



Sonnet 130: The Roast of the Century

Shakespeare really said:

"Roses are red, violets are blue, my girlfriend's eyes aren't the sun... and her breath? Kinda smells too."

This sonnet is **(basic)** Will Shakespeare being **(brutal)** **honest** about his girl. No sugar-coating, no fake **(flatter)**. Her lips aren't super red, her skin's not snow-white, her voice isn't music, and her hair? Like **wires**. Yeah—**wires**. Ouch.

But plot twist! He's not being mean—he's **(act)** making a point:

"All those cheesy love poems with **(possibility)** beauty standards? Nope. I love my girl *for real*, not because she glows in the dark."

So instead of **(say)**, "She's a **(god)**," he says:
"She's human. She's mine. I love her."



The Real Message?

True love doesn't need **(photo)**.