

Fall 12-10-1982

Sonnet #8

Arthur W. Johnson
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Johnson, Arthur W. (1982) "Sonnet #8," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 2 : No. 1 , Article 37.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol2/iss1/37>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact orenick@cod.edu.



Douglas Dill

Silence

Our silence has changed these days.
 It's no longer the soft, velvet quiet
 of lovers content with sight and touch,
 Nor the ominous rumblings of dormant volcanic anger
 reverberating with white-hot words stored unsaid.
 We speak our silence eloquently
 in low frequency repetitions of monotony.
 Ours is the dull, grey silence of indifference
 grown accustomed to its weary, stolid ways.
 Our silence is an untravelled span between two islands
 united by stagnant waters on a lukewarm sea.
 It stretches before us as a desert
 with endless, shifting sands.
 In the stillness of our tomb,
 Love died slowly,
 Choked and stifled —
 Premature burial of ancient pain.

Mary Randle

Sonnet #8

Thy youth is mine, for have I not thy soul
 To mold, to shape, to cause thy destiny?
 I wet the clay and raised it from the bowl
 To knead and fold and form the perfect thee.
 Thy wit and charm are all that I have Naught,
 Thy youthful laugh that I have long since lost.
 Thine eyes are clear and see the sparkling drop
 Of dew on rose, while mine see but the rust.
 But seeing through they warm and tender eyes
 I yet perceive the joys that once were mine,
 And can, with trial, make woes of men all lies,
 Enjoying all the happiness that's thine.
 Yet for a while thy youth belongs to me,
 Before, by years, I'm forced to set thee free.

Arthur W. Johnson

