

# THE ORIGINAL SONNETS

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**Verse: the flowing frontier. These are the voyages of *The Penrose Trekkie*. Her continuing mission: to explore strange, old ways; to seek out new themes and new philosophies; to boldly compose what no poet has composed before.**

Regarding the Sonnets:

The Penrose Trekkie: The Original Sonnets

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**This constitutes every, single sonnet composed prior to the launch of the *Penrose Trekkie* site.**

**These sonnets were inspired — as you might guess — by *Star Trek: The Original Series*.**

**Live Long And Prosper.**

**Rose, out.**

I

From early days you gave me joy  
and taught me with unmeasured hand  
the way of laughter's sweet employ  
to keep its healing my command;  
unnumbered tears wiped from my eyes  
by you who shared in all my sighs  
and gave me free your shoulder strong,  
so making childhood like a song.  
Today you ask for my report  
full-knowing what I have to say,  
yet still you must put on the play  
and query forth to hear in short:  
"As dear to me as salt are you;  
as dear as water, love of you.

||

A vow to honor and obey  
was made, a sacred trust to earn  
for you the right to hear them pray,  
that their great fears you might adjourn.  
No solemn word departs your lips  
except for when there are no hips;  
but, who shall bend an ear for you  
or kiss away those beads of dew  
that find you in the lonely hour  
when you would feign to be at peace,  
not seeing that your still caprice  
takes all good will and makes it sour.  
So, Dear, if you would do no harm,  
do heal yourself and take my arm.



Say, what is he who goes with grace,  
the lives of hundreds in his hands  
by faith of value in his face  
to do or die as he commands?  
Will he be brave when all despairs?  
Mock death like children making dares?  
Upon a challenge turns he cruel  
or mute or prattling as a fool?  
The showing that is shown is shown  
its due, the countenance as true  
or false as warrants his debut.  
See how he stands when he is known  
and laurels martial recommend  
against or for his peacetime trend.

## IV

What be the heading, friend, that by  
no leave you lead afoul of all  
the faith-made kin you did belie  
so mutiny would be your fall?  
Why take the fallen star back to  
the sky that split his heart in two?  
What constellations do you show  
to illustrate that we may know?  
Are these derived from distant cries  
of worlds the law makes loathe to seek?  
How can these phantoms from the peak  
restore your praise in tear-filled eyes?  
Peace, though you speak, you answer not  
to offer sights most eyes forgot.

# V

For years devoted did he serve  
until a task demanded all  
too much. Now silence hides what verve  
remains in him by stillness small.  
We cannot know what things he dreams  
though recent visions came in teams  
to justify a seeming cross  
by one who would redeem all loss.  
The greatest aids come from above:  
a word of hope, a star that guides  
a broken man to better tides.  
Bear witness to that joy of love  
when, after worry, triumph sows  
a shadow soft for sweet repose.

## VI

Harsh words come first of such a man  
as he who would decide the fate  
of tenants so to spread the span  
of their supplies as they await  
that welcome hour of support  
only to find the wait so short  
there was no need to compensate  
with blood where now the food does spate.  
What would you ask of justice blind?  
With torments full and years that creep  
upon a brow by ghosts in keep,  
he carries all he left behind.  
What other harvest could he reap?  
What other harvest could he reap?

## VII

The month of maying calls away  
that sting of air who wears a shroud  
to shield itself when break of day  
wins sunny skies without a cloud.  
Returning so, to kindle throes  
of lilies that will never rose,  
a widow's walk goes to the bride  
whose groom is taken from her side  
before she can be made a wife.  
Unwelcome guests bring tidings cold,  
unwavering and ages old,  
that only serve to end the life  
of some small dream of love she had  
when winter's end brought flowers glad.

## VIII

You say that he has gone against  
the way by which his self is ruled,  
with all emotion tightly fenced,  
that his own safeguard has him fooled.  
You saw him at his enterprise,  
exhausting picks among the sighs  
of those who offered little aid  
because they were so much afraid.  
You think his tactics had their change  
because he felt, but could it not  
be your example you forgot?  
An act severe, however strange,  
comes always by a cause; its fruit  
remains, interpretations suit.

# IX

What danger is a play of law  
when rhyme and reason put to task  
cannot explain what no man saw  
for evidence is but a mask.

A lesser man has done this thing  
to plague the conscience of a king  
defended only by a fool  
who makes integrity his tool.

