

LOVE BE

This is the winter of my discontent¹ ,
 Made glorious summer by just a smile of yours.
 And all the clouds that lour'd upon my life
 Lie in the bosom of the ocean buried,
 Where all my tears gather, before I reach a shore,
 A place of warmth, and comfort; but to which,
 I may be bound forever like a slave, should I remain.

To be or not to be in loved, that is the question²
 If it is noble in the mind to suffer, a muon less world
 Or to takes arms against it, and free your hart?
 To love, to live, and live what love can be: it is my enemy.

But when I think that should I part from thou,
 The darkness starts arriving in armies like a foe.
 I speak you name and lightning, is blood into my vein,
 I maybe free without you, but freedom of the chain.

What light is light, if Eva be not seen?³
 What joy is joy, if Eva be not by?
 Unless it be to think that she is by,
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
 Her voice competes with songs of nightingales
 Fair hair, like gold that shine in darkest night,
 With eyes you lose yourself by looking them to deep
 Unless the red bud of her lips will rescue you.

How can one stop, a love one can't control?
 I try to put a dam upon this river flow,
 In vain, it starts to rain, and get's you everywhere;
 All word is soaked in water, I can run anywhere.

So as you see, I have to understand,
 Love is for me to give, and you to have.
 And be a word between us, with mountains and the see,
 I will still love you bitter, and you may envy me.

¹Richard the third

²Hamlet

³The two gentlemen of Verona