

Double Vision—Favorite Places

A Sonnet Series by James A. Tweedie

Part 1 of 5

San Francisco

Author's Prefatory Note: The phrase, "Double Vision," is a reference to my formatting each poem in two ways. There is the usual 14-line sonnet form, of course, but each poem is also configured as if it were written in free-verse. I find it interesting to note how different the sonnets sound when they are read—either silently or aloud—in the freer format. I look forward to comments, both on the merits of each poem, and on the variant formatting.

San Francisco

It's all about the hills
And silhouettes
The goldrush-oh-six-earthquake-
History
And fog, of course,
The cat-feet fog that sets
The bay-view scene awash
In mystery and cotton balls
As Alcatraz plays peek-a-boo
And foghorns moo
Like brazen cows.

The free-fall cable cars
Add their mystique
As tourists
 Stroll through Chinatown and browse
 Their way to North Beach and Pier Thirty-Nine;
 Text cellphone pictures of the Golden Gate;
 Eat crab while sipping Napa Valley wine;
And
 Search for aging hippies in the Haight.
And as they rush about
From here to there
The old men play mahjong
In Portsmouth Square.

San Francisco

It's all about the hills and silhouettes,
The gold-rush-oh-six-earthquake-history,
And fog, of course, the cat-feet fog that sets
The bay-view scene awash in mystery
And cotton balls as Alcatraz plays peek-
A-boo and fog-horns moo like brazen cows.
The free-fall cable cars add their mystique
As tourists walk through Chinatown and browse
Their way to North Beach and Pier Thirty-Nine;
Text cellphone pictures of the Golden Gate;
Eat crab while sipping Napa Valley wine;
And search for aging hippies in the Haight.
And as they rush about from here to there
The old men play mahjong in Portsmouth Square.