

# Sonnet

*For Laurel*

*Some day from now  
I'll remember lying in  
Bed, wrapping a present  
For you, considering  
Enjambment, not as a  
Poetic agent, more in the  
Context of noticing life from  
Just outside, realizing that  
Pleasures you've known had  
A name long before you knew  
To call them anything at all;  
Listening to Elvis hum his sweet  
Lyrics in my head, vulnerable  
Except for the wink in his voice,  
Yet still tender, that word, "always",  
Always, it echoes, rings across time,  
And will settle in me, some,  
Unpredictable, day when the gray  
Light of February is cuddling left-  
Over snow lying hopefully on  
Gables, or perhaps when the slow  
Turn of seasons confuses itself  
Again, and effort seems to recoil  
In acquiesce, allowing what will be.*

*That being (allowance) is the  
Stepchild of love poetry and lyrics,  
All of which are driven by  
Musts, haves, and tragedy, chasing  
The toddler emotions around like  
Golden retrievers on a rabbit chase,  
But "Oh So Deep" to consider loss like  
A polished mirror...or not, that's what  
I was thinking, or not Neruda holding  
A scarf and crying dry tears to a  
Young sex object, and not Adele's  
Incessant calling, calling, lonely  
Calling, and not Whitaker's sleep,  
Puccini's consumption, Monteverdi's  
Sorrowful parting, not the nots, as it were,  
Haven't they had it long enough?*

*If popularity nestles into separation  
Like chocolate into peanut butter,  
Then I've always been a fruit guy.  
And even if that thought from the  
Future finds itself accompanied by  
Unpredictable change, as it always  
Will, even if Elvis's wink has left with  
A nod, even if the bittersweet taste  
Of used-to-be bites a little on the  
Back end, I can't imagine any  
Moment more special than a chance*

*To remember loving you so deeply,  
Wholly, and unrefined, like spirits  
Passing in unspeakable glory through  
To another place, like the world you  
Have shown me in your beauty, your  
Trusting desire to give it a shot,  
Your ever eager infatuation with life.*

*Loss may be a defining feature of Living,  
But it pales in comparison to  
Found, which is how change has  
Reawaken in me ever since I first  
Saw it in your eyes.*