

A SO LONG SONNET

Return to days like these seems far away;
Of course, a biased mind would make it so. . .
So biased is mine now that I can say
Each hour, as a snail, will crawl too slow.

My eyes' fixation must release you, rose,
As summer draws me from this garden place,
Release from eyes, not heart, your lovely pose—
Yes, I cannot forget your flower face.

Enriched with memories of movements made,
Just little ones, I'll keep my mind's thoughts bent
On petals round your secret heart inlaid,
Nor yet forget that white doves must be sent.

Each time they fly with words to you to bring,
Short songs and long this poet's heart shall sing.

— *David L. Hatton, 5/1969*