

# Emilie Autumn, Blackbird Sonnets

"Sonnet I"

How shall I fly when feathers be not mine  
Though all my wishes skyward do attend?  
How tie my wounded heartstrings safe to thine  
So thou to me, like sun to moon, descend?  
Or if thou wilt not bend thy starry frame,  
Wishing to keep thy brow o'ercrowned with mist,  
I'll rise so that thy place shall stay the same  
But will not then depart from heights unkiss'd.  
For bargains may be struck and kept with pride  
When lovers from their just demands ne'er hide.

"Sonnet II"

My lovers eyes are darker than the moon  
Or are they brighter? I cannot decide.  
His tender voice makes others out of tune  
And shows me how I cannot them abide  
His movements are of more than feline grace  
His hands are soft and pale as ivory  
And though I've rarely seen a stranger face,  
More perfect looks I should abhor to see  
For others may be pleasanter in part  
But all my love remains a work of art.

"Sonnet III"

How is it that I smile when I am sad?  
From what resource do I derive this strength?  
I've lost none but a thing I never had  
To keep it would I go to any length  
But distance is not measured in a heart  
So I could weep and say that I've been wronged  
And yet, as ever, be so far apart  
From him to whom I swore that I belonged  
Alas, I blame as though he were untrue  
I loved him but, poor fool, he never knew.

"Sonnet IV"

If all you love I am, as I am quite,  
Then why dost thou not love? Dost thou not see  
A plainly perfect match? If thou art bright,  
Then why, when thou dost love, love'st thou not me?  
Instead preferring someone far removed  
From all you claim to most admire? I would  
Commit you as a lunatic if proved  
Thus mad you were my ward for your own good.  
And yet I'm making light of my own pain  
Because I finally love, yet love in vain.