

# Sonnet 129

By

William Shakespeare

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action, and till action, lust  
Is perjured, murd'rous, bloody full of blame,  
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,  
Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight,  
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had  
Past reason hated as a swallowed bait,  
On purpose laid to make the taker mad.  
Mad in pursuit and in possession so,  
Had, having, and in quest, to have extreme,  
A bliss in proof and proved, a very woe,  
Before a joy proposed behind a dream.  
All this the world well knows yet none knows well,  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.