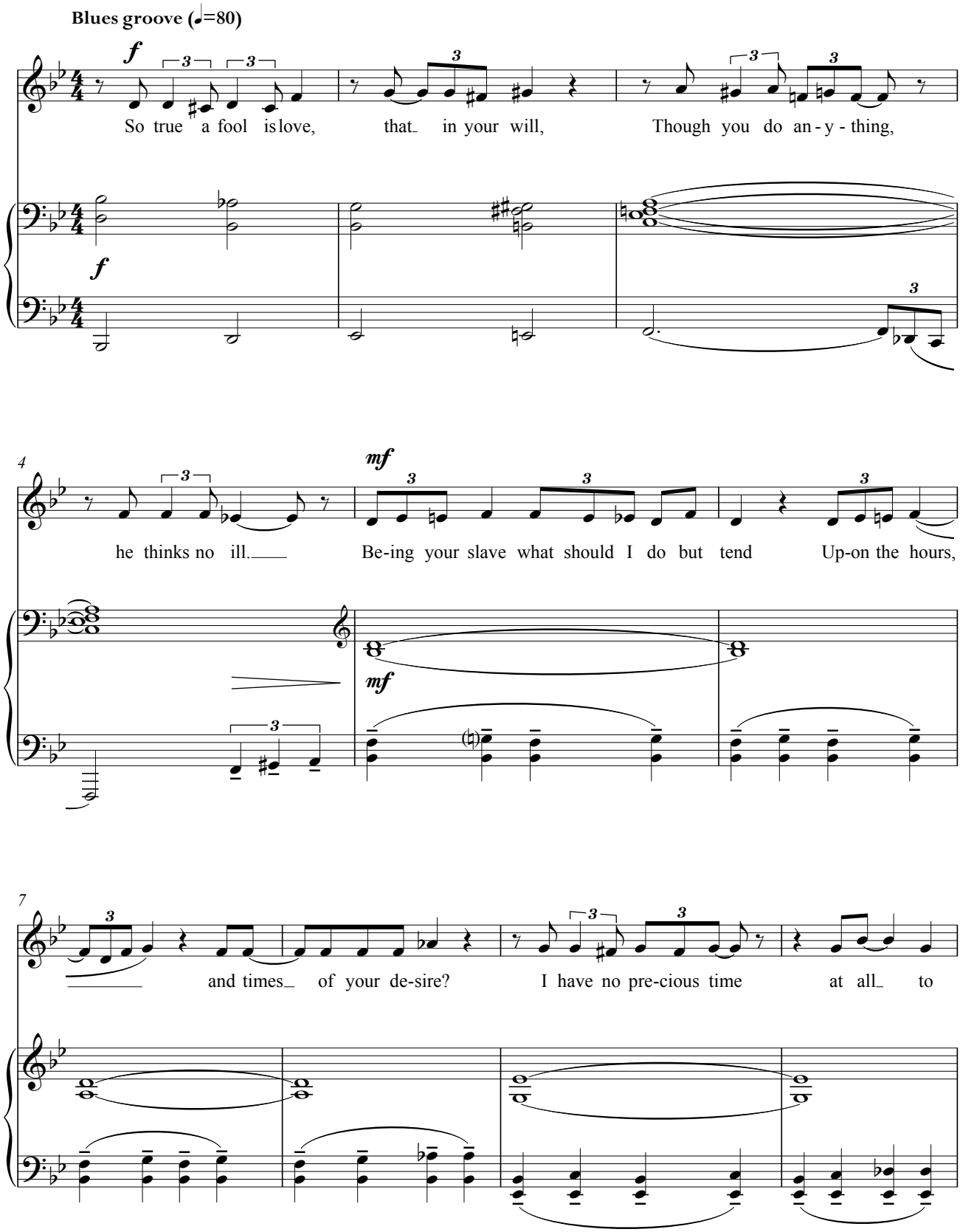
