

TO A SONNET

by Janet Ruth

What is it that I love about your form?
I really don't perceive you as a cage,
but rather as a means to shape the storm
of words and feelings scattered on my page.
Your light inspires me with a starting thought
that ends with something not too hard to rhyme.
I make a list of words to fit the slot—
bells chime—tart lime—steep climb—we must keep time
in pairs of shoes we call iambic feet,
in sets of five—near perfect steps—I learn
to dance with you in fourteen lines. Complete,
the final two employ a curve, a turn.
Your theme, a form of love, with which you tame
my lips, my pen, with kisses, words, your name.

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