

## NEGATIVE LOVE

I never stooped so low, as they  
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,  
Seldom to them, which soar no higher  
Than virtue or the mind to admire,  
For sense, and understanding may  
Know, what gives fuel to their fire:  
My love, though silly, is more brave,  
For may I miss, whene'er I crave,  
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest  
Which can by no way be expressed  
But negatives, my love is so.  
To all, which all love, I say no.  
If any who decipher best,  
What we know not, ourselves, can know,  
Let him teach me that nothing; this  
As yet my ease, and comfort is,  
Though I speed not, I cannot miss.

*John Donne*