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Sonnet in a Storm

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Sonnet In A Storm

A lonely hand, in autumn rain,
Is chiseling a tombstone vein.
Cutting deep,
It carves new words,
It etches out the pain.

Sing me a sonnet
In a storm,
Whisper my name till
The cold air grows warm.
Play with the words
That roll from my tongue.
Sing me a sonnet
That’s never been sung.

My gray dreams fade
In winter shade,
And this parade
Has somehow laid
My heart exposed
To cooling chill,
To changing will.
But I can feel
I love you, still...

Sing me a sonnet
In a storm,
Whisper my name till
Night is morn.
Chisel new words
On the outskirts of time.
Sing me a sonnet
Sing me a dream
Sing me a melody
On the wind.
Take your hand,
In autumn rain,
And brush away the pain.

David Robert Falk