

Sonnet 17

Jeff's Sonnet

Though the person I never could behold
Over the Internet I knew his mind.
Alas, I say, to my wolfjestergold
One day soon, I hope, your wits you will find.
It has occurred to me, over these days,
You do things that take up much of your time,
Perhaps it is THEM and their evil ways
That is turning your sanity to slime.
Than again, I am not the one to talk,
This Shakespearean sonnet is witness
That your mental state is nothing to mock,
That my sanity, too, is slime, or less.
 Jeff, keep this sonnet of wisdom nearby
 As hope our sanity never will die.