

## Sonnet V.II

By Antrim Ross

Love, you are sweet the way the stars are sweet-  
Hospitably extending your soft light  
Through space's black eternities. The night  
Is so much fairer for you. People sleep,  
Or not, but all content- for your life greets  
Each stumbling soul who, lost, would turn her sight  
From Earth to know in you which way is right  
And take some comfort in your distant heat.  
Let's never mind the learned astronomer  
Who knows the stars as dead, too far away  
To ever see for what they are. Your will  
Resounds throughout the ages, you endure  
Despite the worst of time's attempts. This day  
Brings proof of you to eyes who love you still.