

Sonnet VIII, On A Lover's Birthday

by M. F. Sullivan

What well-penned verse could demonstrate
The depths of my heart's happy love?
'Round you, its beats do syncopate
Into a harmony from up above.

When, lucky me, I hold your hand in mine,
The squawking of the jays is like the dove's;
And in those moments, I could stop the time,
Rather than through its fractal farther shove.

But then we couldn't have your birthday, see--
And that day, well, it marks a gift to me!

