



The Sonnet  
Collection

*Ferrick Gray*  
*Kim Leighton*

# THE SONNET COLLECTION

*Ferrick Gray & Kim Leighton*

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## PREFACE

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For many of us who are considered a purist or those who enjoy what has become known as formal or structured poetry (to distinguish it from free verse poetry), the sonnet is of the type *high poetry*. This term was coined by *T. W. H. Crosland* in his **The English Sonnet** published in 1917.

As it stands, this volume is a monument and testament to the sonnet of yesteryear. Today, the understanding of what a sonnet is has been lost. Essentially, any fourteen-line verse is considered a sonnet whether in formal or free verse. However, we must remember that a sonnet is much more than a fourteen-line poem with or without a rime scheme.

Whereas poetry will always move with the years, there are some forms that by necessity of their name, must retain their traditional structure and hence meaning. If this is not done, then the writing of such high poetry becomes ridiculously simple.

On most occasions the English Sonnet is understood to be the Shakespearean Sonnet form (or vice versa). However, other sonnet forms such as Spenserian and Petrarchan also fall under this banner.

In the volume you have before you, there are thirty sonnets of varying style. Most you will find of the Shakespearean form notably those by Kim, but you will also find the Spenserian and *Hybrid* forms in this small volume. The Shakespearean sonnet lends itself to a little more variation due to its seven rimes, differing from the Italian sonnet of just five rimes.

Contrary to popular belief, the sonnet theme is not always that of love, albeit the sonnet form lends itself to this theme very well. Believe it not, no topic is untouchable by the sonnet and you will find a number of different themes in this collection.

Ferrick Gray & Kim Leighton  
May, 2023

**Elision** is a technique often used to keep meter (rhythm) in check. In some of these sonnets you will find certain words elided. Elision has been kept to a minimum as it is not always required when there are shorter sounding vowels. Normally these would be found in the middle of the word such as *memories* and *history* rather than using *mem'ries* and *hist'ry*.

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## THE SONNET COLLECTION

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A collection of Shakespearean and Spenserian Sonnets.

by

*Ferrick Gray & Kim Leighton*

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## AGING BEAUTY

---

Were I to tell you beauty never fades,  
Would you believe each optimistic word?  
Old age and Death shan't soil her accolades —  
You laugh! This clichéd statement quite absurd!  
Was this perhaps a story that you've heard?  
A rumor, false perception? Why such spite?  
It matters not, for beauty once conferred  
Will please a lover's eyes — 'tis pure delight.  
But eyes, blind eyes see nothing of the sight,  
Appearance 'lone and love are worlds apart.  
I tell you beauty lives (though fools benight) —  
Seeps through the mind and settles in the heart.  
O' aging beauty! Some think time unfair —  
True beauty lies inside and n'er elsewhere.

*Ferrick Gray*

*Spenserian Form*

---

## AWAITING WALLS TO FALL

---

You pull me close, my head rests on your heart,  
The quickened thump, resounding deep within.  
A breathless touch, enveloped, lost in part —  
My fingers trace, delicious on your skin.  
My lashes wet, unable to contain  
Emotions well, a salty tear now falls.  
The words that form, a gulf that's to remain  
Until the time, we both surrender walls.  
In cursive script, the hope of love set free -  
Poetic words, that trace, from fingers bare —  
Enchanted planes, adrift in lustful glee,  
A rugged chest, a home, for one to share.  
I wonder if this hope is mirrored well,  
Of if, with time, this gulf will break our spell?

*Kim Leighton*

*Shakespearean Form*



---

## DECEPTION

---

What is, is light if what is not, is dark —  
This stranger contemplation in the mind  
For one whom melancholy tames the spark  
With fleeing questions answers never find.  
It would be, could be possible to dream,  
Yet only feign to wake and see it through  
The tears that flow, a never ending stream  
Of falsities we once believed were true.  
Lo! What is lost? The people will believe  
Whoever is the fashion of the time,  
To wear them on their lips, so too deceive —  
Deception is the buffoon's paradigm.  
    How comes the day? A bitter, mocking tongue  
    With melodies of lies and truths unsung.

