

A Sonnet

I came across an article last summer about sonnets and have been pondering this poetry form ever since. I even required my daughters to write a few (they didn't love that). In a culture where words come cheaply and can be so carelessly tossed around, I am compelled by such a disciplined approach to written communication. In a culture where so much language is abbreviated and acronym-ed—I needed the reminder that our words bear much weight. What a work—to occasionally sit and measure each word—for meaning and rhyme and even to count its syllables—as an act of choosing my words carefully.

Perhaps it's no surprise that even this sonnet, written in acute awareness of our need to measure our words, lacks the traditional ending stanzas of a pair of 3 lines. Even in my appreciation for its structure I resisted the traditional way to conclude. I suppose it is a reminder that I have not yet learned all I need to learn from writing sonnets.

May we weigh our words with care.

Mundane and Holy

There is nothing so mundane as to add
Garbage bags to my grocery listing.
To note the number of loads to be laundered.
These tasks ever near, ever insisting.

If this were all, the sum of my daily
Attention, intention, occupation,
I would surely wither and keel over—
Death by boredom, death by suffocation.

But these are not the sum of my daily
Attention, intention, occupation.
For my heart is set on higher, broader,
Wider tasks, lofty is my adoration.

Of the One who made all and holds all together.
This daily life of mundane and holy—
To care for home and, too, the souls within,
To offer my Maker all that I am.

This, the real work of a life here below:
Offering prayers for my home and my dear ones.
'Tis to set my soul in perpetual gaze
On the One who makes holy each of my days.

by Melanie DeKruyter