

# *Sonnet Scroll*

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## *If Only for a Time*

By David Landon

Pinch me, we re here! No really, friend, we re here,  
courtesy of the cosmos, here! Our brains,  
our hearts, our autonomic systems go,  
walking around, a planet underfoot,  
discovering who's there, and waving, "Hi,"  
discovering what grows, "Hey, that's some tree!"  
We've been here quite awhile, but suddenly  
it seems we're here, as in the mystery:  
why is there something when there could be nothing?  
Why are there consonants and vowels, words,  
like breath, or earth, or wind, or drum, or hymn?  
Why would I want to say your name, or take  
your hand, or wish you luck? Why anything,  
if only for a time? Sometimes there's war.