A MODERN SONNET: Mark the stressed syllables Rhyme Scheme

**FLAT SCREEN**My new flat screen TV's not big enough.  
It sits upon the wall with too much space.  
So says my husband in pursuit of stuff.  
It seems to hang in air without a base.

So tell me what it is about the size  
That makes each man just want to go for broke.  
To me, it makes no sense, is a surprise.  
The quest for big screen size is quite the joke.  
  
Each night he will recline and then, by rote  
He'll change one hundred channels one by one.  
He is enamored of the big remote  
And he's asleep before the night is done.  
  
So now you're up to date and up to speed.  
The truth is that this wife would rather read.  
  
by Denise Rodgers  
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Write a sentence below that explains EACH stanza: Keep your sentences between 8-10 words

1. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**Let go …**

A Modern Ballad: Mark the stressed syllables Rhyme Scheme Sentence for

each stanza

The call of the buzzard draws me in

To a place I’ve never been

It’s dark inside with no one there

And nothing can be seen

The buzz of silence within my head

Echoes a conscious decision

To go inside and disappear

To avoid all this confusion

The darkness wraps its arms around

And holds me firm and strong

Giving me the time to think

That something is quite wrong

Above the trees it’s a different world

One full of space and time

Where no one ever questions

And the feeling is quite sublime

I rest my head to watch the clouds

Drift by without a care

Of anyone or anything

And nothing to declare

A sense of place to call my own

Where no one can disturb

The thoughts and feelings deep within

Resting unperturbed

The face can show a different side

So others cannot see

That layered deep within your soul

Is where you need to be

Rest my friend and take your time

To discover who you are

Find solace in the ones you love

And the buzzard is never far…

Entry submitted by Kate H Bryant – whose favourite charity is Versus Arthritis