

Lights and Shadows

Volume 12 *Lights and Shadows* Volume 12

Article 7

1967

Sonnets

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Recommended Citation

(1967). Sonnets. *Lights and Shadows*, 12 (1). Retrieved from <https://ir.una.edu/lightsandshadows/vol12/iss1/7>

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FIRST PRIZE POETRY

SONNETS

The day dawned clear as a soprano's voice
Sweetly singing an overture to day.
The litmus paper sky thought over its choice,
Turned pink, then blinked down in bright blue array.
As I watched this sight from my window sill
My bed had become a torturing rack
I escaped to hear morn's crescendo fill
The void that had been filled by black.
I must run the race that is never won
Until I am overtaken by night.
So, early I start to begin my run
And spring to flight with the first rays of light.
I'm well begun, running in springing leaps
While the fool between his black blanket sleeps.

The dome of the sky looms above in space,
Spreading over all in perfect design.
Flowing through the land where the hills recline,
The stream slides silver over the earth's face,
The ground gives birth to its green growing lace,
Bundles of wonder all tied up with vine.
Life laughs along in the melting sunshine.
Satan's in his world, and God knows His place.
The gray sky threatens to come tumbling down.
The ground lies decaying, useless and stark.
Life is devoured by the reasons of man.
We stumble through space like a sad faced clown,
While tempers tremble, waiting for a spark,
And sirens purse their lips to scream again.

"if the object which inspires them today to write madrigals and sonnets had been born eighteen years earlier, it would scarcely have won a glance from them." --Schopenhauer

I will not write a song praising love;
 Though blissful thoughts of this common illness
 Follow me through the blazing day and shove
 Themselves into my dreams to fill the stillness.
 I will not laud the fragile day lily.
 It's beauty will no blessing rhymes evoke.
 To extole such a fleeting soul is silly
 When one might rage about the ageless oak.
 Love attacks the mellow part of my years
 Like a worm that consumes the apple's core.
 Love calls with excitement glossed with tears
 But ends as a dry unpliant bore.
 I will savor freedom's passing second,
 Though even now I am being beckoned.

For I am dead and beginning to seek

The pleasant fragrance of finality.

I watch the men weep tears down inside cheek,

while the women worn their open sorrow.

With surface sadness I see my love cry.

Knowing that before the dawn of tomorrow

The torrent of her tears will ice-hard dry

In the torpid embrace of intercourse.

Her kind's Claudius will be the new friend

who will stroke her locks with a rhythmic force,

And push a child into the same dull end

That I have found--and I am cracked in half.

Heads low, looking down toward Satan they are,

While I in inverse prayer look up and laugh

At their hollow words uttered from afar.