

Barfield "Sonnet"

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How shall I work that she may not forget
The wretch to whom her beauty most belongs?
Like an old fisherman I'll knot a net
Patiently squatting, bending songs to songs.
Like an old fisherman I'll spread a mesh
Well-stretched and wide but strengthly to constrain
From last escape the lively flapping flesh
Of the soft carp, her heart, causing no pain.
Well must that heart go darting here and there
Meet this and that, and beat for him and him,
And, seeming to despise my circling snare,
Glittering in sunlight, grey in shadow, swim,
Lurk, frolic, double, dive, head out to sea-
Ay, but not free, thou Lovely One, not free!

Submitter's comments:Â

NieÅ,atwo bÄ™ dzie zachowaÄ± rytm oryginaÅ,u, ale byÄ± moÅ¼e moÅ¼na
wybraÄ± jakiÅ> inny...

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