

This is another poem I wrote in response to a student bemoaning that he or she had to write a sonnet for class but didn't know (1) what to write about and (2) how to write it. Here, I use the form of the Shakespearean sonnet to demonstrate the thought process required. My two end lines bring across a favorite Shakespearean theme, as may be discerned in the following sonnet by the *real* William Shakespeare:

SONNET XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

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So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,