

Zane Puckett
English 250
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Shakespeare's Sonnet #78

So oft have I invoke'd thee for my muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly'
Have added feathers to the learned wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thin, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

I often look to you for inspiration in my poetry finding assistance from your fairness while my poetry is copied by others who circulate their work with your patronage.

Your eyes make men sing out-loud and their ignorance leave them while good poets become great ones making the world twice as nice.

Like me best though because you are my sole inspiration, others do not get as much out of you as I do

Learning my craft with the pleasantness of you in mind I am blessed, I want to study you alone and elevate myself enough to see how roughly ignorant I am. I don't deserve you, I am beneath you but all others are below me, so take me!