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

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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

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

May lead to future miracles outright;
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.