*Ferrick Gray*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

## DEMOCRACY

---

These times that mock the written law of past  
With what is called by name and yet is not;  
Praise flowing from their lips, the shadow'd cast  
Have no idea. How is't they know their lot?  
Of rules and statutes naught, for what they're worth;  
If laws cannot be kept then make your own,  
Let ignorance be greeted by their mirth  
In declarations from the churlish throne.  
But is their substance music to the ears,  
Or is it merely wind? The screaming horde  
That trumpets loud as indigestion nears,  
Will kiss the royal hind-ness of their lord.  
Such power, popularity: Forsooth —  
The lie, more entertaining than the truth!

*Ferrick Gray*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

## ECCE HOMO I

---

Canst thou, grim mirror tell me? Truth or lie.  
A troubled, furrowed brow. *You question me?*  
Struck dumb to stare in silence. Cruel of eye,  
Appearance stern; love plays the absentee.  
O' bitter thoughts, ye trespass hallowed ground  
Where hope attempts to resurrect a mind  
That questions; self's Prometheus is bound  
To contemplate the failings of mankind.  
*Argentum world!* How shallow is thy mien —  
Yet still you dare to probe mine arete.  
Thine eyes of condescension clearly seen  
Through fissures forging age where youth once lay.  
*Behold the man!* Seen in a different light,  
As answers flee, swift vanish in the night.

*Ferrick Gray*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

## ECCE HOMO II

---

N'er turn thy back to me; complacent wretch!  
Come speak! Thine ignorance couldst hide from thee?  
Your pointed finger, mine! Toward me stretch,  
These accusations, false! Dare not blame me!  
If ever there was one thine heart need blame,  
Gaze longer, look into discerning eyes,  
For only then, can one see through the shame  
Of foolishness, of self-defeat, of lies.  
Detachment writes a sullen tale of woe;  
A tale writ with beginning, lacks intent?  
'Tis none, thy causes falter, ebb and flow —  
Why wait, then mourn a life so id'ly spent?  
    Thou art not blind, no veil doth cloak thy gaze;  
    Cast off this woe, and live for better days.

*Ferrick Gray*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

### ECCE HOMO III

---

O' tempted fool, past memories cloud the day.  
What gain is there to curse life from one's birth?  
Nay suffer not, the squanderer will pay  
As food for worms, when covered o'r in earth.  
Methinks a kinder tone rests 'pon the ear;  
Awakening a spirit mute, inside  
The depths, a heartbeat. Rolls the sainted tear,  
Insipid taste, the one I strove to hide.  
Stand tall I say. Let fool be fool no more!  
Let not mine sorry countenance take hold —  
A tomfool's folly fits? Take heart, ignore  
Such thoughts derision prides. Step forth, be bold!  
Time's hands move slow in misery. 'Tis true;  
But time means naught when doubt is bid adieu.

*Ferrick Gray*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

## ECCE HOMO IV

---

O' pray thee hindsight, speak not bitter balm,  
For future is n'er mine. Yet present may  
Reflect a time life entered in the palm  
As lines that speak, as lines in mystery lay.  
A plan ill-thought, in doom's attire dressed,  
Yet bright enough, its flair to catch the eye —  
To see it now, what present might have guessed,  
Cruel future laughed and swiftly passed it by.  
O' Future Lo! Thou thwart mine eager plan,  
Both knowingly and cunning is your art,  
And I am just a simple, humble man  
Who seeks another with an honest heart.  
    Aye laugh! I hear. Temptations still remain  
    To think it through, or from this thought abstain.

*Ferrick Gray*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

**EXQUISITE ACHE**

---

Your touch, it burns, like embers on my soul,  
It elevates my senses, lost in you.  
As your delicious kisses take their toll  
And everything around me fades askew.  
Your fingers glide across my skin and swirl,  
To set alight my hunger, building height —  
Your kisses linger, causing toes to curl,  
Before I catch myself, I feel the bite.  
The sighs spill over, causing lips that pout,  
And dew now glistens wet on petals bare.  
My spine an arch, this pleasure so drawn out,  
As inhibitions fall, and angels dare.  
    I beg you now to make me yours, inside.  
    No longer can my need in silence hide.

