

SONNET: DANSE MACABRE (CIRCA, 1602)

Jack Peachum

Bright Love went side by side with ancient Death
To plant his kisses upon Death's grey cheek;
Old Death rolled up his eye and caught his breath,
He felt his bony thigh beneath grown weak.
Death went with Love into a quiet land,
Where grew all things of green and flowers bright,
Then singing to himself he took Love's hand,
Now let it go and danced into the light,
 And where they passed the sky grew cold and black,
 The wind came up and all the flowers died.
The day was gone. They neither one looked back,
But went their way, and as they went Death cried:
 "Of all life's blessings, Love alone is breath,
 And Love alone is fit to dance with Death!"

"Sonnet: Danse Macabre (circa, 1602)" © 2008 by Jack Peachum

Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 5 No. 1 2008