Second Sonnet

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Abstract

The long hands the face the lovely throat The polished nails are radiant in candle light...
Second Sonnet

JJS Jr

The long hands the face the lovely throat
The polished nails are radiant in candle light
The words float easily across the table
The thin bright lie a careless pebble
Arcing swift and clean across the sky
Time betraying us has wrought this play
Of winter things of verses polished on a stone
Like bald black branches bent against the moon
Of dreams unsaid unheard but felt and seen
Like eddied snow outside the window pane
The rhymes are Wedgwood shattered on a floor
The dreams are glimpses through a turning door
The candle dies and summer cannot bridge the gap
So fold your hands for warmth above the coffee cup