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English 125, Section 5: David Quint

Spenserian Stanzas

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As lightning bolts do aim toward earth their tips
To pierce and 'lectrify each chosen plot,
The hov'ring point shoots down, yet also rips
Across its flaccid victim, who for naught
Does slow the strokes with friction, deep and hot.
Where is the blood these scratchings should produce?
Where are the horrid moans with anguish fraught?
And why so still beneath such vicious use?
Could this assault just signify some savage truce?

The slashings pause; a lull occurs at last.
The swift assailant floats and rests mid-air.
Oh wounded one, be quick—flee now, flee fast!
But wait—those are not hurts that it does wear.
Full willful is its choice to softly bear
The rapid scrapes that drain its partner Pen
Of fluid life. This bond between a pair
Of tools for those of literary yen
Has birth—not death—of written magic as its end.