

REPLY ID : d8gw

CASTING STONES (Sonnet)

As the stones fell, I fell with them
As if lost - or - engulfed by too much
for me to bear. And now!, in a poem
I cast another stone - in such
a hope held it'd skip across the pond
to ~~RE~~ grasp the land of your hand
as if - the handle I must hold aboard -
this lovin', 2 - must love as good to seek gro
or, a poet, or, poem it's famous - But!,
it ~~sinks~~ - Because!, I don't have you.
And, aloneness is this wet & cold to cut
and slice upon the heart a new injury in lieu
of being rescued from going under a drawn
Loss!, is water filling the lungs a scream a fro

3/13/14 8:36pm Mm. Irving