A jester may not always deal  
in facts, but he is granted port  
to give the truth its day in court.

Whereat, all faithful subjects heel  
the breach and thus reveal the skulk  
whose fatal farce was but a sulk.

# X

Mark you the lady in despair  
who yesterday did walk at rest?  
See how she now tears at her hair  
like one who is by shame possessed?  
She kept the day as well as most,  
in humble kindness acted host;  
it is the dusk that strikes the trade,  
until the dawn can spare the maid.  
By cost of madness came this peace  
of blindest faith in blinder lord  
whose heartless knowledge kept accord.  
The lady weeps to see release  
and see a night pass gently by,  
and see a night pass gently by.

# XI

The sleeping giant stirs anon,  
no kiss to thank save that of death  
so he — then feeling set upon —  
would set his sights to gaining breath  
enough to rise and conquer clean  
the world and what remains unseen.  
His hunger comes by man's design,  
a need to be as one divine.  
His make was also that of charm  
so those who would be guided would  
believe when he did swear the good  
to be his aim and thus disarm  
them all; until such time as can  
be found a warmer flame to fan.

## XII

How strange that man should think of war  
as leading to a greater peace.

It seems the fight they do adore  
above allowing each his piece:  
for one must rise; the other fall  
in with those conquered hordes in thrall;  
and, those who write the story books  
will claim they remedied the schnooks.

Do not lay claim the greater good  
has been afforded to your care  
without first asking what is there  
that's protean and understood  
to act as one canonical  
which keeps each voice still radical.

# XIII

The place where hard was meet for soft —  
and doubts so many pages scrapped —  
there could have kept a quiet croft  
and all the coming years been lapped;  
but, so much learning rooted out  
the plot that was so soon to sprout.  
Do you not mourn the joy made void  
once logic old has been deployed?  
Here lies the stuff that could not keep  
upon a shelf, like so much jam,  
and science could not make exam  
without a corse in slumber deep.  
It was a tool for constant use  
until it made itself a noose.

## XIV

If I had lived beyond my time,  
would I have ever known the cost?  
Would I've been burdened by that crime  
of so much life and living lost?  
Might I have lived beyond my time  
and to myself been later rhyme?  
What purpose does my losing serve  
that I'm denied my lasting nerve?  
If I had lived in my own time,  
and known full well the consequence,  
I would have picked a difference.  
Might I have lived in my own time  
either on my term or on yours?  
If not my time, why not yours?

## XV

What peace is there for him to gain  
who had for vision but a dream  
of some dear fate with all too vane  
a circumstance to catch the gleam?  
As in his eyes the clouds unfurled,  
the wilderness of all the world  
did swallow whole his journey bold:  
no hope of comfort's hand to hold,  
no stars to guide his wandering  
til in those clouds — which might have blocked  
the view of doors all saints have knocked —  
there came glad prisms watering.  
When eyes are opened thus to light,  
such joy is there with double sight.

## XVI

How quick to worship turned a gaze.  
How turned the pen the final word  
that earns a kindly hint of praise;  
that could be won, if one would gird  
enough to battle woe of self  
and bear all sorrow into delph.  
Perhaps the having would but blight  
when wanting brings such great delight.  
Still, only one can make the call,  
if all the trials and their parts  
will make the binding of two hearts,  
and — having triumph over all —  
if that same second will not make  
a hell to follow heaven's wake.

## XVII

The fairest of them all is she,  
the brightest in the firmament  
with blazing tales of charity  
that in good time no foes are tent;  
the fairest of them all is she  
who brings to life that rarity  
what should be as what endures,  
a sight which only man obscures;  
the fairest of them all is she  
who keeps a level playing field  
and to no score is made to yield.  
The fairest of them all is she  
and he who takes her at her word,  
and he who takes her at her word.

## XVIII

How beauteous, with eyes that do  
not judge but with a lovesome lore  
do recommend a better view  
for any who would seek rapport;  
how temperate, to welcome all  
to stand by her in equal thrall  
and ask of any nothing much  
but that they do the same as such,  
was she — perfection manifest —  
ere man conceived of hate and greed  
and all the troubles that they seed.  
So by one, simple — fateful — test  
did he make her a wretched thing;  
and, of her riches, himself king.

