

Sonnet 130

My mistress' eyes are nothing
like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, why then black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress ^{when} she walks treads ^{on} the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

by William Shakespeare