

Navigator Sonnet

Kenneth Lifshitz

If all above bespeaks a hidden harmony
and stars, like unto sinners
vaulted to a heavenly claim
give forth sound resounding through interminable time
Till in us are joined each far flickering flame
Our hearts weave tales of such fine stuff--
That lie upon us no more heavily than dust--
Then I ask why are my stars in thee so rough
That, fate seems such stuff as polyurethane
And thou would'st I navigate thus by thy smile
And find therein the dawn that
Instructing me to disregard my captain's chore
leaves me storm tossed on some disconsolate shore
All hope nurtured by that milky light a forgery
For thy voice to my heart more access gains
than all of heavens sweet combined strains