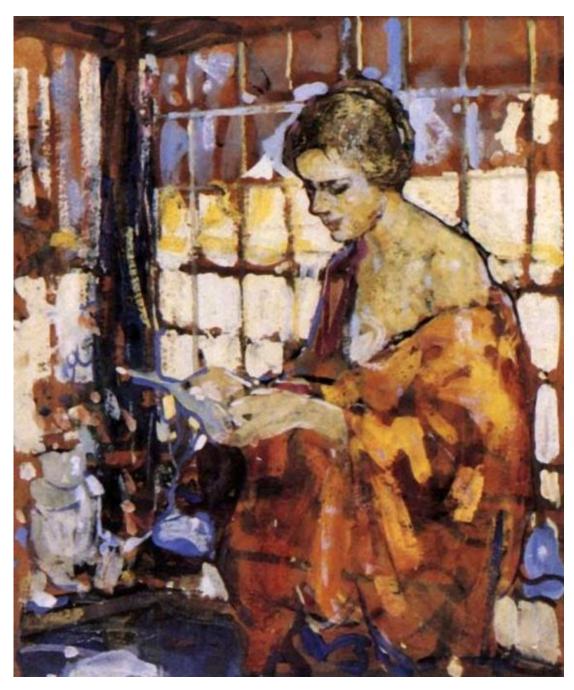
Two Sonnets

by <u>David Solway</u> (May 2020)



Woman Draped in an Orange Shawl, Richard E. Miller, 1930s

Insomnia

There's nothing like an unexpected rhyme or the fabular solace of a grand father clock's errant note on the third chime or the last stubborn particle of sand in the hourglass's narrow waist to serve a fledgling hope beyond the day's closing stroke at midnight. The moment's graced by unanticipated beauty, blaze of sudden recognitions when they strike between the broken light of time's elidings and the meditative dark. Nothing like the drift of wind that brings you tidings to disambiguate the world's surdsa maple thick with ticking hummingbirds.

Hundred Acre Wood

How I crave your numinous pillow-talk, the muted accents growing more pronounced as time plods by and silences the clock so that I feel like Tigger now re-bounced cavorting in the Hundred Acre Wood of Love's enchanted plot where dreams abide. Patient, I wait for that sweet change of mood, the moment when you put the book aside and Winnie goes to sleep and Eeyore snores. And then we have the Wood all to ourselves. This the moment when the night restores its ambient promise, and body delves into body, and knows the Wood's soft spell, a floral tuft in a beckoning dell.

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David Solway's latest book is <u>Notes from a Derelict Culture</u>, Black House Publishing, 2019, London. A CD of his original songs, <u>Partial to Cain</u>, appeared in 2019.

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