

# Sonnet XXIV

By : xallev

A sonnet about the poet struggling with love and chastity.

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## Sonnet XXIV

Is orison thy name, or blasphemy?  
A sin, admiring heavenly city?  
O but for love, my God an enemy!  
Or chaste, and life no more than a pity.  
Thy fair a vision of endless torment,  
'Tis not an angel that gives visitation.  
Or have I come to my bitterest end?  
Am I condemned without hesitation?  
But sweet, thy path is pure, thy words are sure;  
You fault no man, but one who's formed to beast.  
'Tis not the meek and strong that needs a cure,  
'Tis I who fail to walk in utmost peace.  
Thus pray, my fair, for one whose soul is gone,  
For with thy care, my peace, my rest is won.

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