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Just a Sonnet

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Just a Sonnet

Shield your eyes from the twice seen wishing star
Before the dreams by which our dreams fall through
Beg the web to confess of who you are
and demand from the fly what I should do.
My Liege, Luck, you were my favorite piece,
But silver flashes irony in your flight
To appease the well, to ease the crease
Of a leaden brow, where down, beyond sight,
Echoed vows torment me my brazen start
Toward chivalry and courtesy, and nights
From which no simple plunge could mend this heart.
Oh, for the simple style of those jousting knights...
Such bit cast prayers cast upon tarnished mails
Shadow terms better left in heads and tails.

---Roman Bulawski