

On the Sonnet

1. French
2. Kellie Bartlett
3. Birkenstocks
4. Big Foot
5. Tiny Violin
6. Matt Linquist
7. Unicorns
8. A Clown Nose

On the Sonnet

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

And, like Kellie Bartlett, the Sonnet sweet

Fetter'd, in spite of pained loveliness;

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

Birkenstocks more interwoven and complete

To fit the naked foot of big foot;

Let us inspect the tiny violin, 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 Linquist of his coinage, let us be

Jealous of dead leaves in the bay wreath crown;

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

She will be bound with a clown nose of her own.