**Shakespearean Sonnets**

**Sonnet 65**

By William Shakespeare

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
   O, none, unless this miracle have might,
   That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

**Find Work**

By Rhina P. Espaillat

 *I tie my Hat—I crease my Shawl—
 Life's little duties do—precisely
 As the very least
 Were infinite—to me—
 —Emily Dickinson, #443*

My mother’s mother, widowed very young

of her first love, and of that love’s first fruit,

moved through her father’s farm, her country tongue

and country heart anaesthetized and mute

with labor. So her kind was taught to do—

“Find work,” she would reply to every grief—

and her one dictum, whether false or true,

tolled heavy with her passionate belief.

Widowed again, with children, in her prime,

she spoke so little it was hard to bear

so much composure, such a truce with time

spent in the lifelong practice of despair.

But I recall her floors, scrubbed white as bone,

her dishes, and how painfully they shone.

**Petrarchan Sonnets**

**Photo of Melville; Back Room, Old Bookstore**

By Stephen Sandy

I passed him by at first. From the photograph

Peered sepia eyes, blindered, unappeased

From a lair of brows and beard: one not amazed

At anything, as if to have looked enough

Then turned aside worked best for him—as if

Night vision was the discipline that eased

The weight of what he saw. A man’s gaze posed

Too long in the sun goes blank; comes to grief.

That face could be a focus for this back room,

For pack-rat papers strewn as if in rage,

Fond notes unread: each wary eye a phial

Unstopped to let huge Melville out, to calm

The sea of pages; Melville in older age:

The grown man’s sleepy defiance of denial.

**The Unquarried Blue of Those Depths Is All But Blinding**

By Asheley Anne McHugh

 *for John Fogleman*

There are some things we just don’t talk about—

Not even in the morning, when we’re waking,

When your calloused fingers tentatively walk

The slope of my waist:

                                         How love’s a rust-worn boat,

Abandoned at the dock—and who could doubt

Waves lick their teeth, eyeing its hull? We’re taking

Our wreckage as a promise, so we don’t talk.

We wet the tired oars, tide drawing us out.

We understand there’s nothing to be said.

Both of us know the dangers of this sea,

Warned by the tide-worn driftwood of our pasts—.

But we’ve already strayed from the harbor. We thread

A slow wake though the water—then silently,

We start to row, and will for as long as this lasts.

**Villanelles**

**Do not go gentle into that good night**

by Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

**One Art**

by Elizabeth Bishop

The art of losing isn’t hard to master;

so many things seem filled with the intent

to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster

of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.

The art of losing isn’t hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:

places, and names, and where it was you meant

to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother’s watch. And look! my last, or

next-to-last, of three loved houses went.

The art of losing isn’t hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,

some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.

I miss them, but it wasn’t a disaster.

—Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture

I love) I shan’t have lied. It’s evident

the art of losing’s not too hard to master

though it may look like (*Write* it!) like disaster.

**The Sonnet at a Glance:**

1) It is a poem of fourteen lines, usually iambic.

2) There are two kinds of sonnet, with very different histories behind their different forms: the Petrarchan and the Shakespearean.

3) The Petrarchan sonnet is Italian in origin, has an octave of eight lines and a sestet of six. The rhyme scheme of the octave is *ababcdcd* and of the sestet *cdecde*.

4) The Shakespearean sonnet was developed in England and has far more than just surface differences from the Petrarchan.

5) The rhyme scheme of the Shakespearean sonnet is *ababcdcdefefgg*. There is no octave/sestet structure to it. The final couplet is a defining feature.

**The Villanelle at a Glance:**

1) It is a poem of nineteen lines.

2) It has five stanzas, each of three lines, with a final one of four lines.

3) The first line of the first stanza is repeated as the last line of the second and fourth stanzas.

4) The third line of the first stanza is repeated as the last line of the third and fifth stanzas.

5) These two refrain lines follow each other to become the second-to-last and last lines of the poem.

6) The rhyme scheme is *aba.* The rhymes are repeated according to the refrains.