

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.

