

THE WINNER

Lucie Korecká, Gymnázium Trhové Sviny

A sonnet is a song, a sweet soft sound
A flute's tune as it flutters, flies and flows
It flits and floats, a melody follows
Uplifting to all souls that it surrounds

A nightingale whistling between the eaves
Enchanting with its chant of calm sweet art
A harp in a bard's hands that charms the heart
A finch trilling hidden in linden leaves

Hear trickling hill streams swiftly drift away
A river's singing spring, frisking and free
And then again the angry raving sea
The rage of grey waves in a haven's bay

A sonnet sings aloud or calls and chimes
Or whispers low as slowly sailing time