

Sonnet Scroll

Rollin' River

By Bruce Bennett

That time we rode home singing "Shenandoah"
my heart was high. I had you in the car.
We were together, and I didn't know a
thing about how lost I was, how far
you were from her I thought I had beside me,
who made me think that we were still in tune,
and that she knew the way and she could guide me
through any rocks and shoals that faced us. Soon
enough I learned that I was quite mistaken.
Our pretty little concert was a sham.
Our trip was all a ruse, and I was taken
on a fool's errand. You didn't given a damn
about how moved I was. You sang along
as I poured heart and soul into that song.