

Sonnet on Myself

A transient speck in wide infinity,
A needless incident of endless time,
An empty fool of measure and of rhyme,
One who is not but only seems to be
Alive to intellect and melody—
Whose struggling thoughts a puny soul confines
Till their small wit must hide in sounding lines,
Whose only wisdom is to know and see
That he is nothing, and to guard his pen
Against those flights of arrogant conceit
Which soar to mocking Heav'n from bards more bold;
From lords and peasants, great and little men,
Who deem their vain thoughts worthy to repeat,
I tell, for ease, what were as well untold!