

These sonnets were written by software engineer Erik Didriksen, who has also published a book of his work, entitled [*Pop Sonnets: Shakespearean Spins on Your Favorite Songs*](#). Here are a few of the best sonnets in the bunch, but do I recommend you go investigating yourself.

LXI.

My reputation's sown with rumors' threads:
it's said that I carouse, am void of wit,
and have amassed more beaus than Hydra's heads
yet cannot make a single one commit.
Although my honor's by their words maligned,
I'll waste no effort t' have their tales disproved.
Instead, I'll dance to music in my mind;
my malady's by melodies improved.
For just as bakers must their loaves create
and thespians put on their fictive acts,
the ones who live in scorn shall always hate –
I'll from my shoulders shake their vile attacks.
— O gentleman well-coiffed! I thee entreat
to hither come and dance to this sick beat.

Taylor Swift, "Shake It Off"

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LXXXV.

Go forth, fair lady – fill the night with mirth!
We'll merry make and quaff libations strong
as if we do commemorate thy birth
(though saying 'tis today is simply wrong.)
I'm found within the dancing-hall's confines,
wherein I as apothecary serve –
for whilst I drink these lavish bubbling wines,
I potions sell that rouse euphoric verve.
Yea, I do carnal pleasures well enjoy,
but not with courtly romance interlac'd;
so if thou wouldst me to such ends employ,
come hither! Take me in thy warm embrace
— and we'll abscond; we'll from this club go hence:
thy rendezvous with good Sir Fifty Pence!

50 Cent, "In Da Club"

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LVI.

O do not rue the details of my past
or tarry on, if love thy heart intends.
Waste not my time, and our affair shall last
if thou dost curry favor with my friends.
Affection newly minted soon may fade,
but ne'er shall I be clove from friendship's ties;
if thy affection's bold, O! 'tis display'd
in savory accord with those I prize.
So gingerly I have my viewpoint serv'd;
if thou hast muster'd th' gallantry to stay,
I'll pepper thee with kisses if deserv'd –
if thou dost gall, I'll sagely walk away.
— I've told thee what I want, what I've desir'd:
thou want'st a spicy lass, 'tis what's requir'd.

The Spice Girls, "Wannabe"

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LXXII.

With drama rampant in this coastal town,
'tis difficult to mine own self be true;
yet still I craft my works of great renown –
each day sees from my quill a rhyme's debut.
So here's a poem writ for my friends' delight,
to cheer you at this libertine soirée!
(O, we may merry make so late at night
for th' lady of the household is away.)
As revelry abounds, my cup is fill'd –
I'll slowly ride the streets upon my steed,
whilst quaffing juice and juniper distill'd
and smoking pipes pack'd with a noted weed.
— How fiscal thoughts weigh capital in mind!
I'll weigh on thoughts of capital in kind.

Snoop Doggy Dogg, "Gin and Juice"

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LXXVIII.

I once was told I'd swindled be, for Chance
did not me with intelligence endow,
although the prophet took a foolish stance:
her fingers form'd an "L" upon her brow.
But Father Time moves forth with constant haste,
and so I've always sought my share of joy;
to otherwise exist would be a waste –
to knowledge without wisdom's grace employ.
Our lives are short and fill'd with much to see;
why not seek out the roads less travel'd by?
Thou canst not know what treasures there may be
until thou'st to diverging paths apply.
— No others could be made the way you are;
now go and play, for thou art naught but star!

Smash Mouth, "All-Star"

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LXXXIV.

In dead of night, thou wouldst me missives send –
Sweet words of love thy sleepless envoys bore.
Those late-night calls have lately met their end,
for now thou dost a manner new explore.
E'er since I left the city, thou hast rous'd
coarse rumors 'round thy honor, once pristine.
'Tis said thou'st champagne quaff'd and long carous'd
with womenfolk I ne'er before have seen.
O dost thou seek out countries far and strange
or merely to attract thy newest beau?
Thou dost not need thy character to change;
I beg thee, stay the woman that I know.
— A new dispatch could only mean one thing;
'tis only love late couriers can bring.

Drake, "Hotline Bling"

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XCVIII.

