

Valentine's Sonnet (II)

*Do not mislike these leaves, a gift, I pray.
These tattered pages were at great expense
And peril bought and then before you lay;
Were as a guarded treasure stolen hence,
A journal through my wistful wanderings writ,
My secret fevered fantasies contrive
Low comedies from a jester's jangled wit,
Through winters numbering forty-five.
Wooden men, automatae abound,
A trove of tragedies to make you weep,
From Muse or mages' mysteries compound,
A history of length to make you sleep.
Imperfect bound and flawed though be this art,
Before you lays the volume of my heart.*