

Sonnet XI

Marc Almond

It might have been, but ah, it was too late
Doomed to be disappointed-and how long
Shall I sit and sing that soul-sick song
Of which my soul is sadly satiate?

Which curious counterchange of fiful fate
Led thee tome, for whom I had longed so long
Of many days and hours, choosing the wrong
Even that heart-sick hour called "too late"?

And thine eyes looked on me so piteously
Beautiful eyes, that thrilled and filled with tears
Tears even for one I'd yearned for years
And thine hand lingered a little lovingly

Even for this little love, long did I wait
And when it came it was too late
And when it came it was...
It was too late