What the Brook Sings

A Spring Sonnet

Shall I compare you to the singing brook?
You are more favored and more exquisite.
Spring waters rip the banks I overlook
and summer’s heat will lessen jolly wit.

Sometimes, sweet singing turns to babbling quick,
and clarity is lost in foolishness,
or quality has ended by a stick,
where pools have gathered dumb in quietness.

But your soft lyric voice will resonate,
and not be muddled by the season’s tolls
to sing with me beyond, and celebrate
resounding melodies on Heaven’s rolls.

So long as you hear what the brook sings of.
So long as you know it is my true love.

Written by Lisa Belknap