

# Apparently with no surprise

Apparently with no surprise  
To any happy Flower  
The Frost beheads it at its play—  
In accidental power—  
The blonde Assassin passes on—  
The Sun proceeds unmoved  
To measure off another Day  
For an Approving God.

## SONNET XXXVII

*As a decrepit father takes delight  
To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
So I, made lame by Fortune's dearest spite,  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;  
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
Entitled in thy parts, do crowned sit,  
I make my love engrafted to this store:  
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,  
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give  
That I in thy abundance am sufficed,  
And by a part of all thy glory live.*

*Look what is best, that best I wish in thee:  
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!*

3  
31  
40  
49  
9  
68  
7  
86  
95

N F L A M E M Y H E  
W O D E D I S P U N A  
O A R T L I K E

W  
T H E O N E  
K I N G S B Y  
H O A V E B Y  
D I E D O N E  
ARE REBORN IN POETS' HEARTS

IN  
IONS THIS  
FLECT MIR  
RE ROR  
THE I  
LIKE AM  
NOT Guillaume Apollinaire EN  
AND CLOSED  
GELS A  
AN LIVE  
GINE AND  
MA REAL  
I AS  
YOU

"Heart, Crown, and Mirror," a poem  
by French Symbolist Guillaume  
Apollinaire (1880-1918).