

THE MINISON PROJECT
PRESENTS THEIR

Sonnet
Collection
Series

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Sonnet Collection Series

The Minison Project

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Upon Seeing a Photograph of My Old Apartment, Empty, Ready to Lease

When we move out, we memorize the space
where once a love, a life together grew,
the ghosts of household items in the place
we found for them when everything was new.
Those kitchen curtains, herbs and flowers, mine,
with blackout strength to block the Boulder sun.
(When you moved out, what did you leave behind?)
You kicked me out; I left, hoping to run
away from our failed partnership, the deck
I set donations on for charity,
the crime scene of the home that we had wrecked.
In moving, did you flee the phantom me—
en route to Whole Foods, at the Pharmaca—
you saw, before the pain rose, spiced and raw?

Maria Picone

On Driving River Road

I miss sitting in the Bata Library
On rainy fall afternoons, drops dancing;
Staring out across the Otonabee,
Dreaming river dreams, scholastic writing.
I'm the kind of guy who needs distractions,
Like paddling ducks and maple leaves swirling;
From the drudgery of repetitions
I feel the weight of a catnap calling.
Photocopies, journals, notebooks, and pens;
Paper pillows cradling my tired mind.
The all-night focused sessions, through a lens
Of caffeine concentration, never kind.

Oh, for those rainy autumn youthful hours,
I would happily trade these aged powers.

Deryck N. Robertson

Aonaranach An Rìgh

Gold streams across the darkened mauve moor run
Like the bold branching antlers from his crown.
Elaphine ripples streak the heather down
As shadows crawl their way to touch the sun.
The king is at the mercy of the gun.
His velvet giving way to russet brown
And as the light of day begins to drown,
The hunter dares to think he might have won.
But Lonely Red's the monarch of this glen
And though his limbs are weary, he runs on,
Shaking the bullet's tail from his pelt.
Fearless, he roars into the night again
And in a fleeting instance, he is gone,
Away, into the dark blue world he melts.

Anna Kirwin



Dante's "[Guido, I' vorrei che tu e Lapo ed io,](#)" Alan Bern

Italian of Dante
followed by
Shelley's translation

SONNET TO A PORTUGUESE

You came into my life last week, your name
forever locked away inside her mind.
My life, she felt, would never be the same
and therefore left all thought of you behind.
You loved her, I suppose, that summer night
then left her, bearing me, until she turned
me over for adoption, that she might
forget the love that you so quickly spurned.
A Jew, she said, but would say little more
a father, Portuguese, is all I know,
who cast his seed, then left and closed the door
and me, the son, he never would see grow.
You left her life long before I was born,
the father I won't know but only mourn.

Louis Faber

Eve's Rebellion

The wind remembers every word I say.
Perhaps it tosses them so far from here
that Adam's God looks up in vague dismay
to hear me speak unchattered, without fear.

When God and Adam take their morning walk,
what do they say about his wayward bride?
Does Adam crow like some unearthly cock
and lie to save his eggshell shattered pride?

Does Adam ever search the woods for me?
Does he even know that I have flown?
Does he plead with God to destroy Eve
and make another Eve to be his own?

How can I trust a God or beast or man
who doesn't include me in any plan?

Allene Nichols



Dante's "[Guido, I' vorrei che tu e Lapo ed io,](#)" Alan Bern

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Oculi Occultati

Consider the cards, terrible delight,
spread out before you as a black sea swell
that you can contort like your lips to spell
seduction or death--the flush ache of fright
managed with aplomb to overexcite.

You're Venus in Virgo: Achitophel,
absolved becomes another bride of Hell.
LA MOVREVX, LE DIABLE and LERMITE.

A penny for your most dreadful of thoughts--
throw off the corset of morality
and meet with me at the Ballentree Moor.
Let down your hair, those wisps of Spanish moss,
(for being human is carnality)
and pursue, Miss Ives, this iambic spoor.

Matt Schultz

Sonnet for a lady who lost her twin

You watch for faeries in the ancient oak.
What fortune joined me to one so rare;
This Viking woman with blue eyes and hair
Waving like a warming fire and sweet smoke.

In long ago times your ancestors spoke
And told of selkies in dark seaside lairs.
Perhaps your unborn twin was one of theirs?
But left these bonds before the waters broke.

You were blamed for the other one's demise.
Mother made your young years something to rue
Because she saw only through angry eyes.
But I know the truth the wise old earth knew,
My blue-eyed red-haired Viking surprise,
With the rarest gem there's no room for two.

