**Oedipus Villanelles**   
By Chris Frain

Palling over in an appalling stark state,  
The clammy odyssey of Oedipus,  
The almost facetious finger of fate.

Perhaps the chiefs cackle outside this crate,  
We can’t help the coughs caused by this crate’s dust,  
Palling over in an appalling stark state.

I bit a hand but was fed from a plate,  
I hate mordancy but truly disgust,  
The almost facetious finger of fate.

Destiny delivers a dire date,  
In free will we trust but the real world cuts,  
Palling over in an appalling stark state.

Cold hearted chance chose us as candidates,  
To quell its blood lust it must be robust,  
The almost facetious finger of fate.

But I, the whole notion repudiate,  
It’s just us who make this land just. And so  
Palling over in an appalling state,  
The almost facetious finger of fate.

**The Ice Maiden’s Return**  
By Faye Arnatt

The Ice Maiden has returned,  
Be wary for you will soon succumb to her embrace: chilling and slight.  
Her once open heart now locked, burned.

The cursed one will now seize and crush those concerned;   
Consuming others to satisfy her unquenchable appetite  
The Ice Maiden has returned.

No one will be spared, especially the learned,  
Who put up an abortive intellectual fight.  
Her once open heart now locked, burned.

The civil citizens from before now turned,  
Anger glides her through the sky, like that of a kite;  
The Ice Maiden has returned.

She cannot have him but refuses not to have earned,  
All of this destruction, all out of spite  
Her once open heart now locked, burned.

The streets lay in devastation, the people spurned,  
Doom resides here; no comfort can be sought from the light.  
The Ice Maiden has returned.  
Her once open heart now locked. Burned.

**Forgive me father, for I have sinned**  
By Jim Hall

You smoked your final drag, in front of disbelieving eyes  
spiralled with guilt, by knife removed too late  
to learn you were my own, the gravest mistake

stealing a sip of my whiskey, no care for disguise   
roughing my finest jacket, was chancing your fate  
you smoked your final drag, in front of disbelieving eyes

I warned your language of its abuse, proximity unwise  
the bartender and I agreeing you’d had enough, mate  
to learn you were my own, the gravest mistake

forget the crowded club, this very bar, a compromise  
please lose the swagger, this man-to-man can’t wait  
you smoked your final drag, in front of disbelieving eyes

clicking your dirty teeth, knowing this is where one of us dies  
as I cracked my knuckles, your breath you suddenly intake  
to learn you were my own, the gravest mistake

I lunged for the chest, stabbing with surprise  
just as you mouth the word ‘son?’ and we realise too late  
you smoked your final drag, in front of disbelieving eyes  
to learn you were my own, the gravest mistake