

II

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
 This were to be new made when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st cold.

Sonnet II is a poem about a woman who is old and has lost her beauty. Even though she has no more physical beauty she has passed it on to her children who look like her. So when she feels life slipping away she can look to her children to be caring on her beauty in their own lives.

This sonnet is like some of Shakespeare's other sonnets because it discusses the infinity of a woman's beauty; in other sonnets her beauty lives on because it is written down and will always exist as long as it is being read. In this sonnet, her beauty will persevere through time and death because she passes it on to her children who will in turn pass it on to their children.