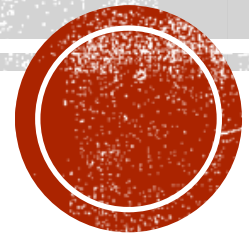


POP SONNETS

Guess the song



LXXXIV.

In dead of night, thou wouldst me missives send –
Sweet words of love thy sleepless envoys bore.
Those late-night calls have lately met their end,
for now thou dost a manner new explore.
E'er since I left the city, thou hast rous'd
coarse rumors 'round thy honor, once pristine.
'Tis said thou'st champagne quaff'd and long carous'd
with womenfolk I ne'er before have seen.
O dost thou seek out countries far and strange
or merely to attract thy newest beau?
Thou dost not need thy character to change;
I beg thee, stay the woman that I know.
— A new dispatch could only mean one thing;
'tis only love late couriers can bring.



c.

My vanity is surely not in vain,
for I see how I ladies fair affect:
they mark me for my vestments – far from plain,
I am in lynx and leopard print bedeck'd.
They also note my grandiose physique:
a single glance shall speedily apprise
each of the strong and vigorous technique
I must employ whilst I oft exercise.
When entering a room, the heads all turn
to look on me; 'tis what I've long observ'd.
My comeliness allows me to adjourn
t' an inn sans shirt or shoes, yet still be serv'd.
— I'll wiggle on; 'tis charity to show,
for I am sexy – that, I rightly know.



XCII.

The tolls upon Success's roads are steep,
yet I did each one faithfully remit;
I did each punitory sentence keep,
although I never did a crime commit.
O I have missteps made – far more than one –
for each, I've had sand punted in my face.
Despite it all, I still have vict'ry won
and taken up the mantle of first place.
Yea, triumph's sweet, but 'tis not pure delight –
no, I did not a life of leisure choose.
My battle rages on, and still I fight
for I have long resolv'd to never lose.
— Our winning ways are o'er the world renown'd:
my friends, we have as th' champions been crown'd!



LXXXIX.

Good morrow, says this spectre from thy past;
G may we discuss the sordid details of
the times we shared, the scars we then amass'd,
and the minutiae of long-lost love?
'Tis said time heals all wounds, although my heart
still aches, despite the distance years endow.
I can't recall the ease youth did impart,
or life before the world did to us bow.
I've sent these missives, o'er a thousandfold,
to give good morrow here from far beyond —
and make amends for all the wrongs untold,
but thou'lt not to these messages respond.
— I shout each 'sorry' t'ward thy distant shore
for deeds that do not pain thee any more.



XCIII.

It is unclear; pray clarify for me
What thou'st purport when thou dost nod assent
when I know in thy mind thou'dst rather be
professing well thy genuine dissent.
What message should I hear when thou say'st "go"
but see within thine eyes thou'dst bid me stay?
What troubles must thy heart tormented know
to say our time doth swiftly ebb away?
Thy indecision leads me t'ward the left
ere thou dost change thy course and travel right;
our daylight quarrels feel of love bereft
ere turning into passion through the night.
— No, I cannot thy message clearly glean
so tell me true, my sweet: what dost thou mean?



LXXXV.

Go forth, fair lady – fill the night with mirth!
We'll merry make and quaff libations strong
as if we do commemorate thy birth
(though saying 'tis today is simply wrong.)
I'm found within the dancing-hall's confines,
wherein I as apothecary serve –
for whilst I drink these lavish bubbling wines,
I potions sell that rouse euphoric verve.
Yea, I do carnal pleasures well enjoy,
but not with courtly romance interlac'd;
so if thou wouldst me to such ends employ,
come hither! Take me in thy warm embrace
— and we'll abscond; we'll from this club go hence:
thy rendezvous with good Sir Fifty Pence!

