

Against Pleasure

There's no such thing as pleasure here,
'Tis all a perfect **cheat**,
Which does but shine and disappear,
Whose charm is but deceit:
The empty bribe of **yielding** souls,
Which first betrays, and then controls

'Tis true, it looks at distance fair,
But if we do approach,
The fruit of **Sodom** will impair,
And perish at a touch;
It being than in fancy less,
And we expect more than possess.

For by our pleasure we are **cloy'd**
And so desire is done;
Or else, like rivers, they make wide
The channels where they run;
And either way true bliss destroys,
Making us narrow, or our joys.

We covet pleasure easily,
But ne'er true bliss possess;
For many things must make it be,
But one may make it less.
Nay, were our state as we would choose it,
'Twould be consumed by fear to lose it.

Edited and annotated by Briana Boyd