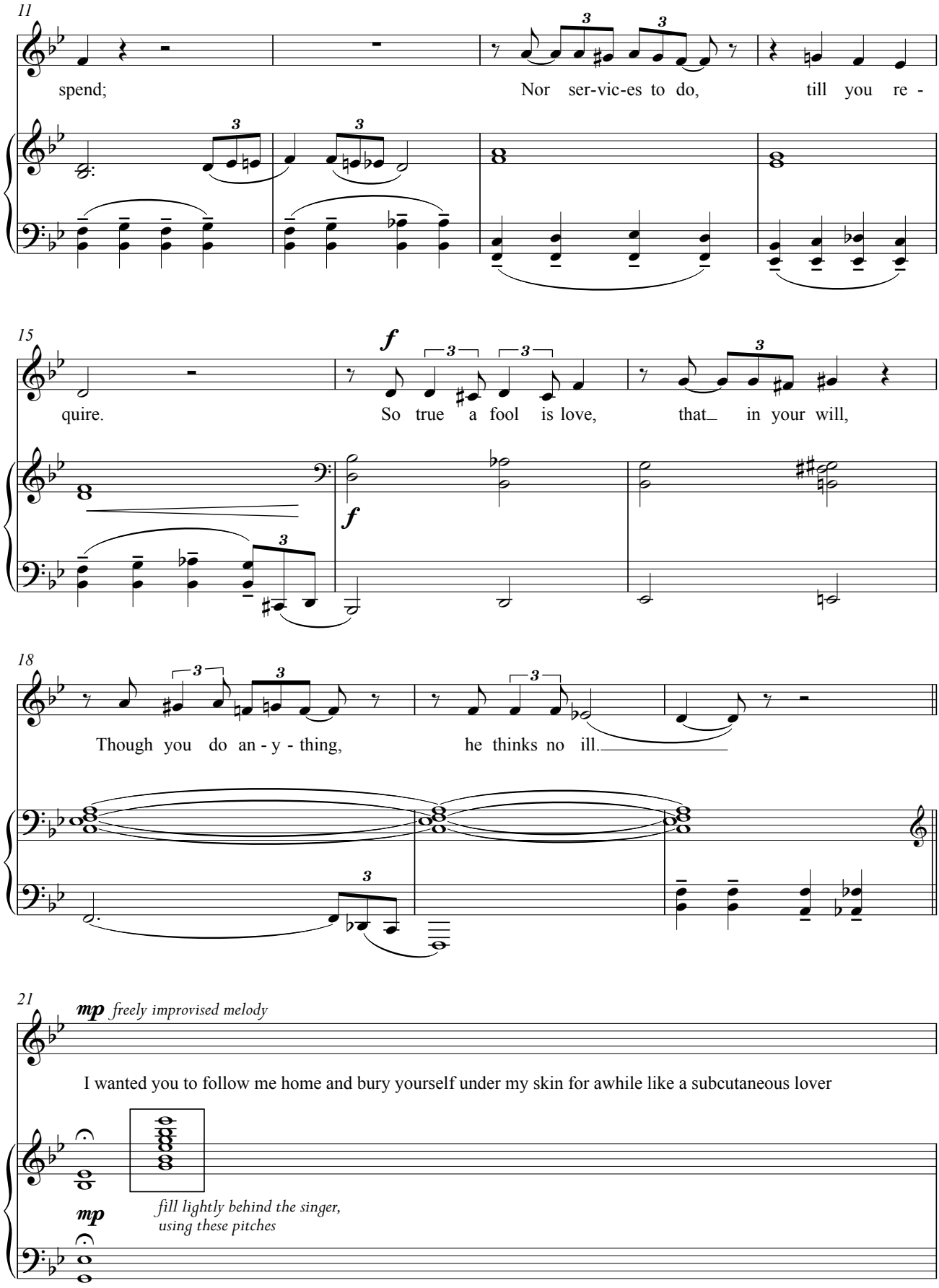
