

*I often ask myself if I can go  
And do the things I want to do in life.  
Sincerely to the world I wish to show  
That I'll be more than someone's little wife.  
In truth I wish my wants, they were not so,  
But rather to delight in quiet days.  
Contentment is a virtue, ye shall know,  
For, like the sun, it warms us with its rays.  
Our souls like great enigmas shall remain  
As surely as the day turns into night.  
Whilst we slumber we sweetly do retain  
Our dreams within like pathways to the light.  
But, alas, when I from my sleep awake  
As real as day my dreams I wish to make.*

*- Marianne Hansen*

*A Sonnet I Wrote for a Shakespeare Acting Class*