



Sisyphus

By: John S. Rogers

The wide-eyed joys of spring before the fall;
A blanket, lying on the fresh cut grass;
The pleasant memories, which I recall,
Cannot distract me from my chosen task.

My arms and cheek embrace a massive stone.
With all my force I strive to roll its weight.
The groans and gasping breath are mine alone.
My heartbeat is my struggle and my fate.

There is no witness to my passion quest.
With only earth and sky to know my strife
Neither this stone nor I will ever rest;
For what I do is done for love of life.

I cannot win my quest nor can I fail
For I am both the hammer and the nail.

Note: I wrote this poem in 2006. That I should remember, the time I spent sitting on that blanket at my grandmother's house in Stamford, surprises me, but I do. As I was rolling the cut logs from a large tree, also recalled reading about Sisyphus from Edith Hamilton's "Mythology" in 10th grade. I put it all together in the poem as an English sonnet.