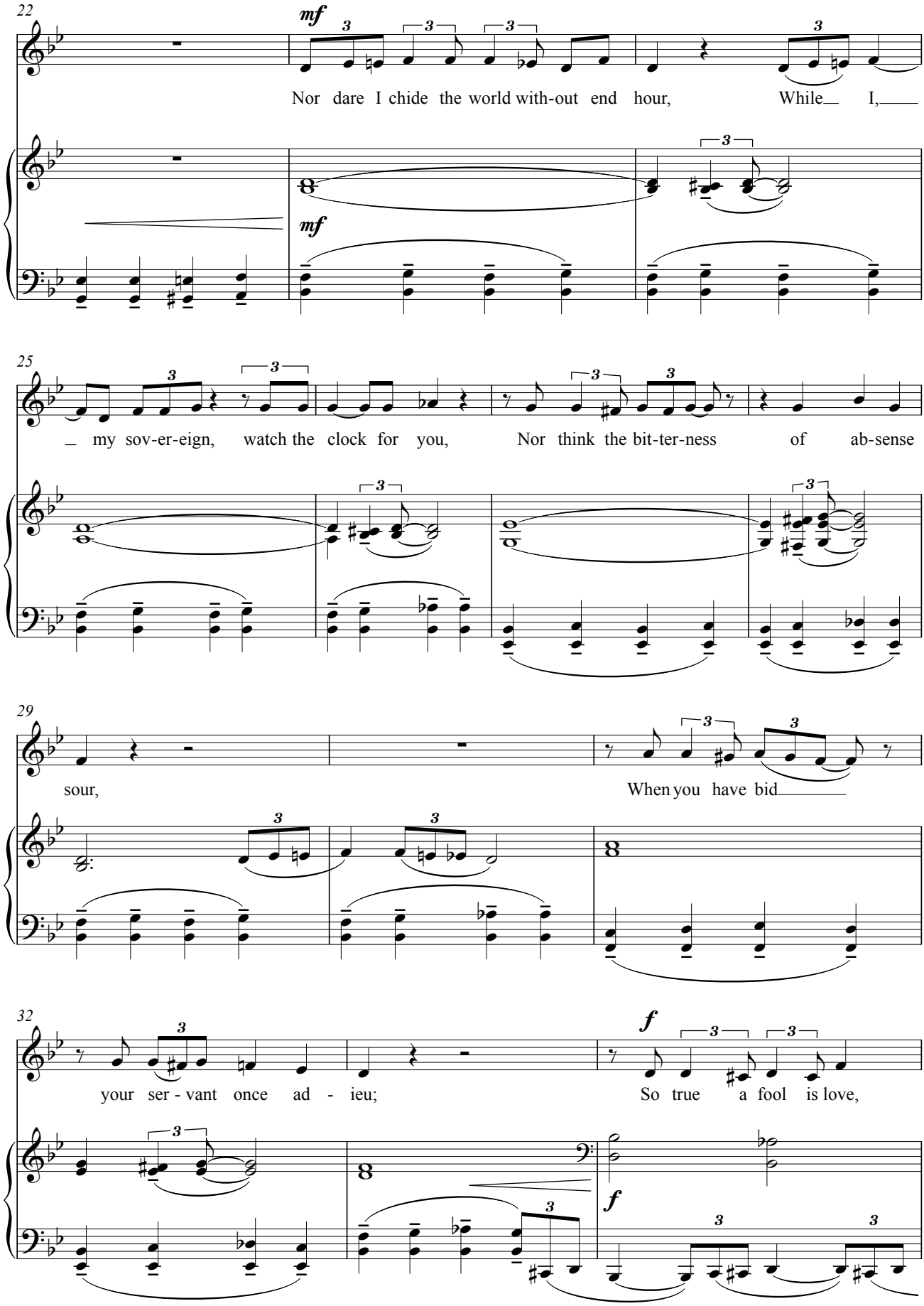
Love's Slave

