

SONNET

Elizabeth J. Coleman

She wraps me in her arms and won't let go
and whispers in my ear, telling me tales
of how I failed another years ago
She comes at night, and leaves my mind impaled
on its confusion as it writhes in slow
lament for old regrets and sorrows stale
like cities' trampled over blackened snow
She takes the covers, leaving me there cold
beside the man whose love for me is all

Each morning I am rescued by the sun,
who laughs at her presumption and her gall
and her demands for that unkind homage
to wars that we have fought and she has won

I wonder if I'll ever reach an age
when her unkindness frees me from its thrall,
when guilt, persistent temptress, will be gone

"Sonnet" © 2006 by Elizabeth J. Coleman

Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 3 No. 2 Spring 2006