

## Sonnet - Billy Collins

All we need is fourteen lines, well, thirteen now,  
and after this one just a dozen  
to launch a little ship on love's storm-tossed seas,  
then only ten more left like rows of beans.  
How easily it goes unless you get Elizabethan  
and insist the iambic bongos must be played  
and rhymes positioned at the ends of lines,  
one for every station of the cross.  
But hang on here while we make the turn  
into the final six where all will be resolved,  
where longing and heartache will find an end,  
where Laura will tell Petrarch to put down his pen,  
take off those crazy medieval tights,  
blow out the lights, and come at last to bed.

Included in the book, **Sailing Around the Room: New and Selected Poems**.