

Sonnet Scroll

Almost Midnight

By David Landon

Uncork the *pinot noir*. It's time to drown
those toxic thoughts, like grim-eyed Self-Improvement,
prowling your mind, ruler in hand, "Read Kant,
lose weight, sit down, and write your masterpiece."

And then there's professorial Problematic,
probing your psyche, sprinkling his nasal "buts"
on all your fondest hopes, "Deluded, think
again, no way." Drown him in *Chateau Joie*.

It works! your neurons all have silly grins;
your brain gives up its theory of the whole,
accepts your destiny of who knows what.
What if your masterpiece is on its way?

And look! There's almost half a bottle left!
Call to your darling one, and fill her glass.