

Sonnet XIV “Love’s Infection”

Blown on the ocean wind, a trace of you
Was wafted to me, and I breathed you in.
Then instantly that tincture in me grew,
And flooded through my blood, my bones, my skin.
My bodily defences swept away,
This bold infection gripped me with its force.
Draughts of self-love could keep it not at bay,
Nor egoism’s philtres stay its course.
Now am I changed forever: now my eyes
Are bright as mirrors to your radiance fair;
Throughout my frame my blood like mercury flies,
And your content remains my only care.
Yet though I am infected through and through
I pray that I am never cured of you.