

Let's Split Up!

*a traditional Shakespearean sonnet
(sort of)*

When college coeds camp out in the woods,
and when the psycho breaks out of the ward,
or blobs or zombies are up to no good,
be rest assured that most will die real hard.
The first fear's false! For one will play a prank –
he'll tell a scary tale around the fire.
They'll then pair off for sex and hanky-pank,
but they won't know their situation's dire.
I shout, "Look out behind you!" at the screen.
"That man's possessed – can you not hear his voice?
Do *anything* besides stand there and scream!
Don't go upstairs alone to check that noise!"
<sigh> Kids these days – their eyes just aren't lit up.
When trouble reigns, *do not* say, "Let's split up."