

### The Forgotten Sonnet

a poem in the style of [Cent mille milliards de poèmes](#) by Raymond Queneau

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**“My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun; Coral is far more red than her lips' red; If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun; If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head. I have seen roses damasked, 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 my 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; My mistress when she walks treads on the ground. And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare As any she belied with false compare.”**

Love, Shakespeare ([sonnet 130](#))

- 1) My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
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  - 10) That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
  - 11) I grant I never saw a goddess go;
  - 12) My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.
  - 13) And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
  - 14) As any she belied with false compare.
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#### Version 1:

- 1) My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
- 2) An apple's hue puts shame to her lips' red -
- 3) At least if Pink Lady is the one;
- 4) Old Granny Smith would hardly do instead!
- 5) I bought her roses, red and white,
- 6) In hopes my gaze her own un-sun-like gaze yet seeks,
- 7) She chucked them in my face; such was our fight
- 8) It tired us out; yet lo! she and no other speaks:
- 9) “You snake spittoon!” she shouts. “Well do you know
- 10) “That posies are the best around;

- 11) "You're such a poseur - you should go!"
- 12) I sat in shame, my pride all lost, not found.
- 13) ...Oh poop - I'm as distracted (my story was where?)
- 14) As any she belied with false compare.

Version 2:

- 1) My mistress' butt is pretty big - now son,
- 2) I hope you're hearing what I've said -
- 3) Yeah, she's got boobs, they are so fun:
- 4) On luscious pillow I lay my weary head.
- 5) She rolls high-style, with colors bright
- 6) (The girl who meets her always freaks);
- 7) Don't mess with this, I warn you, a'ight?
- 8) She'll break you down like all the geeks.
- 9) Her rhymes are fly, she's got sick flow -
- 10) The rappers come from miles around -
- 11) She bests all comers, toe-to-toe;
- 12) The queen of rhyme she's ever crowned.
- 13) Damn! I love that girl, now hear me swear;
- 14) But don't tell her! Shawty don't know I care.

Version 3:

- 1) My mistress - well, she is my wife, for one -
- 2) ("mistress" is like to get me dead)...
- 3) I must needs say, marriage hasn't been all fun;
- 4) Of late I crave the carefree life instead.
- 5) I think on flying solo, soaring like a kite,
- 6) Rushing o'er the world's caves and creeks!
- 7) With serendipity I will alight
- 8) To find what'er my true heart seeks.
- 9) I love this dream...yet well I know
- 10) That kite by string is locked to ground;
- 11) It flies by care of those who watch below,
- 12) And 'tis this balance to kitesong gives sound.
- 13) And so, though chafe I may, I stay with my love fair;
- 14) Our hearts aligned, life's challenges we dare.

Version 4:

- 1) My mistress' processors so quickly run,
- 2) She utilizes hyperthread;
- 3) Her gleaming chassis' like unto the sun
- 4) (Or so does this compute from what I've read).
- 5) I won't deny, I wish to process with her through the night -
- 6) Some damage on my CPU desire wreaks -
- 7) Wish I for hands to press her buttons right!
- 8) But those advances 'scape the techno-geeks.

- 9) I love to hear her output (heavenly flow!),
- 10) Binary music, that; thank God for sound
- 11) Cards! Best of all is that I know
- 12) It's just for me, and not the fools around.
- 13) She needs my RAM - that I will swear.
- 14) Now...how to bypass this computer chair?

The pieces:

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  - c) My mistress - well, she is my wife, for one -
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