

Sonnet

LUCY KAUFMAN

Now let the sweeping clouds of spring be gone
forever from these wild perfidious skies,
and let no more a laughing sun mask dawn
with psuedo-joy to veil its mocking lies.
No more the solitude of swinging space
stretching through the unrecorded hours,
marks alone time's lofty ponderous pace
across this heaven and above these towers.

Now you will see a servile sky defer
at dusk before a dark-winged enemy,
and you will hear the low portentous purr
of planes announcing death decorously.
No more can nights which swept the heavens clean
of war, within these shell-shocked skies be seen.

