

Sonnet 892

Portrait Of A Lady

Would I could paint the lady who dyes her hair
So it falls as purple rain upon her shoulders and down her chest
And sometimes there's a touch of crimson
Or vermilion red depending on the light
But even if I get that likeness right
When she wears a paisley blouse
I get lost in her Pre-Raphaelite
And then she smiles and all my little skill
Away
does faint
And then there's the problem of her eyes:
How to copy the beauty of their depths
When she at her painter stares?
And after the sitting her heels seem to kiss the air
Like a goddess who habitation's another sphere
But in case my stolen soul by her sweet voice will next lament
With just this sketch of words I shall have to be content

-John Edwards