

Sonnet for Brutus (from *Amaranth*)

It was not pity, nor the good of Rome,
That drove your heart to stir up rageful acts.
Nor 'twas it fears that humoured Cassius so
And then inspired a cowardly attack.
Though noble you appeared to common eyes,
And cloaked your deeds within necessity
Your adder's tongue betrayed your jealous mind
Disclosing envious propensity:
You spoke of joy, as he was fortunate
And yet you spurned your lover for his crown!
So fortune's even, just apportionment
Determine love's extent – love's fortune-bound.
Your actions, did your jealousy foretell:
Your love lies bleeding, though you *love* him well.