
P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

Platonick Love.

I.

SO Angels Love and all the rest is dross,
Contracted, selfish, sensitive and gross.
Unlike to this, all free and unconfin'd,
Is that bright flame I bear thy brighter mind.

II.

No stragling wish, or symptom of desire,
Comes near the Limits of this holy fire;

A

Yet

2 Poems on several Occasions.

Yet 'tis intense and active, tho so fine;
For all my pure immortal part is thine.

III.

Why should I then the Heav'nly spark controul,
Since there's no brighter Ray in all my Soul,
Why should I blush to indulge the noble flame,
For which even friendship's a degrading name.

IV.

Nor is the greatness of my Love to thee,
A sacrilege unto the Deity,
Can I th' enticing stream almost adore,
And not respect its lovely fountain more?
