

SONNET 6

It is the lot on one who thinks too high
To feel the fiery stabs of wounded pride
When its demands forever are denied.
Ah, cursed hoped, could be you never die?
But mocking linger, jeering ever fly,
Beyond our reach, and tantalizing brush
Our eyes at times to bring back with a rush
Those dreams no wealth of ours could ever buy?

But should the Fates permit us what we want,
We never should be taught or ever shown,
Our utter lack of worthiness to own
Those sweet delightful things that seem to taunt
Us now and then. What stupid fools we are
To clamour, undeserving for a star!