

Sonnet XXIV

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A sonnet about the poet struggling with love and chastity.

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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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