

Sonnet written on Shakespeare's model.

Oh, if only was here, the great author,  
who succeeded in stopping the time  
and sharing the love's color  
just composing and writing some rhymes.

Of Shakespeare I'm speaking,  
of course; who had doubts?  
I think that if he was here, still living,  
he would not be proud.

The love seems now to be an enemy,  
everyone seems to avoid it, to escape it,  
and it is becoming a blasphemy;  
who speaks of it is seen as a git.

The more we go deeply in the advancement,  
the more is love's disfigurement.

Giorgio Mirabile