

Poetic Star

The shadow of Death had knocked on his door,
Laying as if asleep he will awake, never more.
Sad maiden, Fanny Brawne, whom he had cherished,
Feels dazed and confused now her dearest has perished.
Outside of time and change, he is gone forever,
Now Death divides what Life had joined together.
Her love flies into the shadows as sunlight pines away,
No longer amorous birds perched together at close of day.

Wearing his ring she will always remember,
Their romantic engagement that sweet December,
They lived and loved, days and nights together;
Love's memories are a thing of beauty, a joy forever.
His poems are soft roses: red, peach, and yellow,
Soothing memories of her Romantic fellow.
He wrote poem castles for them to live together,
Love's poems are a thing of beauty, a joy forever.

Spring and hope return each revolving year,
The flowers, the bees, and the song birds reappear.
Through wood and field and over ocean,
A quickening life of change and motion.
Centuries have past and Fanny Brawne is gone forever,
No more Life divides what Death has joined together.
Flying through heaven's veil they became a Bright Star,
A beacon for mortals from where the lovers, forever are.

[https://keats-](https://keats-shelley.org/prizes/keats_shelley_prize_2021)

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No more than 30 lines in length.

Deadline 7th March 2021.

You can enter more than one poem, but each entry
requires a separate payment.

Cost of Entry per poem: £10.

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His poems are bright stars this dark desolate night,
Kindling her sweet dreams into brilliant morning light.
He had listened to the song of the nightingale bird,
Its beauty bursting forth, every evening it was heard,
Its loveliness made more lovely in heaven's light,
His Ode of rhythm and rhyme is poetic delight.
He was the phantom lyricist in this world's wilderness,
A Poet King who had gazed on her naked loveliness.

Poetic Starlight

The shadow of Death had knocked on his door,
Laying as if asleep he will awake, never more.
The sound of silence is his disembodied song,
Dust to dust—no envy, no hurt, no longer wrong.

Sad maiden, Fanny Brawne, whom he had cherished,
Feels dazed and confused now her dearest has perished.
Her love flies into the shadows as sunlight pines away,
No longer amorous birds perched together at close of day.

Her evening desires become Twilight Phantasies,
Her life's hopes and dreams only veiled destinies.
A rain of tears clouds the light in her eyes,
Her tear drops echo as melancholy sighs.

Lost, are her dreams of a life in paradise,
Like dew upon a delicate flower, tears she cries.
Her love, her sorrow, her sweet heart in pain,
She has faded like a cloud who has out wept its rain.

He has yielded to Death, he has finished his part,
But connected to Life, she could not depart.
Outside of time and change, he is gone forever,
Now Death divides what Life had joined together.

In life his god like mind had soared to a heavenly height,
Their Earthly pleasures were unveiled in muse delight,
Now his poems are bright stars this dark desolate night,
Kindling her sweet dreams into brilliant morning light.

He had listened to the song of the nightingale bird,
Its beauty bursting forth, every evening it was heard,
Its loveliness made more lovely in heaven's light,
His Ode of rhythm and rhyme is poetic delight.

He gave her Nature's music before he was heaven bent,
Sweet lyrics of poetic music into her life he had sent.
He was the phantom lyricist in this world's wilderness,
A Poet King who had gazed on her naked loveliness.

Wearing his ring she will always remember,
Their romantic engagement that sweet December,
They lived and loved, days and nights together;
Love's memories are a thing of beauty, a joy forever.

Poems are soft roses: red, peach, and yellow,
Soothing memories of her gentle fellow.
Smiling through tears, her eyes of blue,
Sweet flowers refreshed in morning dew.

His sunlight words make earthly shadows fly,
His books shine starlight from the heavenly sky;
He wrote poem castles for them to live together,
Love's poems are a thing of beauty, a joy forever.

For her he wrote long letters lovely and fair,
That she may read and smile, and not despair.
His words each day she enjoys anew,
Happier she is, for his happiness she knew.

Spring and hope return each revolving year,
The flowers, the bees, and the song birds reappear,
Through wood and field and over ocean,
A quickening life of change and motion.

Centuries have past and Fanny Brawne is gone forever,
No more Life divides what Death has joined together.
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