



The
Villanelle
Collection

Kim Leighton & Ferrick Gray

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PREFACE

Today, the *villanelle* is accepted to be a *nineteen-line poem* consisting of *five tercets* and a *final quatrain* using two rimes in a specified order. Throughout the poem there are two repeated lines, called the refrain. The beauty of the villanelle lies in its song-like nature and their refrains impart this musical quality.

In this edition, some minor errors have been corrected, and the villanelles have been listed in alphabetical order by their title. A choice has also been made in some of the villanelles not to elide certain words, and rely on the reader's ability to judge the rhythm.

Ferrick Gray & Kim Leighton
November 2022

THE VILLANELLE COLLECTION

A collection of twenty villanelles.
by
Ferrick Gray & Kim Leighton

A BREATH OF WIND

She shimmered turquoise against blue of sky,
Her wings ethereal, joys dust from his star;
Slowly she slips from the hand of love's lie.

Stillness surrounds, she is unable to fly
Where once she knew heavens kiss from afar;
She shimmered turquoise against blue of sky.

She gave her heart amidst a soulful sigh
With his promise to hold safely each scar,
Slowly she slips from the hand of love's lie.

The breathless passion of her love leapt high,
Lost in his lyrics and strings of guitar —
She shimmered turquoise against blue of sky.

The inflections of his murmurs felt shy,
The heat of his need left her heart to char —
Slowly she slips from the hand of love's lie.

Now his silence only sings of goodbye
Like fireflies lit and left in a jar —
She shimmered turquoise against blue of sky,
Slowly she slips from the hand of love's lie.

Kim Leighton

A THREAD TO THE MOON

She schemes in her heart as day seeps to night,
Melancholy swims in soulless eyes
Climbing a thread to the moon, lit so bright.

Held by gravity, though try as she might,
Undeterred, hope leaves her with limitless tries;
She schemes in her heart as day seeps to night.

The darkness unfolds and fills her with fright,
Devoid of wings; in her heart she still flies,
Climbing a thread to the moon lit so bright.

Even awake to her dreams she holds tight,
Though bound to the earth not one freedom dies —
She schemes in her heart as day seeps to night.

Haunted memories, tears hidden from sight
In the heavens above lost love still cries;
Climbing a thread to the moon lit so bright.

The stars in the sky keep her dreams alight,
Longing for love fills her heart with sweet sighs:
She schemes in her heart as day seeps to night,
Climbing a thread to the moon lit so bright.

Kim Leighton

DUSTY INK

Stardust falls from the parchment we did share,
Like a blanket, memories keep you near;
I swim in inky depths of our despair.

In softest glow of moonlight I now stare,
I remember every word you traced dear;
Stardust falls from the parchment we did share.

Like endless cursive script loops that ensnare
A silent confession, I wish you'd hear;
I swim in inky depths of our despair.

How I long to prove to you I still care,
The end of this sweet dream my greatest fear,
Stardust falls from the parchment we did share.

If my dreams died, my heart would surely tear —
Should all hope from our universe disappear,
I swim in inky depths of our despair.

I whisper soft asking "Are you still there?"
I refrain from saying the things you dare —
Stardust falls from the parchment we did share,
I swim in inky depths of our despair.

Kim Leighton

EVENTIDE

The sun runs dry approaching eventide;
With dappled glow, her parting kiss, Good night,
As stars come out to dance horizons wide.

Her rayèd arms release her hold and slide
Away in red and orange from their height —
The sun runs dry approaching eventide.

The beauty of the velvet night, she sighed
And no regret hath she, but sheer delight
As stars come out to dance horizons wide.

Like babes awoken suddenly, wide-eyed
Their sparkle charms a mother's heart despite;
The sun runs dry approaching eventide.

Where beauty matches beauty, never vied,
Celestial in peace — ethereal sight
As stars come out to dance horizons wide.

O' waltz in constellations! Lay aside
The thought of sunrise later, days rewrite —
The sun runs dry approaching eventide
As stars come out to dance horizons wide.

