

## A Sonnet of Cacophony

Too many voices speak to us at once.  
The heights of Babel resonate with rules  
So intricate that not our canniest tools  
Can translate properly. I am a dunce  
Who watches wide-eyed like a bunch  
Of wolves, or even patient dogs. The schools  
Are shut. Our distancing renders fools  
Deplorably alone, one monstrous crunch.

And like Eurydice cannot look back  
As we slowly forge our way out of hell.  
Our tiny family of mates becomes essential,  
Our tribe, our race, our innate potential.  
And little acts of kindness mark the track.  
And we are blessed again. And all things shall be well.

*—Donald M. Hassler*