

I wrote this sonnet in response to a student's confusion at having been assigned to write a sonnet. I tried to demonstrate that it was not an impossible task. As I wrote, I attempted to reflect the nervousness she was experiencing at having to "perform" (that is, write a sonnet) at her pertinent "concert" (the presentation of her work to the teacher and perhaps a classroom full of judgmental peers).

I hope that I alleviated her trepidation by communicating the theme of this sonnet. It was up to her to see and ingest meaningfully the extended metaphor.

At the least, she had before her a clear example of the Shakespearean sonnet ending with a theme, written in contemporary language rather than the poetic language of Elizabethan and Jacobian England, an example of which h follows in Shakespeare's "Sonnet XXIX":

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.