# XIX

How dark and wild and hard the world  
when sweetest dreams weigh down the heart  
and to the pyre would you be hurled  
to satisfy some poor upstart.  
It need not be as dire as this;  
just once could be a mother's kiss,  
and suddenly the firmament  
would open wide with kind dissent  
that worlds anew may be your birth.  
Most beautiful for being small  
and yet encompassing our all,  
to live is always trying worth  
for those endowed with purpose great  
as guardian of a child's fate.

## XX

He doesn't know what he has said  
as he repeats himself again.  
He does not know but feels the dread  
in seeing pity from his men.  
He will deny the coming loss  
when from himself there comes the cross.  
While time likens insanity,  
what might you make of such as he  
who has waged battle with machine  
where brute force fails and wit succeeds?  
But now his very knowing bleeds.  
What fate for him can be foreseen  
as his past falls as through a sieve  
and leaves no clue that he did live?

# XXI

What question could you ask of me  
and hear the words you seek?  
Could I make more apology,  
how much less pain could I still wreak?  
What question would you ask of me  
so naught but truth your eyes would see?  
Do you think that you will bear it  
more brave than my poor heart saw fit?  
What question — should you ask of me —  
would my self-reproach least incur  
could I give you just one answer?  
What question might you ask of me  
that I have not yet asked myself?  
My tongue a still and empty shelf.

## XXII

It's not enough to see the world  
as in a mirror or a shade  
when life cannot be let unfurl'd  
for fear of knowing well the blade.  
Seek from whence the reflection comes.  
Be he who beats upon the drums.  
Take hold of life and make your mark,  
and seek you more than humble lark.  
Horizons now stretch out their limbs  
to call you as you call to them  
to make each eye a worthy gem.  
Just so, your well of knowledge brims  
to seek out more and yet still more  
of all the good that life can store.

## XXIII

When good flowed as the river flows  
did not all people know their place;  
the call to share all joys and woes,  
and sharing all to be of grace?  
What caused then poison to be poured  
and make a dirge of sweet accord?  
By want is wisdom's well run dry,  
by fear and greed and toothsome lie.  
Seek now the cup of better cheer  
before you dry the riverbed,  
and hoping's last has been out-bled.  
But seek to open wide and hear  
the call to share all joys and woes  
when good flows as the river flows.

## XXIV

As thou entrusts thy heart to me  
so I my life trust to thy heart,  
breathe deep the peace we two shall be.  
Let fly the breath to speak thy part.  
Thou art my hands and I thy feet,  
we know our bounds and choose this feat;  
here I take my refuge in thee,  
and give thee all refuge in me.  
We two vow to love and respect,  
to speak what is most beautiful,  
to share only what is truthful.  
We two vow to love and protect,  
to be faithful to the present,  
to keep hopeful in each moment.

## XXV

These hands can harm, these hands can heal;  
these hands can go right to the edge  
and make for any breach a seal  
so long as they just skirt the ledge.  
Yet for every kind of action  
is an opposite reaction  
that stands in equal measuring  
beside the path worth treasuring.  
How might we all keep to the right  
when all we see is what went wrong  
as cumbersome becomes the throng?  
How might we all keep to the right  
when what was left weighs so against  
that naught but woe could be incensed?

## XXVI

One man cannot serve two masters;  
his humility errs in vain  
to say the good he so honors  
cannot be marred by mortal stain.  
Who is the master? Who the voice  
that does foretell the final choice?  
When all good deeds to be punished  
receive the penalty they wished,  
does sadness not mingle with pride  
as the father weeps for the child  
that he too soon sent to the wild?  
It's from ourselves we cannot hide  
once right and wrong have been instilled,  
no matter how our minds be skilled.

## XXVII

Fear not the seasick swell within,  
so tireless in pursuit of truth.  
Would you deny yourself again,  
again deny your sense of truth?  
You are not one when both hands clutch  
to iron bars as heartstrings touch.  
It is not weak to own you fear  
that thing which makes each creature peer.  
You do yourself grave disservice  
keeping severity your cause  
even as purity gives pause.  
Say to your mirror that nervous  
keeping a supposed beast in cage.  
Does not the bird have cause to rage?

## XXVIII

There is no test man can devise  
to prove the mettle of a god  
without loss of his seeming wise  
when so unwilling yet to plod.

There is no test man can devise  
that woman cannot realize;  
where he is the sum of action,  
her kind is the final traction.

There is no test man can devise  
that does not part one from other  
and so void the mean of brother.

