I am not certain I feel similarly;

I do not know how you feel

You say come away, let us meet,

But you are all too charming and spontaneous –

Can you let a lady think?

It was too hot out in the streets,

Yet hotter down below;

The heat addled my brain and its thoughts,

The humidity drugged,

So truly, I cannot answer you

A certain yes, a concrete no,

A thousand words in sonnet form,

Ten thousand more to come,

For I simply, sweetly do not know,

And your relentless admiration perpetuates

The heat of the afternoon into the night

Please, my eager friend, step back, stand away,

Let me breathe, let me seek –

I am tired, I am worn, and your imploring ode

I cannot sympathize with, as it stretches ‘round

My head like a crown of roses’ thorns.

That makes me recall something out of lore:

They say every rose has its thorns--

Those wise, and those foolish enough to repeat the wise;

But you make me want to *be* a bundle of thorns!

A burr, a thistle, anything with spines shall do--

And this is what your overtures induce,

Dear poet,

Dearest love,

You turn the object of your affection into a viper!

Pussy claws the children after too much handling,

The involuntary partaker of too much play.

I am rather feline – had you ever noticed? –

And your teasing, testosterone-charged charm

Is transforming my pale pink nails to claws,

My white teeth to fangs, and

My vow of virtue to an assassin’s creed

I just thought you should know,

My very dearest,

In this interim between verses.