

SONNET

Near forty winters have slipt by since last
I savored Shakespeare in the sacred grove
Of Academe. Thus give I thanks: thy cast
Of lots hath favored me to share this trove.
Fain would I breathe as friend these hallowed nights
Perfuméd exhalations of the Bard,
And wanton with immortalized delights—
Such pleasures I in troth would ne'er retard.
But forty wights so mewed do cloud the air,
And emanate fell stifling heat impure,
I fear these weeks may prove too hard to bear,
The course become a trial we but endure.
 Then hear this plea perforce I gently make:
 Keep windows ope or give midway a break!

Michael McGoodwin
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