

Sonnet 155

Though you compare me to a summer's day
And O my dear! I try to be more temperate,
I'm in November now, and long past May,
And fifty years have passed since our first date,
From me, my love, you did desire increase,
And I have left fair copies of myself,
All signed by thee, in trust against decease,
We shall not gather dust upon a shelf.
These copies have made copies of their own,
So beauty I have had is twice ensured,
So will they too produce when they are grown,
So comeliness of ours will have endured.
Though fifty winters have laid bare your brow,
Your 'youth's proud livery' I still gaze on now.

Anne Hathaway
aka Aileen D. Fisher