



Giving a Damn

I wonder if it's now beside the point
to write a sonnet to the one you love
or if it's just that times are out of joint —
so easy now to casually shove
a coin or two into the ringing till
of chic boutique or local corner shop
where noone gives a damn if that lace frill
embodies heartfelt truth or is a sop
to what of poetry we will admit
into our lives in each unfolding year —
as long as we can make the message fit
our own, our one and only truest dear.
But even if these modern fears prove true,
I send my love (a plethora!) to you.

Joan McGavin