

Sonnet Scroll

The end of the affair

By Phil Powrie

I'm writing to let you know that
the glazier is coming. We were angels
of compressed air. Being angelic, we made
our living with coloured glass. We could have held
our silence with both hands bleeding,
raw, instead of juggling clinker
and misshapen lead. You said we must have looked
like drunken alchemists. We could have found a use
for the shards of glass, the bestiaries, the stations of
the cross, the reliquaries, the lives of saints.
When our light was greatest, we blinded ourselves.

Finally, the catoptric theatre, bodies slipping away.

So it's come to this.

Love as a rearranged sentence; words
condemning us to time.

There is no time for reflection.