

Learning About Sonnets

by Ed Higgins

Octave:

Sitting in the upper last row of Wyatt Hall, Matt stretched his long legs under the fold-up desk top. He looked down past his fellow students' heads to barely catch something Dr. Mock had said about verisimilitude, whatever the hell that was. Something to do with a Billy Collins poem he hadn't read, though part of this week's assigned readings. A female student eight seats over on his left and down six rows had read Collins' "Sonnet" aloud to the class while Matt was sipping his Starbucks. Her name was Laura-something, he thought. She was standing, turned slightly toward him, while still carrying on about the poem with the professor and a couple of other literature types in the front row. Not for the first time however he noticed how hot Laura was.

Sestet:

Tallish, a torrent of straight, light brown hair with blonde highlights flowing halfway down her back and over one shoulder. She is really hot he thought. I think I'm gonna be in love. Prof. Mock droned on about how the Collins poem has an allusion to someone named Petrarch and how the poem plays on sonnet love conventions. Matt neither understood nor cared much for poetry. Still, he decided, when class met again Wednesday he was moving down from row fourteen to see if he could score a spot next to this hottie Laura. He would read some of the assignment before Wednesday too so he could start an offhand conversation with her, saying how much he learned about sonnets from listening to her talking in class today.