There is no test man can devise  
that would deliver paradise  
without some lasting sacrifice.

## XXIX

"Ashes, ashes" the children cry  
with laughter sweet upon their lips  
while elders all around them lie.  
Blind to the face whose word so grips,  
how can they see the harm they do?  
How could they know his kind untrue?  
A tender touch is not enough,  
and facts alone speak far and rough.  
Open eyes hear a thousand words  
and hold not back a thousand tears  
as they ring true throughout the years;  
but, what child could rejoin the herds  
full-knowing what they once forgot,  
feeling the weight of what they wrought?

**XXX**

Low she flies, though just out of reach,  
fanning the flames of paradise  
she lacks in plumage, though not in speech  
for those would take fair advice  
and put aside their childish fret  
before their life is all regret.

Too simple is the cutting blade,  
but simpler still is what she prayed:  
"See clear the fight that is not yours,  
the battle born of fools in fog  
that leaves no room for epilogue.

Born on the waves of further shores,  
a tune, which all things hear and fear  
may never come, is still most dear."

# XXXI

The sun will be turned to darkness  
and the moon will be red with blood  
as man continues to transgress,  
giving just cause for one last flood.  
The oracles are red with dread  
to see thee pulling at the thread  
for the world is hollow and thy  
unbidden words will burn the sky.  
Cool thy burning cheeks with a year  
of changing things for the better  
and bringing life back together,  
so every cheek will flush with cheer  
to know that none laid down to die  
while answering the battle cry.

## XXXII

Lean into the sun, a flower  
ever trapped and free in itself;  
have no delusions of power,  
being able to will yourself  
to move on command is more than  
that for which you were built. Don't plan  
on living for yourself, but learn  
to see your tame so that you burn  
with a will that is more than free;  
choose to be in your proper place,  
to hold this world in your embrace  
with a will that is more than free.  
You have that gift of roots and wings  
that ever ease and ardor brings.

## XXXIII

Being not free so long as my minding  
is bent at a moment by whims  
of another's gross desiring,  
I cannot trust my very limbs  
not to chide me on the hour  
nor my lips to buck thy power  
as a bile within me rises;  
such a hate defies all guises.  
I envy not monstrosity.  
Desire I not such feebleness.  
How cruel I'd turn I dare not guess,  
but leave the generosity  
of choosing in hands small enough  
to make good with such precious stuff.

## XXXIV

This quiet beauty of spring lived  
a life of ordinary grace  
until put to a test contrived  
to prove her worthy of embrace;  
for she who understands all hearts  
and sees those wounds that spare no parts,  
she brings release — prosperity —  
and weeps tears of new clarity.  
When kindness is the blade of choice,  
she burns with living gold to show  
the good in use we may yet grow;  
she stays with us and does rejoice  
when we go forth and carry high  
the call to answer every die.

## XXXV

The tears that piqued your kindness once  
will never fall again; I stand —  
now reliquary as a dunce  
who only wears the cap at hand —  
as tall as any mourner's glass  
with filigree of fine-wrought brass,  
the stopper fixed for no escape  
as to my duty I take shape.  
To each his own as fate decrees,  
so we regard as we part ways  
and never more speak of this blaze.  
To each his own by choice degrees,  
as one will honor your word  
and every second see a third.

## XXXVI

Shoulder-to-shoulder, face-to-face,  
there is but room to gasp for air  
as life presses in every place;  
filled with the tradition of fair,  
even stars move slowly for fear  
of snuffing out that thing most dear.  
Eyes will see hearts that wonder how  
to break the mold yet stay their vow;  
those hearts beating their ears to deaf  
so none can hear enough to think,  
enough to know beyond the rink  
there waits a time to leap — a clef.  
It takes but one to move mountains  
when hope follows, when it fountains.

## XXXVII

Your eyes like stars did blind me so  
I knew not how to turn away;  
still, from my side I let you go  
and now some mark has you in sway.  
Strange utterings do part your lips  
though fearful rage turn them to quips,  
how may I come to your defense  
if you'll not drop this cross pretense?  
You hear my voice, my beating heart,  
call out to you to fight the strain  
of a hundred wills turned to bane.  
No harm I know will you impart,  
you will be who you choose to be  
and that choice is all things to me.

