



LORD DENNEY'S PLAYERS
SONNETS

NEVER BEFORE IMPRINTED.

AT COLUMBUS
BY *M. Jac.* FOR *S.N.* AND ARE
TO BE GIVEN BY *OSU English.*
2018.

TO.THE.ONLY.BEGETTER.OF.
THESE.ENSUING.SONNETS.
M^r.F.M. ALL.HAPPINESS.
AND.THAT.ETERNITY.
P R O M I S E D.

BY.

OUR.EVERLIVING.COMPANY.

WISHETH.

THE. WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTVRER. IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.

L.D.P.

STRENGTH OF SPIRIT
by George Thomas

C's get degrees; so goes the grim refrain
But no curve turns a 40 to a pass.
Those points and brain cells shan't be seen again,
Like boxed wine, a modern death of class.
Your essay, written on the morning due,
The Huntmaster and Crimson Bull have muddied.
With scarlet ink their scorn chastises you.
The answer: ever clear. You should have studied.
The verdict's plain, the outcome absolute.
High proof has ultimately tipped the scales.
With ease you fill report cards, destitute,
Your fortune squandered on your many ails.
So nightly to the Library you go,
For strength, for absolution, Four Loko.

JIM BEAN

by Matt Loxley

Crystal boats atop rippling surfs of thin
Unfiltered rust, nodding along with songs
Whose lines are stretched and pulled from youthful grins
Before they know the ways their smiles are wrong.

Melodies lost among amber tinted
Waters, drowned beneath newly-found concerns;
Each of the problems people had hinted
Existed there and one day must be learned.

Now Bruce Springsteen's on and justifying
The way that this life has turned out for me.
But good excuses are better lying
And I take ice in the cheapest whiskey.

My breath sets the whole scene into motion-
I know hope don't float in amber oceans.

AEOLUS

by Audrey Wanstrath

Aeolus became everything as the
Earth shifted into merging rings of green,
liquid wind, and waterfalling blue sea.
Aeolus laughed, and the world fell in deep.

Before his eruption, songs stood bereft.
Violas walked alone until he breathed
their minor scales into quick pirouettes.
His silhouette reminded them to dream.

He was more than a Sunday evening breeze.
He was reason for movement, hidden heart
behind shifting trees, shaking leaves. Softly,
birds broke their wings as he fell into dark.

*Before him, the world was soiled with rest,
He bore waves into the sea. Then, he left.*

UNTITLED

by Adelle Kenney

My dear one's dark, but, oh, so fair;
She's love but also spite.
Her claws have hurt quite past repair
What Beauty sets alight.
I see her pass me on the way;
She runs with mind to seek.
The harm she deals to her is play;
My heart is still too weak.
I cannot know if me she loves,
Or merely wishes presence;
My eyes seek for iron gloves
Or, for her pleasure, pheasants.
For what can man expect but that,
If love he carries for a cat?

NOTHING NEW

by Brock Beckett

The fortitude of loneliness is pure
As loneliness is manifest in life.
The Sun still rises as I'm sure you've heard,
Yet mundane things can cut you like a knife.
A bitter glance from tired passersby.
A thousand chances lost from just a choice.
This seeming tragedy can make men cry,
But yet there is still reason to rejoice.
The Sun can creep its way into your heart,
And summer winds can ease your mortal pains.
The world will find a way to do its part.
Perchance that choice was ripe with fruitful gains.
Now you know to rise when you have fell,
Or lay there and just weep, what the hell.

WORTHY OF A WORM'S EYE-VIEW

by Miriam Nordine

To walk on rain-drop stained... or wait, 'tis rain?
I thought was rain might really be true pain;
See worms, they squirm, the unforgiving brick,
Plugged ears, eyes down, some shielded from the gray

Rain comes and suddenly worlds end, lives cease,
The worms, they envy those who can ignore;
No sight does cause amplified senses sore,
Possessing sight serves as excuse to speak

Nonsense pours from lips shallow without care;
Recoil the worms as tears and screams compare,
Those unaffected walk with selfish drive;
To notice struggling creatures, pay no mind

To save a small pink snake, a single life,
I weep for all o'erlook'd abuse and strife.

UNTITLED
by Nicole Cotton

My face, it's pale while I stare at the news,
AR-15, this world is so twisted,
I hold my breath while I take in these views,
One deputy never assisted,
My students, their safety, I hear strange sounds,
My teachers, there's nothing we can do,
My children, your lives may be on a countdown,
Myself, I try to find a way through,
Columbine, 13 dead, we begged for change to come,
Virginia Tech, 32 dead, it happened again,
The world is beginning to feel numb,
Stoneman Douglas, I can feel these bullets coming in,
Dear President, protect America's future,
Is arming teachers really the answer?

