me? What did I do to deserve such a task?" Now I feel very blessed for the opportunity.

Our story begins in early 2021, when Mr. Corbeaux joined my online writers community, Wildside Literature. With his knowledge and strong devotion to poetry and the community, it wasn't long until I approached him with the opportunity to become an administrator. Which he graciously took. As time passed, we grew closer, becoming good friends, and for that I am grateful. Together, in this short time, we have helped each other through thick and thin.

Up until I left Wildside Literature mid 2022, it was such an honour working alongside Mr. Corbeaux. He has provided me and many others with much of his knowledge in poetry. All of which he did from the goodness of his heart and willingness to teach.

"From The Plume," has given me insight on how although the world at times is dark, and in some moments there is no hope, our actions and decisions can allow us to see the light once again. There are beautiful lessons in life. Each day is a brand new journey for us all. And I am excited to see where Mr. Corbeaux carries himself on his journeys.

Jasper Aspen

29 July 2022, Winnipeg, MB, Canada