

## To Shakespeare

O Shakespeare, holy poet, not for fame  
Of mine, nor with feigned praise, light I thy name  
To rob thy eulogy for mine own shine;  
Nor have I sought to play that poet's game  
Where praising greatness shows I know its sign,  
And then again to make thy greatness mine.

Thou hast encomium in famous song;  
Sufficient praise enough, for thy art's long  
And perfect skill; My art is younger than  
Thy tribute's due; yet watch, I'll not write wrong:  
When praising less the craft and more the man,  
Less skill lauds better than the best craft can.

Basse bid thee rest apart in thy lone tomb  
Of aurum, (sequestration's noble room),  
For to enshrine thy kingly tragedy.  
Jonson debarred thee from an earthly doom,  
Wafting to heav'n thy peerless melody.  
Unfellowed poet! Stars seem pale near thee.

Milton extolled thy rich abundant prime,  
Thy swift craft's magic could ensorcell Time.  
And all in concert joined to praise thy art  
And were not niggardly to thee in rime.  
But wherefore rimed they not thee of thy heart,  
That twenty lions could not make one part!

Stanley Fidel