UNTITLED
by Alexander Bahas

Refusing wrong enlightenment forego do I.
I further thought, but nothing is proffered.
No longer will pursuit be spent or falsified
Anxiety will grow, no answer.

By xanax called destroyer of modern worlds.
Society forms perfection, not bliss.
The sadness lies within, my head is twirled?
Their toy, perfection, I live this.

I know and gain my destiny is written stone.
Timeless belief within worlds switch next bitch.
Unfortunate no desire to present its blown.
Prosper forever not ended no deathly itch.

We work not divided equal no hate no race.
We stand I feel no shoe the oxygen of space.

SOUND IN THE SILENCE
by Addie Clay

It has been said that those who are too loud
Should not be heard within a silent place
But those same voices cannot be allowed
To vanish, banished, gone without a trace.

Is passion now a crime? Should we ignore
The aims of all who hope to make amends?
Never forget what they are fighting for—
And that broken silence is means to ends.

And still we know passion can be perceived
As something radical, confused, and wrong.
And when, too loud, the words we once believed
May seem the chords of a terrible song.

But let us not refrain from singing still.
Though sharp, these melodies reflect our will.

ON SCARS NOT WORTH SHARING
by Cyrus Payne

Late nights tempt what few know to sprout from dirt,
Be it unclean hands, or a lesser clean mind.
Undressed lover's secrets, hidden wounds hurt
Long past scraped off scabbing and scars that bind.
Fresh bones, buried and reburied shallow,
Shov'ling fool too quick to do the job well.
Whether the grave will, this time he doth know;
Be it he or enemy sent to hell.
Yellow carnations replaced with bluebells,
Disdained emotions, hold no more bearing
On past putrid masters turned saints and idols.
knowledge held, secrets not worth reciting.
Blessed be like sweet aloe on wounds forgiven,
If I do not ever hear of you again.

A SONNET YOU'D NEVER WISH TO RECEIVE
by Hannah Wagner

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
You are equal in ripe and pungent smell.
I tend to flee when you do come my way
For fear that my stomach will be unwell.
Shall I compare thee to a winter's night?
You are far more frigid than even that.
You claim you are only doing what's right.
I claim that you have simply gotten fat.
Shall I compare thee to an autumn noon?
You change more than the fading shriveled leaf.
You have left my true happiness in ruin.
Breaking up with you will be great relief.

I cannot handle you a minute more.
Please leave my stuff in a box at my door.

COLLEGE

by Averi Niswander

Finishing college is a tough feat
We look for motivation in everything
Our end goal is one we must beat
We want to hear the money cling

Homework is a constant struggle
Finding time can be quite difficult
The students are made more humble
It is hard to feel not so cynical

We try our hardest it must seem
Studying so many hours everyday
The end is so close, it is our dream
Keeping focus we must not astray

Our dreams are reality with simple effort
It just takes some triumphant endeavours

DEAD GIRL LIVING
by Madison Fogle

It is unsettling to think about.
Who would take my place in the things I do.
If the spaces meant for me were without,
If the notes I composed were true
And I no longer existed in life.
If self-destruction had been my sole end.
If I had lost suicide and I's strife,
I might be safe with nothing to defend
Because a dead girl doesn't have to think
And she has no ability to care.
Maybe I should've just let myself sink,
So I could rid of the demons I bare.
But, I will keep swimming; I will not drown
Though darkness keeps trying to drag me down.

NOTHING MORE AT ALL
by Luke V. Jefferson

before the Dust, the Flame, the Life or Death
before the World and Time, before the Fall
they knew no Start, no End, yet drew no breath
and There was Nothing, Nothing more at all

despaired did Nothing, deep in Darkness dim
for all was He and all they Were was None
so lonely, despr'ate, crying silent hymns
until, at last, they knew what must be done

so Nothing taking all they Were and Not
set forth the Start, the World, and Time, and End
gave Life and Death to All, and All it brought
so Came the All, forever to extend

now All was There, new Life beyond the Fall
and nothing now was nothing more at All.

