

Sonnet Scroll

Saturday Song **By Denise Provost**

I set intention, then I practiced it:
reduce my want, cultivate contentment.
My discipline held until later on —
strolling down the street, I felt my heart stop
to see a couple clasped in an embrace
as still as stone, as sculpture. Then I craved
your arms around me, although I have not
had that experience before.

I thought
of one chill morning, when we two strolled in
together, faces wreathed in silly grins,
glowing like twentysomethings fresh from bed,
when, as it turned out, all we'd done instead
was meet, dressed for the rain, to take a walk
and entertain each other with our talk.