

Temple Sonnets

A Selection of Four Sonnets
One From Each Season

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TS2

Time has come full circle in its passion:
Consciousness is coming out of clay
green and guileless as a girl and boy
discovering their sexual equation

not since last year's tender ground swell
when the frieze of trees against the hill was full
of rainy wind and antler-like percussion
was there such an understated readi-
ness to make the world's berth so rowdy

a 'giving way' and 'taking over' tension
seduces everything unseen and seen

like the gravity and lightness from the moon

I am affected by its cyclic mission

with resurrected passion young and green

TS38

the curved horizon always up ahead
the hawk hatched from an egg, too tight
the nature of pain and expectation of Beauty
the raptor cruising the bright abundant air
the sibyl clouds prophesying rain
the beauty of Nature and pain of expectation
the invitation from the web to enter
the stringed mandala and spider at its center
the nature of pain and beauty of expectation
the rioting colors coming to seed again
the blackness embracing the firefly's flare
the expectation of pain and nature of Beauty
the ubiquitous ambiguity of night
the platinum moon in its inward turning mood

TS416

an eight-point buck was shot to death today
(a lesser presence in the woods this May)
with all the ways to execute a plan
it didn't have to happen quite this way

when death has to happen then let it be neat as a pin
but here was one with an extra violent spin:
he shot the buck... but still it got away
and hence the bloody chase and closing in

could ever a motion, an image or language convey
the shock of being in a bullet's way
the red pulse growing thin
the final shooting in the place it lay

there's just no telling what possesses a man
and that of course is how the poem began

TS449

there're some of us who live at the edge of things
different as a desert to a sea
out there the wind does mischief if it sings
but that's the consequence when one is free

Summer succumbs to Winter's icy fangs
the reign of snow gets overthrown by fire
and you can't mistake the thunder as it bangs
at heaven's ceiling with a hero's ire

it's here one's thinking rightfully belongs
though tongues may differ the tale's the same
repeated in mythologies and songs
to civilize but not to make too tame

as natural as fresh air to new lungs
and logical as calculated sums