

Sonnet XX

Our love is like a flower in the Spring
When Winter's icy grip has loosed its hold:
Then this young bud, by zephyrs sweet made bold,
Emerges, and the birds begin to sing.
Ah, then the sun brings warmth to everything
And those blithe wonders gloriously unfold:
Its leaves bedewed like silk, its petals gold,
Its scent a perfume worthy of a king.
We are each other's sun, and gentle rain,
We are each other's blue refreshing sky;
So like that flower we shall new heights attain
As surging joy through our glad veins does fly;
Yet while the bloom has all too brief a reign
I know my love for you will never die.