

Name

Period

Create a parody of Shakespeare's sonnet 18. Try to match his number of lines, his rhyme pattern, and his beat. Your poem can be about anything you want. You will begin this assignment in class; anything you don't finish is homework. Your parody is due at the beginning of next class.

Rules:

Rhyme pattern:

Rhythm:

Lines:

18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.  
—William Shakespeare

Examples of parodies

Sonnet 18 Parody

Shall I compare thee to a dirty sock?  
Thou art more stinky and far less clean.  
Thy hair makes me prefer my socks.  
Thy unholy breath be four times worth.  
Thou have more holes in thou personality.  
Thou squeaky voice should be forbid'n,  
or thy mouth should be nailed shut.  
Thy art below me on the ice cold ground.  
I would rather die than from stench than kiss you on thy horrid face.

Shall I compare thee to a dirty sock?  
thou art more stinky and far less clean.  
Sonnet #18

(a parody)

Shall I compare thee to a bale of hay?  
Thou art more dusty and far less neat.  
Rough winds do toss thy mop about, I'd say,  
Which looks far worse than hay a horse would eat.  
Sometime thy squinty eye looks into mine  
Through stringy, greasy hair that needs be trimm'd,  
And ne'er a horse had such a stench as thine,  
As though in stagnant sewers thou hast swimm'd.  
Thy disgusting image shall not fade;  
This my tortured mind and soul doth know.  
O, I should love to hit thee with a spade;  
And with that blow I hope that thou wouldst go.  
So long as I can breathe, my eyes can see,  
And I can run, I'll stay away from thee...