## XXXVIII

Tis Hunger makes the wanderer  
who seeks yet never finds such meat  
as satisfies that amateur  
who by affection takes a seat.  
The weight of Plenty keeps one still  
without the need for test or will  
when there exists no agony  
nor any test of sweet esprit.  
Between these lies the river Lone  
whose waters only whet the thirst  
no desert flower ever durst  
when all the risks were fairly known.  
Of flower daft drinks wanderer,  
then sleeping does not remember.

## XXXIX

Oh how we crave that gentle touch,  
a food the fully satisfies,  
to feel we are the same as such,  
to feel we are beyond goodbyes.  
We were one in the beginning,  
grew apart in great confusing;  
now, we must seek — or else create —  
a place that all may count as great.  
No room to doubt, but all to err  
as we meet face-to-face in joy  
and understanding then employ.  
No room to doubt, but all to air  
Hope's laundered flag once more unfurl'd  
too soon made secret by the world.

# XL

O what terrible hands are yours  
which — when not bruised with your good work —  
are prone to violent overtures  
that just beneath the surface lurk.

O what ferocious mouths are yours  
to prove you nothing more than boors  
when from the depths you rise to speak  
in hope of bettering the bleak.

O what discerning eyes are yours  
that seeing clear the path to take  
do rouse in me a sort of wake.

O what exquisite ears are yours,  
no utterance escapes your note  
ere you should move to cast your vote.

# XLI

Thrown out of place and out of time,  
alone and without dignity,  
for nearness to another's crime  
regardless of affinity,  
who'd brave the wastes without dire need?  
Who'd live to see such passion seed?  
What hope is there that without sight  
of one more dawn to follow night?  
Your logic says all things must pass;  
there is nought which springs eternal,  
winter shall replace the vernal.  
Yet, you see not how all things pass;  
the birthing of a history,  
near-boundless as a mystery.

## XLII

Better to be dead than to live  
alone and in this body so  
distasteful, yet prone to misgive  
as though one born devoid of woe.  
What weakness do you yet ascribe  
to give rise to this diatribe  
but the meekness your kind demands  
when as equals we would take hands?  
Do you not see I am denied  
my rightful time to seek the seat  
where I'm yet bound to kiss your feet?  
Do you not see beyond strange pride  
that I am bound to cheating steal  
that I my rightful place may feel?

## XLIII

A path of learning lay before  
one that would learn to be alive  
and seek out then to underscore  
that lasting thing that won't archive.  
Just so begins the happening  
with all enigmatic needing  
once every answer has been writ  
save that to which we glad submit.  
Some need the maker so to know  
what there is left to seek beyond  
the wall of logic we have donned.  
Some skip the maker so to grow  
and — growing — merge with their best choice  
of how to give desiring voice.

## XLIV

To try, to seek, to go, to learn,  
to follow nought but enterprise,  
and — with her roaming heart — to burn  
unbounded through a thousand skies.  
See how she rests awaiting more,  
some noble quest not done before;  
a thrust of curiosity  
does not compare with verity.  
At length she cries for stars unseen,  
so sick with longing veiled in cloud  
as though to wear her dream as shroud.  
A thousand eyes does she make keen  
with glory at their fingertips  
and peace aye ready to eclipse.

## XLV

Her beauty was the fire of awe,  
her eye cast men below her heel,  
her words fell with the force of law,  
and she was wrought to outspend steel.  
Above the rest was she upheld  
as — with a grace unparalleled —  
she eased me of all earthly strife  
and taught me to take heart in life.  
Her kindness was my rock and star;  
she sowed the seed humility  
with all its fallibility,  
a course for which some are not par.  
On her my hope, my trust relied;  
now, this wild hell spreads far and wide.

## XLVI

A chill has settled where she laid,  
and in its vast oblivion  
there weighs a debt no longer stayed  
by hands of sweet valerian.  
This bed — my second wasted world —  
perdition froze when I was hurled  
so I would long her warm embrace  
til vengeful mercy showed your face  
and turned my hands to task your fate  
with fires beyond all friendly drop,  
with ice not still enough to stop  
the beating heart I'd leave to sate  
itself on company of worms,  
or with one word that all affirms.

## XLVII

A dying planet fraught with life,  
a house with all the children gone  
still stands more noble than the knife  
that wounds the dark with break of dawn.  
The wound stays open, spilling forth —  
with all the glamour of true north —  
the dearest blood with which was paid  
the fitful waters fit to trade.  
Yet how much more will it still cost?  
The bride-price meant for mind and flesh  
demands a sore unseasoned thresh  
of sapling strong, who bore the frost —  
well-meant by the diverted rays —  
to be now felled by glory's blaze.

