Sonnet

The Decemberists

Guido, I wish that you and Lapo and I
Could be taken by magic and placed in a boat
Where every rising swell
Would sweep us at our will across the sky

Then tempest never, or weather dire
Could ever make our blissful living cease
No, but abiding in a steady, blessed peace
Together in harmony

And Lady Vanna and Lagia then
She who looms the thirty best
Would join us at the enchanter's behest

And there we'd talk of love without an end
To make those ladies happy in the sky
With Lapo enchanted too, and you and I

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