DEATH AND ME
by Carlie Swider

Death is surrounding every one of us
Death is constantly enclosing around me
It is my life that's sadly in disgust
It is my life that is crumbling badly

Why can I not find calming, quiet peace?
Just maybe God is not giving and nice
He takes and hurts, death is His masterpiece
Perhaps it's happiness that is the price

My family is in grief all of the time
One day, a few weeks, then another goes by
Then funeral day, with heartaches in rhyme
We're all troubled again, getting smothered

I try to smile and laugh to get through this
I weep in silence when I reminisce

BARREN FLAME, I LOVE YOU SO
by Emily Kattner

My fading light, which burns for love, laments.
Exiled, descending from humanity,
I cry. A joyous day: my sacrament.
O why am I ignored by Certainty?
Alone inside a weary soul, please free
Me from the ghost forcing Delight's decay.
A lullaby of screams that damn my glee,
Just let me fly: to live in Mind's new day.
O Luna, save me with your midnight stare,
Relieve this child from jilted agony;
Embrace her with your stars of saffron care
That she may dream to your own symphony.
For gentle Hope exonerates the soul,
A mournful breeze that yearns to make me whole.

TO WHAT WILL BE OUR END?

by Katherine Abram

A barren world of blackened ice and ash;
Rough winds do churn the rotting relics 'round,
Their writhing mimics masses charred by flash.
For what will rise when nations curse the ground?

A basin filled with water, yet no drain.
I drown in ancient glaciers; boundless pools.
Impov'rish'd cling to rafts, while cynics feign;
A sinking kingdom weighed by courts of fools.

Exhausting soiled nectar from below,
The tremors signal hunger wrought within.
Consumptive shell whose rivers cease to flow,
unearth archaic need for molten sin.

Prophetic star whose light, like man's, descends;
Collapse foretold—to what will be our end?

SHADE OF THE HEART

by Ashley Eberst

A little hand is clasped in mine
The minutes stop the clock
And when the hours rush and chime
My soul they solemnly mock.
A washcloth wipes a feverish brow
Struggling breaths seek repose
And if life could be anchored here and now;
This darkened room would not be as morose.
The lights fly on, people rush in,
Machines start sounding off
And all the life that there had been
Goes out like the tide as foam and froth.
The casket closes on a stranger's face,
And a heartache sets in that cannot be erased.

THE FLOATING ZOO
by Claire Ehmann

My birthday fell around the time of spring,
The leaves turned green, the snow started to melt.
And all outside the birds started to sing,
My mom leaned down and asked me how I felt.

I felt that all I wanted was a zoo
The kind that had a lot of animals to see.
The zoo had to float on the ocean blue.
My mom was shocked, but I just had to plea.

The zoo had lions, and tigers, and bears, oh my!
An elephant that weighed at least a ton,
The elephant was big and began to die,
It started to sink, and everyone was stunned.

No one could save the poor elephants soul,
Its lifeless eyes had the color of coal.

MY LOVE OF WINTER SOURED
by Samuel Taylor

For drinks, I left my home during the cold,
Yet calming night. Winter always pleased me,
So long the snow did not put roads on hold,
Yet this lone trip grew rough as flakes flew free.
When I bought soda, winter showed its might,
Everywhere the road is coated in sheets of rime!
I moved on ice with blankets colored white
The hill to home had frozen over time.
The car stood still, the engine roared aloud
Until I found a way. Without a doubt,
I went downhill, returned swift through the shroud
Momentum proved to be my ticket out
My love for winter soured quite a bit
At least I lived because I never quit

UNTITLED

by Nick Yeley

The sun sets on frozen landscapes
The light reflects the barren land afar
The fearful deer has no chance of escape
Only the leopard of snow is the czar

The leopard needs the energy to last
This need shows the leopards fragility
The leopard may have to go on a fast
And may observe lasting tranquility

The deer has met his ultimate demise
A fate in which the deer can not escape
The deer is now onto the bluer skies
Its blood like wine from a soft bitter grape

A violent death with a purpose beyond
With a fruitful leopard, a new life dawned

CHRYSALIS

by Olivia Yerkes

To you I represent what you are not,
My sexuality a living thing.
Defining me without a single thought
But still approaching without offering
A piece of you. I've found myself
Over my head in this identity.
Attempting to reshape, reframe myself
Has cut me off from all reality.
How can I be so sure and so forlorn?
With confidence and fear all bound as one?
This person I created only born,
A new life that has only just begun.
I know not yet what lies in store for me,
But yet I hope that I can set me free.

