

False as Dice
(after sonnet 138)

Peter J. King

She takes my hand, she meets my eye,
she says that she would never lie —
and I believe her though I know
she's blind to truth.

I build my castles on her sand,
pretend to think that they will stand
forever, hoping she will see
naivety as youth.

Oh, I am old and she's untrue;
we know it, yet we carry through
this grand pretence, divinest show,
as love demands.

We tread the measures of the dance,
for nothing threatens true romance
as much as age and disbelief,
we understand.

And so we're lying each to each,
we lie together on a beach
of shifting silicon and shell,
and make a heaven of a hell.