

# Two Sonnets

by [David Solway](#) (May 2020)



*Woman Draped in an Orange Shawl*, Richard E. Miller, 1930s

Insomnia

There's nothing like an unexpected rhyme  
or the fabular solace of a grand  
father clock's errant note on the third chime  
or the last stubborn particle of sand  
in the hourglass's narrow waist  
to serve a fledgling hope beyond the day's  
closing stroke at midnight. The moment's graced  
by unanticipated beauty, blaze  
of sudden recognitions when they strike  
between the broken light of time's elidings  
and the meditative dark. Nothing like  
the drift of wind that brings you tidings  
to disambiguate the world's surds—  
a maple thick with ticking hummingbirds.

Hundred Acre Wood

How I crave your numinous pillow-talk,  
the muted accents growing more pronounced  
as time plods by and silences the clock  
so that I feel like Tigger now re-bounced  
cavorting in the Hundred Acre Wood  
of Love's enchanted plot where dreams abide.  
Patient, I wait for that sweet change of mood,  
the moment when you put the book aside  
and Winnie goes to sleep and Eeyore snores.  
And then we have the Wood all to ourselves.  
This the moment when the night restores  
its ambient promise, and body delves  
into body, and knows the Wood's soft spell,  
a floral tuft in a beckoning dell.

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David Solway's latest book is [\*Notes from a Derelict Culture\*](#), Black House Publishing, 2019, London. A CD of his original songs, [\*Partial to Cain\*](#), appeared in 2019.

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