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Sonnet for Lisa

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SONNET FOR LISA

Timothy Craig

Remember thinking love is more and more
Alone and less and less, though we have kissed?
Remember reading on the driftwood oar:
“I am and I am certain more exist?”
The avid hand upon your golden door
Should then at once recede and still persist,
Stay out and enter in and I adore
The vagrant rain around the rose’s wrist.

With idle hand, therefore, and head I sit,
Replete in mid-July with my desire,
Beset by thoughts of which I would be quit,
Like some sea-being told at last of fire.
The mind at length turns outward and projects
Trees that grew apples one year, pears the next.



Kathy Michelfelder