



SGCNZ's SHAKE UP A SONNET COMPETITION

Happy Bard's Birthday!!!

Thank you to all the COVID-19 locked-down entrants and congratulations to all the winners!

Category 1) Sonnet based on a Character from a Shakespeare play or poem

1B – 12-24 years

1st *Sonnet from Beatrice* Monica Reid, Auckland

(Based off the character Beatrice from *Much Ado About Nothing*. In particular if she had written a sonnet to Benedick at the end of the play)

Softest and tend'rest creatures I abhor,
Thereby denying cupid's bow and thee.
Time pass'd since Hercules in days of yore,
Stating women are things, repulsing me

From all love and thy distinctive beauty.
Truthfully, I ne'er lik'd the sounds of dogs
Barking at crows, while thy speech makes swoony
My heart, like a fledgling's first flight: Such fogs

Lady's cruel pride. Thus, I shan't just requite
Thy affection but pour love, powerful
As Noah's flood. Amidst our mocks I write –
Covertly for the nonce, to push and pull
Away contempt from me, taking thine hand
Loving thou always as fate doth command.

2nd *Longing for Viola* Rebekah Adams, Auckland

His boots are what I wear upon my feet.
My eyes blink secrets hidden with a smile.
I am Cesario, who must compete,
While Viola stays inside a long while.

When will this folly story see its end?
My face longs for the sun like winter snow.
The mirror sees no Viola nor a friend,
Nor my brother; but that was long ago.

I wish to sing of my identity!
To leave the frost and bloom as does the flower.
No wind nor rain can tell them what to see.
Remove the veil today? Or any hour?

This won't be as simple as my dreams.
I long to wear Viola and to beam.

1C – Over 25 years

1st *Grave Digger's Sonnet* John Smythe, Wellington

The Gravedigger's Sonnet

To dig as I have dug leaves time to think
On life. A walking shadow? Sparrow's fall?
Three score years and ten seems but a blink
When earth's small mound enshrouds you in its pall.

Does this lass sleep, perchance to dream? She fell
And her self-drowning renders blessings null.
This clown spoke truth to power yet liv'd well
'Til crinkl'd flesh dissolv'd to bones and skull.

The plague, that gave me pause and made me frown:
So many young lives snuff'd before they shine!
As I dig in, dig out, dig up, dig down,
I cannot help but wonder: why spare mine?

'Til my life proves a brief or lasting candle
I'll wax on, upon my shovel's handle.

2nd *From the Dark Lady* Peter Ravlich, Auckland

From The Dark Lady

I cannot quite decide which fate is worse:
To have you make presumption of my sin,
Or bear your masochistic little verse,
Ostensibly to worm your way within.

Were I to lesser station given birth,
Perhaps I'd deign rejoinder to your "wit"
With puerile intimations of *your* worth:
"How short, how thin—how ever will it fit?"

But, rest assured, I'm flattered by your rhyme,
Propriety, you see, requires grace;
So should we meet at some unwitting time,
That isn't raw contempt upon my face.

Aye, Will, you might have plucked a willing rose,
Had less been on the page, and more inside your hose.

3rd *Spirited Foreplay* Justine Roberts, Wellington

Spirited Foreplay

Within enchanted forest bed, a sprite,
Who blankets liquid love with impish deeds;
A tantalising magic-feared delight,
Transforming Bottom-ass to noble steed.

This lightfoot Robin hoodwinks 'neath the stars,
Seducing Queen of fairies donkey-deep;
While Oberon does whisper from afar
His servant-knave stirs mortals from their sleep.

The merry fairy flits through lovers young
And mocks the tattered sheet of love's divorce.
A blind mistake, or just a bit of fun?
Our Puck would set their love back on its course.

Although a dream, the mischief of Goodfellow
Bears the thought that love is deep, not shallow.

Category 2) A Sonnet based on a Shakespeare play or poem

2C – Over 25 years

1st *The Tragic Prince* Adam Ralph Moysen, Essex, UK

A haunted watch, atop the castle walls,
Where old King Hamlet, doomed to walk the night,
Imparts his tale, until the rooster calls,
To young Prince Hamlet, born to set it right.

With just an antic disposition feigned,
A plot is formed t' unearth Usurper's guilt.
The Prince seeks vengeance for the King that reigned,
And secret truths, like blood, that night are spillt.

And for these crimes, a short exile is served,
All while the blossom of his new love's drowned.
But once come back, the Prince is left unnerved
To find forgotten friends within the ground.

A murd'rous plan with poisoned blade confessed,
A flight of Angels sang them to their rest.

2nd *O Humble Porter* Nicholas Smythe, Auckland

O Humble Porter

O humble porter whither didst thou come,
To end up here in this forsaken fort?
Effectively the only funny one
In this whole story, such as it be fraught

With angst and murder; though I do not mean
To imply you are at all involved,

But! Whom slew Duncan? - some folk yet doth scream,
Remaining unconvinc'd the myst'ry's solved.

Regardless I do wonder, Man at Door,
What checkered background your old self may bear?
And did you ever dream for some life more
Than service to those raving royals there?

Now in this age of bottomless prequels
'Young Porter's Tale' seems inevitable.

Judges: Janice Campbell QSO JP, Colin Macintosh QSO, Brian Pearl

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