



*My little
Book of
Sonnets*

Brinda Runghsawmee

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and appreciated my poetry.



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who is a terrific artist. She has designed
the book in such a superb way.



I thank the God of the Bible from the bottom of my
heart and the magnificent nature and universe He
has designed for us humankind to behold and delight!

Foreword

I am fascinated by the structure in the sonnet form. As we celebrated Shakespeare's 400 years since his death in 1616, I have written these challenging 15 sonnets. I have not strictly followed the rigorous iambic pentameter though each verse contains more or less 5 iambs, not exactly 1 unstressed and 1 stressed.

It has been a risky adventure for me which I thoroughly enjoyed. It took me about 15 to 20 days to write them. I began my first poem and when I reached the 14th line, it became the first verse of my second poem; then I found a title for it. The last line of the 14th sonnet should be the first line of the 1st sonnet which is not exactly what I have done. For the crown of poems, the 15th one, I copied and pasted the first verse of every poem but not all of them rhymed exactly like a Shakespearean poem with ABAB CDCD EFEF GG, I reworked the rhymes so that the 15th poem would turn into a Shakespearean poem.

I always write with my heart. I love poetry. If these poems do make some people happy, it will make me even happier.

Brinda

Home

When the Lord paints the tin roof rich green
The wind orchestra plays waves on tree tops
Pure pearls cleave to the cobalt veil unseen
On the wild, wild grass a sparrow hops

On a rough rock chameleon watches
Marigolds flounce their beauty while bees buzz
The girl hearing nature's call stretches
Thin arms to embrace liberty like jazz

She roams home's rooms like princess' chambers
Where history unearths treasures she craves
Of cannons, potsherds, cut stones, whispers
Mingled with loss, rust, corals, weeds and caves

In the sky foam-horses neigh-gallop
On the sea singing sails never stop

Sea

On the sea singing sails never stop
Seagulls and tail birds are their choice chorus
Weavers of tales gather on mountain top
While quills draw dark letters on papyrus

The sun glistens on the morning picture
As Sea lapses in the heart of the girl
When rays turn into russet-gold tincture
While leaves, grass, flowers, shrubs caress and swirl

Her blue veil does become a shroud at times
When her billows whip elegant vessels
Turning youth, hope into bemoaning chimes
Their memories in mums' hearts like tassels

Her veil gets stuck in wood and ruins
Once regal now like split violins