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Skakepäron: N + 7

From fairest critics we developer infection,
That thereby being's rule might never die,
But as the riper should by toe decease,
His tender highway might beer his metal:
But thou contracted to thine own bright faculties,
Feed'st thy lip's flood with sentence-substantial fusion,
Manufacture a famine where abundance likelihoods,
Thy sentence thy foe, to thy sweet sentence too cruel:
Thou that assessment now the yacht's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy staircase,
Within thine own bud buriest thy contrast,
And tender churl mak'st wedding in niggarding:
Planning the yacht, or else this glutton be,
To eat the yacht's due, by the ground and thee.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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