Ferrick Gray

EVERYTHING

Forever mine, you are, in every way
The one I sought, and all there'll ever be,
My everything, forever and a day.

So long I've waited now, in truth I may
Come take you for myself, for only me,
Forever mine, you are, in every way.

What do I care what other people say?
It matters not that jealous eyes may see
My everything, forever and a day.

The thought of you, makes blue skies out of gray
Brings happiness and sorrowed thoughts to flee:
Forever mine, you are, in every way.

Each night I ask and secretly I pray,
That God may grant these by His own decree,
My everything, you are, in every way.

Come take my hand, my weary soul will lay,
Contentedly with yours; me you, now we:
Forever mine, you are, in every way
My everything, forever and a day.

Ferrick Gray

HUG

Within your arms, I wish to be,
Throughout the day and all through night
My want, to hold you close to me.

Forgive my wistful repartee
In heartfelt stories to rewrite,
Within your arms, I wish to be.

To think that I could not foresee
These feelings for you all despite
My want, to hold you close to me.

I'll never hide or ever flee
The flame of passion set alight,
Within your arms, I wish to be.

In truth, I know you would agree,
That everything I feel is right,
My want, to hold you close to me.

I lay beside you feeling free
To love, protect and hold you tight.
Within your arms, I wish to be,
My want, to hold you close to me.

Ferrick Gray

IN THE DEPTHS OF HIS SOUL

In his warmth pressed to his chest I now lay,
Lost within his terrain my fingers trace
Where in the depth of his soul I shall play.

As long as he still needs me I will stay,
Every secret he whispers I embrace
In his warmth pressed to his chest I now lay.

It's the journey not the length of the day,
Effortlessly dancing love keeps our pace
Where in the depth of his soul I shall play.

The light of love illuminates our way,
Once lost I am found within his embrace
In his warmth pressed to his chest I now lay.

In colour he paints every sky once grey,
He is my joy, the smile on my face
Where in the depth of his soul I shall play.

In his shelter all fear is kept at bay.
In his strength each day I now dare to chase.
In his warmth pressed to his chest I now lay,
Where in the depth of his soul I shall play.

Kim Leighton

MORN'S FIRST LIGHT

I will wait for thee upon morn's first light
And pass to thee the sun awash in gold,
And take my leave amidst a starry night.

Upon blackest velvet that glitters bright;
There gently all thy sweet dreams I shall hold —
I will wait for thee upon morn's first light.

I'll drink thee in to quench a lover's plight
As I bathe in light so hot as to scold,
And take my leave amidst a starry night.

As your brilliance is cast at heaven's height,
My night glows shy against day brightly bold —
I will wait for thee upon morn's first light.

I drift enamoured upon orbit's flight
As thy whispered sighs like secrets unfold,
And take my leave amidst a starry night.

I will draw on thy glow of sheer delight
As thy wishes eternal yet untold:
I will wait for thee upon morn's first light
And take my leave amidst a starry night.

Kim Leighton

ON LONELY NIGHTS

On lonely nights, as candles burn
And flickering flames lick eventide
I lay awaiting day's return.

Though troubled thoughts fan my concern
The fires of love may try to hide
On lonely nights, as candles burn.

It's then your company that I yearn
Envelops me. To lay beside.
I lay awaiting day's return.

Oft times my heart fails to discern
'Tween angel or a waiting bride
On lonely nights, as candles burn.

Then as I reminisce and learn
The truth, these foolish thoughts to chide:
I lay awaiting day's return.

This sense of loss, forever spurn,
And doubting thoughts are soon belied
On lonely nights, as candles burn;
I lay awaiting day's return.

Ferrick Gray

SECRET FLAMES

In formless dreams, cast within gilded gold
I drift upon the sweetest clouds embrace
There mine heart fills with secrets yet untold.

Lost — I'm giddy within surrenders hold
The unknown still awash in breathless grace
In formless dreams, cast within gilded gold.

Lingering in hope that cannot be sold
In a whispered need from my hidden place,
There mine heart fills with secrets yet untold.

