



7-15-2014

## Kansas Sonneteer

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### Recommended Citation

Reiter, Lora K. (2014) "Kansas Sonneteer," *Westview*: Vol. 30 : Iss. 2 , Article 15.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol30/iss2/15>

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# Kansas Sonneteer

by Lora K. Reiter

Chickens at roost,  
Entrails from the supper hen  
Fed to the pigs.  
Children in bed.  
Husband in bed.  
Dishes in dishpan.  
Paper and pencils  
Replacing them on the table.  
Shadows from the glowing mantles  
Flickering on the wall, part of the ceiling.  
Orange from a Pall Mall cigarette  
Burnishing the jar lid where it rests.  
Sweat on her lip although the room is cool.  
How to say it?  
How to speak of ice on trees?  
Bells in the ice?  
Sun on the ice?  
Who would believe it?  
Who would even read it?  
Who would care to see her phoenix  
Rise from ice on fire with sun?  
Who would know a capriole  
She has watched a crystal unicorn perform?  
Who would hear a filigree of sound?

He sees mud where ice will melt,  
Cattle deep in it; hoof rot.  
She sees children to their waists in drifts,  
Roads impassable except for horses.  
But she sees as well the sculptured marble ocean  
Around their house,  
The burning bird rising with the pigeons.  
So she takes a puff,  
Frowns at the blank page,  
And starts her poem,  
Shifting in the cold  
As she arranges words against the darkness.