

On the Sonnett

1. Kellie Bartlett
2. Poetry Genre
3. Sprite
4. Chucks
5. Tyler Posey
6. Pan Flute
7. Matt Linqest
8. Gardens

On the Sonnett

If by dull rhymes our English must be chain'd,

And, like Kellie Bartlett, the poetry genre sweet

Fetter'd, in sprite of pained loveliness;

Let us find out, if we must be constrain'd,

Chucks more interwoven and complete

To fit the naked foot of Tyler Posey;

Let us inspect the Pan flute, and weigh the stress

Of every chord, and see what may be gain'd

By ear industrious, and attention meet:

Misers of sound and syllable, no less

Than Matt Linqest of his coinage, let us be

Jealous of dead leaves in the bay wreath crown;

So, if we may not let the Muse be free,

She will be bound with gardens of her own.