## XLVIII

Beginning now, we do not stand  
with those who speak against the truth,  
but seek instead — as you had planned —  
to grant all hopes another youth;  
for faith gives rise to our one chance  
at seeing our own souls advance  
unto that better resting place  
more far than farthest reach of grace.  
We choose the danger chiefly grave.  
Yours is the last nobility,  
the stronghold of affinity.  
We choose all dangers that might save;  
for you are goodness full and more,  
the indeterminate in store.

# XLIX

When all my parts are — in my mind —  
in proper place and called “at home,”  
what need is there to test the mind  
and seek strange hearths within the home?  
You wish that I were made to mind;  
all logic, feeling, one of mind.  
But purpose what would that drive home?  
Such logic dear beseems your home,  
while mine is such that takes to mind  
the issue of how orphans home,  
and how an empty house may home.  
I ask that you no longer mind,  
know I feel fine and I am home.  
No, I feel fine and I am home.

# L

The salted cold does yet contain  
the hottest blood, most urgent, wild:  
they blow — they blow — a white, hot rain  
and rock and rock at sea the child  
who dreams in songs leviathan  
and walks among the agonthan;  
they press and press the child to act  
and clasp and clutch their final tract  
in hopes of passing on the hymn  
that reassures the longing life:  
to bridge that bridge of loving strife  
from him to her and her to him,  
the ceaseless flood pours without words  
and — fathomless — all sporting girds.

# LI

Such visions as I dare recall  
of final hours where I lack skill  
enough to lengthen or ease. All  
my soul to see you so was ill.  
Were you not one as state knew well?  
One to give misery some hell  
and just by standing more than tall,  
no matter how the beck and call?  
To see you stilled against your will,  
I'd rather listen to your knell  
though mighty oak be mine to fell.  
To save your will I'd do it still.  
What care I for cruel protocol?  
You made me great when I was small.

## LII

Too soon made secret by the world,  
forgotten in our childhood plight  
to see our rougher edges pearled,  
perfection lost to coarse delight.  
Enter unto some reverie  
from palace great of memory,  
seek what was lost and can be gained  
which calls through visions deep-ingrained.  
Feel circled then by warmest gold  
as your heart's yearning makes you one  
of many seeking grief be done.  
Find all the truth you can behold,  
your nature's hunger to appease,  
just as the sun calls to the trees.

## LIII

Behold, the apple golden pure  
delights the sense and turns the eye  
from what seemed meant to what is sure,  
the best offense to peace is sly;  
the choice is made and strife remains  
to do or die as trial ordains,  
for need of one outweigh the few  
who threat betrayal as their due.  
Tis bittersweet to end so near  
the heart of those with wisest words  
who sought the first among the thirds.  
Tis better — sweet — to end all here,  
then see them made a fool of sleight  
when there is yet such goodly might.

## LIV

A staircase like a flipped sonnet  
stands before you; a strange gauntlet  
of a door that squeaks, steps that creak,  
and a landing that comes too soon;  
a journey best saved til full moon  
when shadows are likely to speak.  
Still — still you stop on the landing  
unable to bide your questing;  
the shadows are too familiar,  
the moon is more of a mirror.  
See how she holds her mouth just wide  
enough to swallow up your cries,  
but not so you may climb inside  
and make so many stars of sighs.

## LV

Just as the sun calls to the trees  
to be but met with happy waves,  
so — too — find we in calling "Please!"  
some pleasant path unto our graves.  
Trust is the pleasure of the quest,  
the smile not feigned in final rest.  
We do believe our cups to fill  
by power sure of our free will.  
We choose this trust without knowing  
what is to come in fullest time  
til clarified by church bell chime.  
"Life or Death," the seeds we're sowing  
have their own quest, their own prize  
who speaks but trust from glowing eyes.

## LVI

Who speaks but trust from glowing eyes  
in days when all are wandering  
and every heart so often cries,  
a babe in need of mothering?  
Who opens wide with loving arms  
that spread about a thousand charms  
to shower every solemn hand  
til it is charged as glass from sand?  
She reaches through all time and space  
to touch upon each tear-stained cheek  
and help us see beyond the bleak.  
She reaches through all time and space  
to show us how to love that much,  
oh how we crave that gentle touch!

