

Alan Mark Levinson**"Dislocated Lady"**

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DISLOCATED LADY

(Sonnet Form)

I just might fly far into the next world
where I'll finally be happy and fine.
No, it will not be until the next world
that I will look and find you've left my mind.

See my wings melt and the weather turn black?
The birds will tell you I'm not a real lark.
I hold the torch high when this world goes black --
paint brilliant sunsets that glow after dark.

Dislocated lady, smile out of time!
Men write sorrowful tunes for voice and harp.
You have been sketched, filmed, even made to rhyme.
Bright flames dance within your casual heart.

Despite the fine show when the moonlight glows
your spirit flows to Michelangelo.

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