

Sonnet 18

(for **Mariangela** from **Manfred**, at the conclusion of the first Ferrara IP: European Shakespeare, 2004)

Shall I compare thee to a pumpkin pie?
Thou art more lovely and more tempera.
Rough winds do shake me when the pie's too dry
And our lease is all too short at F  rrara.

Sometime too oily is the *zucca* dish,
And often doth it seem too cloying sweet.
And sometime every pumpkin fan wants fish,
Or tastebuds' changing courses crave for meat.

But Cinderella's pumpkin shall not stale
Nor loose possession of that coach thou ow'st,
No prince shall brag that thou should'st ever pale,
When into sweet and golden globes thou grow'st.

So long as Cinderellas find their prince,
So long liv'st thou and thou shall'st never wince
At Brussels' forms or bureaucrats' ado.

I know, my lines are up, what can I do,
When there remains so much to praise in you,
And fourteen lines of praise just are too few?
I just go on to sing your virtues and *virt  *:
How first the savage Saracen you slew,
Then to the engineers the maidens drew,
Of Hamlet videos prepared a stew
That in shared laughter together us did glue,
Gave'st wine to drink, pasta and meat to chew
Twelve days and nights to all the merry crew.

And at the end, no ways out of the blue,
Our onlie begetter to our master-mistress grew
Who all the tricks of creative invoice knew.
Therefore, though dog will bark and cat will mew,
This will forever be our poems' cue:
None but the highest praise to thee is due –
Mariangela, whom in his sonnets Will did sue
As the one and only fair and good and true.