

# Sonnet

## IN THE SHAPE OF A POTTED CHRISTMAS TREE



O  
fury-  
bedecked!  
O glitter-torn!  
Let the wild wind erect  
bonbonbonanzas; junipers affect  
frostyfreeze turbans; iciclestuff adorn  
all cuckolded creation in a madcap crown of horn!  
It's a new day; no scapegrace of a sect  
tidying up the ashtrays playing Daughter-in-Law Elect;  
bells! bibelots! popsicle cigars! shatter the glassware! a son born  
now  
now  
while ox and ass and infant lie  
together as poor creatures will  
and tears of her exertion still  
cling in the spent girl's eye  
and a great firework in the sky  
drifts to the western hill.



POETRY  
FOUNDATION