*Kim Leighton*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

## FOURTEEN LINES

---

When *fourteen lines* are used to write a verse,  
These *fourteen lines*, fond memories oft recall —  
Just *fourteen lines*? You ask. Well what is worse,  
To use these *fourteen lines* or none at all?  
In *fourteen lines*, I pause to gaze a while,  
In *fourteen lines*, I touch your tender cheek,  
In *fourteen lines*, I see your loving smile,  
In *fourteen lines*, I drown in your mystique.  
But you may wonder, if I really feel  
The things I say, (O' quell this aching heart!)  
I beg of you, accept my sound appeal —  
To give my all, and never be apart.  
    A verse so simple, with a love so true;  
    In *fourteen lines*, I write my love for you.

*Ferrick Gray*

*Shakespearean Form*



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## HER SMILE

---

Reflections play, in waters cool and calm,  
I see her smile, her eyes like jewels of hope.  
The corners of her mouth, a simple charm,  
Of happiness unbound, sad past elope.  
She's unaware the world can see her wings,  
They flutter soft, at rest, no need to flee,  
The feelings play so soft, of joy she sings,  
The world now fades, there's only him to see.  
He rests upon the whispers of her heart,  
Her thoughts now centre firmly on his name,  
She counts the seconds felt while they're apart,  
And secretly she hopes, he feels the same.  
    Two leaves are caught and dance upon Love's wind.  
    Let magic bind, let not this hope rescind.

*Kim Leighton*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

## HOPES ONCE DREAMED

---

In shaded hours I woke to heavy heart,  
The mottled darkness seeping deep inside.  
The realisation, looming from the start,  
The reason why, the deepest needs still hide.  
You sing the sweetest lullaby 'neath stars  
And hold me close, to quell the fears that play.  
Kissing sweet, the bravest of my scars,  
To keep me warm, as if a summer's day.  
We danced so close, in words we found our song,  
My heart did float, before it came to rest.  
I drowned in eyes, their embers green, so strong,  
I dared to dream, my home within your chest.  
    But as the daylight plays through windows cold —  
    It takes away, the hopes once dreamed in bold.

*Kim Leighton*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

## IMAGINE IF

---

Let's leave the world and all its hate behind,  
Let's close our eyes, and open up our hearts,  
Imagine all the beauty we could find,  
If moments could unravel free of darts.  
Imagine if all hate and judgement died,  
And in its place, a kindness filled our days.  
If every thought we felt, no need to hide.  
No need to think ahead in selfish plays.  
We'd simply be ourselves, a purer light,  
And love would fill our souls, each heart and mind,  
No war, no pain, no fear to steal our night,  
For dreams would be reality, in kind.  
    No need for greed or power, walls would fall,  
    And freedom would be free for one and all.

*Kim Leighton*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

## IN GENTLE HOURS

---

Beneath Aurora's skies, and all her space,  
I woke in early hours of the morn,  
In dreamy prayers, awash in Heaven's grace,  
Within your arms, a wish, of love was born.  
Pressed to your chest, your arms, they held me near  
And filled me with a beauty felt inside,  
Within that place, the sum of all past fear  
Was wrapped in warmth, for hope, to override.  
The simple wonders, found in your embrace  
They seep within, and cause my heart to soar,  
And all the while, my butterflies still chase,  
The thrill of seeking, wanderlust, and more.  
    In gentle hours, lost in the silent peace,  
    I find myself, awaiting sweet release.

*Kim Leighton*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

## INFATUATION

---

The fragrant smell of damask'd rose so sweet,  
And presence of the young Adonis fair;  
They talk and sing, enjoying Summer's heat;  
Aye, Venus and Adonis — not a care.  
Yet love was bold, advances turn'd him pale,  
His sport; to hunt the boar, he did prefer,  
And though to sweet Adonis she did wail,  
He left, she prayed that Death would his defer.  
And so she wandered aimlessly and cried  
For her Adonis' love to be return'd,  
Then spoke the voice of Death — Adonis died,  
Now lives he as a flower purple burn'd.  
    Infatuation? Love would hesitate:  
    In truth he lov'd, now love has need to wait.

