

## Critical Response to *Sonnet 73* by William Shakespeare

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(Sorry for the late submission, I was feeling incredibly unwell this week and I was trying to do my best to keep up with my assignments, but it was hard enough to get out of bed. I will do better to stay on top of my work in the future.)

Sonnet 73 by William Shakespeare is about a man in his old age addressing another person regarding his own mortality. Throughout the piece, the narrator alludes to his upcoming death, though he is not sure exactly when it will take him, by comparing his life to a tree in autumn, a sunset, and a fire that is burning down to ashes. He is explaining to his audience that he knows they see the old age in him, and though he loves them he will be leaving them soon. The narrator is obsessed with his old age in this sonnet and therefore, is also obsessed with the youth he once had. This piece communicates the subject matter of old age and death in a way that is bothersome and confusing.

I relate to the subject because I am often obsessed with my youth and by-extension, my death. No one, including me, really knows when they are going to die so really one could say that they are always in their twilight years. Though I don't often discuss my perceived mortality with my loved ones so in that way I cannot relate to the subject. I would also say that I don't fully relate to this selection or its subject because if I did, I think I would be able to better understand the final two lines of the sonnet. If I knew the feeling, I could make better sense of the words. Likewise, if I knew what the words were saying maybe I would understand the concept they are trying to convey.

There isn't much to disagree with as far as the author's subject, as this piece regards mortality and age which are non-negotiable parts of being alive. No one is exempt from growing old, though some may not feel the way the speaker of this piece does about his impending departure from the world. In a way, I agree with what the author is saying insofar as I agree with what the narrator is feeling. If I am fortunate enough to grow old and reach my twilight years I may reflect on my youth and impart those thoughts onto all who will listen.

My perspective was not changed by this particular work. I think a lot about what it must be like to be close to death and to be aware of it. Likewise, I have considered what it would be like to try and communicate that with a loved one while in that state. I also consider what in my life could be used as a metaphor or an allegory for death for my own poetry.

I don't find this work to be especially significant. It talks about death and age in a way that is both confusing and unnecessary. The metaphors the author uses to represent old age are played out and repetitive, though that could be because writings about death and age that came after this piece draws on this work and the connections it made. And perhaps I have come across many of the works that draw on this one, so I am desensitized to this piece's perspective. However, I still feel strongly that this work poses no revolutionary or creative way of thinking about its topic and therefore does little to justify its existence in the world.