

'Earth Song' lyrics by Michael Jackson

What about sunrise?
What about rain?
What about all the things
That you said we were to gain . . .
What about killing fields?
Is there a time?
What about all the things
That you said was yours and mine . . .
Did you ever stop to notice
All the blood we've shed before?
Did you ever stop to notice
The crying Earth the weeping shores?

Aaaaaaaaaah Aaaaaaaaaah

What have we done to the world?
Look what we've done
What about all the peace
That you pledge your only son . . .
What about flowering fields?
Is there a time?
What about all the dreams
That you said was yours and mine . . .
Did you ever stop to notice
All the children dead from war?
Did you ever stop to notice
The crying Earth, the weeping shores?

Aaaaaaaaaah Aaaaaaaaaah

I used to dream
I used to glance beyond the stars
Now I don't know where we are
Although I know we've drifted far

Aaaaaaaaaah Aaaaaaaaaah
Aaaaaaaaaah Aaaaaaaaaah

Hey, what about yesterday?
(What about us?)
What about the seas?
(What about us?)
The heavens are falling down
(What about us?)
I can't even breathe
(What about us?)
What about the bleeding Earth
(What about us?)
Can't we feel its wounds?
(What about us?)
What about nature's worth?
(ooo,ooo)
It's our planet's womb
(What about us?)

What about animals?
(What about it?)
We've turned kingdoms to dust
(What about us?)
What about elephants?
(What about us?)
Have we lost their trust?
(What about us?)
What about crying whales
(What about us?)
We're ravaging the seas
(What about us?)
What about forest trails?
(ooo, ooo)
Burnt despite our pleas
(What about us?)
What about the holy land?
(What about it?)
Torn apart by creed
(What about us?)
What about the common man?
(What about us?)
Can't we set him free?
(What about us?)
What about children dying?
(What about us?)
Can't you hear them cry?
(What about us?)
Where did we go wrong?
(ooo, ooo)
Someone tell me why
(What about us?)
What about babies?
(What about it?)
What about the days?
(What about us?)
What about all their joy?
(What about us?)
What about the man?
(What about us?)
What about the crying man?
(What about us?)
What about Abraham?
(What was us?)
What about death again?
(ooo, ooo)
Do we give a damn?

How to Write a Sonnet

More sophisticated than your average rhyming poetry, the sonnet is sometimes considered to be the most accessible of classic forms. In its basic definition, a sonnet is a rhyming poem of fourteen lines with ten syllables per line, generally written in iambic pentameter, meaning there is the rhythm *ti-tum; ti-tum; ti-tum*. Although there are many different varieties, the two most common variations of sonnets are; the English sonnet-popularised by William Shakespeare, and the Italian sonnet, which is also referred to as the Petrarchan sonnet, due to the first major practitioner Francesco Petrarch.

Below is the example of an English sonnet, written by Shakespeare.

Sonnet 130

My Mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;	A
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;	B
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;	A
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.	B
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,	C
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;	D
And in some perfumes is there more delight	C
There in the breath that from my mistress reeks.	D
I love to hear her speak; yet well I know	E
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;	F
I grant I never saw a goddess go;	E
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground	F
Any yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare	G
As any she belied with false compare	G

As can be plotted in this example, a sonnet follows a traditional structure:

- A proposition is set out
- The proposition is then developed
- Either a conclusion is reached, or there is a thought-provoking finale

Moving on to the Italian sonnet, the same conventions are followed, but the stanzas follow a different structure. The first stanza is composed of eight lines, and the second of six lines.

Below is an example of an Italian sonnet by William Wordsworth.

The World

The world is too much with us; late and soon,	A
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:	B
Little we see in nature that is ours:	B
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!	A
The sea that bared her bosom to the moon;	C
The winds that will be howling at all hours,	D
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers;	D

For this, for everything, we are out of tune; C
It moves us not- Great God! I'd rather be E
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn: F
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea, E
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn; F
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea; E
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn. F

Here the proposition is put forward and developed within the beginning eight lines, and the solution/reconciliation is within the final six lines.