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WILL EXPLAINS:

IN SONNET 135, I PLAY WITH AND PUN ON MY NAME. DRAWING ON THE MANY POSSIBLE MEANINGS OF WILL IN THE LINE WHO EVER HATH HER WISH, THOU HAST THY WILL, WILL CAN MEAN DESIRE OR REFER TO ANOTHER MAN CALLED WILL -A RNAL FOR THE LADYS AFFECTIONS I

THE FOLLOWING LINE, 'AND WILL TO BOOT, AND WILL IN OVERPLUS IS INTENDED TO SUGGEST NOT ONLY THAT MY LADY HAS AN EXCESS OF SUITORS CALLED WILL (ME AND MY RIVAL), BUT ALSO THAT SHE HAS AN EXCESS OF DESIRE

HOWEVER, 'WILL', LIKE 'WILLY, HAS ANOTHER WELL-KNOWN MEANING, WHICH YOULL SEE LENDS SOME NAUGHTY POSSIBILITIES !

THERE ARE PLENTY OF OTHER NAMES THAT COULD MAKE GOOD STARTING POINTS FOR YOUR OWN PUNNING SONNET -PERHAPS YOURS IS ONE OF THEM I OR MAYBE YOU KNOW A MARK, OR MICK OR MAY... YOU COULD EVEN PLAY WITH A VERY FAMOUS NAME CONNECTED TO PORTSMOUTH. MARY ROSE !

Sonner 135 Whoever bath her wish, thou hast the Will, And Will to boot, and Will in overplus, More than enough am I that ver thee still, To the sweet will making addition thus. Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious, Not once voucheafe to bide my will in thine? Shall will in others seem right gracious, And in my will no fair acceptance shine? The sea all water, pet receives rain still And in abundance addeth to his store; So thou, being rich in Will, add to the Will One will of mine, to make the large Will more Let no unkind no fair beseethers kill; Think all but one, and me in that one Will.

Sonnet 17

Who will believe mp werse in time to come, If it were fill d with your most bigh deserts? Though pet Heaven knows it is but as a tomb Which bides your life and shows not half your parts If I could write the beauty of your eyes, And in fresh numbers number all your graces, The age to come would say, This poet lies, Such beavenly touches ne er touch dearthly faces So should mp papers pellow d with their age, Be scorn d like old men of less truth than tongue, And your true rights be term d a poet's rage And stretched metre of an antique song: But were some child of yours alive that time, You should live twice, in it and in my rhyme.

SONNET 17 DEVELOPS THE THEME OF HOW MY MORTAL 'FAIR YOUTH MIGHT BE MADE IMMORTAL THROUGH THE POWER OF MY WRITING.

HERE. THOUGH, THE EMPHASIS IS ON POETRY'S INADEQUACY TO THE TASK: INSTEAD OF MY VERSE MAKING THE YOUTH IMMORTAL, ITS BUT AS A TOMB / WHICH HIDES YOUR LIFE AND SHOWS NOT HALF YOUR PARTS

EVEN IF I COULD DO JUSTICE TO MY YOUTH'S BEAUTY AND GRACES, I SAY, FUTURE GENERATIONS WHO HADN'T SEEN HIM WOULD THINK I LIED, NOT BELIEVING SUCH BEAUTY COULD EVER HAVE EXISTED ON EARTH.

I PROPOSE A SOLUTION IN THE COUPLET: IF MY FAIR YOUTH BE THE YOUTHS IMAGE. AND WOULD ALSO PROVE THE TRUTH OF MY RECREATION OF HIM IN VERSE.

COULD YOU WRITE A SONNET THAT DEALS WITH THE POWER OF WRITING TO MEMORIALISE (PRESERVE IN WRITING) PEOPLE, PLACES OR THINGS? OR MIGHT YOU USE THE SONNET FORM TO CONVEY AN IMAGE OR IDEA TO A FUTURE GENERATION - PERHAPS ONE THAT YOU THINK FUTURE GENERATIONS MIGHT STRUGGLE TO BELIEVE? WHEN I WAS YOUNG, THE IDEAL FEMALE
BEAUTY WAS A FAIR-HAIRED LADY, BUT BY
THE TIME I CAME TO WRITE MY SONNETS,
THAT IDEAL HAD BEGUN TO SEEM LESS
FRESH

(AS INDEED DID THE 'FAIR' ELIZABETH I!)
BAD WRITERS LISTED THIS KIND OF LADY'S
ATTRIBUTES IN POETICIZED TERMS THAT
HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH REAL WOMEN,
AND YOU CAN SEE THOSE KINDS OF
DESCRIPTIONS PARODIED IN THIS IMAGE OF A
SONNET LADY' FROM CHARLES SOREL'S THE
EXTRAVAGANT SHEPHERD.

