

# Sonnet I

by D. Matthew Brown

My beloved Death! far too long have I  
Been unfaithful to thee, giving Dismal's bed  
To blind Desire and feigned Hope in thy stead.  
Yet, how could I've known thee, hid 'hind the lie  
Of dye-drenched grayed hair and suppressed sigh?  
Seeing thee a foreign tyrant, I fled  
From thy distance-blurred image to wed  
One less loving to escape thy ill-bye.  
I was deceived! Thou art not ill, indeed  
Thou art the balm for my indifferent heart!  
Come nigh to me (not too close!) and impart  
The power thou gavest Keats in his age.  
Breathe into me, sweet Death! cause me to bleed,  
Fix my gaze past thee, my might never assuage.