**Sonnet 116
William Shakespeare**

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no! It is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
      If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
      I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

**Marital Sonnet 4**

**James Simmons**

We murmured passionate language in that trance

when each was famished for the mutual kiss;

But we have altered, and it spoils all chance

of happiness, comparing that with this.

Displays of fireworks were put on by lust,

romantic symphonies, unholy wars:

now contraceptives, unworn, gather dust,

in which we once soared gleaming towards the stars.

In age's Leamington our joys last longer,

the libraries are good, the tea-rooms neat,

good arguments aren't broken off by anger,

new appetites are fed, we are replete.

Let's call this love, that alters when it finds

alteration, the marriage of two minds.