



Photograph from Renegade Umbrella

Daniel J. Langton

### A Morning Sonnet

White sheets, but the *rouge et verre* of Matisse  
on the walls and at the window, the sun  
a pet who's grown too big, quiet and stern.  
I am reminded of the first time, in Rome,  
with the covers kicked off, the easy peace  
and your friendly smile as you counted, one,  
two, three, four, and then in French, while I learned  
that some day, somewhere, this would be a poem.

We are old now. There are so many things  
gone or changed, steeped in a sense of doom.  
I fret about the young, the ones alone,  
looking for what matters, whatever brings  
a durable joy, a Roman bedroom,  
the shared thoughts we can have but not own.

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Daniel J. Langton's work has appeared in the *Paris Review*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *TLS*, *Iowa Review*, *Poetry* and elsewhere. His collection *Querencia* won the Davins Award and the London Prize. He lives in San Francisco