

Sonnet for Genevieve II

The martlet travels upon heaven's skin;
For in her flight, she summons breezy things
To shape and curl into the summer winds,
Fair weather'd in the haven of her wings.

No earthly bird, unearthed for want of rest
Upon two feet, her vehicle the grace
Of ever-beating wings, feather'd as best
May sponsor Eastern art's far-reaching lace.

A patroness of words by feather'd quills:
So know some younger gentles of the East.
And by such words and phrases, youthful wills
Immortalize their beauties and their beasts.

Imaginings are fanciful as sighs;
By artful flight, the earth shall meet the skies.

*Elizabethan sonnet by Lady Katryne Blak
Calligraphy by Baron Ernst Nuss von Kitzingen
Illumination by Lady Marija Kotok
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