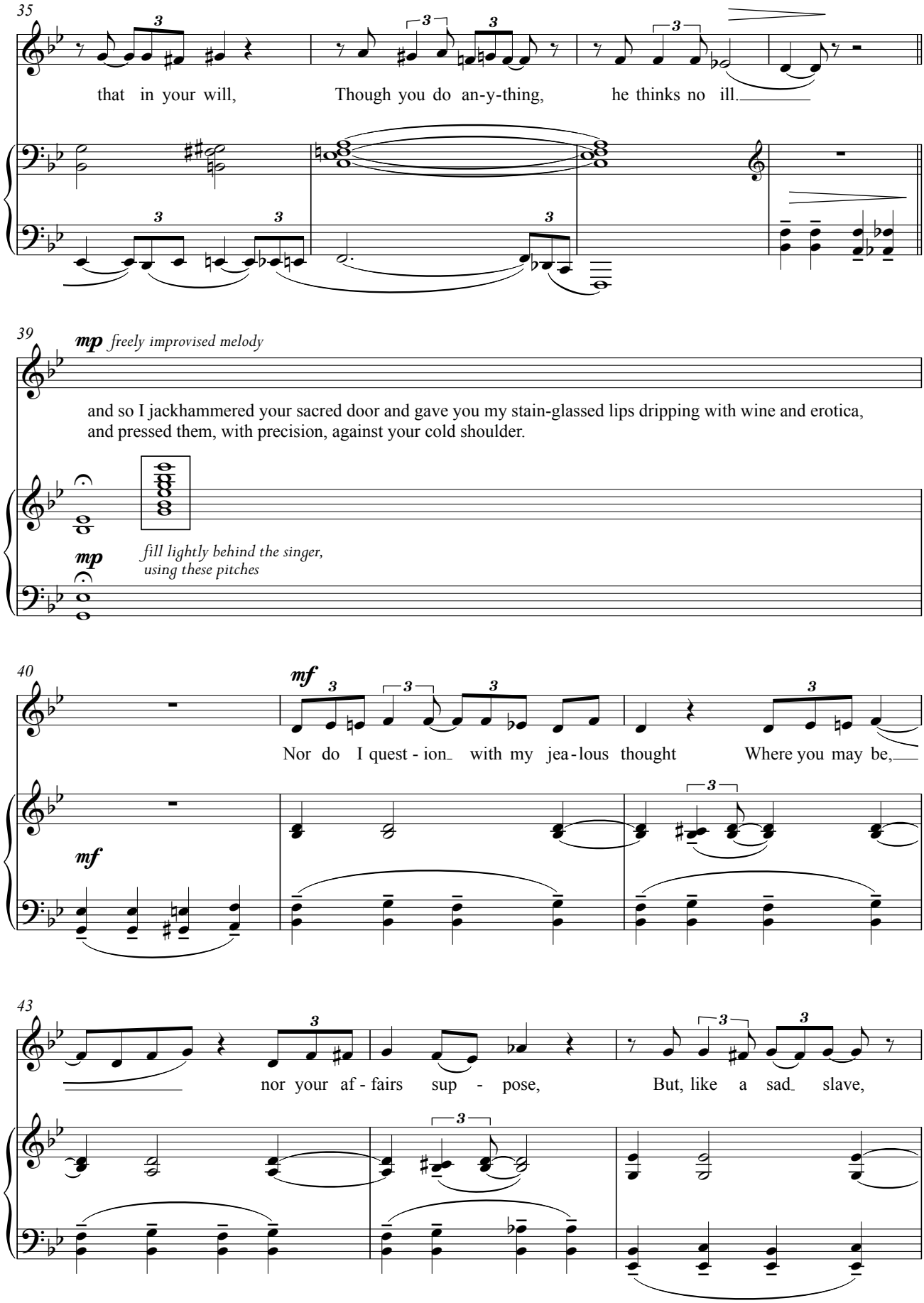
William Shakespeare — Sonnet 57 / — David Morneau
Cindy Hochman — The Affair That Turned Into a Poem — Lana Is

