

Too soon Tomorrow turns into Today  
And all your refreshing fountains run dry.  
Soothing shadows will have to satisfy  
When your capricious beauty wastes away.

Though the delicate hill flowers perish,  
Next May their blossoms are resurrected.  
Live! Let nothing be lost or neglected  
For soon the gold of your days will vanish

Into your fountains our fortunes are thrown,  
For your fidelity we wish to win,  
But Time is jealous and retains his debt.  
Too brief a season, we control your crown  
Of empty afternoons and divine sins,  
Those restless days above all we covet.

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