

Sonnet Scroll

Shall I compare you to a summer's day? By Sheila Murphy

After reading William Shakespeare, Sonnet 18

No—winter's bare withered branches would really
mirror a look more true for elderly spouses
who've loved each other *ad infinitum*—nearly
six decades already—though one espouses
jazz, while the other leans toward classical.
To her, opera sounds screechy; to him it's sublime.
She's often chatty, but he's enigmatical.
She loves to shop; he'll always decline.
He *would prefer not to*—like Bartleby—
sign on for that party, play, or event.
But together, with family, or friends (not in quantity),
they tune in to each other—one hundred percent.
Yes—*summer's lease hath all too short a date*—
blessed be sixty years they celebrate.