

Sonnet Scroll

Inferno

By Susan Donnelly

Lately, I often think of Dante's zest,
who, seizing all his Florentine enemies,
settled who would burn and who would freeze,
lowering most the ones he deemed the worst.

Although he wrote of his beloved Beatrice,
and surely spoke of Heaven on his knees,
and only walked wherever Virgil pleased,
injustice raged within his quiet breast.

I think of Dante wondering if any words
could show the pride, mendacity, and greed
he saw around him every stumbling day.

And let his punishments be what they may,
it might sometimes have seemed to him absurd
to write at all what few would ever read.