

JASON HOLT

A BRACE OF SONNETS

—for Megan

(1)

upon the soft reflection afterglow
in midday's public sun in some café
from midnight's privatemost our sweetly own
embracings fast that us to sleep convey
I pause to savour where within my sight
acquaintanceship we shyly first did ope
so slowly one might have confused for blight
the tender green your dreams would nurture hope
or so behind your lines of speech I'd hear
a counterpart to spark my secret debt
that trembles me to leave for you in fear
the sentimental deep obscured and yet
instead of such uncoverings to sift
unsilently I whisper you this gift

(2)

now long scarred over from my first love's kiss
I languish in dawn's deep and comfort's break
my last best love sequestered in the mist
of easygotten sheets that rare scents make
into silk luxuries that I should too
have sweetenings as of some wise man's desert
and tempt with honour mine own to imbue
invigoring what fate cannot avert
I in the reservoir of patience dipped
for such rewards as in the offing kempt
are only in my keenest eye unripped
by cautious doubting's virulent contempt
the soft breath shadow of a paling moon
that sated waits for pleased afternoon