

Sonnet Diptych

The One with Violets in Her Lap

Sappho fragment 21

She holds violets in her lap,
a slight smile upon her lips.
A flutter in her heart, perhaps,
she waits alone near rock strewn cliffs.

Petals flutter in her lap.
Pale fingers clutch fragile stems.
Wind rattles trees— rap, tap, tap,
Breeze shifts leaves, her heart pretends

she is not alone, violets in her lap.
Her hair, her blouse, her heart askew,
She must be strong, she must adapt.
Lost love her heart cannot renew.

Violets grown in stone adapt,
more than violets in her lap.

The One with Violence in Her Lap

From Sappho fragment 21

She holds violence in her lap,
a sly grin upon her lips.
A shudder in her heart perhaps,
she waits alone near rock strewn cliffs.

Cold metal shudders in her lap.
Pale fingers grip trigger's rim.
Bullets fire, limbs collapse.
Wind swirls round, her heart pretends

nothing happened, violence in her lap.
Her hair, her coat, her head askew,
Vultures circle, her heart entrapped,
she must survive this day she'll rue.

Violence sown, eternal trap
more than violence in her lap.

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