

## Coil

### "X. Enochian Calling Ii - B (sonnet Lvi)"

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Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said  
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:  
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill  
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,  
To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.  
Let this sad interim like the ocean be

Which parts the shore, where two contracted new  
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see  
Return of love, more blest may be the view;  
Else call it winter, which being full of care  
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more  
rare.

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