*Ferrick Gray*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

## JOURNEY

---

The sun slips through the window of my heart,  
It warms me from the inside to the out.  
My heartbeat quickens, you made it from the start,  
And butterflies spill forth, to quell the doubt.  
My mind is racing, yet I start to smile,  
I think about the journey we've begun.  
In life you give an inch, it takes a mile,  
Before you know it, all the songs are sung.  
With you I want to slow the beats of time,  
I want to savour each and every morn,  
The days ahead may be, or not be mine,  
But with each mem'ry, hope in joy, is born.  
    I'm looking forward, filled with butterflies,  
    I'm grateful for the moments, each surprise.

*Kim Leighton*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

## LIFE'S POSY

---

If Life should ever close her knowing eyes;  
Would Death erase her codicil of light?  
Could Life give o'r to Death in silent cries  
Of helplessness — as day becomes the night?  
Oft times there runs a melancholic blight  
To sap the vigor of a pleasant day —  
What's in a name? To know by any hight  
These many wretched thoughts that find their way.  
Yet in the dark recesses — Life's bouquet?  
A nosegay gathered from our simple past,  
Reminds us in our age, the need to play:  
To live, enjoy; what's now can never last.  
Will you, this tiny posy's scent adore?  
Or seek the stench of false blooms evermore.

*Ferrick Gray*

*Spenserian Form*

---

## LIGHT UNKNOWN

---

Beneath a mottled sky of muted clouds  
An orb, aglow, is radiating light.  
In silken fingers, drifting through blue shrouds,  
Its warmth is overwhelmingly so bright.  
Just because our view is clouded now,  
It doesn't mean we'll never see its gold.  
We do not need to know the why, or how,  
We simply need to be a heart that's bold.  
Be brave, have faith, and soon you'll come to see  
That all your wishes cast upon the stars,  
Filled with promise, of all that soon will be  
So beautiful, despite those hidden scars.  
Keep looking up, that's where your smile is found.  
You'll never see what's coming 'pon the ground.

*Kim Leighton*

*Shakespearean Form*



---

**MINE OWN FILIGREE**

---

Her golden tresses, crafted filigree,  
So delicate, imagined, seldom seen,  
For Beauty hides her face. This rarity;  
Her smile, her eyes, adorn mine filigree.  
Lo, am I blind! I ask, where has she been?  
For chanced moments bless this common man,  
The heart is stirred! O' my! What can it mean,  
As love-struck eyes admire sweet filigrann.  
Yet dare I touch? I wonder if I can —  
Will coarse hands spoil and tarnish Beauty's shine?  
'Twould be a sin no doubt, if fingers ran  
Through tresses gold. O' know, this thought is mine.  
Such decoration pales! The Maker's art,  
Lies not in what is seen, but in the heart.

*Ferrick Gray*

*Spenserian Form*

---

## O' PROUD DECEIT

---

O' proud Deceit! Come walk your wicked way,  
And throw your shadow dark 'pon pages old —  
Should history speak, rebutting what you say;  
Will you still claim the right? Apollo's Gold?  
Should I believe you, everything I've known  
Would crumble as a house once built on sand.  
The cursed remains of selfhood. Lies have grown,  
That one, could you believe — Fie! Understand,  
That Truth will always come to those who wait;  
Those not in such the hurry to applaud —  
They ponder much, in some way hesitate  
To follow you, despite the screaming horde.  
O' proud Deceit, and Vanity so cruel!  
Decide have I, to n'er engage the fool!

*Ferrick Gray*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

## PREVARICATION

---

The serpent slithers slow, intent on hiding  
His true identity, though yet they know —  
He soon rebuffs the word, for of its chiding,  
Believes he can persuade the status quo.  
Sore history recounted, blow by blow,  
Fictitious though it be, its sense is strong —  
A plea for understanding in his woe,  
Albeit that his motives all are wrong.  
Yet 'pon his soapbox, preaching to the throng  
Who pass on by; disinterest reigns supreme,  
Some stop and stare, they knew it all along  
And sorry words now interrupt their dream.  
Be snake or serpent? Lo, what's in a name!  
It matters not, their presence is the same.

