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

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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

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ally      thoughts      be      as      waves  
these                                      free                                      you'll