

Sonnet Scroll

Outcasts

By Bruce Bennett

You told me you would stare up at my window,
seeing my light and knowing I was there,
wanting to let me know, yet standing helpless,
with no way out of or around despair.
Of course, I did not have the least idea.
I never knew you suffered such a state.
It almost was too much to hear you say it,
coming as a surprise, and *much* too late.

By then I'd suffered more than just exclusion.
Rejection. Exile. I'd been wholly banned!
I'd wandered in that state of disillusion
in sight of your forbidden Promised Land.
Ironic that the two of us couldn't meet
and stand, together, on that desolate street.