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## *Three Sonnets*

Donald T. Williams

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### *Three Sonnets*

## Three Sonnets

by  
Donald T. Williams

### SCENE Sonnet LXXXVII

The rain comes driving, slanting through the mist.  
The trees and sky, a blur of grey and green:  
Impressionistic brush-strokes on the screen  
By a Chinese artisan with dancing wrist.  
And there, beneath a sheltering tree, the tryst.  
Oblivious to the weather, they are keen  
On what from words and glances one may glean:  
She lifts her face up to her knight, is kissed.

The raindrop and the teardrop on the cheek  
Are mingled, flowing in the self-same track.  
And are they tears of joy? The sky is bleak.  
It seems the kiss has sealed a solemn pact.  
He lifts her to his steed; away they streak;  
They fade into the mist, do not look back.

### SOME REAL MAGIC Sonnet XCVIII

Within the cadences of human speech  
Attentive listeners can sometimes hear  
The rhythm of the wave upon the beach  
Or contemplate the music of the spheres.  
Within the small sphere of the human eye  
The watcher who knows how to look can see  
A spirit that's as lofty as the sky  
Or humble as the lover on his knee.  
When in the alembic of the human mind  
Imagination boils with memory,  
Such vision with such sound can be combined,  
Far more mysterious than alchemy.  
The Philosopher's Stone we vainly sought of old  
Could never have made such rare and costly gold.

**TALIESSIN REMEMBERETH THE PAST**  
**Sonnet CVI**

It was not the heathen pirates that annoyed us.  
    Our own propensity to play the fool,  
    Our inability to resist, destroyed us,  
    Caught in a self-willed trap of dire misrule.  
Then Arthur came and took the stone-kept sword  
    And wielded it with such nobility  
    The flower of knighthood took him as their lord,  
    And with their help he taught us chivalry.  
We couldn't keep the lesson, and it closed,  
    That door through which we'd briefly glimpsed the Good.  
    So Pelles bleeds through lack of a question posed,  
    The realm through lack of an answer understood.  
A greater King must bring the time when we  
    May learn in bowing truly to be free.

**THE ICE BIRD**

by

Lala Heine-Koehn

Between two mountains larger than forever,  
an icebird lived inside a black crevice.  
Though the sun shunned him for some mysterious  
reason and he has never  
seen the light, his eyes could pierce  
the darkest of dark.

Asleep one time, with his eyes open,  
(his eyelids were frozen, never came down)  
his breath shook an avalanche, collapsed  
into the crevice a man and a woman  
much in love, who were trying to climb  
to the summit. Both of them were dead.

The icebird woke, fluttered first to the woman,  
then the man, sat upon their chests.  
For the first time, his feet grew warm.

He felt comforted. After a while, his feet became  
chilled again. He left the man  
and the woman and went on with his cold living.

He had a dream one time. He saw a white bird.  
(Though he had never seen anything but black,  
he knew the bird was white.) It was pecking  
its way into the bowels of one of the mountains.  
And suddenly everything became sunny  
and bright. He could even hear the mountain  
sing. This made him very sad. What of the other  
mountain, silent and dark? He began to cry.

I cannot tell you any more. Only that I did  
hear the icebird crying when I was little.  
I do not hear him anymore.