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A Sonnet

Clint Gould

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HONORABLE MENTION POETRY

Clint Gould

A SONNET

O Life, why since one man needs another,
In vain fall words he attempts to mutter.
So thus in each anguished word he tries
To proclaim that which custom proud denies.
O, arm and hand do fear! Hides he his heart, --
And dares not sacrifice that desired part
In masses' bosom held! Then care flees blind --
To quickly light on pagan idol, mind.
O, what is it he seeks to gain or keep?
In Topaz' rays, not marble he can reap,
Or scent the gentle wisps of Autumn's air.
For Time's own farewell kiss is all but fair --
To those who need, -- whose others' wounds do tend,
Who wait to greet the dark without a friend!