

Citi Sonnet

Kenneth Lifshitz

O! Impenetrable fountain, you enter
through my out-shuddered soul feeding
on pabulum sky
that sloppily lights rooftops
from an undefined state to categories of misery.
Where can you hide officious porter,
thou, creaking hinge of heaven?
What majestically self defying torrents balanced
even honey taste is enough to
fracture you
like a chandelier startled by a sudden burst of electricity
onto concrete motherlapped city?,-
--to pain unelected.
You've made a sandwich of eternity,
from mayonnaise,-infinity
you whitebread bride of gravity,
whose long weary words stick
upon the fingers like tedious tape, oft voiced
warnings repeated repeatedly,-
Yet, I loved too well while you spoke
And now find you silent when I get the joke.