## LVII

The sun rises, sees mother fall  
in upon herself, and is born  
as the most human of us all  
in the scarlet splendor of morn;  
brave not the leader without fear,  
with feeling she'll reappear  
a guiding star to mark the way  
as reckless fingers cling to stay.  
There is no cross but double-cross;  
an enemy who burns himself  
will be friend from out the delph.  
There is no cross but double-cross;  
those who deny their nature true  
must to that nature pay their due.

## LVIII

Bone white, blood red or copper sheathed,  
"Man" comes from the Latin for hand;  
man is all airs that have been breathed,  
all steps taken on every land,  
and so much more, and yet still more;  
following hand to limb to core —  
where so resides what Time can't change  
though he turn back and rearrange —  
seen and unseen the seeds remain,  
so though the tree may turn new leaves  
sweet Fate corrects as she yet weaves;  
seen and unseen the seeds remain  
to steady those new to the till,  
as yet old hands set forth to skill.

# LIX

Beware the jinn allowed to rise  
from out of slumber centuries long  
among those darker, unknown skies  
too soon met with no hope of song  
that shows a man made better still.  
O! Where is she of fairer will  
that — in the days no longer lived —  
a man from out a beast derived?  
See how his weapons keep their sleep;  
they wait the dawn of lust renewed  
for blood not held within their brood.  
Without her — without cause to weep —  
he'll never know humanity,  
the strength in his fragility.

# LX

The need of the great is made small  
a sacrifice when family  
does need what one might call your all,  
the last supper of your body.  
You know the honor of this act  
and all the good it keeps intact;  
though you must sleep so to provoke  
a man of peace to anger's yoke.  
Death hides the view til all's unfurled;  
the wreckage and the justice and  
a chance at life, you understand.  
A little rest and then the world  
is full of work for you to do  
with your crew, your family true.

# LXI

Like us, you came from sacred place  
too soon made secret from the world.  
Yet still you carried some small grace  
with loving grip never unfurled.  
From the cause you rise as a source,  
a firm reminder of our course;  
just as the sun calls to the trees,  
and as the moon beckons the seas.  
O! How we crave that gentlest touch  
of grandfather so old and wise  
who speaks but "Trust" from glowing eyes.  
O! How we crave that gentle touch  
to know we are not all alone,  
to meet the seed inside the stone.

## LXII

A century has come and gone,  
naught but my name to recommend.  
Whilst you embraced the "peace"-time's dawn,  
I saw man's stronger days did end.  
Believe in all your loyalties  
and you'll be brought unto your knees;  
you broker peace with all you meet,  
I break a piece and call it meat.  
You left me on a shelf to spoil  
yet I have lived a thousand lives,  
for I was wise and claimed the hives  
and I will strengthen you with toil—  
disease and war and glories old—  
so you like me shall be made bold.

## LXIII

Beyond the utmost bounds of thought  
are yet more mysteries to seek  
though slow and mild be ev'ry nought  
that makes the spanning wait seem bleak;  
but, look to every one at work  
whose purpose each cuts through the murk,  
their striving starts at hearth and bone  
so furthest reaches may be known.  
Here, "Never" is the foil of "Late."  
Beyond the baths of all the stars  
there lie more questions, wiser hours.  
It's not too late, it's never late.  
Though much is lost, still much abides;  
tis these will strengthen in all tides.

## THE BLOG GUIDE

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## ABOUT THE POET

Rose Jermusyk is a singer-storyteller, philosopher-poet, and obsessive-compulsive dynamo who was brought up under a rock shaped like Bill Murray on a hefty diet of fairy tales and nuclear engineering. Rose is a contributing writer with *EAP: The Magazine* who has published several of neighbors wonder tales to date. You can find Rose on Instagram @RoseJermusyk responding to *all the comments* and sharing poetry/stories/realness with a commitment to kindness, intelligence, and right work.

## ABOUT THE SONNETS

Each of *The Original Sonnets* takes thematic inspiration from a specific episode or film related to *Star Trek: The Original Series*, including the recent reboot films. They are written in the Pushkin style (as a nod to the character of Chekhov) which is iambic tetrameter with a rhyme scheme of ABAB CCDD EFFEGG (Except for one sonnet where the scheme is reversed, can you spot it?). You can learn more about the broader project behind this book at:

<http://ThePenroseTrekkie.com>