

Tystnaden "Hamlet"

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If the dull substance of my flesh were thought
Injurious distance should not stop my way

For then despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote where thou dost stay

Not so far, mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
How to divide the conquest of your irresistible sight
When you are here with your poetry.

But ah! Thought kills me that I'm not thought
To leap large lengths of miles when you are gone

These are our sacrifices, roses have thorns and silver
fountains mud

But that, so much of earth and water wrought
I must attend time's leisure with my moan

Let me confess that we two... we must be twain!

Rise with your stateliness, dream of us with open eye
Like waves make towards the shore
Our minutes hasten to their end

Not so far, mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
How to divide the conquest of your irresistible sight
When you are here in your person.

But ah! Thought kills me that I'm not thought
To leap large lengths of miles when you are gone

These are our sacrifices, roses have thorns and silver
fountains mud

But that, so much of earth and water wrought
I must attend time's leisure with my moan

These are our sacrifices...

Mine are heavy tears, mine is the grief of having you

So shall I compare you to a summer's day?
No, you are more lovely and more temperate

Within the distance my mind dives in yours
Who will believe my verse in time to come

If it were filled with your most high deserts, and with
my love?

So long as eyes can see
So long live these lines, these give life to thee.

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