

SONNET III: INDIFFERENCE

for Barbara Sanderman, Wayne Dietterick, and the Caritas Chamber Chorale

Her callused feet press into sun-cracked earth -
The woman's weight disrupts the decades' dust
Of famine, placed by blinded hearts. "Unjust!"
The crowd exclaims, aware of glaring dearth,
Yet slow to share the melody of grace.
"So diff'rent," sings a man, "Her hair, her hands,
Her skin, are not like mine." The sand's
Light color stained as tears fall from her face.
A brighter tune paints peace upon the air -
This Kingly descant sounds as though of God.
Pulled close by blood-blessed brow and thorn-thick tare,
The crowd sees, clear: a pauper Prince, unshod.
His music cleans their minds of selfish thought
And poverty itself dissolves to naught.

- Mark A. Boyle/Hunker - January 2016