

Shakespeare's Sonnet number 44

an interpretation

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought

If I were able to project my flesh bound consciousness into a luminous, thought responsive, ethereal body

injurious distance would not bar my way

We would no longer suffer the pain of separation

for then despite of space I would be brought

I could be with you regardless of distance

to limits far remote where thou dost stay

I could be wherever you are

no matter that my foot did stand upon the farthest earth removed from thee

distance is not a reality on the ethereal plane

for nimble thought can jump both sea and land

thoughts have no geographical boundaries

as soon as think the place where thou might be

I'd need only think of you to be with you.

but ah, thought kills me that I am not thought

I am painfully aware I cannot liberate myself from my physical body

to leap large lengths of miles where thou hast gone

I am unable to enjoy your injuriously distant presence

but that so much of earth and water wrought

while bearing the cumbersome restrictions of this earth plane

I must attend times leisure with my moan

I must pass the lingering time away from you in sorrowful longing

receiving naught form elements so slow

immediate gratification is not possible as long as I remain bound to my physical body

but heavy tears badge of either's woe

inconsolable sorrow reassures us of the sincerity of our mutual affection

