

# Sonnet 44

By

William Shakespeare

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  
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,  
But that so much of earth and water wrought,  
I must attend, time's leisure with my moan.  
    Receiving nought by elements so slow,  
    But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.