outhouse blues / Seeing The Light: A Sonnet for My Sons

Sheryl L. Nelms

Sandra Soli

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outhouse blues

By Sheryl L. Nelms

so much of my early
life was spent
suspended
above that black
and gargoyle;
pit

hanging there
in the cold
ammonia draft

remembering the horror
stories of a cousin
who disappeared
forever

when he was
grabbed
from

below

Seeing The Light

A Sonnet for My Sons

By Sandra Soli

Who is to say the sun is not a fire
Made up of moons, old stones and tiger-eyes,
Bright coals to warm a chilled celestial choir?
Collected, burned, then hurled throughout the skies
By that Omnipotence who dwells past Mars,
Deciding, at the dawn of leisure games,
"As marbles these won't do — I'll call them stars,
A festival of lanterns, each with names!"

Whichever explanation suits you best,
Imagine, if you can, the wondrous light!

For even antic errors meant in jest
Exploding from a spark of perfect mind,
Most glorious stars and suns of every kind.

First Place — PSO — 1985

SANDRA SOLI, originally of England, is a prize-winning
poet from Oklahoma City.

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