

Sonnet #1  
by Mary Sauve

Injustice is like a grandfather clock,  
looming over society, tick tick tock.  
Time, its main hero, breeds, boils rage; seething  
but patiently in the corner waiting  
in the shadows of all civil unrest,  
in the ignorance of righteousness,  
in the tears of every neglected child,  
Even in the personally beguiled.

The fingers of unfairness blame and shame.  
The hands of time say you're next, just complain.  
Yes, patience is a sin. Vanquished here now,  
but looming to strike elsewhere tomorrow.  
How the world so quickly betrays its flock,  
How swift defeat in mere ticks of the clock.