

# Sonnets

---

## 51

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:  
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?  
Till I return, of posting is no need.  
O what excuse will my poor beast then find 5  
When swift extremity can seem but slow?  
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;  
In winged speed no motion shall I know.  
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;  
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made, 10  
Shall rein no dull flesh in his fiery race;  
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade:  
    Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,  
    Towards thee I'll run and give him leave to go.