SONNET I

by Collin Kroll

My Love you spur my heart to speak a truth
My plights, my sorrow, which all you gave to me
I surrendered to you my precious youth
As you away ran and chase I gave to thee

Let me compare you to a clever fox?
You are more cunning, clever and fine
Always ever out of reach, your man to mock
I can't predict your move, nor make you mine

I only have ever loved you, to me no return
So long as I can breathe, I can love still
You never saw the man I became, Urn.
Our time was short, life grievously wills

The last day life does give me breath
Rested I be with a lost Love in death

NIGHT OF MOURNING IN OLD OSTENTOR

by Zacary Colopy

The waning Moon hangs placid,
Like a watery mirror, over the gothic spires
Of old Ostentor. Bitter winds like biting acid
Buffet ancient icy walls that never tire.
Deep, deep, past darkened alleys and secreted
Alcoves, lies the abode of Lady Gwen most fair.
Her vigilant mourning of lost Nordenheim hinted
Only barely to her departed love and their heir.
And so, the city's soul lies lifeless, dead
As her northerly sister. The sardonic gloom
Biting the Lady's heart, drowned in her citizen's dread.
Recalling Mortality, they beckon nobility to repel doom.
The weight of a ghost can take myriad form to the mourning,
Some stand, others cling, but a sad few look for uncertain morning.

ON THAT DAY
by Justin Koehler

In below among deep so sweet, so swell
A soul therein would ravish such delight.
And he who found't relates of how't may dwell.
The many seek it, claim will of light.
When dead through stories, minor may hear
Through grace dwell'd caverns the flashing lights to be.
So, their pleasures echo sounds and gather near.
And once gone to there, remade fixed to thee.
The course now clear, but fought have we still may
Remain below. We put all that aside,
A pleasing path be shown to us, I pray.
And distant grace, that help would he provide.
Rejoice will he who shall to thee convey,
"Reveal to me what happened on that day..."

NEW LIFE HEALS OLD WOUNDS
by Siera Forney

She enters the room and can't help but stare,
Their clothes in disarray,
Her husband and a woman lying bare.
She could not find the perfect words to say.

She should have realized it all along.
He spent so many late nights at his work.
Once, in his office, she'd found a red thong;
But, she would not let her suspicions lurk.

Was he aware that she was bearing child?
She felt she had no choice but to leave home.
She ran out, crying, with thoughts running wild.
With no place to go, she began to roam.

Months have passed, her sweet baby is now born,
Her heart, once broken, is no longer torn.

CHOKING ON INSECTICIDE PUKE

by Sarah Kushen

Icky breaths fill my lungs to feed all the
Disgusting little insects that live in-
-side. Horrible, gross guts of the bugs. The
Crawling back up, tickling my throat and ribs.

I force myself to swallow them back down,
But failing. It's hard to breathe. I can't breathe.
The sickly creatures in my body feel like static slithering around
In painful spurts of hurt by tiny insect teeth.

Rocking and vomiting, those vermin push
Their way flying passed my tightly closed lips
A massive swarm of hungry crawlies in a rush.
I clench my teeth, but yucky bile still drips.

The retch crawls and flies off, but they will be
back for another anxious snack from me.

UNTITLED

by Nicole Osborne

Venus lines hearts with pure feminine flame
Heads only with quiet pale silver light
And us only water and war the same
Of Mars which studs the boundless golden night
Softly spoken I still heard the stars splayed
Burn up that empty dust we placed souls on
Spent nights thinking of in lone retrograde
To rise removed from the phenomenon
Of endless convergence of old matter
Welded each day Eridanus does flow
Duplicity tears into a tatter
What could rebuild us so clearly to know
 No space is left to wonder about you
 These lights and flames burn for those bodies too

UNTITLED

by Brandon David Short

For the, say I, most patient one's not God.
The title does belong with Lucifer.
For God will punish you by golden rod.
The Devil loves, with glee, the late bloomers.
How, Hitler, Laden, and Napoleon
Did horrors patiently, the Antichrists!
How, Gandhi, Martin, quick and peaceful songs.
Fed progress lavishly, indeed, they fight.
Would doctors, put their trust in patient ways?
Would firefighters wait for you in flames?
The worst of men are patient; they don't sway.
How bloody deaths were made by patient games!
 Yet Stalin, takes the cake, he killed much more.
 Impatience razed, in Communistic war.

MADELEINE

by Kaleigh Robbins

Abounding beauty, though by too few seen,
As like a fashion splendid to the men
Of yesteryear, disdained like last Spring's green,
So is my love, my round-faced Madeleine.

She glides through my rooms like a gracious bark
Transporting sugar and soft balm abroad
Into a troubled, bitter land—an ark
Loved for her broadness here, where love rare trod.

In wit my Madeleine excels the best.
The sparkle of her eye conveys a thought
Of wisdom great and knowledge to attest
Her brilliancy, astounding thinner lot.

Though size be scorned in her and others fair
Her warmth within my arms holds no compare.

