

First sonnet

by Mathew Paust

Shit, I guess I'm gonna hafta
Sit here, wrack my lobes and crafta
Sonnet for the first time only,
Or be lettered lost and lonely.

Sonnets silly are not favored,
Serious stuff is what is savored,
Yet my temperament finds follies
De rigueur to feed my jollies.

Nevermore shall I endeavor
Such an effort to be clever,
As prize of praise be faintly doled,
Incentively doth leave me cold.

Yet tap the keyboard I can do
My faint praise I shall save for you.

