

edition taberna kritika

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Catherine Vidler
lost sonnets, 3rd iteration
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Content

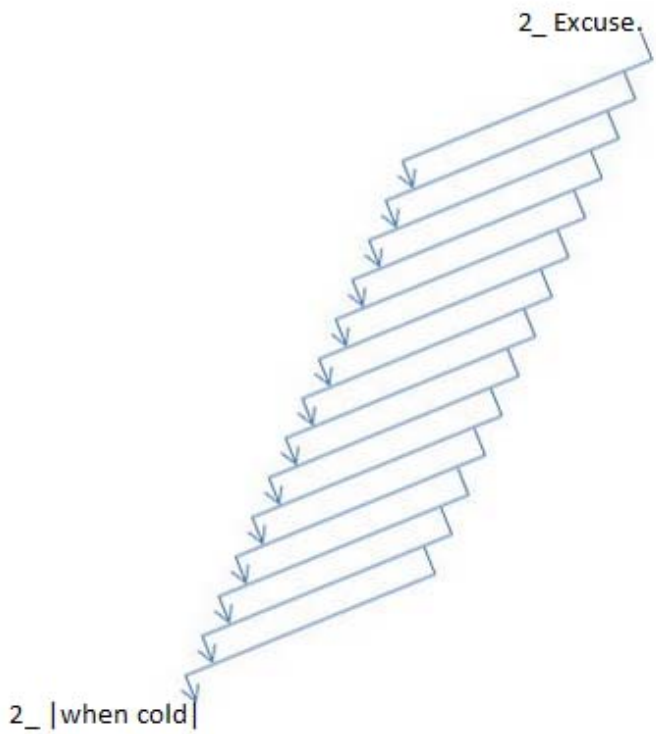
64 lost sonnets, 3rd iteration

14 composite lost sonnets

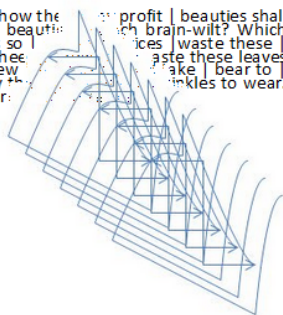
Notes

lost sonnets

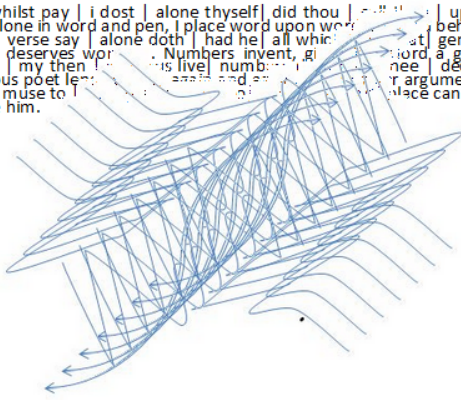
3rd iteration



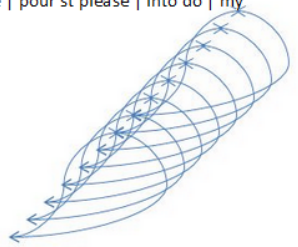
77 thy book | glass thy | will enrich | show much | thee and | how the | profit | beauties shall
 77 Which book will imprint a dial's vacant progress? Which beauties shall
 | wear look | thy wilt | dial thou | how as | thy oft | precious so | ices | waste these |
 precious look? Eternity blanks the mouthed glass deliver'd to thee | waste these leaves |
 the mind | vacant thy | leaves of | thy acquaintance | mind's new | take | bear to |
 from the offices of shady memory. Those minutes contain truly +
 and brain | of thy | this from | book delivered | this nursed | lear: | wrinkles to wear.
 Enriched by this acquaintance.