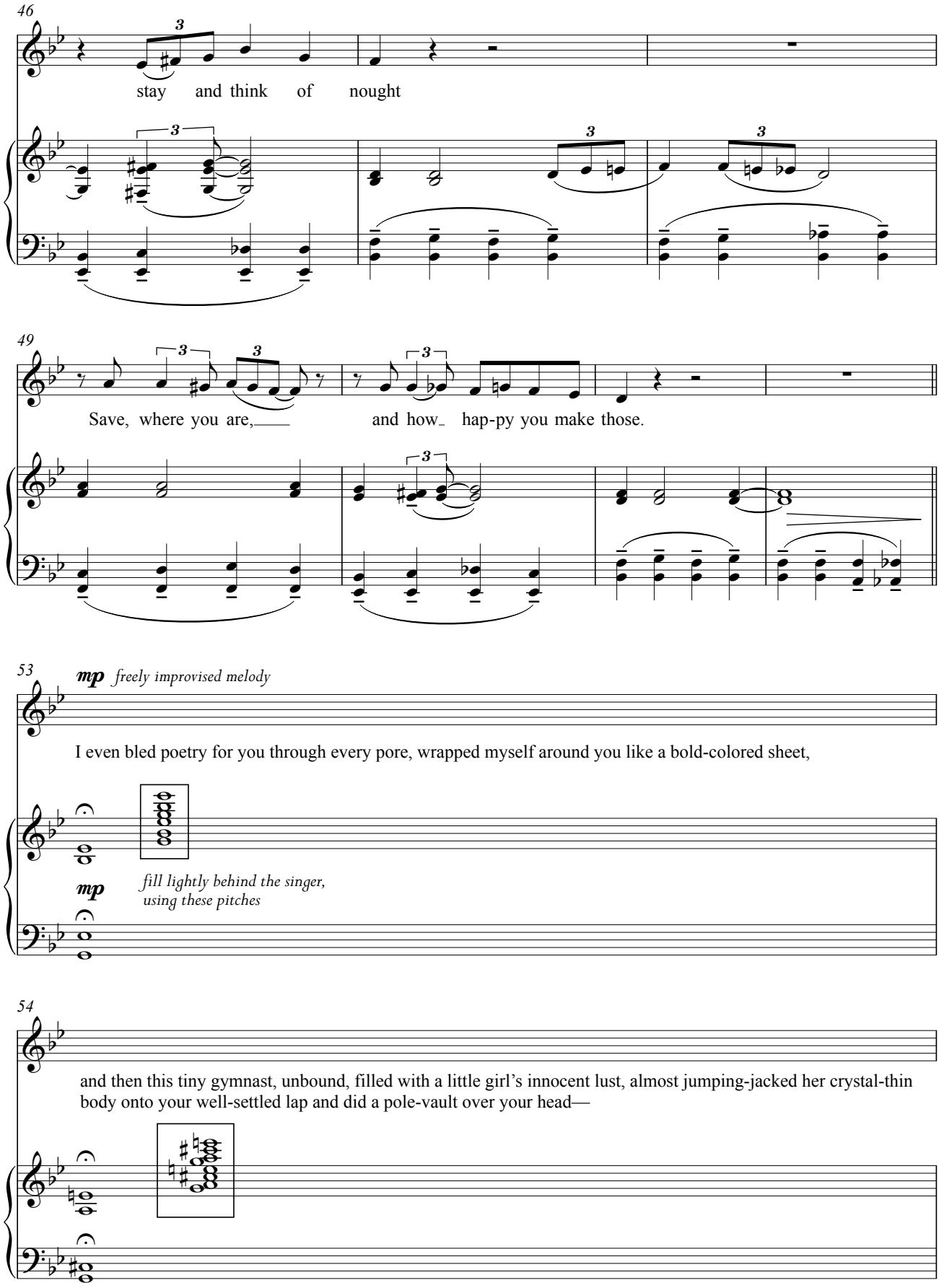


© 2013 David Morneau & Lana Is (ASCAP)
The Affair That Turned Into a Poem © Cindy Hochman, Used with permission


11
spend;
Nor ser-vic-es to do,
till you re -
15
quire.
So true a fool is love,
that in your will,
18
Though you do an - y - thing,
he thinks no ill.
21
mp freely improvised melody
I wanted you to follow me home and bury yourself under my skin for awhile like a subcutaneous lover
mp
fill lightly behind the singer,
using these pitches


22
mf
Nor dare I chide the world with-out end hour, While I,
mf
25
my sov-er-eign, watch the clock for you, Nor think the bit-ter-ness of ab-sense
29
sour, When you have bid
32
your ser - vant once ad - ieu; So true a fool is love,
f
f


35
that in your will, Though you do an-y-thing, he thinks no ill.
39
mp freely improvised melody
and so I jackhammered your sacred door and gave you my stain-glassed lips dripping with wine and erotica,
and pressed them, with precision, against your cold shoulder.
mp
fill lightly behind the singer,
using these pitches
40
mf
Nor do I quest - ion with my jea - lous thought Where you may be,
mf
43
nor your af - fairs sup - pose, But, like a sad slave,


46
stay and think of nought
49
Save, where you are, and how hap-py you make those.
53
mp freely improvised melody
I even bled poetry for you through every pore, wrapped myself around you like a bold-colored sheet,
mp
fill lightly behind the singer,
using these pitches
54
and then this tiny gymnast, unbound, filled with a little girl's innocent lust, almost jumping-jacked her crystal-thin body onto your well-settled lap and did a pole-vault over your head—

55

but they were all Olympian failures, summer-assaults, you responded with an apprehensive affirmative, just the hint of a heartbeat, a backwards smile, callused hands and callous kisses around the province of my breasts and heart,

