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Sonnet

In the *Liberation* obituaries
I find that F. has died.

She was the prettiest girl at the Sarajevo
Philosophy Faculty, Class of 1974.
My roommate in the student dorm
Drank day and night because of her,
but she once told me
"I like you better."

There was no love between us.
I caressed her once
on a shaded bench on Wilson Promenade
She asked me: "Will you dedicate a poem to me?"
"If I were talented," I replied,
"I'd gladly dedicate a sonnet to your legs
Because superior proportions require
perfect form."

She giggled, delighted.
I hadn't seen her for more than thirty years
I heard that she'd had several
Failed marriages. Poor child
Sprouted up and gone in times of pain and suffering.

Last night I reflected on the rhymed form
But all I was able to scribble
were these incoherent sentences
That rhyme with earth
That rhyme with grass.

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