When most I wink then do my eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow’s form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made,
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?

All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.
not—give promise of immortality.

Despite rhetorical distractions, the grief of the speaker comes through and now he sees truly. Ironically, it is in sleep and darkness that his vision clears; his dreams show the real “thee” in the final, revelatory line. What is absent is the joy of two souls joined as one, quite a jarring contrast to the close of Sonnet 42.