

FLORENCE: FALLING IN LOVE WITH THE SONNET

Lee Slonimsky

The city of the sonnet wakes to light
that splashes over rainglazed paving stones,
imbues pale yellow stucco with a gleam,
the same by which old sonneteers would write,
on morning walks, their melancholy themes
of longing and regret...As if their bones,
six hundred years interred, stir with delight
now at my moving pen, I am inspired
to greet their form, as though a long lost love,
so beautiful, but often treacherous
to ruin of many poet hearts. Desire
for words' perfection comes to me; I lust
more for their form than flesh itself; above
a young lark sings to light; I'll be her choir.

"Florence: Falling in Love with the Sonnet" © 2005 by Lee Slonimsky