

Most of my poetry, though at least loosely metrical, is unrhymed and finds whatever form it may finally take only as it develops. But I'm fascinated by the discipline required to write formal verse and periodically attempt to rise to the challenge myself. I've been drawn to villanelles, especially when coupled with one of my thematic preoccupations—Irish history and mythology (which are often interchangeable, as in "Conchobhar's Repose"). I hope eventually to create a collection of these Celtic villanelles.

As a more typical example of my work, I think I'd choose "Atropos in Hollywood," which was originally published in *Apiary*—

The cutter sits alone in the darkened room  
her sharp eyes reflecting flickering images  
that stop move again stop rewind  
to identical moments from alternate angles  
choosing perspective choosing focus  
finding the rhythm of word and gesture  
altering sequence to bring order and meaning  
to fragmented moments from fragmentary lives

The stories have no beginnings no ends  
only incoherent middles until  
the cutter marks the cutter cuts the cutter  
strings it in order all together  
the walking shadow puppet players  
speaking lines that signify  
nothing is finished nothing is real nothing  
makes sense until the cutter cuts