

# Sonnet I

*by* M. F. Sullivan

Much as the cockerel crows the break of day  
So, too, has our love similar herald,  
Which, crashing down like the wolf's mighty bay  
Brings to men's minds beasts fearful and feral.  
One calls the sun, the other charms the moon:  
Two bodies hanging in black womb of sky.  
Our love, like astral bodies, makes whelps swoon  
And inspires the rooster to his cry.  
The curdling sound doth displease the ears  
And leave men lying awake in their beds;  
Fain would they know that what they nightly fear  
Is song to praise the orbs above their heads!  
Like these great stars, so's it with our romance:  
Each screech is naught but music for the dance.

