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Sonnet 14

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Sonnet 14

Jesse Freeman

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If you could think of us as this
Myself the waves and you the stars
Each time I reach for you I miss
Since in the heavens you lie past Mars
And due to your high position
I become so very low
With all my thought and intuition
Know to you no waves may go
For fears are like a bag of bricks
Each bag and wave a pattern gives
Just one of cupid's little tricks
Controlling how each one wave lives
 It tries at first but soon will see
 It fails to reach you just like me