

INTERNET SONNET

Your cup with yellow cherries ruts the raft,
 you pitchy man, uncorked and poppyass.
 If Will installs that program, learn the craft
 to file the cooing cookies. Boon. Blue grass.
 Down-load a Harlem moon with many dots
 to scratch. Delouse a Winamp skin. Un-fluff
 the funk of cyber chipmunks. Burn the pot
 the pot the ganja: pipe enough of puff.
 Bemourn the porn I bore in tubes of love
 and lap the tops of laptops, pappy runt.
 Were I a game, I'd save myself .sav (dot sav).
 and plant myself on shelves or chant in punts.
 I tame the shame to maim a B?G oogle threat
 of son-nets woven by the Internet.