

Sonnet XXV

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A Shakespearan sonnet. The poet's attempt to dissuade the beloved from loving imaginations too much.

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Shall we remain to leap in joy today  
To celebrate distant admirations?  
Enjoy the forms of our fanciful way,  
Despite the master of these reflections?  
Why do we praise this lovely creature's smile  
When ages past, Venus has ceased to be  
When Man worshipped common of mode and style?  
O, dear one lost in time, please, please, agree:  
If we could stop to paint from waters calm,  
And see as far as eyes will grant us sight,  
Our love is pure and saints will sing in psalm,  
And countless lures in vanity shall fight.  
For we have gazed unto the darkest shrouds,  
In clarity, we love through clouds of doubts.

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