

# *Sonnet Scroll*

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## **On the Subjectivity of Poetic Interpretation** **By Jenna Le**

Her hair is thin, as though it's penciled on,  
and scalp peeks out between tan strand and strand,  
like pale sky glimpsed through spindly trees at dawn.  
This makes her eyes' more dense-packed darkness stand

out when she gazes sideways at my face,  
a blinkless look that feels accusatory,  
as though she wanted to reproach me for  
my unforgivably prolonged delay

in getting out of bed and gathering  
her swaddled body up in my embrace  
when, gaping, flailing, she began to fling  
fierce cries out of the crib in which she lay

(unless it's that my overlapping guilts  
micolor these glum glances she uptilts).