

Sonnet 10

Rufus Wainwright

For shame deny that thou bear'st love to any
Who for thy self art so unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many
But that thou none lov'st is most evident

For thou art so possessed with murderous hate
That against thy self thou stick'st not to conspire
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire

O, change thy thought that I may change my mind
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be as thy presence is gracious and kind
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove

Make thee another self for love of me
That beauty still may live in thine or thee