

SONNET

James Feichthaler

The saying goes that we're just passing through,
That man and nature, one, and from the start,
Eventually burn out. Both soul and heart
Replenish what they are with things to do—
But when there's no more left to do but sigh,
There comes a time when everyone must die
In one way or another, letting go
Of what they were. Or going with the flow
Of daily living in a world so drab,
That used to be so perfect, new, untouched,
A radiant thing, man's innocence is hushed;
Anointed nothings, days begin to drag.
The best we have to offer is a saying:
"While we're alive, we might as well keep playing."

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