

## A Sonnet

I fancied her, but every time we met  
My tongue seized up, my lips just would not move.  
So then I thought to write – or better yet  
I'd make a poem to disclose my love –  
A sonnet, aptly tuned, and flattering  
Her eyes, her lips and all the other parts;  
Especially her tongue that cuts and stings  
A boy's lascivious and nervous heart.

I wrote my sonnet, saved it to a disk,  
Printed it out, enveloped it, addressed  
And stamped it, but I dared not take the risk  
Of posting – so I thought it would be best  
To throw it away – but I soon felt a fool;  
My brother found it, read it, took it to school.