

### **Sonnet 30**

My love is like to ice, and I to fire;  
How comes it then that this her cold so great  
Is not dissolved through my so hot desire,  
But harder grows the more I her entreat?  
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat  
Is not delayed\* by her heart frozen cold,  
But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,  
And feel my flames augmented manifold?  
What more miraculous thing may be told  
That fire which all things melts, should harden ice,  
And ice which is congealed with senseless cold,  
Should kindle fire by wonderful device?  
Such is the power of love in gentle mind,  
That it can alter all the course of kind.

***Edmund Spenser (1595)***