

Ottava Rima

My Fall From Grace in Newark Airport at Dawn

Before trip, psychic said my chest looked dark.
but I would be all right on Eastern flight.
She did not say I would fall in Newark.
on my back down up escalator, might
crunch my abs like shell to make my back arc.
bang my head once, then scratched in morning light.
Out of nowhere man lifted me to top--
an angel who arrived for rescue stop.

Handkerchief to stop head blood, then before
he left, called help. He disappeared. On shirt
my blood. Off to hospital stunned and sore,
No chest x-ray I knew I was not hurt.
Eleven blue stitches. Escalator
stripes on body. I am hyper-alert.
Unknown angel I never saw helped me
rise up gracefully and heal gratefully.

Ottava Rima: 8-line octaves.

Each line is 10 or 11 syllables.

Rhyme Scheme: 1- octave: a-b-a-b-a-b-c-c

2 octaves: a-b-a-b-a-b-c-c d-e-d-e-d-e-f-f

3 octaves: a-b-a-b-a-b-c-c d-e-d-e-d-e-f-f g-h-g-h-g-h-i-i