

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

## Sonnet 114

Or whether doth my mind, being crowned with you,  
Drink up the monarch's plague<sup>1</sup>, this flattery?  
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith<sup>2</sup> true,  
And that your love taught it this alchemy,  
5 To make of monsters and things indigest<sup>3</sup>  
Such cherubins<sup>4</sup> as your sweet self resemble,  
Creating every bad a perfect best,  
As fast as objects to his beams assemble<sup>5</sup>?  
O! 'tis the first, 'tis flattery in my seeing,  
10 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:  
Mine eye well knows what with his gust<sup>6</sup> is 'greeing<sup>7</sup>,  
And to his palate<sup>8</sup> doth prepare the cup:  
If it be poisoned, 'tis the lesser sin  
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

*(114 words)*

<sup>1</sup>**monarch's plague** the occupational hazard of the king – <sup>2</sup>**saith** speaks – <sup>3</sup>**indigest** shapeless – <sup>4</sup>**cherubins** angels – <sup>5</sup>**his beams assemble** (the belief that beams from the eye created images) – <sup>6</sup>**gust** taste – <sup>7</sup>**greeing** agreeing – <sup>8</sup>**palate** taste