

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the **master-mistress of my passion**;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
4 With **shifting** change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue all hues in his controlling,
8 Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created,
Till Nature as she wrought thee fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
12 By **adding one thing to my purpose nothing**
But since she **prick'd thee out for women's pleasure**,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head
4 To work my mind when body's work's expired;
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
8 Looking on darkness which the blind do see;
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
12 Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself, no quiet find.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 4 While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So far from home into my deeds to pry,
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,
 8 The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?
 O, no, thy love, though much, is not so great;
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake,
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
 12 To play the watchman ever for thy sake.
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
 From me far off, with others all too near.

Against my love shall be as I am now
With Time's injurious hand crushed and o'er worn;
When hours have drained his blood and filled his brow
4 With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travelled on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are **vanishing or vanished** out of sight,
8 Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
12 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall **in these black lines** be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

Thus is his cheek the **map** of days outworn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before the bastard signs of fair were born,
4 Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of **the** dead,
The right of sepulchres, were **shorn away**
To live a second life on second head—
8 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.
In him those holy antique hours are seen
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
12 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a **map** doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

From **you** have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in **every thing**
4 That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
8 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but **figures** of delight,
12 Drawn after you, you **pattern** of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with **your shadow** I with these did play.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
4 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks,
8 And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound.
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
12 My mistress when she walks treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

So, now **I** have confessed that he is thine,
 And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
 4 Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still.
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
 He learned but surety-like to write for me
 8 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer that put'st forth all to **use**,
 And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
 12 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
 Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
 He pays **the whole**, and yet am I not free.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy **Will**,
 And **Will** to boot, and **Will** in overplus;
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,
 4 To thy sweet **will** making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose **will** is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my **will** in thine?
 Shall **will** in others seem right gracious,
 8 And in my **will** no fair acceptance shine?
 The sea all water, yet receives rain still
 And in abundance addeth to his store;
 So thou, being rich in **Will**, add to thy **Will**
 12 One **will** of mine, to make thy large **Will** more.
 Let 'no' unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
 Think all but one, and me in that one **Will**.

PLEASE

Working Note

I stripped Shakespeare's sonnets bare to the "nets" to make the space of the poems open, porous, possible—a divergent elsewhere. When we write poems, the history of poetry is with us, pre-inscribed in the white of the page; when we read or write poems, we do it with or against this palimpsest.

—Jen Bervin