

5 Sonnets

I.

Shut in the room where I began to learn

That I should strive to be a pretty girl,

I sit at my old desk and try to earn

A living in this unforgiving world.

Surrounded by attempts at inspiration

I crumple like old stories in young hands

Committed to my air of devastation

I sit, a pretty girl, without a plan.

Perhaps if I had learned a different lesson

Like how to bear the weight of dreams delayed

I wouldn't feel the need for such confession,

Would know that hope is stronger than dismay.

 Beside me is the mask I have to wear.

 It's pretty, though, and complements my hair.

II.

I want to be, with you, a certain fire –
Committed to our blaze, our light, our size.
When we ignite together on the pyre,
Our love is smoke set free into the sky.
Our heat is so addictive we are losing
All ability to keep ourselves contained.
No point to our attempts at calm diffusing –
What Nature gives, no mind can take away.
We eat the trees – so hungry is our burning –
And clean the forest floors of debris.
Nothing but destruction is our yearning
To join our flames till flame is all we see.
 Too many will be burned by our desire.
 I stay, you stay, we stay our separate fires.

III.

Am I supposed to have a point of view?
Some rigid, fixed perspective on mankind?
Opinions that will set me against you
To throw our words like spears across a line?
Am I supposed to hold some clear belief
Of who's to blame for every troubled state?
Do facts or feelings truly bring relief?
Do tears of passion trump a clear debate?
Am I supposed to give you what you want
Regardless of the impact it could make?
Should I stand by and let you carry on?
Should I assert, or is that the mistake?
 I do not share the many things I see
 For fear of death by those who don't agree.

IV.

Let's pretend I wanted what I have –
My life reflects my soul all night and day.
The daily cramps I get in my right calf
A temporary nuisance gone away.
Let's believe I know the name of joy –
Familiar, it's kiss upon my face.
My stomach acid, though it may annoy,
No longer burns my throat all night and day.
Let's imagine I am free to fly
To any place I dream of on the map –
Nothing in my body makes me cry;
My hands don't have to cling to my old lap.
 Tomorrow maybe I will feel healthy.
 Today, I slay my soul to become wealthy.

V.

I was a folded letter, then you came,
Unfolded me and read me start to end.
Each word upon your tongue a holy flame
Cleansing you of pain, to which you tend.
You decided I should be your live-in poem.
You recited me by heart, and there I stayed.
You clutched me to your chest, so all alone,
And opened me each time you were afraid.
I let you learn the meaning of my mystery,
I gave you every secret I called mine,
I shared with you the sordid, soiled history
That made my every syllable and line.
 My ink is smeared a little from your grip.
 I start to fear that one day I will rip.