



Sonnet: To Turn Back Time

by Laura Guyer

Would that I could turn back the hands of time
To that starry night as we slowly strolled
The Italian promenade and you told
Me your radical dreams, oh so sublime.
Together we would rid the world of crime
And hunger and give it the uncontrolled
Joy we shared with one another. Your hold
And kiss betrayed and my heart was not mine.
Now you say, "Are you not just a good friend?
You are gone and I have found another
So do not cry, my bella, and live on!"
But no other lover could ever mend
The scars you left. I'll have no other,
For never again will I be the pawn.