I write thee scrolls of love I cannot fold,
I explore terrain I have yet to trace
In formless dreams, cast within gilded gold.

Caught by surprise I'm left so shy of bold
Burning embers enclosed deep in this place
There mine heart fills with secrets yet untold.

Aflame I burn within where thoughts do scold
To keep passion contained remains a chase.
In formless dreams, cast within gilded gold
There mine heart fills with secrets yet untold.

Kim Leighton

SILENCE

And there's a quietness that wraps around,
In the darkness you find your inner fight,
A stillness in your soul; devoid of sound.

You feel the crimson blood in your heart pound
Slipping from shadows, glorious His sight
And there's a quietness that wraps around.

Finding your inner voice you go to ground,
Resting your soul in Him to rebuild might
A stillness in your soul; devoid of sound.

Keeping close God's grace; saved, still heaven bound,
Wings carry even the fallen in flight
And there's a quietness that wraps around.

From our inheritance we remain crowned,
A reserved place, not earned or of birth right;
A stillness in your soul; devoid of sound.

A strength unknown before; suddenly found
Alive in the drenching of the Son's light,
And there's a quietness that wraps around
A stillness in your soul; devoid of sound.

Kim Leighton

THANKFUL WHISPERS

As starry nights fade soft to skies of blue
And lingered dreams still hold a sweet goodbye,
I'll whisper soft, to thank the Lord for you.

For every thread of silken love that grew
In hearts that wake from dreams, that float on high
As starry nights fade soft to skies of blue.

For every promise you have held to true
And kissing soft the broken tears I cry,
I'll whisper soft, to thank the Lord for you.

Each night I'll lay beside you, wishing too,
To be your all in love, and not be shy
As starry nights fade soft to skies of blue.

You see, the love we hold was made for two,
Our souls entwined: fulfill, and that is why
I'll whisper soft, to thank the Lord for you.

There isn't anything I wouldn't do
To make you smile, to hear your heartfelt sigh,
As starry nights fade soft to skies of blue
I'll whisper soft, to thank the Lord for you.

Kim Leighton

THE FALL

The Spirit searches, comes as might,
Though faint at first, to sight may be
A flickering flame to pierce the night.

In strength it comes, to quell the fight
'Tween good and evil, blessed are we;
The Spirit searches, comes as might.

When evil fell, he fell from height,
He thought the light that he could see -
A flickering flame to pierce the night.

His pride, his ego; glory's plight
Was doused for favor - you and me;
The Spirit searches, comes as might.

He dared to question all that's right,
Refused to bow and thus set free
A flickering flame to pierce the night.

Once an Angel, shone so bright,
Now in the darkness, dwell does he:
The Spirit searches, comes as might,
A flickering flame to pierce the night.

Ferrick Gray

THE RAVEN'S EYES

The raven's eyes, blood-red and full of hate,
With rank disdain, it watched and stared as we
Stood silently behind the wooden gate.

The tales that have been told round here of late
Of horror, all replayed when people see
The raven's eyes, blood-red and full of hate.

Some say it killed the slayer of its mate;
So quickly death arrived and struck as he
Stood silently behind the wooden gate.

It makes me wonder. Yes, to contemplate
The swift revenge it sought; now many flee
The raven's eyes, blood-red and full of hate.

And as I look, it seems to demonstrate
A sense of understanding, and with me
Stood silently behind the wooden gate.

The raven, ever patient; plans to wait
For evermore, with hopes of what could be:
The raven's eyes, blood-red and full of hate,
Stood silently behind the wooden gate.

Ferrick Gray

VANILLA SKIES

My joy is gifted in vanilla skies
Upon sweetest fragrance of tuberose
Wafting scents; bouquets of soft demure sighs.

I free fall in this moment; free of ties,
Awash in hues; the rosiest of glows;
My joy is gifted in vanilla skies.

Innocence encapsulates in closed eyes,
Filled with wonder as my consciousness grows,
Wafting scents; bouquets of soft demure sighs.

