

Sonnet Scroll

A Singular Search

By James B. Nicola

I'm looking for the all-in soul-mate, see,
not simply chemical and physical
explosive combinations. Lechery
is human, sure, but not enough for me.

And still today, I'd really rather fall
too hard, no hope of reciprocity,
than go through all the motions, unmoved. Call
me single, sure, but do not grieve because
of my dry search. Because the search goes on.

The all that I esteem, however, does
not seem to be what others dwell upon.

Well, sometimes: in the halls of poetry.

The perfect one for me, then, might just be
not any soul that is, but one who was.