

\*My Music (Sonnet #14)

Enveloped in monotony's employ  
All things being equal, all things the same  
No taste, no sight, no sound I could enjoy  
My greatest pleasure ne'er distinct from pain

But traits that seemed embedded in my soul  
Began to dissipate as new ones formed  
Songs brought upon wind's tendrils first took hold  
As desert, broken through, saw new life born

My soul awakened to heart's quickened beat  
Life's hum transformed to harmon'ous delight  
Once languished soul crescendoed from defeat  
Life's chorus echoed forth as I took flight

Whose song, on wind, has found and captured me?  
It's yours, my love – It's yours, my muse, I see.