

Sonnet for myself at 17

by [Tania Runyan](#) in the [January 29, 2020](#) issue

To the one I love, who played violin
and twirled your hair with gracious angst:
You pried clean off your grip on sin
to sing with far and wide and deep. And lost.

You didn't realize black and white would blind
you. That Tchaikovsky's music pours from light
despite vodka and trysts with men to bind
him. *You're either for or against the word of Christ.*

But didn't you know Jesus rolled into view
every time you underlined sadnesses in books
you couldn't explain? His words, so hidden and new
bloomed from the gray, the silt-specked muck.

You drew your bow across a weary string.
The notes were always right but didn't ring.