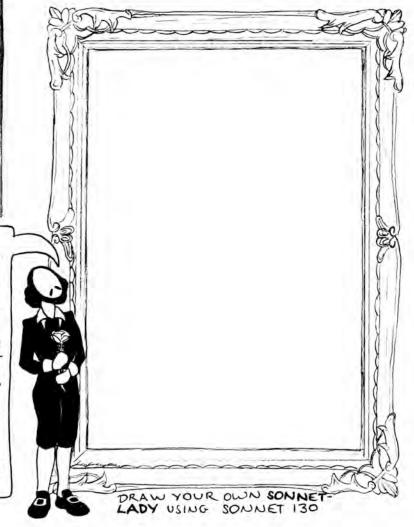


AS YOU CAN SEE, THE LADY HAS FLOWERS IN HIS CHEEKS, PEARLED CHEEKS, AND CUPID SITS ON HER BROW!

IN SONNET 130, YOU CAN SEE ME LIST ALL THE WAYS IN WHICH MY 'DARK LADY' IS THE ANTITHESIS (OPPOSITE) OF THIS IDEAL FEMINITY. MY 'SONNET LADY' IS EARTHLY: 'WHEN SHE WALKS, SHE TREADS ON THE GROUND'. THE VOLTA REVEALS THAT VALUE IS NOT FOUND IN FALSELY COMPARING WOMEN TO IDEAL BEAUTY: MY LOVE (MY LADY AND THE LOVE I HAVE FOR HER) IS PRECIOUS BECAUSE IT'S REAL

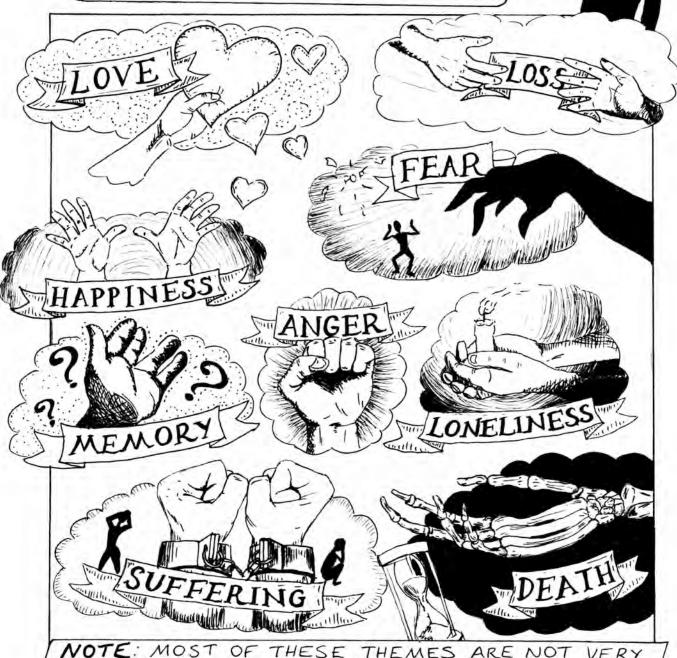
## Sonnet 130

Mp mistress eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips red;
If snow he white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs he wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask d, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from mp mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
Mp mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, he heaven, I think mp love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

