

Augustinian Prayer Sonnet

by Bill Yarrow

Studious, yes, but hardly smart,
her breasts were larger than her heart
He kissed her tits and thought of art—
Memling, Cressida, Jean-Paul Sartre,
of marriages which fall apart
when whores are put before Descartes,
of guilt which stains but does not smart,
of sad bullseyes that long for darts,
and so he took her bra apart
and took her tits into his heart,
into his mouth, into his art,
the taste less sweet than it was tart,
an act more foolish than was smart
which Christ had warned him from the start

