

Personal commentary on shakespeare's sonnet 60

Literature



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Personal Commentary on Shakespeare's Sonnet #60 I think that Sonnet #60 - part of the Fair Youth sequence - is one of the most powerful of all of Shakespeare's sonnets. Well, at least for me. This is the case because the words have an immediate effect with its use of metaphors to illustrate man's mortality. When Shakespeare, for instance, wrote:

Like as the waves make towards the pebble shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their ends...

I feel like being immediately transported to a state wherein I could see my life flashing in fast forward. It is not unlike feeling the ebb of one's vitality as the minutes progress. This particular emotional response to the verse is a bit melancholic for me since I am especially averse to the subject of death.

However, the effect is not totally akin to some emotion that can be translated as a complete tragedy or feeling of loss because the sonnet has its redeeming value from my own vantage point.

It must be underscored that title Sonnet #60 alluded to the minutes in the hour. And when one is seized by the idea that such minutes correspond to our lives, it is like we are being reminded that our journey has its end and I am particularly troubled that I am already almost halfway through it.

Ordinarily, I would have been repelled by the theme and the message the sonnet wants to convey. I am the kind of person who would prefer to think happy thoughts and that the dark clouds or dying flicker of burnt out candle can depress my spirit instantly. I do not know if it is a weakness that must be corrected but the fact is that it exists in my character and it happens in my experiences. But, interestingly, I do not feel this kind of gray mood

exclusively when reading Sonnet #60. Even though it is about death, there is something potent in the lyrics that tells of the life and hope in people amidst

<https://assignbuster.com/personal-commentary-on-shakespeares-sonnet-60/>

an impending doom. It is like Shakespeare wants me to feel the ever so slight persistence that characterizes the human spirit even as it is being slowly and inevitably drawn by the waves to the "shore." And so even though I am terrified and would feel a mixture of sadness, regret and melancholy in varying degrees, there is always a swelling in my heart, knowing that - like what the sonnet have told me - there is something I can do to not die completely and fall into the utter darkness of oblivion. As Shakespeare warned,

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth

And delves the parallels in beautys brow

He also proclaimed that,

And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,

Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

I was reminded and, have certainly felt, that even though I might cease to exist at some point in time, I can do something to change the course of my life so that when the comes, there is something that I will be able to leave behind - alive for all to remember me by. In this regard, Sonnet #60 reminded me of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, wherein the philosopher Pythagoras meditated about change. It's like, in the end, the thought that with all my mortal helplessness, I can still assert my will and deeds - the poetry does not dishearten me to despair about my existence.