

SONNET 7

It is a common fallacy for friends
To hate with bitter hatred all the miles
That separate them from each other smiles.
It is a bitter Fate, indeed, which sends
Us far apart. Our hearts are grieved, when wends,
Out-bound, one for a far and distant sphere,
Whose laugh was beauty, whose voice a joy to hear.
Yet naught is lost on what friendship depends.

To love is not to hear nor not to see;
Its union is not limited by space,
Nor can time measure its full fierce embrace:
It never ends: it is infinity!
In dreams our friends are just as close to-day,
Closer perhaps, than when they went away.