

Jason W. Johnson

Maundy Sonnets

No. 7

Thinking of Geoffrey Hill

Rank and wretched state:

worn out battling
 on on fumes
realizing your
 thunder wastes
before chance
 groundings

knowing your acolytes'

shadows cast too far to
 windward
 zag too far from

assumption and rest—

Or so the blazing constellation seems
To say in the aftermath of harvest watches.

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No. 8

Once sifted
molten camp
salt-foxed effigies,
only imagine
that brittled
and wrested
a coal-manged

through these
sites and
we can
the force
the humdrum
grace from
crusty sphinx