Geoff Knowlton



Dante's "[Guido, I' vorrei che tu e Lapo ed io,](#)" Alan Bern

Italian of Dante
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It Was the Night

“It was the night, the night of all my dreams.”*

Poet, in kinship I owe, to me treads
What too my muse under beauteous beams
Gave unto me; one night thereat truth sheds
And inflicted me her heart further strive,
A mirror make what first from me she took
As into lap her chestnut crown did dive;
Ah! me, untouched yet she my whole world shook.
Now, upon the hours, the days, the year
In darkling company of Memory
That night resides, with love and all to bear
Within chest made a hollow armory.
It echoes with those little things I keep —
E’en when she reduced it to a love cheap.

Ryan Tunison

**The first line of Sonnet XVI in Arthur Davison Ficke’s Sonnets of a Portrait-Painter.*

Ship in a Bottle

I float through days between fog shrouded shores
with fingers trailing paths in algae green
surroundings painted wet with wide brush, blurred
my only destination: in-between.

You may think such adrift life a dream
to ride the tide without a plotted course.
It is to lie in-state while heart still beats
suspended in existence, life outsourced.

A ship without a sail is drifting wood
fit only to be salvaged for display
it's not enough to float on oozing flood
a vessel needs to voyage, else decay.

The open road unfurling curling strands
entangles aimless souls in best laid plans.

Allison DeDecker



Dante's "[Guido, I' vorrei che tu e Lapo ed io,](#)" Alan Bern

Italian of Dante
followed by
Shelley's translation

Never, not yet.

Cicadas say: this scorch will never cease –

this clay a crisp, impenetrable crust.

Fingers of grass calcined on the sidewalk

have long abandoned hopes of thunderstorm.

Slowly, the moon drawls its fatigued yellows

along the dreamless, untenanted dark.

The bucket empty by the riverside,

now reduced to its twisted spine of dust.

Diagonals finally lacerate

The sky into delight of rain. Sogged grass

suddenly abundant with the song of

crickets, the moon shifting its clarities.

But the bucket, counting holes in its side

remains empty, and continues to thirst.

Lorelei Bacht

This poem is a reinterpretation of 'A Wintry Sonnet' by Christina Rossetti (1830 – 1894). It follows the original theme and structure of Rossetti's sonnet and borrows language from it, but is written in decasyllabic blank verse.

The original poem can be found here: <https://hellopoetry.com/poem/15995/a-wintery-sonnet/>

Adrift

The first of light--two days of rain--is slow,
is weighted heavily. The tree can't lift
its head; I see it strain. Mere light. Not glow
but light stained gray. The morning is adrift.
The stream is fat. The street's asleep. The cars
just things lined up. One bird breaks the spell--five flaps
and gone--the air, a second more, dissolves
its trace, reseals itself. All gray. No gap.
One bird, two birds, a butterfly, and shine
ignites the polished leaves, then fades, then glows,
then cools, the birth pangs of the new in Time.
My first mistake would be to think I know.
My love's asleep a thousand miles away.
She'll fly back through this tattered light today.

Ed Hack



Dante's "[Guido, l' vorrei che tu e Lapo ed io,](#)" Alan Bern

Italian of Dante
followed by
Shelley's translation

'ROUND MIDNIGHT

Billie Holiday never sang this song—
and she sang everything like she meant
each note and word. She'd open every long
syllable and let it break when the sax
took over. She'd begin—next bar—to tell
it all. She sang languid—never relaxed—
and let midnight reveal just what it knows
to lost night club souls. Let waitresses sell
drinks and their small bodies. She'd start to find
that broken lyric heart that never shows
itself— except in smoky, midnight rooms,
haunted by cracked reeds and down-tempo tunes.
If she sang it, they'd go out of their minds.

Mark J. Mitchell

Night Thoughts of Vivienne

Deep in the night I lie bereft of sleep
And feel the frozen minutes pass like years,
While down into the darkness slowly seep,
Like drops of blood, thoughts thickening to fears.
And soon the demons of the night appear,
Loom over me, grin grimly in the dark,
Whisper of things too terrible to hear,
And grip with icy hands my weary heart.

It's then I think of Vivienne, my dear,
And feel once more the warmth of her embrace,
The soft, strong touch that banishes my fear
And drives the demons back to their dark place.
Her love remembered brings me such delights
It turns my hellish night to paradise.

Paul Negri

What else remains

What else remains in corners shrouded dark
that failed to live, and later failed to die?
What cowered helpless when a sharp remark
was met with silence as its sole reply?
What else remains, like crumbs upon my plate,
a faint reminder of relinquished fights—
a breathing witness that the hands of fate
may write my days, but fall asleep at nights?
I hear the future like a chiming bell,
or still horizon past an endless crowd;
yet ancient ghosts retrace their steps from hell
to speak their words beneath their tainted shrouds.
My flesh, it bears the stubborn wounds of yore.
My will, it lies in wait behind the door.

Charlie D'Aniello

