

To himself

1. Animal
2. Genre
3. What
4. Place
5. Size
6. Sharp Object
7. Fruit
8. Food

To himself

Young animal should not write sonnets, if they dream

Some day to reach the bright bare seats of fame:

To such, sweet thoughts and mighty feelings seem

As though, like foreign genre, they rarely came.

Eager as men when haply they have heard

Of some new songster, some gay-feathered what,

That hath over blue place strayed in hope to find

In our thin size here a summer home

Fain would they catch the sharp object things in their mind,

And cage them into sonnets as they come.

No; they should serve their wants most sparingly,

Till the ripe time of song, when young thoughts fail,

Then their sad fruit, like old food, might be

Merry as youth, and yet grey-haired and hale.