

Valentine's Day Sonnet

*When on this Day of Hearts I think of you,
My Heart of hearts, I think upon that turn
Of phrase "My better half," a true
Image I my fancy cannot doubt or spurn
Though reticent the Muse to sharpen wit so dull.
A brimming cup from which I ever quaff
The which in pouring yet is ever full
Whose liquor pulls from me the heady laugh.
For in the warming purple darkness that I pour
I contemplate the deepness of your love
That makes me want to strive to better more
My life, the lesser half, my worth to prove.
Oh! That I your worthy crystal ever be,
To wet my lips and ever drink of thee.*