

LOVE-IN-LISTLESSNESS

M.L. McCarthy

When Mais loved me, spites annoyed in vain,
No troubles hit me,
Serene amidst the buzz of grief and pain;
No sorrows bit me.

Stunned, wingless now, I grovel on the ground,
And hours are chains.
Monotonously, joylessly thuds round
What life remains.

Ah, time! One must do something with one's time.
Cecilia smiles.
Sweet, fragile daffy trembling in my rhyme,
Cecilia smiles.

Her floating boa drags my listless eye:
The prize, a feather!
So, in a yard, a prisoner doomed to die
Strolls in fair weather.

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