Michael Going Down

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Sonnet No. 1

A season of dislike has changed to gone
Or, quite perhaps, it was much more distrust
When, for a time, a season I was one
And happy, for I felt no lust --
Alas! no love was, either to be mine,
Nor simple blind contentment of the day
Or sweet companionship which, left to time
Will doubtless turn to love, some women say --
So, though I loved my solitude, there came
A man, without whom night was not the same
And, in my newfound pleasure, I was scared
For never in my life had I so erred
As to love a man in word and thought and deed
And within that love be without need.

Margi Derks

Michael Going Down

Lost at sea, in a fog of stinking
Sorrow drifts a derelict boat,
Wreck of a bum sinking
Slow. Few remnants of thinking
Survive, to debris of memory cling afloat.

Cracked limbs hanging slump
From his hunched bulk.
Life-dreams die, in lumps
Crumbling his hull, clumps
Drying on the decks of a listing hulk.

Betty Emerick