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Sonnet V.II

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Sonnet V.II

By Antrim Ross

Love, you are sweet the way the stars are sweet-
Hospitably extending your soft light
Through space's black eternities. The night
Is so much fairer for you. People sleep,
Or not, but all content- for your life greets
Each stumbling soul who, lost, would turn her sight
From Earth to know in you which way is right
And take some comfort in your distant heat.
Let's never mind the learned astronomer
Who knows the stars as dead, too far away
To ever see for what they are. Your will
Resounds throughout the ages, you endure
Despite the worst of time's attempts. This day
Brings proof of you to eyes who love you still.