

Sonnet Scroll

Our Practice

By Bruce Bennett

I wish that I could offer reassurance,
some *proof* we are not simply wasting time
engaging in our craft, but no insurance
exists for stalwart devotees of rhyme,
who are convinced our practice has *some* meaning,
some purpose, leading surely to *some* goal.
That it is something other than mere preening.
We know it's difficult, and takes a toll,
yet feel our mission's worth it and pursue it.
What if we *knew* it led to some dead end,
and that we are deluded? Would we do it?
Would we still hold it sacred and defend
what we now spend our lives on? Would we *care*,
if, at the end, we learn there's nothing there?