

# Sonnets

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## 44

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Injurious distance should not stop my way;  
For then, despite of space, I would be brought  
From limits far remote where thou dost stay.  
No matter then although my foot did stand 5  
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;  
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land  
As soon as think the place where he would be.  
But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought,  
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone, 10  
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan,  
Receiving naught by elements so slow  
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.