

Ben

APT: A Shakespearean Sonnet

Batter my heart, O' thee green-scaled devil!  
For it is thy fullness and calm I seek.  
In such beauty and peace, I shall revel.  
And at that hour thou reveal thy mystique.  
In our dance, should doom and death befall me,  
Thy red, hot fire all-consuming my grade.  
My code, my soul, thy force art a banshee.  
This fanged devil remains quite undismayed.  
A function, a for-loop, a dance of death.  
At our fateful hour only one shall stand.  
One shall be Duncan, the other Macbeth.  
The dark onslaught I shall indeed withstand.  
Green devil, thy name whispered unto me  
On your grave most proud thy scream "APT!"