

A large, leafy tree stands in a field of tall grass at sunset. The sky is a mix of blue, pink, and orange, with the sun low on the horizon to the right. The tree is the central focus, with its branches spreading out. The grass in the foreground is golden-brown, suggesting late afternoon or early morning light.

Seven Sonnets for Our Time

A SAMPLING OF SONNETS FROM
100 Sonnets for Our Time

JEFF WYMAN

A Note from the Poet

Dear Reader:

This selection of seven sonnets is taken from my new book, *100 Sonnets for Our Time*.

I wrote these sonnets during 2020 and 2021 as we were all experiencing the confusion and hardships of the pandemic. My goal was to offer friends and other readers some hope and something to enjoy as they dealt with these challenges.

If these sonnets resonate with you, I hope you'll purchase the book and enjoy the various themes and feelings that my poetry offers.

I'm also always happy to respond to any e-mails you'd like to send me at jeff@jeffwymanauthor.com.

Happy reading!

Jeff

PHOTO BY HERVÉ LAGRANGE (PIXABAY)

Be Creative

This moment is the best time to create
While we're sheltering with little to do
When school and work start it could be too late
Days without distraction are precious few
Play music build a table learn to cook
Draw and paint fix your car knit a sweater
Plant a garden start a blog write a book
Weave a basket make your sports skills better
It's not only important for your mind
It also really helps with your spirit
Because in hard times like these you will find
You may be stuck at home but not fear it
Who knows you could even write a sonnet
Mainly just create so get right on it

Imagine the World

Imagine the world you want to live in
Long after the pandemic has ended
Let's fight for a new one and not give in
Until the broken parts have been mended
Now that we're chained by abnormality
And not in a position to break free
Let's visualize a new reality
And use this time to make each other see
We need a massive re-education
On how to keep the people safe and whole
Imagine global participation
With health and welfare as the common goal
Our modern world is truly very strange
So everyone imagine what can change

The Poet

Who shares the heart's tale if not the teller
And asks not in return but enjoyment
Who lives in the feelings but the dweller
And casts spells just for love or employment
Who would dare make a project of sorrow
While putting intimate thoughts on display
And from nature or dreams only borrow
Creating resonant lines to repay
With pen in hand she slays mighty dragons
Or comforts children with visions of peace
Traveling time on dust-covered wagons
Sheltering rhymes only meant for release
The harvest yields fruit to those who grow it
So ask the truth of only the poet

Corona Time

The world feels like it's coming to an end
Everyone is scared so many are sick
Although the president tries to pretend
His lies don't match what the experts predict
Streets are deserted the rain just won't quit
It looks like the zombie apocalypse
This is our worst so it's best to admit
That nothing else can begin to eclipse
But folks on my screen get me through the day
And help with the weight of isolation
And not having to work, although no pay
Is a very odd sort of vacation
The rain takes a rest, the room fills with light
Offering hope that we'll get past this blight

Hope

We can't mentally survive without hope
Though not denying what's happening now
Being optimistic can help us cope
And make life more enjoyable somehow
Hope can keep us positive in sad times
When little seems to be going as planned
It gives us incentive during bad times
To be more energized and take a stand
Thus having hope can spur us to action
And keep us focused on getting things right
In this sense it is not an abstraction
At the tunnel's end we can see a light
Hope springs eternal the poet would say
It seems essential for finding our way

Gratitude

Gratitude takes discipline I've been told
It's hard to not take good things for granted
First we must recognize what we behold
A new seed can't sprout till it's planted
Although normal life has come to a halt
Despair and nostalgia can't be my fate
And though our country is under assault
I'm glad I live in a beautiful state
Rather than dwell on someone who hurt me
And feel unhappy because I've been burned
I want my higher self to convert me
To recognizing the lessons I learned
Though it may take a shift in attitude
I'll work on always having gratitude

The Smell of Spring

I walked today in the Oregon spring
Inhaling the fresh smell of the season
As I tried to be one with everything
Without needing a rhyme or a reason
I thought of Georgia and the new Jim Crowe
And how Americans still love their guns
But then I saw the dogwood leaves aglow
And watched how the Willamette River runs
In this world it's easy to be distressed
But mother nature asks you to embed
With a young robin peering from its nest
And the blue sky sparkling overhead
We won't forsake the changes we must bring
Yet still rejoice in that sweet smell of spring