*Ferrick Gray*

*Spenserian Form*

---

## RED MAPLE LEAVES

---

Red flutters hinged like wings of molten hues  
Are dancing 'pon the branch, an Autumn breeze.  
Long silken fingers splayed between the leaves,  
Warm golden light now bathes our paths anew.  
From windows hung, warmth permeates the air,  
Warm gentle hugs, that make me think of you.  
You keep me safe, beneath this sky of blue.  
Your warm embrace still lingers on skin bare.  
I hope that you are smiling, just like me,  
That little mem'ries, touch you through the day.  
That thoughts of us, and little things we say,  
Are forming hopes, tomorrows that will be.  
    You fill me with the hope of things to come  
    Beneath red maple leaves, awash in sun.

*Kim Leighton*

*Hybrid Form  
A combination of the Italian and English Forms*

---

## SIGNS

---

When silence fills my space, there's always you.  
You linger in my thoughts, both night and day.  
And whether skies are grey with clouds or blue,  
It feels like you're the sun that lights my way.  
I hover in this place, it's peace I seek,  
So many days, it seems I've waited long  
To feel your warmth pressed gently to my cheek,  
To find a place, a soul, where I belong.  
I need to feel my hand in yours tonight,  
To drown within the depth of your blue eyes.  
To feel your arms around me holding tight,  
Untangle fear, unleash these heartfelt sighs.  
    Don't let me wonder, will this dream be mine?  
    Pull me close, I'm looking for a sign.

*Kim Leighton*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

## STAY

---

The simple act of touching skin, surreal.  
My fingers, drawn as if a moth to flame.  
In every beat, my heart now drunk, I feel  
That every moment shared, you feel the same.  
You're everything I've dreamt of, maybe more?  
The way you make me feel, when you say, Mine!  
The blush unravels, this heat unknown before,  
And every breath I draw, each sigh, a sign.  
Your eyes so soft, your gaze and smile my joy,  
The way you hold me tight, as if I'll go...  
As if I am your girl, and you my boy,  
I'm holding tight, I hope you truly know.  
    You're in my heart, for always you will stay,  
    I won't forget, my wish came true this day.

*Kim Leighton*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

**THE DAMASK'D ROSE WOULD BLUSH**

---

Across thy nose, a spray of freckles found.  
Why would the Maker tarnish such a sight  
As yours? You think to hide and pan the ground,  
And only raise your eyes within the night.  
The slightest imperfection, some may say,  
Makes beauty run and hide, to shed a tear,  
But I desire them all, to shun? O' nay!  
To cherish them, not see, as they appear.  
No cheek is fairer lo! These lips of mine,  
To press upon soft skin, to feel the rush  
Of coursing blood, each aching pulse divine;  
Beseech thy kiss! The damask'd rose would blush.  
    Perfection for the one who sees with eyes,  
    Will blinded be, for love wears no disguise.

*Ferrick Gray*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

## THE PRESENT ASSUMPTION

---

Like satin sheets of apricoted stars,  
The warmth of hue, still borrowed from the sun.  
Like gentle kisses, left on battle scars,  
Upon the brink, as daylight dreams are spun.  
I look afar, unsure where future lies,  
And hope that somehow night will gather tight,  
As salty tears, 'pon stratospheric skies,  
Splash our souls, enveloped by this night.  
I've battled hard, each turn that life has sent,  
Exhausted 'til, my threads are worn to bear  
Translucent me, elusive, lost and spent,  
The fatal blow, resounding, lest you care.  
    But know this well, should daylight yet be cast –  
    I'll love again, and you will be my past!

