Sonnet II

by Francis William Bourdillon

As strong, as deep, as wide as is the sea,
Though by the wind made restless as the wind,
By billows fretted and by rocks confined,
So strong, so deep, so wide my love for thee.
And as the sea; though oft huge waves arise,
So oft that calms can never quite assuage,
So huge that ocean's whole self seems to rage;
Yet tranquil, deep, beneath the tempest lies:
So my great love for thee lies tranquil, deep,
Forever; though above it passions fierce,
Ambition, hatred, jealousy; like waves
That seem from earth's core to the sky to leap,
But ocean's depths can never really pierce;
Hide its great calm, while all the surface raves.