

**I Love Your Sonnet**

Diana Raab

(In response to: “Sonnet XVII” by Pablo Neruda)

Loving you is as easy as my breath  
in and out, which sustains me  
when we're apart. You might think  
you don't know me—but I am the magic  
that reaches for you in the night's gloom,  
and the shooting star that blasts  
its way to your garden's horizon.  
Can you feel my gentle hand upon  
your shoulder: a hummingbird's  
happy flutter? Come lay your head  
on my feathery white pillow.  
Leave your garden for mine.  
I have been waiting long enough.  
This is my sonnet for you.