

From Sonnet to Syllable

For Jackie, (on learning her *time is limited*)

Some lines - fourteen - to let you know I know.
Thirteen to word what words may maybe word.
Twelve to continue, with what grace I can
Compress into eleven lines. Now ten.
Nine left to discover measure is unimportant,
Metrics inconsequential. Eight's enough.

Enough. Dear Jackie how can I say *enough*
Without complicity? You have my frail measure
- A lifetime's chase with words tailgating truth
Or truth of sorts - measured immeasurably.
Jackie we live. Aspire. Enough.
May measured metrics being me to your point
Of true arrival: Measure is unimportant.
One line aligns. One word suffices: *Love*.