LXXXVIII

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LXXXVIII

If thou wert Laura, and I were thy swain,
My quill would sing of thy unpar’lleled charms:
I would compose thee sonnets, and thy arms
Would swift envelop me to catch my aim.
But no Petrarch am I, as well thou knowst;
So thou must accept this unworthy verse.
Yet I could find an offering far worse,
And never to thine eyes my love could show.
And so thou wilt forgive me when my hand
Produceth awkward sentiments in rhyme,
Abide my songs as hourglass’s sand
Fast spillith out brief molecules of time.
And if a doubter ever asks to read,
Tell critics that she only wrote for thee.

Stephanie E. Coon