

## SONNET [AN ENIGMA]

"seldom we find," says Solomon Don Dunce,  
"Half an idea in the profoundest sonnet.  
Through all the flimsy things we see at once  
As easily as through a Naples bonnet—  
Trash of all trash!—how *can* a lady don it?  
Yet heavier far than your Petrarchan stuff—  
Owl-downy nonsense that the faintest puff  
Twirls into trunk-paper the while you con it."  
And, veritably, Sol is right enough.  
The general Petrarchanities are arrant  
Bubbles—ephemeral and so transparent—  
But *this* is, now,—you may depend upon it—  
Stable, opaque, immortal—all by dint  
Of the dear names that lie concealed within 't.

[March, 1848]