

Teachers – Writers – Poets

Sonnet 6/ 11. On true lust

by Sundaresh Savandhi (India)

Let me to the meeting of untrue minds, admit impediments;
Lust is not lust, which does not alter when it alteration finds,
Or does not bend with the remover to be removed.

O, no! `Tis an ever-shifting mark,
That causes tempests and leaves us shaken,
It is the rock to every straight bark,
Whose worth's exactly known; whose depth cannot be taken.

Lust is Time's fool; though painted lips and cheeks,
Within his bending sickle's compass come not,
Lust alters with its brief hours and weeks,
And wears itself out in a few moons.

If all this be not error and upon me shouldn't be proved,
I have often writ and all men have lusted.

