

## What Can a Sonnet Do?

It weaves a tale with threads as light as air,  
And shows us thoughts and moods in shades diverse  
That tell of love, and joy, and yes, despair;  
Feelings that fade in time, but not in verse.

It paints a scene with rich and vibrant bands  
Of green perhaps, with flecks of blue and gold,  
And shines a light on strange and distant lands  
That gleam, then dim, but yet never grow old.

It carves a shape with blades as sharp as ice,  
From stone that's cold and gray, then gives it life,  
And lets it twirl and dance, through some device—  
A dance that's free and wild and full of strife.

It states its case in short and simple rhyme,  
And makes its point in words that are sublime!