The lads desire some juice and gin to drink,
but I shall quaff a far less pow'rful sort
of ale to keep a clearer head to think;
flirtation is for me a noble sport.
O Monica, thy liveliness inspires –
O Erica, resplendent at my side –
O Rita, with the love my heart requires –
O Tina, such a beauty I've espied –
O Sandra, shining like the brilliant Sun –
O Mary, with our nights beyond compare –
O Jessica, our romance just begun –
and lo! To any other maiden fair
— if thou wilt make with me some am'rous plan,
a little bit of thee makes me thy man.

Lou Bega, "Mambo No. 5 (A Little Bit of...)"

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L.

O kiss unfaithful, were it I was blind
that thou couldst not thy suffering impart –
or art thou but a cuckold of the mind,
the false creation of a wary heart?
My eyes are clos'd, but still my vision's clear;
my stomach turns to see the shameful scene
of my disloyal but belovèd dear
cavorting with some loutish libertine.
Sick jealousy, thy tortures are perverse!
Thou goad'st the righteous to their cold demise;
they'd rather let the frigid seas immerse
them whole than face adulteresses' lies.
— No matter what transgressions I've espied,
I'll strive to look upon the brighter side.

The Killers, "Mr. Brightside"

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LII.

Tonight our courtship ends without delay –
for though the lady shall too much protest,
our romance brought me nothing but dismay
and love improper must be laid to rest.
My passion for thee had no earthly bounds
despite the dearth of reciprocity;
yet now I wish to see thee off these grounds,
for I'm resolv'd to solitary be.
No longer shall I be thy dotting fool!
Goodbye to thee – *Auf Wiedersehen, adieu!*
While I've no inclination to be cruel,
my heart desires to tell thee we are through.
— Though it sounds crazy, 'tis my truth to tell:
we are no more, so fare thee well, well, well.

**NSTNC, "Bye Bye Bye"*

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LXIV.

My tender lass, do not thyself discount
for though thou feel'st abandon'd and disdain'd,
thy estimate of their contempt's amount
is off the mark; 'tis all within thy brain.
So worry not o'er if they thee detest,
or how they speak about thee when thou'rt gone!
Instead, approach thy battles with thy best:
give everything thou hast, and soldier on.
Although thy chances of success seem bleak,
this platitude of truth I shall confide:
to overcome thy struggles takes some time –
thou'rt merely in the middle of the ride.
— If thou, with steel'd resolve, shalt onward fight,
then ev'rything will be all right, all right.

Jimmy Eat World, "The Middle"

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LXXXI.

I've suitors come to call with verve and spunk
who put their questions forth in th' hope to flirt:
"What shalt thou do with all that tempting junk
thou keepest well-contain'd within thy skirt?"
To wit, dear lads, I'll use my fem'nine wiles
to render you a pack of love-drunk fools;
'tis how I have acquired all these styles
of beautiful (but unrequested) jewels.
Thou spend'st thy time and coin upon thy quest
to see thy favor all the others trumps –
and all because of stirrings in thy breast
arousèd by my lovely lady lumps.
— And if thou shouldst succeed, perhaps I'll deem
thee worthy of these humps that make thee scream!

The Black Eyed Peas, "My Humps"

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The tolls upon Success's roads are steep,
 yet I did each one faithfully remit;
 I did each punitory sentence keep,
 although I never did a crime commit.
 O I have missteps made – far more than one –
 for each, I've had sand punted in my face.
 Despite it all, I still have vict'ry won
 and taken up the mantle of first place.
 Yea, triumph's sweet, but 'tis not pure delight –
 no, I did not a life of leisure choose.
 My battle rages on, and still I fight
 for I have long resolv'd to never lose.
 — Our winning ways are o'er the world renown'd:
 my friends, we have as th' champions been crown'd!

Queen, "We Are the Champions"

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XCIII.

It is unclear; pray clarify for me
What thou'st purport when thou dost nod assent
when I know in thy mind thou'dst rather be
professing well thy genuine dissent.
What message should I hear when thou say'st "go"
but see within thine eyes thou'dst bid me stay?
What troubles must thy heart tormented know
to say our time doth swiftly ebb away?
Thy indecision leads me t'ward the left
ere thou dost change thy course and travel right;
our daylight quarrels feel of love bereft
ere turning into passion through the night.
— No, I cannot thy message clearly glean
so tell me true, my sweet: what dost thou mean?

Justin Bieber, "What Do You Mean?"

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XCIV.

