

HOMOEROTIC SONNET EXCERPTED FROM
AN INDEX OF FIRST LINES IN *THE COLLECTED
POEMS OF WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS*

DONALD PLATT

So art thou broken in upon me,
 Apollo

So different, this man

so much depends

So this is death that I

So what the door was guarded

Soft as the bed in the earth

Solemnity of a bemused tiger,
 there in his eyes

Some leaves hang late, some fall

Somebody dies every four minutes

Sometimes I envy others, fear them

Sometimes the river

Sooner or later

Sorrow is my own yard

South wind / striking in—torn