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Sonnet 20

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SONNET 20

When I see tracks of deer, I like to think
That Pan has come by on his merry way
Among them, joining in their careless play,
And stopping by the stream with them to drink.
When I hear squirrels barking in the trees,
Or watch the bobwhite dusting in the sand,
I like to think that they can understand
The end of life. The humming of the bees
Is like a song that calls me to a world
Where no sin is, and bids me leave my cares
And woes behind. But war flags are unfurled;
With misty eyes, the old Grim Reaper stares
At all that lives and breathes. He stares at me.
Reality destroys my fantasy.