

Sonnet XXVIII

You are imperfect: so to me you said;
Then is a sunset, glorying the skies
Imperfect, for its glory quickly dies,
And its sweet tenderness is quickly fled.
Are you imperfect? So then is the sea
For being at the mercy of the moon
And all its deeps with ugly flotsam strewn;
This cannot be a perfect thing to me.
Yet sea and sunset are by men portrayed
Although imperfect as compared to you;
Your tenderness, your glory never fade,
And to your beauty owes the moon a due.
So if from imperfections you are made
I hope I nevermore perfection view.