

# Sonnet II

*by* M. F. Sullivan

When gratitude on lovers' lips rings false  
As flattery by courtly sycophants,  
Take care to well distinguish gold from dross  
So as to gild gladder remembrances.  
In times of doubt, highlight my pure ardor  
And thus soothe away worries of your mind.  
Anxiety renders clear sight harder,  
But even when left blind, be sure you're mine.  
My own false sight leaves me too oft afraid:  
I'd do too well to take my own advice.  
Paired with your might, I feel but a maid  
Like Cinderella, sweeping with her mice.  
Let Memory my fae godmother be:  
Her grace will allow both of us to see.

