

## My Love is as a Fever

Sonnet 147. Shakespeare produced 154 poems in his lifetime, nearly all of which were published in 1609. The themes range from love and beauty to mortality (frequently under the advice of *carpe diem*), among others. In this sonnet, the poet describes his emotional state, in thrall to an inconstant mistress. He is like a patient in a fever and berates his lover for her unreliable character.

My love is as a fever, longing still,  
For that which longer nurseth the disease;  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
My reason, the physician to my love,  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve  
Desire is death, which physic did except.  
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;  
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,  
At random from the truth vainly expressed;  
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,  
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.