

## “SWEET LADY”

Ah... really, Lady, thou art so so sweet  
That sweetest sound and sweetest taste are shy  
To be at ears and tongues when they then meet  
Thyselt and none of them can tell it why.

The flowers too, when thou art seen, must blush  
Before they hide themselves behind the leaves;  
As moon and stars that hastily run in rush  
To find the cloud; the cloud itself then, grieves,  
The beauty too, when with the others, denies  
To be so beautiful; like loveliness  
That when with thee, is lovliest, yet tries  
To gree with beauty, that to meke thee bes.



Thy character collects the gentleness,  
Politeness, humbleness from all mankind,  
That looks, in others, they are none or less.  
Thus, all envy, as thou art best they find.

The time which waits for none, now can't it bare,  
So stops to admire thy sweetness; fore'twill go.  
The sun, unseen by the moon, now seems to dare  
To come so low, as t loves the moon no more.

Both day and night do like to stay with thee,  
And none will part from thee. So night and day  
Are likely one. This really makes me see,  
Admire thy sweetness more than any may—□

△ อนันต์ โสภณ