

2018

Sonnet DCLXVI

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Recommended Citation

Erbland, Emilie (2018) "Sonnet DCLXVI," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2018 : Iss. 1 , Article 43.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2018/iss1/43>

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Missed last stairs and strangers' vagrant stares
Raise hairs and introduce me to fear.
She is a coy and coiled ploy for choleric
Theft of joy — call her up, you'll see.

She listlessly whispers sinister lists and
Twists my bliss with her insistent hiss.
"Such unusual turbulence, no local ambulance"
The succubus fucks with my quiet sobriety.

Insincere fear jeers as I frantically panic to
Usher the manic shudder from my spine.
Unannounced, the louse flounces in my
Doubts and scouts out my last ounce of grace.

Ashes to ashes, fight or flight, fear renews my
Zealous passions and sends me running back to life.