

# Snarket

*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 rigneur* 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.

