

**Jeff Karon**

Sonnet 3 (from *Sonnets from the Andalusian Twilight*)

If I halt

The third sequence,

Would the first linger,

Your fingers settled uneasily

Into southern valleys,

Gypsies whose music could be still

If their need paid for rest

And temporary silence?

Or would the second stall

Abruptly,

Your signature flooding

The hard-packed earth?

Do we not own

This land?

My love, where will the gypsies

Pitch their tents?

What use is melody

When we forget to count rests,

When we should recognize notes

Merely pretending in their veiled confidence,

When we should recall

The anarchy of passion,

That rogue accounting, that numberless line

Connecting your hands

To all that is mine,  
The music quiet, restless, but surely leaving me?