*Kim Leighton*

*Shakespearean Form*



---

## THE WEIGHT OF WAIT

---

My lashes wet, a symbol of my pain,  
And though it's hard, I bring my hurt to you.  
Some bonds are made and fortified to reign,  
Our bond of steel, will stand to all things new.  
You caused the hurt, as if a hurt to share,  
And I, a willing soul, to share the load,  
A burden felt, the weight of past to bear,  
Together , hand in hand, we walked our road.  
The wait, a weight, so heavy on my own,  
I felt the fray, threadbare, my soul, to break,  
I ask of you, a gift, with love you've shown,  
To give me grace, a space, a way to make.  
    I know that I do tempt the fate of we,  
    I pray our bond will last, let time now see.

*Kim Leighton*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

## UNREST

---

A howling wind whips round my soul tonight,  
And everything inside me shouts for you.  
Unrest is running through my veins this night,  
In prayer, I now surrender all that's due.  
Without you I am lost, I lose my way  
I cannot see the light I know you shine.  
My eyes, glued shut, see naught despite the day,  
This night devoid of stars, is meant for mine.  
I pray that you will whisper to my heart,  
You'll tell me everything will soon reveal,  
Please tell me Lord, I shall not fall apart  
Whilst in your arms, the lies of Satan kneel.  
    In hand I hold my Bible from the shelf,  
    I've nothing left to fear 'cept fear itself.

*Kim Leighton*

*Shakespearean Form*

---

**WHAT HAS MOTHER NATURE DONE?**

---

Behold! The fields are flushed with color red!  
Methinks not blood, but blood it may well be.  
Behold the sight! Nay turn my head instead,  
Avert mine eyes, this travesty I see.  
Their sound! They sound as one and all agree  
That greatness comes in numbers more than one.  
Who strives to flee their common repartee  
Of dry repeated-ness and stories spun.  
But lo! Their faces greet the noonday sun;  
All 'tempt to dull her with their feign eclipse —  
So many, what has Mother Nature done?  
She stands aside, her hands upon her hips:  
I wonder if the grass is truly green;  
With poppies tall, the grass is rarely seen.

*Ferrick Gray*

*Spenserian Form*

---

YOUR NAME

---

Intrepid steps, I walk upon this earth,  
Each step unknown, with faith I find my way.  
In you I trust, kept safe, before my birth,  
You hold each tear, each smile, my disarray.  
The clouds can gather, black and tinged in blues -  
My eyes are fixed on higher visions gold.  
Your love, alights, Heaven, awash in hues,  
It's you alone, that lifts my heart, be bold.  
My rock, my strength, my joy, I'm filled with peace,  
Though every moment felt, that lies between,  
In darkest hours, my soul, a sweet release,  
My faith holds still, for things I trust, unseen.  
My Lord, my saviour, Your promise I now claim —  
With my last breath, I'll call upon your name.

*Kim Leighton*

*Shakespearean Form*

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## INDEX OF FIRST LINES

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A howling wind whips round my soul tonight,  
Across thy nose, a spray of freckles found.  
Behold! The fields are flushed with color red!  
Beneath a mottled sky of muted clouds  
Beneath Aurora's skies, and all her space,  
Canst thou, grim mirror tell me? Truth or lie.  
Her golden tresses, crafted filigree,  
If Life should ever close her knowing eyes;  
In shaded hours I woke to heavy heart,  
Intrepid steps, I walk upon this earth,  
Let's leave the world and all it's hate behind,  
Like satin sheets of apricoted stars,  
My lashes wet, a symbol of my pain,  
N'er turn thy back to me; complacent wretch!  
O' pray thee hindsight, speak not bitter balm,  
O' proud Deceit! Come walk your wicked way,  
O' tempted fool, past memories cloud the day.  
Red flutters hinged like wings of molten hues  
Reflections play, in waters cool and calm,  
The fragrant smell of damask'd rose so sweet,  
The serpent slithers slow, intent on hiding  
The simple act of touching skin, surreal.  
The sun slips through the window of my heart,  
These times that mock the written law of past  
Were I to tell you beauty never fades,  
What is, is light if what is not, is dark —  
When *fourteen lines* are used to write a verse,  
When silence fills my space, there's always you.  
You pull me close, my head rests on your heart,  
Your touch, it burns, like embers on my soul,