"To Andrew Sweatman, on a Cold Day in Spring"
by: Jonathan Stockman

We talked today, and then I tried to write a villanelle using “depart” and “impart” to communicate something deep and bright, but the only word I got to rhyme was “apart.”

Trying a sonnet, I did not succeed, and then a haiku seemed to escape me too.

Can I bind my thoughts within poetic lines? Pouring them into you has never left my thinking blank but always tamed my reeling, over-thinking, overbearing mind. But when you come across the sea

fly

fin
ally
thoughts
will
be
as
waves
these
free
you’ll

Published by Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita, 2011