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Undedicated Sonnet

Robert McDaniel

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THIRD PRIZE POETRY

Robert McDaniel

Undedicated Sonnet

I've often wondered, Shakespeare, if such verse
As yours comes by rehearse or impromptu;
For if I knew, a sonnet, terse--no worse,
At will I'd write and dedicate to you.
But as you're shrouded in forbidding gloom,
I dare not even steal a glance that way;
For if those words inscribed are yours that tomb
Might well be mine--a price I will not pay.
So I will wait and struggle, if in vain,
To find somehow what made you, Will, so great:
For less I settle than forbidden train,
But understand the wquanderings of fate;
And if I honor all the while your name,
Will I not earn your magic voice and fame?