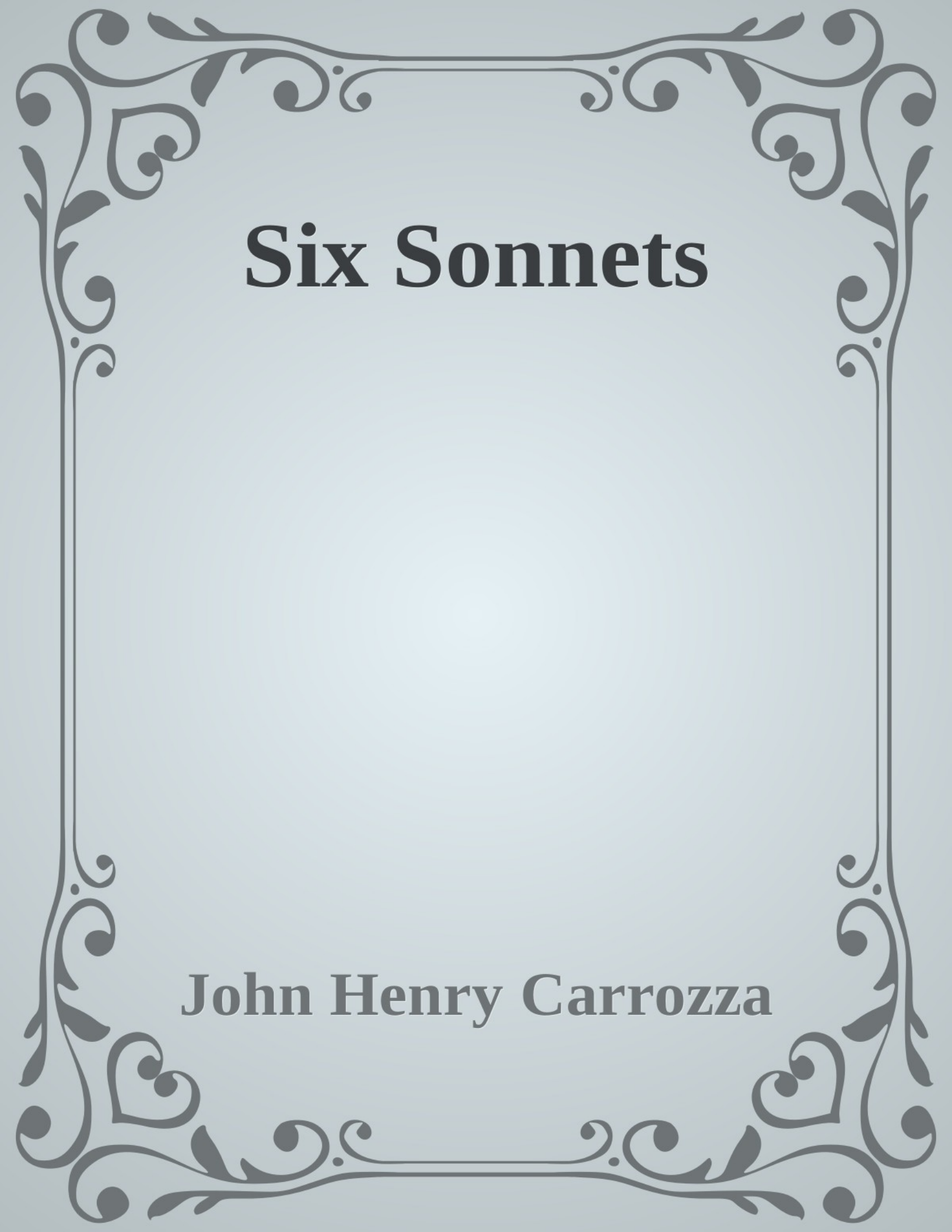


A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a light gray color, framing the central text.

Six Sonnets

John Henry Carrozza

Six Sonnets
By John Henry Carrozza

1

Awakening from life into a dream
Upon the echoed landscape of Lascaux,
I wander 'cross the plains of long ago,
Hopping over fissures from which steam
Pours forth in trickles, like a winter stream
That rises from a slowly melting snow.
The lowing of some creature, like a cello
Blankets from the moors my inner scream,
Scores my journey, evening my pace,
Driving, like a whale unto its grave.
Then, at last, I reach the place
And thread towards the bowels of the cave,
Where high upon the wall I'll paint thy face
In this, my soul cathedral's holy nave.

2

Such love as I endure for you this night
As I lay heavy 'neath the sheets and pray
To you, the trues goddess made of clay
That all my future days be full and bright
To witness with thee Christmases of white,
In earth in which the roots of heaven lay,
The fountainhead of truth, and I can say
You are my religion and my light –
The beacon shining o'er the towering main,
Illuminating shadows in the air,
Leading my heart schooner through the rain;
And standing on the bridge I am aware
Perhaps that you are driving me insane;
Abide, my love! Drive on – I do not care.

3

Bathing in a glade, a gentle fawn
Pauses, thinks she may have heard something –
Quietly, a trickling brook of spring
Babbles as the bath which you have drawn.
My footprints leading out across the lawn,
Halting at the fringes of the ring
Of poplar trees – a living gift I bring;
Alas! You have a frightened, and you're gone.
Later on, inside a log-built room,
Beside an empty fireplace's glow
I watch the kitten playing in the gloom
And hear the waters in the forest flow.
Then, wafting through air comes your perfume;
In ecstasy, the stag begins to low.

4

Take away thy beauty and my pain
And suddenly the world will fade away;
Darkness will irradiate the day,
As clear blue skies give way to drenching rain.
Take away thy laughter, such refrain
As thy sweet voice can permeate the gray
Of clouded, sleepless nights, and I will pray
For life restored to my bereaved domain.
For thine is the power to turn me on
And keep me lit throughout the storm;
Without your life, I'm a pteranodon –
The fossil of a once majestic form;
Without your love, I'm flickering neon –
Shedding light, but never keeping warm.

5

Dark, lonely river slithers underground,
Its torrent pressed by aching, gurgling screams
Which permeate the tranquil, troubled dreams
Of Hades' ever-watchful, loyal hound.
Such dreadful journey all must undertake,
Through caverns deep and dreary, wet with tears,
In mortal chains of burnished, ferrous fears
Which even callous demons fail to shake.
Yet deep within my bleeding, bleating heart
Is cradled dear the one which I adore
So my love and I will ne'er depart,
As time, enshrouded, waits upon the shore
And beats upon a drum her faithful part
To scuddle Charon's barge for evermore.

6

On days as bright as sun upon the fields
Doth shine with piercing rays of golden fire,
Bright sparks from embers borne of my desire
Strike, fleeting, 'cross the knights' resplendent shields.
While winds of war bemoan such earthly plight,
Enduring tempests howling o'er the din,
I glimpse beyond the moors of endless sin
My heart's immortal Phoenix taking flight.
For all of man's indifferent, hollow words
That solemn pray for guidance from above,
Their sermon writ in blood for hateful herds,
To seek comfort in vengeance, not in love;
I strive to garner knowledge of the birds
To discern the vulture from the dove.