

Beauty's Dye

(* Line from: Sonnet #18 by Wm. Shakespeare)
To delineate through these weak eyes of mine—
I see!, as I hath saw it through decades,
* And every fair from fair sometimes declines—
Or—heightens in the beholding eyes' grade
And in such sweet nectar, does sustain tongue—
Poets remain sweet worded; all the rage
above and beyond about Beauty's dye
May profess one worded worlds worth of age.
To contend with the most gifted of hands
Scorn not!, if I do the art an honor
Though, I am not eternal as Time's grand
ad infinitum! eagle-eyed scholar
And!, in thy drab of mortal— I poet
antique and contemporary duet—Wm.
Inking

For you!—

To pull you through!, when you can't get through
without my assistance in best concern
For you! and less for me— we must make due
more the greater a better build shall burn
Candles' light slow-to-palter seeing by—
Or—to light the logs a crackle and pop
within the fireplace to warm hearts by—
In the rhythm of Blues— or— hip hop:
2-sums I sing a song 2gether sweet
as the melting of these words beckon Love!—
Faithful Love!, alit one light; one heart beat
To pull us through!, melodic doeth groove
as does waxes' slow luster supply glimmer—
For you!,— and less for me— please remember—Wm.
Inking