

Distance (Sonnet)

By Glenn Currier

This distance between us occupied
minutes and hours multiplied
by walking and running thoughts,
divining the cost of careless loss
roving and darting with such might
not even a rest in dreams of night.
Then a trouble or something tragic
pauses me, and a moment of magic
makes all that distance naught.
I fly to you my love in thought
bound again by strings unclear
I yearn and ache to have you near.
 But again the world cries out to me
 and again I am gone - in its roiling sea.

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Inspired by Shakespeare's Sonnet # 44

SONNET 44

By William Shakespeare

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then despite of space I would be brought,
From limits far remote where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that so much of earth and water wrought
I must attend time's leisure with my moan,
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.