

Sonnet Scroll

The Novelist

By Bruce Bennett

He worked and worked and added every day
a few more pages. That was what he chose
for his own reasons. He was one of those
who had a “calling,” though he could not say
exactly what that was. He was content
with how he spent his time, his life. He knew
it might be all in vain. That it was true
his prospects weren’t the best. So what? He meant
to go down fighting, proving he was worth
his mettle! Let them all say what they will.
He might have said, *We have our time on earth
to make the most of what we’re given. Till
I can no longer work, I’ll write and write.*
His opus grew, and he slept well at night.

His opus grew, and he slept well at night.
By morning he was ready to begin
his daily task again. He knew he’d write,
and things would be the way they’d always been.
There’d be that steady gradual accruing
he’d come to count on. *Money in the bank,*
he wryly thought. *I know just what I’m doing.*
*It is my sense of purpose I can thank
for giving meaning. Nothing matters more
than keeping faith and sticking to one’s goal.*
This is salvation. This is not a chore.
It did not matter that it took its toll.
He worked and worked and rarely suffered doubt.

What else, he thought, is one’s one life about?