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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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## Shakespeares Sonnets (26/154)

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written embassage,  
To witness duty, not to show my wit:  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,  
But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:  
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,  
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:  
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;  
Till then, not show my head where thou mayst prove  
me.

