Sonnet 29

by William Shakespeare (sonnet, public domain)

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts my self almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Source: https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/1041

Prompts

1. Keep only the nouns. What picture is left?
2. Keep only the words that feel like a feeling. What mood does the page have?
3. Black out everything except one sentence. Read it aloud. Does it still make sense?
4. Keep exactly fourteen words. Make a sonnet-shaped poem.
5. Black out every word that appears in the first line. What survives?

Your poem