

Declamatory Sonnet

In love with whom I should not be,
The price to pay is high enough for me;
To keep from falling at his feet I try
To lie each time I look him in the eye.

His voice vibrates and softly enslaves my skin,
My mind cannot escape the thought of sin
Nor can my heart beat slower in disguise,
His eyes! are like a fire full of ice.

I watch him hope for something he can't grasp
As I the dream of him do fail to clasp.
Two faces far apart of love and lust,
A frost-covered cry of heaven lost.

His sorrow sorrow is to me,
And sorrow's all this love can be.

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