

Rebecca Morgan Frank

Sonnet for the Sin of Foolishness

Love is a false god, a masked fraud
that even the atheist courts with belief.
A magician favored for his sleight of hand.
We love to be fooled. We follow
a trail of circumstantial evidence
built by other blind believers. Why would we doubt
what even the godless hold pure? Every moment
in love's grip takes us further from reason.
And when it's proven absent, not even leaving ash?
We perform our ablutions, place pennies and lockets
on its altar, search the faces of people on the train.
Oh, Love, we whisper from the streets—
make me a follower, make me care for no other
but you, you the enemy, the savior, the absent
plea, the adored and ageless fallacy.