56

f

So true a fool is love, that in your will, Though you do an-y-thing,

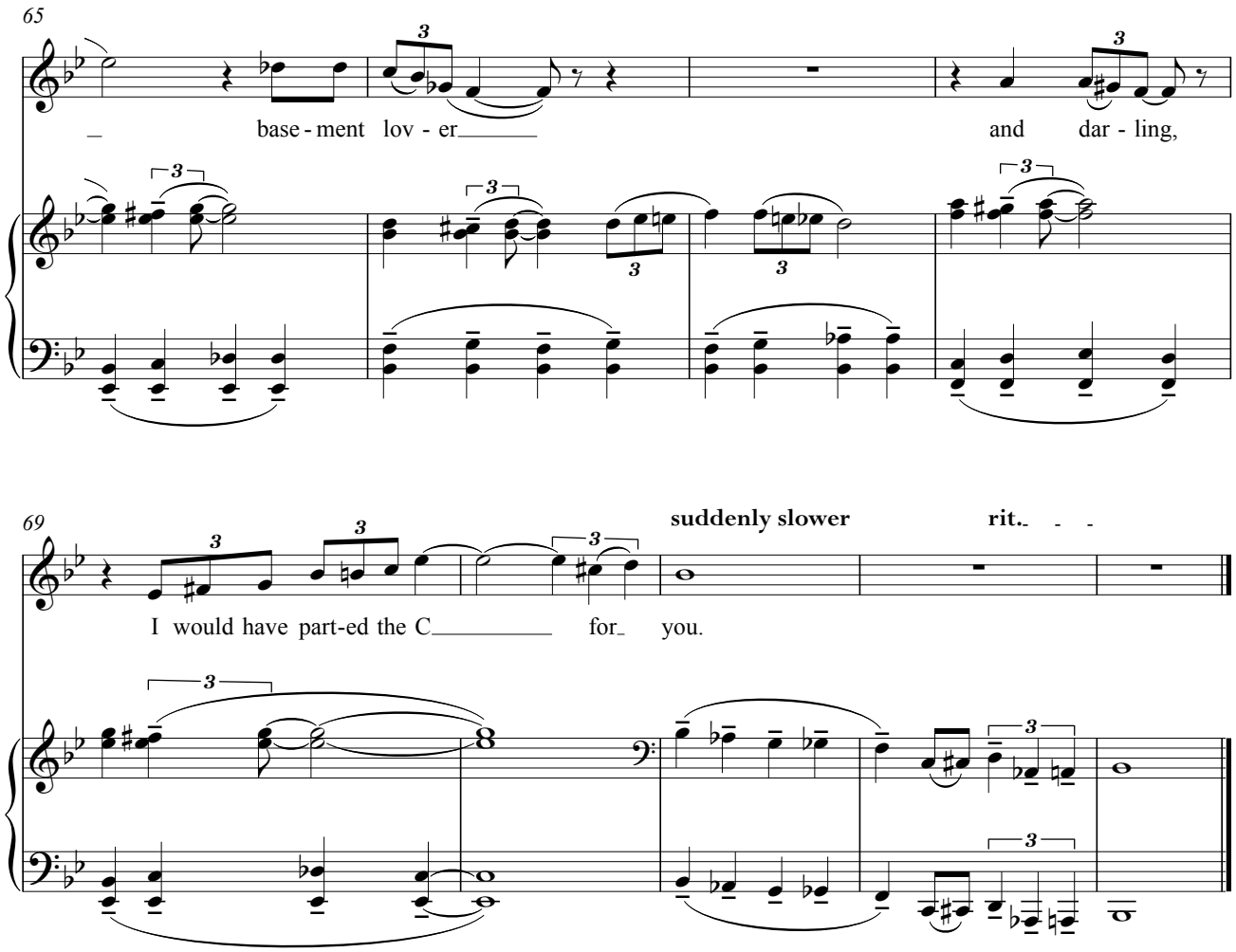
59

mf

he thinks no ill. and I ne-ver asked for rings or rain-bows, I was con-tent

62

to be your plas-ter-of-par-is el-e-va-tor friend and


65
base - ment lov - er
and dar - ling,
69
suddenly slower
rit.
I would have part-ed the C
for
you.