Sonnet to D.K.

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Sonnet to D.K.

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Abstract

The naked song the slanted words the night...
given the said fiddle by a spirit and did not steal it. Not guilty. Case is dismissed."

He cleared his throat and for the first time a smile appeared on his lips fleetingly. "In order that full justice be done," he added dryly, "and since the spirit happens to be temporarily low in funds, the court will personally reimburse Mr. Harwood for the price of the fiddle." He rapped his gavel. "Next case, Avery."

Sonnet To D. K.
J.J.S., Jr.

The naked song the slanted words the night
The ash tray dolls the chrome and leather room
Ice jammed in glass tipped cigarettes and rum—
The lips the scarlet nails the hands bone white
Twist blue refrigerated smoke past
Crimson murals into mirrored walls.
Forget?—in rooms like this the mirror seals
The mind; bare shoulders insolent arms suggest;
The highball numbs the cheek the fingertips;
The lips the urgent nails the music toast
The mouth with supple kisses; but the eye—chaste
Unsurrendered unforgetting—slips
With the smoke to green lawns behind the looking-pane
To watch Orion from a sidewalk in the rain.