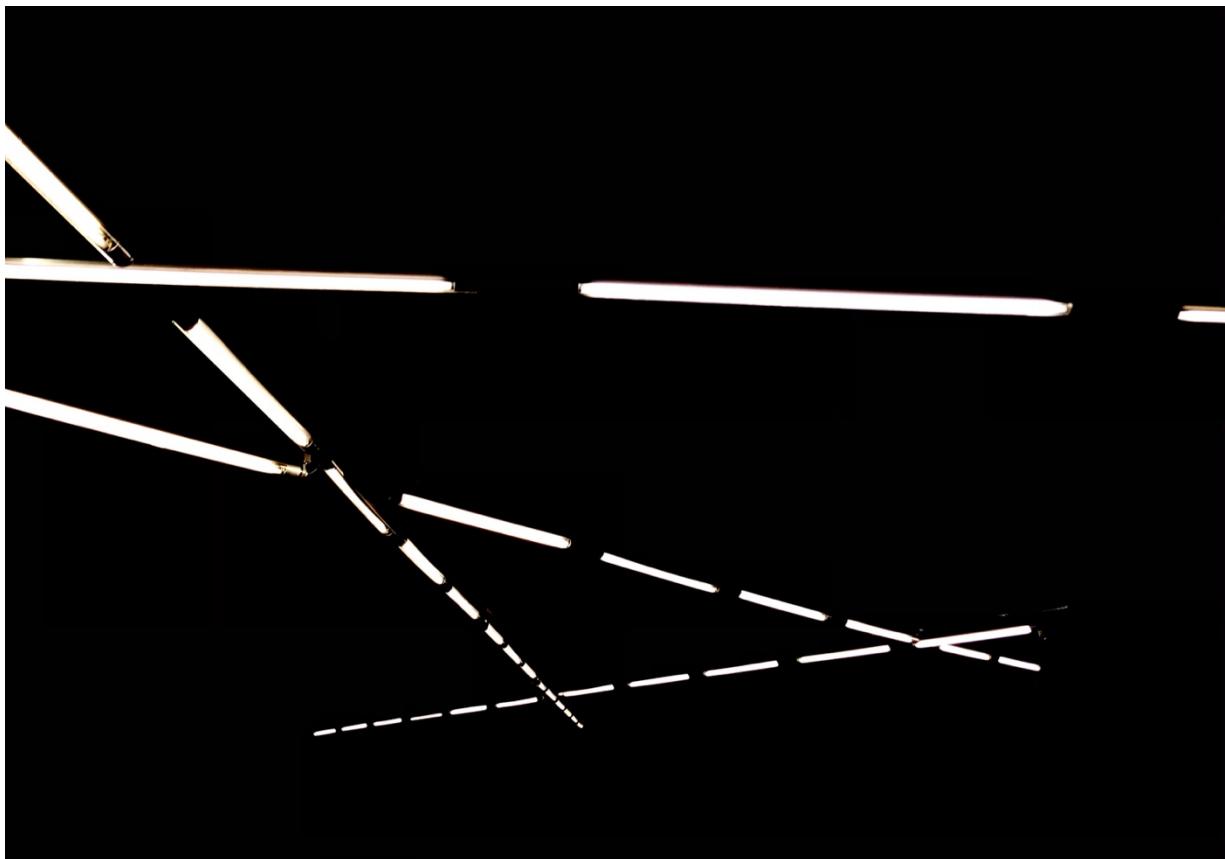


RADICAL TEACHER

A SOCIALIST, FEMINIST, AND ANTI-RACIST JOURNAL ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF TEACHING

Poetry

My Seatle Sonet by Jaclyne T
by Susan Zeni



ISTVÁN JÁNKA VIA UNSPLASH.COM

My Seatle Sonet by Jaclyne T

So (on?) the fairy boat to Bremerton last week, he ask me
to marry, give me fifty. But if I reach for my gold,
chief my degree in art all over the world, see
all walks, meet my stander, I could live mild class, no
sailing there body on the street for no needles in there
arms, my two kids. Mother she could not see her beauty,
no looking glass glory in mopbucket water. Kill my brother
some cop on his throat. On my last day, God well not hide me,
father neither, covid coughin body baggin dead Chicago.
"Jaclyne," Grandmother, big lovey, says, "depent on your self,
depent on your own two." Seatle it rains cold and blows.
I ride my bike fast and faster round Green Lake, O Lord help
Jaclyne T Jaclyne T cant give nobody nothing no more no way.
Fairy boat to Brainbridge at ten, he ask again, I say
no.

Jacqueline: I am so happy you can finally get online. Other students were having similar problems, but now we're good to go! You've tackled a Shakespearian sonnet. Wow! When the plague closed theaters in London and there were food riots in the streets, Shakespeare wrote some of his best sonnets.

I really like the line, " no looking glass glory in mopbucket water." So well said.

Suggestions: I stuck some arrows in your poem where there are errors in spelling and verb tense. Look at those. And look at line length. You have mostly 14 and 12 syllables in your lines. Nice round numbers, but Shakespeare used 10. And Shakespeare used little enjambment. Look at that as well. Overall, you might want to regularize your expression a bit more so readers can understand what you're saying. I got a bit lost in the language. With everything else that's going on right now in the world with protests and the pandemic, I suspect readers don't want to struggle with meaning. Hey, nice Shakespearean couplet to end the sonnet, and I really like your final no. Shakespeare wouldn't do it, but it sure works here.



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