

Gracious Have Been My Years of Late

by L. R. Styles

~ a Cornish sonnet ~

Gracious have been my years of late;
The windy drifts blown soft.
Truth be told, such luck seemeth bait
Eliciting doubts and wonderings.
Will these whimsical times remain aloft...
The gleaming silver linger upon my things?

'Tis cherished this time, though fleeting;
Accepted is its haste to depart.
Favored I am in this chance meeting
With joy and such rarity of symmetry.
For now, I shall enjoy the art,
Lavishing gratitude on the seconds given me.

Gracious have been my years of late;
'Tis cherished this time, though fleeting.

