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Sonnets for the Musician that I Loved

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Sonnets for the Musician that I Loved

I.

I met you of a Sunday, all roving
aside, your brown-eyed hush, insistent touch
cluttered in my hands, an odor: clove fling
because "it was French." Only I thought much
of them at this point. You joked freedom fries
and I smiled. You made the lusty clear day
an enjoyable one. You hint brown eyes
have turned you on, and this I note away.
You kissed my hand without permission there
in the park, doves gray as suet and street ash.
You kissed each finger as if then aware
of my piano playing, your one splash
with guitar lessons a funny story
for me to repeat that night, not sorry.

II. Apology

I love you, and I am sorry for this.
I do not know you, one who have sent me
to the heights and the lowness in a kiss.
You light up, sip deep that cigarette, free
from the worry that some silly thing might
want you more than the stars want gravity.
But I do, and I am sorry for sight
now. I can see you there, proclivity
to you a curse. You lean, and I lean, know-
-ing it is time to leave. Our heat enclosed
in the shaking of the windows, pillow
of grass afterward. And your eyes are closed,
I think that the sky is too much to miss:
the heights and lows contained within a kiss.

III.

We have finished before we had begun.
Alone I stand in this room, breath baited
through. I build a house of cards, hearts for fun.
It was the lack of calls that I hated,
and I admit the lack of courtship. Wound,
I stay in the corner, cheap lights blow up
the stage, I sip up the foam off blank sound,
a beer, cool, in the mouth, not a tune-up
session alone in pink light. You, single
beautiful disaster, are all I hate
and all I need, a repair shot shingle

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desperate building our enclosure, fate
crueler than you. Response, no call lingers,
and I trap what is left in my fingers.

IV.

Smoke from the grates rises slowly in streams
on empty street corners turning like thoughts.
Early morning shafts of light, sliced in beams,
feel golden as apples gathered in clots.
A young boy sits beheading bright flowers,
estimating the time it takes to bleed.
Each color, patient, waits out the hours
to cause wrinkled brows that then quickly plead:
"nothing is lifeless. Blood, like a river,
flows by on an inner canvas of quiet."
And the cold yawning ground brings a shiver
beneath my feet, the seasons in riot.
I see so much more loneliness in me,
yet the world goes on breathing tree to tree.

V.

Although words leave me then tease me later
I will live through this pause, shuffle to you,
a stone unturned, and a love far greater
lies in me than what lies dormant in you.
One day you will fall, and not be able
to lead a day without tripping up, this
I am sure of. Everyone does, stable
as you seem in being alone. Remiss
it would be in calling you cold, for your
hot kisses linger still, but I am warm
like a fire in the heart. In secret for
you I longed, now for myself I do form
a strength to be a light on you. Slip through
love, trip down words, I am fine without you.

Sarah Bishop '06