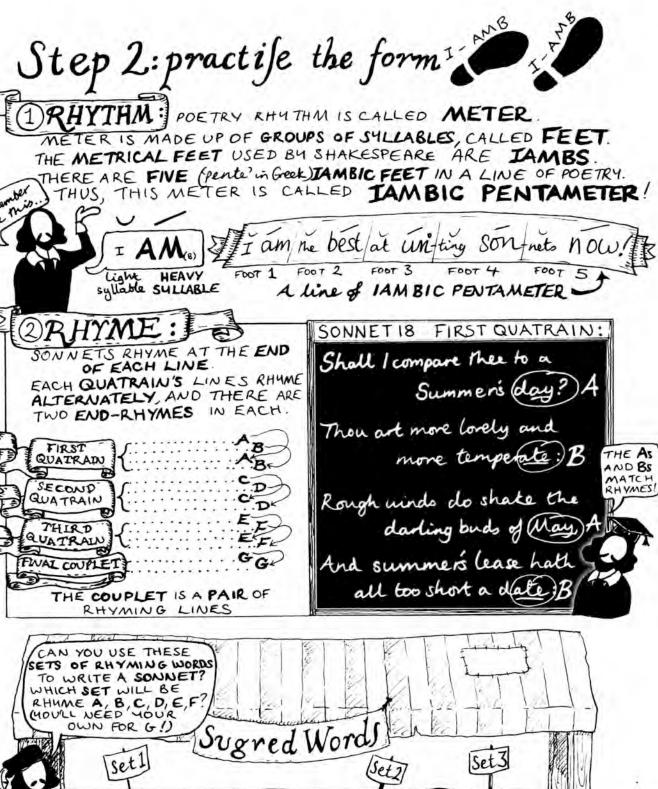


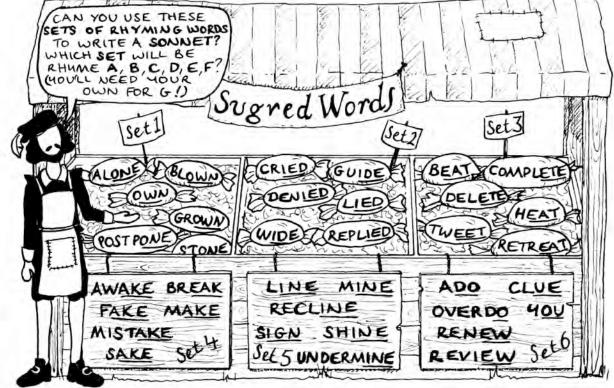


PICK A THEME THAT YOU CAN HAVE A BIT OF FUN WITH: YOUR SONNET MUST HAVE POINT AND PURPOSE, BUT IT ALSO NEEDS TO BE PLAYFUL IN HOW IT ADDRESSES ITS THEME.



NOTE: MOST OF THESE THEMES ARE NOT VERY POSITIVE, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOURS CAN'T BE!



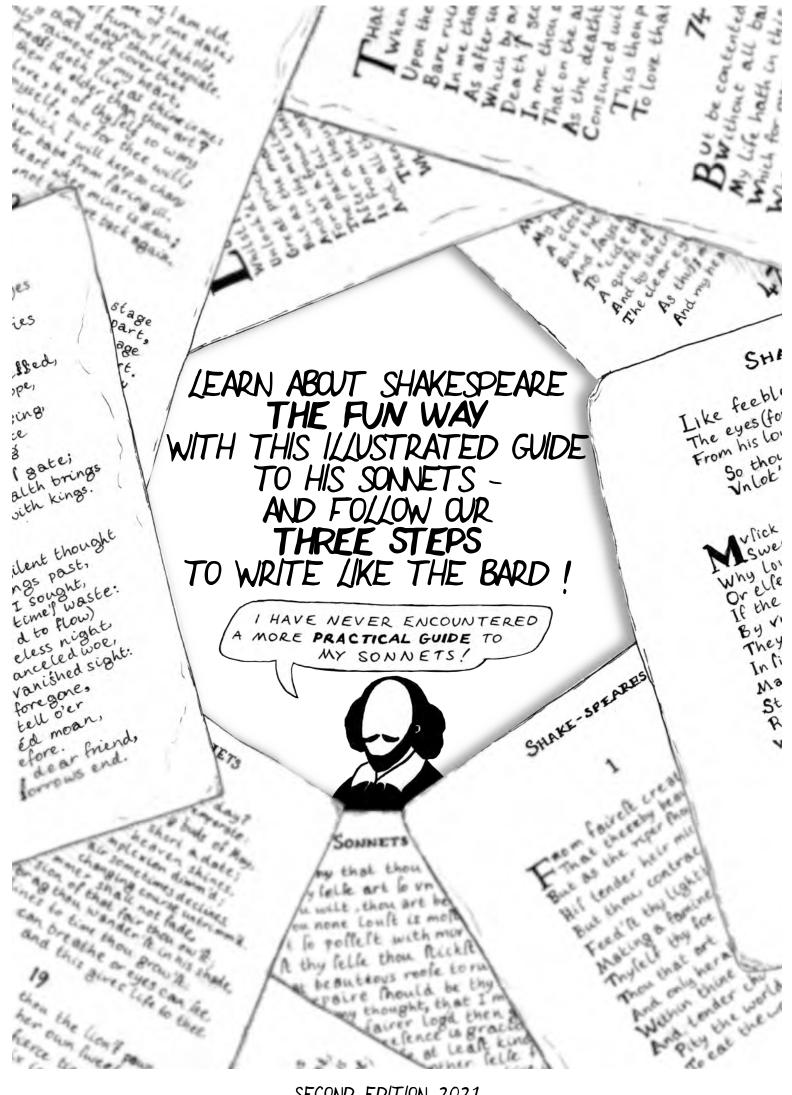


## Step 3: make your (sonnet) body move like Shakespeare



## Write your own Sonnet!

TITLE:\_\_\_ Rhythm -QUATR



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