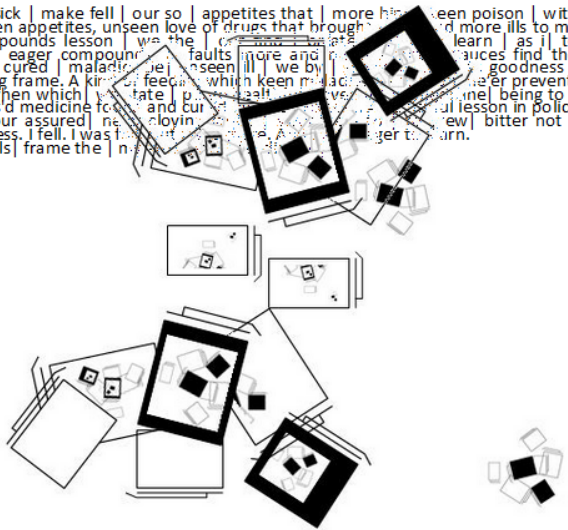
79 whilst pay | i dost | alone thyself | did thou | upon owes | thy he | aid what | my
 79 Alone in word and pen, I place word upon word | behaviour which robs the sweet cheek.
 since) verse say | alone doth | had he | all which | at | gentle for | grace not | but him | now
 Verse deserves wor . Numbers invent, gi | lord a gentle grace. I call upon them. The
 thank | my then | his live | numb: | nee | decayed in | and what | my but | sick
 gracious poet lend: | or argument for another travail. I thank him. I
 thee | muse to | place can | i he | grant cheek | sweet
 praise him.



38 how praise | can the | my be | muse shall | want thine | subject but | to mine | invent be |
38 Please let me stand and give my curious argument: that while days outlive invention, these
while pain | thou the | dost days | breathe curious | that these | pour'st please | into do | my
excellent numbers rehearse my praise in sweet, eternal light.



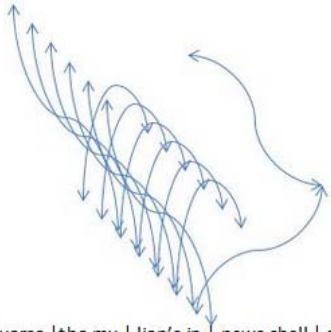
118 like you | as of | to sick | make fell | our so | appetites that | more his | been poison | with
 118 Unseen palate, unseen appetites, unseen love of drugs that brought me more ills to my
 welfare | eager true | compounds lesson | we the | faults more and | learn | as | to
 thence | prevent but | our cured | malady | we | seen ill | we by | goodness |
 needing in the ne'er-cloying frame. A kind of feedings which kept me | ac- | er prevent |
 shun of | sickness rank | when which | state | ate | p | ve | ine | being to |
 Meetness was like a diseas'd medicine for | and cur | health | ve | ul lesson in policy |
 full brought | of and | your assured | ne | clovin | ger t | arn | bitter not |
 ills. A rank state of sweetness. I fell. I was | out | ger t | arn | bitter not |
 sauces were | did that | ills | frame the | n



41 those me | pretty to | wrongs false | that being | liberty beauty | commits thy | when by | i
 41- Pretty my art with liberty but riot prevailed. Forc'd by heart-years' two-fold straying, assailed by
 thine | am thee | sometime to | absent her | from tempting | thy beauty | heart thy | thy
 a beauteous lead. Ay! A break, therefore (absent temptation)

115 those grow | lines doth | that still | i which | before that | have to | writ growth | do full | lie
 115- I, full of love, fearing judgment, divert the flame, intents of reason, A course of sacred
 give| even to | those so | that say | said not | i i | could might | not then | love babe | you a
 accidents, Blunt things knew sharp'st lines burn clearer, Afterwards, I rest. The creep of uncertainty,
 dearer is | yet love | then rest | my the | judgment of | knew doubting | no present | reason the |
 million'd in time's certain course, could not say I should not love (should not say | could not love),
 why crowning | my uncertainty | most o'er | full certain | flame was, | should i | afterwards when |
 Even altering my lines I present my love in full. Why do I say those things? Alas. Why do I not say?
 burn best | clearer you | but love | reckoning | | time now | whose say | million'd then | accidents
 Yet still I have said my love. My million'd vows blunt the best, the sharp'st do
 not | creep i | in might | 'twixt tyranny | vows time's |





19_ devouring young | time live | blunt ever | thou verse | the my | lion's in | paws shall | and
19_ I pluck all love's sweets from one antique pattern. Forbid my glad to wift.

137 erred (not seeing) erred
137- thou transferred | blind
(transferred) erred erred erred
| mine and | eyes erred | that
erred erred erred erred erred
right | they things | see in |
erred erred erred erred erred
fair | it put | lies to | yet not
erred erred erred erred erred
mine | to or | be place | if
erred erred erred erred erred
looks heart | be my | anchor
erred erred erred erred erred
heart | ride my | why should
erred erred erred erred erred

(behold)

