

Sonnet 1

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How shocked am I to feel the Sun's sharp rays,
Perplexed I question where did Winter go?
My world stands still as seasons waltz unfazed,
No angel's plea can cause the Earth to slow.

Have I a right to curse the passing time?
This planet spins as even mountains hush,
And watching them I see I too will die:
Oh Time, why must you be in such a rush?

Despite her power, Time was given no ears,
The fault not hers, her blindness is not cruel.
I see this now and stand to wipe my tears;
Those born into this game don't make the rules.

The path lies clear; if Time stops not to breathe,
Go forth and fight – at least she must be seized!