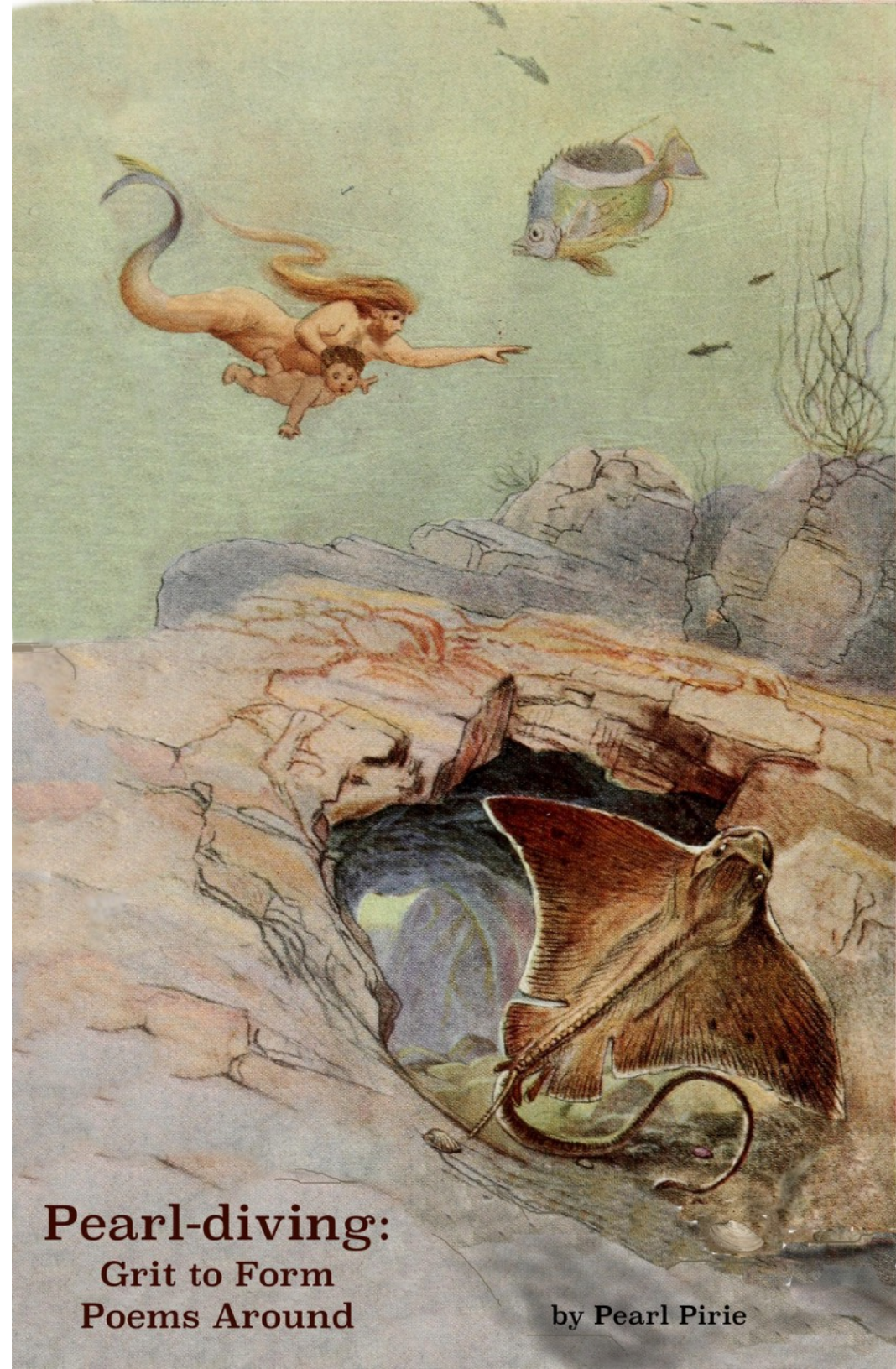


Pearl-diving: Grit to Form Poems Around is a make-your-own-chapbook chapbook. Use all these and you have a spin-off chapbook of your own.

The titles are provided as grit for you to form a poem around. Write in it, or if you can't bear to, transcribe and go.



www.pearlpirie.com/phafours
Ottawa, Canada



**Pearl-diving:
Grit to Form
Poems Around**

by Pearl Pirie

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www.pearlpirie.com/phafours

Illustration from page 176 of *The great sea horse* (1909)
(Under CC)

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Pearl Pirie is the author of two dozen chapbooks and 3 poetry collections. She is on the board of VERSeFest, is the director of the Tree Reading Series and president of KaDo Ottawa.

Through Studio Nouveau and other organizations she offers workshops and classes to expand on our appreciation of poetry. She can be found online at www.pearlpirie.com or on twitter: pesbo.

Pearl-diving

dedicated to:

Billy Mavreas who thinks
outside the usual boxes and
foxes & Diane Tucker who
wrote *Titles of Poems I'll Never
Write*, which kicked off this
whole prompt chapbook idea
a decade or so ago.

Pearl-diving: Grit to Form Poems Around is a make-your-own-chapbook chapbook.

If you start with the expected, you may end with the expected. Shake it up with new routes in.

Here are words for uses instead of excuses. Keep the poems as the title, edit them into the body or lose them. The thing is the doing.

Sometimes the hardest part of a poem is that last 5% to polish after all the edits. You can't get there if you don't get it started.

Morning exercises or group game, or stand alone phrases to spark as one line poems might.

Bonus title prompt: *Of Star Anise and Doctors*.

what night nails, morning crowbars

This Contains Adult Material: Divorce, Debt and Sleep Deprivation

Ditch that Tingle Pie

gods in the s-bend, devils in the p-trap

Comb is Where the Part Is

Raking Fast in a High Wind

Throwing 50 Pounds of Clay Pots

The Koi Who Know John Lee Hooker from
Bach

Tickling the Cloaca of Mermen

Rusting Into

The Doom Moo of Prognosticator Cow

Misremembering the Colours of Books : A
Something Something

a wet scratching

But Think of the Compensatori

Walking like Someone Who Once was a Rich
and Pretty Boy

The Dos and Don'ts of Pine Needle Bouquets

Can the Robin

Smother Me with Love but Give me a Snorkel