If love will have me King, why, love may crown
me thusly and exalt thee as its Queen,
though circumstance shall tear our banners down
and see our reign is naught but fleeting scene.
'Tis pity we cannot like dolphins swim,
away through boundless oceans wide and deep;
but life is cruel and ours are prospects grim,
for not e'en love can us together keep.
But though this love is doom'd and near its end,
we'll make our stand beneath this bulwark'd wall –
each star-cross'd kiss shall our romance defend
and each caress shall swift defeat them all.
— We, with our time borne ceaselessly away,
can heroes be, if just for one brief day.

David Bowie, "Heroes"

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On days when skies are overcast and grim,
 my own are still with brilliant sun replete.
 When winter's chill would pierce my ev'ry limb,
 I'm warm'd instead by pleasant temp'rate heat.
 The honeybees such envy do possess,
 for I their wealth of sweetness have amass'd.
 The nightingales all flush with grave distress
 as I've the joy in all their songs surpass'd.
 No, gentle friend, I have no want of fame
 nor do I wish to be with wealth supplied,
 for I've already riches to my name –
 'tis manifestèd not in gold, but pride.
 — And what could make such pure delight unfurl?
 The only truthful answer is my girl.

The Temptations, "My Girl"

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XXXII.

U pon my heart thou hold a rightful claim –
a proof that distance shan't our friendship breach;
and though I've garnered ample wealth and fame,
we hath maintain'd our closeness unimpeach'd.
With thee, companion true, I'll share my lot
and make our fortunes evermore entwined –
for in the dark of night, the eyes cannot
observe the treasures they'd in daylight find.
But to the heart, we shine like beacons bright;
our bond's been strengthen'd by the oaths we swore
to persevere – to stand firm and unite
when life sends storm clouds threatening to pour.
— Thou needest not be drench'd when showers fall;
pray take thy place beneath my parasol.

Rihanna feat. Jay-Z, "Umbrella"

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XXIX.

I now reflect upon my sad mistake
that's wounded thee and caused tremendous grief;
my deeds have led thy eager heart to break
by lulling thee into a false belief.
Flirtation's charms do often love portend,
and yet provide one with no guarantee;
I thought thou would account, my dearest friend,
for how mercurial my moods may be.
Alas! Instead, I once again have erred
by playing with thy passions just for sport.
Alack-a-day! Thou thinkest that I cared
so deeply that I was but thine to court.
— Thou thinkest I'm thy angel, void of sin,
but I hold no such innocence within.

Britney Spears, "Oops! I Did It Again"

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XXII.

O soothe thy anxious nerves and halt thy tongue!
Compose thyself and see the simple truth:
with me you are sincere, and yet among
a group of peers, you swiftly turn uncouth.
Thy manner is affected, and thine eyes
gaze o'er thy shoulder with conceal'd unease.
Thy stilted efforts make a poor disguise;
'tis foolish, trying all the world to please!
Why must thou complicate our sacred trust,
imprudently obscuring thy real grace?
I only feel frustration and disgust
when seeing thy true beauty so debased.
— Thy nature's forged by hardships overthrown;
pray, make thy public character thine own.

Avril Lavigne, "Complicated"

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XXXVIII.

In ev'ry prior time when thou had ask'd
about my day, I'd plainly been address'd.
Thy sentiments have ne'er before been mask'd,
yet now it seems there's something unexpress'd.
O love untrue, thy words betray thy crimes!
Thy answers lack the tender sobriquets
thou freely spak'st so many other times –
as if to hide thy sins and sad regrets.
Hast thou a strumpet to thy dwelling brought?
I cannot be so easily misled!
If thou art guilty, I've thee simply caught
by hearing all the words thou'st left unsaid.
— And so, if thou art innocent of blame,
then prove thy conscience clear and say my name.

Destiny's Child, "Say My Name"

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XIV.

My heart's a scale that measures love and hate,
Each in the full supply I hold for thee –
and though the malice has tremendous weight,
I find it's counterbalanced perfectly.
Thy base transgressions can't be wiped away,
and yet I wish to pardon ev'ry crime.
Thy presence strains my nerves; why must thou stay
and make confus'd the shameful and sublime?
My mind retreats up to the twinkling stars
instead of places that befit the wise;
I dream of days before our love was marred
by infidelities and sordid lies
— too fanciful to learn that, should we part,
the load of problems'd lift off of my heart.

Ariana Grande feat. Iggy Azalea, "Problem"

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