

Sonnet 155

by Raley Howard

Once upon a time my world was simple;

My days were marked by love in every way:

Good morn' was a peck upon each dimple,

Good night a gift I cherish so today.

Your eyes were like deep pools of endless sky;

Your shoulders mountains broad and strong and wide;

Your hands had reach that threw me up so high

And left my heart with no safe place to hide.

Your love was like a dance I'd hate to miss,

The spinning and the dipping on the floor;

And when you pulled me in for that sweet kiss,

Nothing in the world mattered to me more.

Except the knife by which I carved your heart

Into a shape more pleasing for my art.