

Shakespeare Sonnet XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leapt with him;

Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Yet seemed it winter still, and you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.



An Interpretation: The One

Hard is the life of the one who is sad;
One cause remains for the one to be glad,
Now is the time to seek life that was lost,
The one perceives grace as he contemplates the cost:

The weight on the one has been seen to be heavy;
A load laid lightly that the lover did levy,
That load was laid by a lover by design,
The one does now know that the burden was benign.

Glad is the one who is pursued by the lover,
Hounded by another that is ever wholly other,
Found by the other through an error that was covered,
And freed from the burden by which one may be smothered.