

TO HIM WHO PROPOSED WITH SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

Oh love, were I to know the larger truth,
Would I find feigning in thy patterned prose?
If flatter-foggéd eyes and sweetened tooth
Could truly gauge the metal of thy pose--
Would it be pure and precious? Would it hold
My imprint dearly, yielding to my touch?
Or would alloyed resistance make thee bold,
Revealing in thy fond caress a clutch?
Ah love, perhaps it is not wise to test
How malleable or rich thine offerings.
And yet one answer my soul must request
Before we move to merge our profferings:
Art thou in love with all the sums of me--
Or more enamored of fecundity?

--Glenna Holloway