

Loves Progress

Who ever loves, if he doe not propose
The right true end of Love, he's one yt goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick
And loves a Bear whelp borne: if we overlick
Our Love, & force it new strange shapes to take
We err & of a Lump a Monster make
Were not a Calf a monster, if were grown
Favour'd like man thought better than his own?
Perfection is in Unity: Preferr
One woeman first, & then one thing in her
I when I value Gault, may think upon
The ductilenes, & application
The wholesomnes, & ingenuety
From Rust from soile, from fier for ever free
But if I love it 'tis because 'tis made
By our new Nature use of soule of Trade
All these in woemen we mought think upon
(If woemen had them) & yet love but one
Can men more iniure woemen than to say
They love them for it by w^{ch} they'r not they
Makes vertue woeman's must I coole my blood
Til I both see & find one wife & good?
May barren stingsells Love so: but if we
Make love to woeman vertue is not sh^e
As bewty is not, nor weath, the y^t strays thus
From her to hers is more Adulterous
Than he y^t takes her mayd, search every sphere
And firmament, our Cupid is not ther
He's an infernall God & under ground
wth Pluto dwells, wher Gault & fier abound:
Men to such Gods their Sacrificing Coales
Did not on Altars lay, but Pitts & Holes.
Although we see Celestiall bodies move
Above of Earth: of Earth we till & Love
So we her haives contemplate wor^{ld} & hart
And vertues: but we love of Centrique part
For is of soule more worthy, or more fitt
Or love than this, as infinite as it.

But in attaining this desired place
How much they stray if set out at of face?
The hayer a Forrest is of Ambushes
Of Springs, Snarres, Fetters & manacles
The Brow becalms vs when 'tis smooth & plain
And when 'tis wrinkled Shipwracks vs again
Smooth tis a Paradise wher we would have
Immortall stay, & wrinkled 'tis our Graue
The Nose like to of first meridian runs
Not twist to East & West, but twist two furs
It leans a cheek a Rosy Hemisphere
On either side, & then directs vs wher
Upon of Flands fortunate we fall . . .
(Not faint Canary, but Ambrosiall)
Her swelling lipps to wher when we are come
Weanker ther is think we are at home
For they seem all ther Siren songs & ther
wise Delphique Oracles doe fill of aive.
Then in a Creeke wher chosen pearles dwell
The Remora, her clearing Tongue doth dwell
These & of Glorious Promontory her chimm
Ore past & of strait Hellespont between
The Gestos & Abidos of her breasts
(Not of two Lovers but two Loves of nest)
Succeeds a boundless sea. but of thin eye
Some Fland moulds may scatterd ther desoye
And sayling towards her India, in of way
Shall at her fairer Atlantique Navell stay
Though thence of current be thy Pilot made
yet ere thou be, wher thou wouldst be imbayed
Thou shalt upon an other Forrest fell
wher some do Shipwrack & no farther get
wher thou art ther, consider w^t this chafe
Misspent by thy beginning at of face
Rather set out before practice my stv
Som Symetry of foot hath w^t of part