

# *Sonnet Scroll*

---

## **Hopeless**

**By Bruce Bennett**

We loved each other, but our love was hopeless.  
First, yours. Then, mine. We didn't know what to do.  
Caught in love's grip, in turn, each one was helpless.  
I was love's slave and victim after you.  
We had our moment, true, but it was over  
almost before we had it. Who could know,  
caught up in that blind madness of a lover,  
how brief our time would prove, how it would go  
before we shared that time we both had wanted?  
We had our taste of it, but that was that.  
Before and after that, our lives were haunted  
by being close, yet not arriving at  
a time together that we both could share.  
For you, then me, the other wasn't there.