

**The Sopranos Sonnets  
& Other Poems**

# **The Sopranos Sonnets & Other Poems**

**Roz Goddard**

**ISBN: 978-0-9565514-0-5**

Copyright © Roz Goddard 2010

Roz Goddard has asserted her right under Section 77 of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988 to be identified as the author of this work.

First published July 2010 by:

**Nine Arches Press**

Great Central Studios

92 Lower Hillmorton Rd

Rugby

Warwickshire

CV21 3TF

This publication has been part-financed by private investors. For information on other literature investment opportunities please contact Writing West Midlands at [www.writingwestmidlands.org](http://www.writingwestmidlands.org).

**[www.ninearchespress.com](http://www.ninearchespress.com)**

**Made in the Midlands**

# The Sopranos Sonnets & Other Poems

Roz Goddard



Nine  
Arches  
Press



## ☞ Notes on *The Sopranos Sonnets & Other Poems* ☜

*The Sopranos* is an American drama series featuring a fictional mafia family based in New Jersey, led by the complicated and charismatic Tony Soprano. It premiered on HBO in the United States in 1999. I came to *The Sopranos* late, in 2009, via the boxed set. When I found myself mourning the brutal death of one of the characters (Adriana), as if she was a close friend, I started writing. The sonnet sequence features ten characters, all of them tangled up with Tony Soprano, the mobster boss.

**Acknowledgments** are due to the editors of the following: *The Bow-Wow Shop*, *Obsessed with Pipework*, Poetry on Loan for the commission 'Drawing him at Fifty', and *Pendulum – The Poetry of Dreams* (Avalanche Press).



## ∞ Cast List ∞

**Carmela** – Tony’s wife, conflicted between the lifestyle she loves and her Catholic faith.

**Meadow** – Tony’s feisty daughter.

**Janice** – Tony’s emotionally-challenged sister.

**Livia** – Tony’s emotionally-challenged mother.

**Dr Melfi** – Tony’s long-suffering psychiatrist.

**Corrado ‘Junior’** – Tony’s uncle. Well, less uncle, more treacherous rival.

**Christopher** – One of Tony’s heavies who also dreams of being a screen writer.

**Adriana** – Christopher’s long-term girlfriend, who feeds information to the FBI with inevitable consequences.

**Leotardo** – Another of Tony’s heavies, bearing a grudge against the world.

**Gloria** – Tony’s mistress or ‘goomah’. She causes him a lot of heartache.



## Fox

Fox asleep beside her on the bed;  
heavy where her lover used to lie.  
Dream deep; sleep soft, pale amber head.

Sun sets on a wall, the day hangs by a thread,  
light bends itself round curtains like a spy.  
Fox asleep beside her on the bed;

she will not rise in case of heavy tread,  
breathes in, lets out the longest sigh.  
Dream deep; sleep soft, pale amber head.

Lie still in darkness, darkness holds no dread.  
Fox heat stretches sweet and long close by.  
Fox asleep beside her on the bed.

All of winter evaporates across this spread,  
snow melt and frost slink away to die.  
Dream deep; sleep soft, pale amber head.

Cars cut through night, the day is dead.  
Paws step through stars without murmur or cry.  
Fox asleep beside her on the bed.  
Dream deep; sleep soft, pale amber head.

## What do you see in David Tress?

### *A secret (Wood Edge)II*

There is a new order here. You can make out  
the wrinkle from where it came.

A skull shouldered by worms  
is pushed up through mulch to face the world,

pathways silvered by frost criss-cross  
the forehead, drop away to meet earth

as a flame glimmers in the eye socket  
like a prayer in the nave of a church.

We are invited beneath the surface of the sea  
to study the lilac vertebrae of geckos,

their hooky aquamarine bills feeding on light.  
Then, like a dream, a suburban street appears

with splashy winter pansies, put out to delight  
neighbours. With a collision of seasons

comes the scent of hawthorn. Soon, the skull  
is replaced by Pluto and her craters of ancient ice.

Ravines make the mountains impassable. Though clearly,  
there is a lagoon and a woman, steady, on horseback.

## Sunday Afternoon

The help-line is on auto. A woman's voice says,  
*take a breath, go for a walk, call back later.*

It will wait. I want to talk about the empty  
parking spaces, how I feel rubbed out

by the elsewhere of people. Like I'm haunting  
pathways, less than the finger of mist hanging

over the opposite hill. I'm bothered by  
the grey-black tapestry of graveyard there.

New oblongs are appearing each week – a  
slow fall of dominoes down to the river.

A mention too for this snow-less sky,  
a blueish net has hung around for days.

I'm praying for a collapse, or a slice  
in the cloth. Some change in the weather.

## *I Want To Be An Angel*

I give you this, a silver coin.

Keep it in your pocket  
and know by touching it  
you cannot be bad.

When you are sockless, without a coat,  
when your mother is drunk asleep in the afternoon,  
heavy curtains keeping out the sun,  
when your father creases the living room door –  
touch the coin.

When you are left at school with the cleaners  
when you count stars on the long walk home  
when you pray for silence;  
land in your seventh town  
with its unfamiliar trams and roofs of northern rain,  
touch the coin.

Remember what I said  
that soft crayon-smelling afternoon  
the two of us bent over the extraordinary words  
you had written.

Remember what I told you.