

a simple narrative

**by
daniel zomparelli**

begin

begin

follow me

follow me

follow me

follow me
follow me

follow me



Since brass, nor
mortality o'er-

Beauty hold a plea,
O, how shall summer

wreckful sieges of battlements
or of cities

nor boundless sea, But sad
How with this rage shall
stronger than a flower?

hold out Against the
impregnable are
Time decays? O

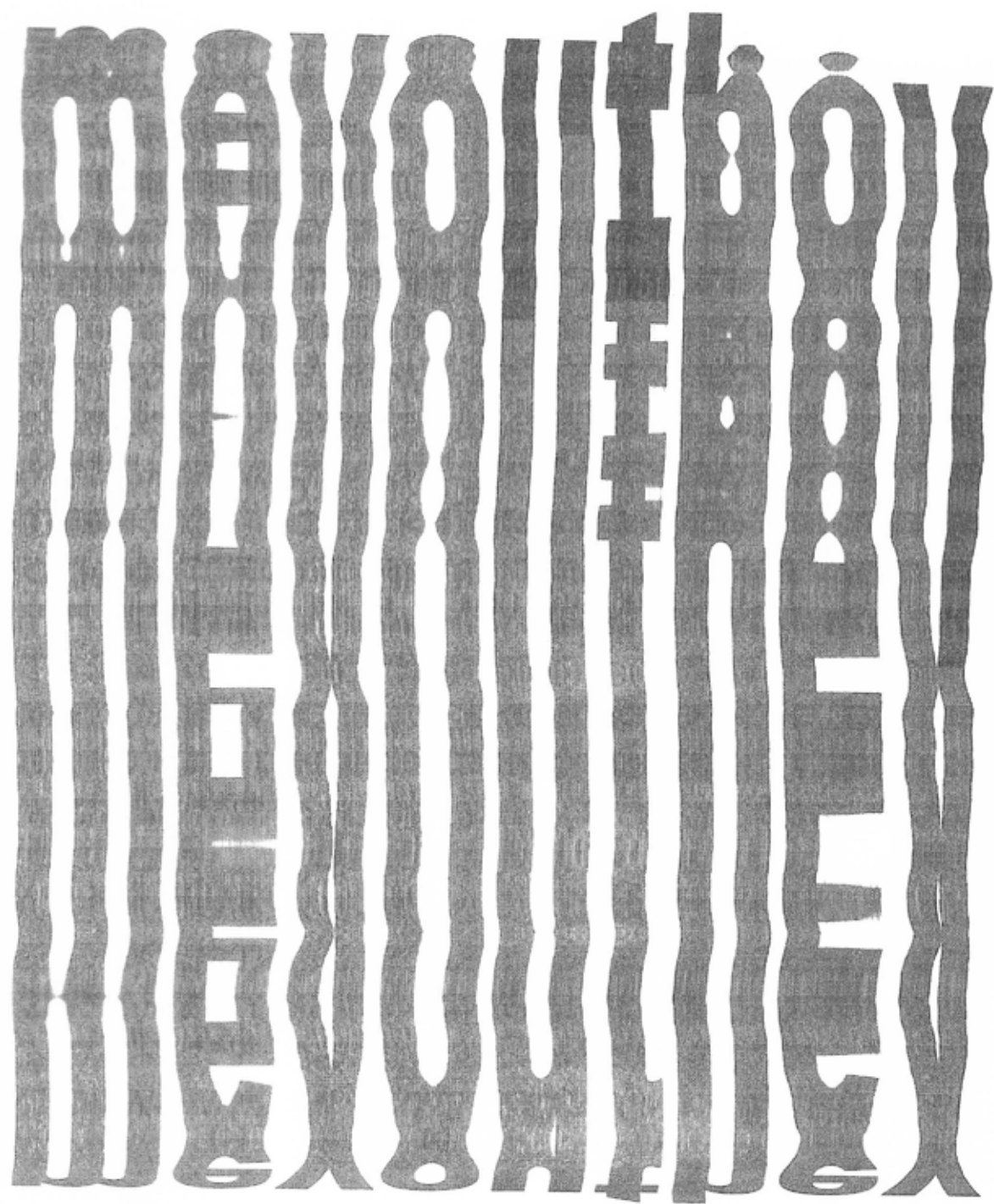
at jewel from
swift foot
less

meyouthey

beauty hold a plea, Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out Against the
wreckful siege of battering days, When rocks impregnable are
not so stout, Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays? O
fearful meditation! where, alack, Shall Time's best jewel from
Time's chest lie hid? Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot
back? Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid? O, none, unless

*this miracle have might, That in black ink my love may still
shine bright.*



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