

# Katherine Philips-Rosania to Lucasia

Ah strike outright, or else forbear,  
Be more kind, or more severe;  
For in this **checquer'd** mixture I  
Cannot live, and would not die,  
And must I neither? tell me why?

When thy Pen thy kindness tells,  
My heart transported leaps and swells.  
But when my greedy eye does stray  
Thy **threat'ned** absence to survey,  
That heart is struck and taints away.

To give me title to rich land,  
And the **fruition** to withstand,  
Or solemnly to send the key  
Of treasures I must never see,  
Would it contempt or bounty be?

This is such **refin'd** distress,  
That thy sad Lovers sigh for less,  
Though thou their hopes hast overthrown,  
They lose but what they **ne're** have known,  
But I am **plunder'd** from my own.

How canst thou thy Rosania prize,  
And be so cruel and so wise?  
For if such rigid policy  
Must thy resolves dispute with me,  
Where then is friendship's victory?

Edited by Alana Collins