

# SAD SONNETTO

*M.L. McCarthy*

Time tosses wavering red and golden leaves  
Down to dull dirty roads and brutal tyres,  
And in that ruin disheartened Alex grieves,  
Mourning scorned love and friendship's soft desires,  
Exiled, famished, driven off, misunderstood.

Time will snuff out the sun, freeze out all fires.

The strayed child sleeps and dies in the empty wood,  
And marvellous leaves heap rubbish beneath their tree,  
Where Bacchus keeps bored Alex company.

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