

Sonnet Scroll

“Doomed, doomed”

By Bruce Bennett

We have a friend who says, “We’re *doomed!* We’re *doomed!*”
She’s said the same thing every day for years.
No matter what, we’re soon to be entombed
because of this or that. Although our fears
change, she doesn’t. It’s the same old thing
newly enshrined in some accursed shape.
We laugh and tease her, though that does not bring
any relief. It’s like we’re watching Cape
Fear, but without the sense we’ll make it past
the Menace that is lurking just beneath
or over or around. It’s bound to *last*,
this critical malaise, that’s sunk its teeth
into her soul. We tell her, “Lighten up,”
but she drinks deep, then passes on the cup.