

# Sonnet from the Bar

Karla Linn Merrifield

In the church of the Golden Lion Pub,  
we tipplers of Hogshead and Guinness,  
we supplicants of rock 'n roll music,  
make a joyful noise unto the spirit of guitars electric.

We sway to the bluesy riffs,  
throb to the reverb and loop,  
tremble like tremolo strings,  
our souls fiercely plucked, our hearts softly fingered.

For here live again the lesser gods of distant youth:  
O, Clapton; o, Santana; o Richards, o, Waters.  
As the Stratocaster, Gibson and Fender gently weep,  
my litany goes long and on into rhythm's font of Time.

I am the '60s love child I once was re-amplified,  
praying that the mythified chords within abide.

*For Father Peter Dumont  
and Paul Garthwaite*



Inspired by Various  
Rock 'n Roll  
Musicians