

Sonnet About a Lamp

Lamp, even wonderful things don't compare
To the world of word and texture you stow,
A world of infinite color and ware
Which you reveal to me in a bright show.
Will you allow me to see, watch, and stare
At any magnificent thing I know,
And at its perfect face, eyes, smile, and hair,
To wish for anything under your glow?
Reveal me all things tan and things more fair,
In colorful, limited blinks so slow,
Either real or illusion, I don't care,
Things always look different when lamps are low.
Light connects my mind to beautiful hue,
But hides me from things other senses view.