

Mistress

by Fairfield

Here's an un-poetic sonnet. The beta was Wickedly Wanton

Chapter 1 of 1

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It ill becomes an old man to sit here,
Thinking of his young lady and her ways,
Bringing to mind all the differences,
Provoking the end far before its time.
Thought continues what thoughtful words began,
But the words remain empty without deeds,
Beyond our wildest imagination,
Though conversation is more intimate.
Thought continues and loses the present,
Making the things said and done out of place.
There is no way to ask for affection,
And acts without words lose all their meaning.
Time the destroyer lives in the mind, and
Thought, its companion, is my companion.