UNTITLED

by Jacob Zahn

*When I did see the dent that broke the car
There were shameful screams that poured out my heart
The strong and mighty rear now bled a scar
That forever busted its glamour apart*

*To have just bought the whip so little time ago
The glory and fame was delicious and sweet
And now in crumbles, a shame, I know
For I now have only bruised metal in the street*

*I wonder to myself why me, why me
Do I deserve such lousy and sad fate
And is the cause jealousy and envy
T'is hard to feel anything but strong bate*

*I now will work as hard as ever before
To get a new Cadillac out the door*

THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT

(A POEM ABOUT MY NO-SUGAR DIET)

by Allison Gale

Without your presence my heart throws a major fit
I long for that presence every moment in time,
I've been making much progress I'll gladly admit
Still there's nobody else on which I'd spend my last dime.
Truly a very guilty pleasure I myself might say
Easily comparable to a lovely forbidden fruit
A source of wondrous joy in each of my days
A hauntingly strong lust I must uproot.
Each moment of the day I would have you if only I could
Though just out of reach of my much longing grasp
While I know deep inside that I should say goodbye for good
I also know that my sad farewell would never last.
So I'll choose to succumb to my excessive desire
And allow for my menacing guiltiness to transpire.

PROCRASTINATION, A COMEDY

by Jackie Kindler

How hath the time so gone that I am stressed?
I sit here as I hast some time before
For I know that work 'tis due in a hie
Wherefore dost I not work on the project?

Oh no art we turning the work in now?
'Tis it, the class to turn in the project
I hast to make a good excuse for I
Fancy a good grade and would do aught for it

I quake as I approach the professor to fancy
A grade that I know I don't deserve, nay
I hath shrift that I will fight for what I
Want, what I need until he will agree

Approach the master, shaking what say she?
Nay, you were lazy and will pay for it.

UNTITLED

by Andi Martin

Sunbeams dancing, eager to greet the snow
Something reborn within me feeling new,
Filling the world with light, my heart aglow
A burning image of you in my view.
Laughing and loving through the Summer heat,
More than just a quick afternoon delight.
Kisses like honey, so bitter and sweet
Something about you and I feels so right.
But the light, the warmth, the bliss, has now died
Your eyes are no longer on me, astray
A love for you I no longer provide,
Why was I not enough to make you stay?
A broken heart, nothing left to splinter,
For you could never love me through Winter.

NOT-SO SEASONAL DEPRESSION

by Isabelle Biglin

Between the layers of snow and cold winter skies,
My skin has frozen and my mind gone numb.
This education fades the soft light in my eyes
And waters down the girl who used to read for fun.
I am sick of the gray silence choking me,
The artist inside of me cannot breathe.
For this silent empty won't let her see
The bright sun that is hiding underneath
The stacks of essays and bullshit APA
And the structure and boxes I've been placed in.
Summer will come yet I'll still remain gray
Lest I fight off the monster inside of my skin.
 Today I'll nurture the flowers that grow,
 In my head and my heart, even in snow.

UNTITLED

by Katie Marshall

My lover goes by many different names
He looks his best when it begins to rain
His favorite pastime is playing brain games
My love for him is like a hurricane

His name is written in my darkened eyes
His words are inscribed in my weak mind
He proclaims to me that he never lies
He assists me in seeing where I am blind

He has been there on my darkest of days
Each and every time I wanted to cry
He tells me he will be with me always
He will never leave me until I die

I tell the doctor my dark confession,
I cannot break up with my Depression

DEATH
by Carlie Swider

Death, it remains surrounding all of us
Death, now is constantly restricting me
My life, my joy, is sadly in disgust
It's life, my own, that's crumbling carelessly

Can I not find a calming quiet peace?
Perhaps it's He who chooses to not be nice
He takes and hurts, death maybe His release
Could it be my own happiness for price?

My family possess grief, but not with Him
An hour, a day, a week or two, another
Today we dress in black, heartaches in rhythm
Distressed, depressed and always sad for others

Contest the tears, I can't be feeling weak
I weep in silence while I wish to speak

SEPARATION

by Courtney Taylor

Our grim situation makes me go write.
Remember when our lives were loveliest,
Invades my thoughts all through, by day and night,
And always dream of how were we the luckiest.

I shall compare you to a summer sky,
Resemblance seen in bluest blue of eyes.
So shocking bright, shot with blood, you cry,
My life forever changed upon that July.

Remember me while I'm away,
Distance too far than I can stand,
Be assured in how blue turned to grey
Our color changed from bright to bland.

Today I must depart with parted heart,
Think of these words whilst we're apart.