A stillness so sublime my bare soul cries
The slow germination of peace now shows
My joy is gifted in vanilla skies.

Subliminal awareness is my prize,
A gentle journey on a wind that blows
Wafting scents; bouquets of soft demure sighs.

I drift on clouds of undulating highs,
In summer's most delicate pale rainbows —
My joy is gifted in vanilla skies,
Wafting scents; bouquets of soft demure sighs.

Kim Leighton

VILLANELLE ON '18'

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see —
So long as I can always hold your hand,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

If ever souls as two are one to be
'Twas always meant — obeying God's command;
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see.

My love is strong, I ask on bended knee,
'Tis true, this time I yearned — this moment planned;
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

My eyes soon fill with tears. You hold the key
To all I have. My hopes and dreams expand —
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see.

Your answer to me, every pain would flee
For pain of love is hard to e'er withstand —
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

And time stood still, my utterance, my plea
Now answered with a smile — you understand:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Ferrick Gray

WHISPERS IN THE NIGHT

This song, I sing to you may soon take flight,
Yet words may fail me. Lord! My love will be
As little secrets whispered in the night.

At times I think; a chance, perhaps you might
Be mine alone. With words sweet-pressed by me,
This song, I sing to you may soon take flight.

I question if I'm worthy, yet despite
The answer, no; to you my heart-felt plea
As little secrets whispered in the night.

The vision I imagine, O, this sight!
Can words alone secure a guarantee
This song, I sing to you may soon take flight?

My heart is stirred and given to excite
In beauty rapt and blessed by God's decree,
As little secrets whispered in the night.

This want for you, I can no longer fight,
My life must be complete and you will see
This song, I sing to you may soon take flight,
As little secrets whispered in the night.

Ferrick Gray

WINTER'S BREEZE

The icy touch of Winter's breeze,
Though from fair Nature's tender hand,
Will never leave my soul at ease.

As Summer's memories taunt and tease,
Those flowering beauties n'er withstand
The icy touch of Winter's breeze.

Though Autumn's passion melds with these,
The fading colors of the land
Will never leave my soul at ease.

Yet Spring is hopeful, gowned in bees
That nectar drink as frail wings fanned
The icy touch of Winter's breeze.

When Spring calls Summer, Winter flees
But memories of her whiteness bland,
Will never leave my soul at ease.

Our loving Mother holds the keys
As seasons come and go, though grand;
The icy touch of Winter's breeze,
Will never leave my soul at ease.

Ferrick Gray

YOU

When first we met, it seems so long ago,
That I would say I've known you for years
And now together, hearts as one we grow.

Perhaps it was that chance did fully know
That friendships found would chase away our fears
When first we met, it seems so long ago.

I speak to you so often, somehow though
The words you speak fall gently on my ears
And now together hearts as one, we grow.

I think sometimes a dream: Could it be so?
O no, and then this dream like mist, it clears
When first we met, it seems so long ago.

Yet more than friendship do we now bestow
Upon each other, more as love appears,
And now together hearts as one, we grow.

In truth I sense our love will always flow
Of cheerful memories mixed with joyful tears.
When first we met it seems, so long ago,
And now together, hearts as one we grow.

Ferrick Gray

YOUR GENTLE TOUCH

Your gentle touch eliciting soft sighs,
Caressing skin, while sunlight kisses day
In visions gold I drown in embered eyes.

As morning greets, enraptured in sunrise
I drift in clouds, as memories now play,
Your gentle touch, eliciting soft sighs.

The rush of want to catch you by surprise,
In quickened breath, I drink in all you say,
In visions gold I drown in embered eyes.

Surrendered lips, pouting in soft cries
Begging you in moans, "Please baby, stay,"
Your gentle touch, eliciting soft sighs.

You make me wait, crescendoed to new highs
In molten moves, I feel our bodies sway,
In visions gold I drown in embered eyes.

And as we climb I'm lost; you hypnotise,
Disheveled glows; our souls a naked splay,
Your gentle touch, eliciting soft sighs
In visions gold I drown in embered eyes.

Kim Leighton