

American

I believed the Holy Sonnets were maps that I could follow.

She was so far from Lorca it wasn't worth it.

Her eyes were pentacles that concealed the Twin Towers.

At the Hotel Esmeralda I slept in a four-leaf target.

She had a view of the Notre Dame before the fire.

I read all her books, but I didn't tell her.

Without her, Gibraltar made me feel less than a dollar.

That Gentle Moment

I was the Messiah then the opposite.

I walked to Michigan without St. Thomas.

My frontal lobe is a holy quadrant.

To grieve is pointless, it's not that poignant.

Inside my sleeves is a mote of confidence.

The head is a globe, but the heart is a target.

There's one more thing but I haven't thought of it.

Paris Lure (Sonnet Redact Series 1)

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] ! Help [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Gare
du Nord [REDACTED] she's [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] caught
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] me. [REDACTED]

Pause/ (Sonnet Redact Series 1)

[REDACTED] Her
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] ?
[REDACTED] hand across
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] the future
[REDACTED] hums

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I'm not sure [REDACTED]