

A Spinster Physician Weeps While Speaking Her Sermon on Abstinence: A Sonnet without Rhyme

Lee Robison

In her fiftieth year and all these other
smug and satisfied people's children
gaping faces from the pews like ripe pears
and what can she say—a professional woman,
her seed emptying month by long month,
as she counsels the dying ways to live with dying,
knowing in a clinical way that she too
lives toward this end (however ephemeral)—
and, recalling that boy of her youth and desire
checked,
 absolutely,
 so sure that rewards
would come—here and in heaven—yet sensing
the vital urgency of molecules teaching her

desire to replenish God's pasture,
and so her voice wavers as it pitches to preach.

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