



... the sound of your name ...

front

68 Love Sonnet

by A. S. Maulucci

The sound of your name has penetrated
the wilderness of my being and there
it has taken root like some feral bush
full of dark, succulent passion berries.

Saying your name is like picking this fruit,
placing it in my mouth, pressing upon it
with my tongue, and savoring the sweet juice
as it bursts wide open - repeatedly.

The sound of your name never cloys or stales.
No matter how many times I say it,
it tastes piquant and sounds mellifluous.

When I am alone within the forest
of my soul I have only to voice it
and your name fills me with a wild rapture.

inside