

Two Sonnets

by [David Solway](#) (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 surds—
a 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 [*Notes from a Derelict Culture*](#), Black House Publishing, 2019, London. A CD of his original songs, [*Partial to Cain*](#), appeared in 2019.

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