

## A Sonnet to The Onslaught Of Acne

Shall I compare thee to the white of pores?  
Thou chose to mark me on my ruttred cheek.  
To bludgeon skin, a touch that still is yours,  
the perfumed lotions that do nil but reek.

But wait! Don't flee! I swear to persist.  
These constellations prove my age as true.  
I shan't be rushed for love's a trickling cyst,  
that won't be popped- at least between us two.

You freed the beasts, the blusterous lumps!  
With needles etched with yellowed pus!  
From the sores there is an ooze,  
a squelching mess I cannot lose.

The noxious marks are solely mine to keep;  
the swelling of this face, for now, is steep.