

To My Dearest Antenor

<http://virginia-anthology.org/wp-content/uploads/2015/08/audioNHwPRz.mp3>

LIV. To my dearest Antenor, on his Parting.

Though it be just to grieve when I must part
With him that is the Guardian of my Heart;
Yet by an happy change the loss of mine
Is with advantage paid in having thine.
And I (by that dear Guest instructed) find
Absence can doe no hurt to Souls combin'd.
As we were born to love, brought to agree
By the impressions of Divine Decree:
So when united nearer we became,
It did not weaken, but increase, our Flame.
Unlike to those who distant joys admire,
But slight them when possess of their desire.
Each of our Souls did in its temper fit,
And in the other's Mould so fashion'd it,
That now our Inclinations both are grown,
Like to our Interests and Persons, one;
And Souls whom such an Union fortifies,
Passion can ne're destroy, nor Fate surprize.
Now as in Watches, though we do not know
When the Hand moves, we find it still doth go:
So I, by secret Sympathy inclin'd,
Will absent meet, and underst and thy mind;
And thou at thy return shalt find thy Heart
Still safe, with all the love thou didst impart.
For though that treasure I have ne're deserv'd,
It shall with strong Religion be preserv'd.
And besides this thou shalt in me survey
Thy self reflected while thou art away.
For what some forward Arts do undertake,
The Images of absent Friends to make,

And represent their actions in a Glass,
Friendship it self can onely bring to pass,
That Magick which both Fate and Time beguiles,
And in a moment runs a thousand miles.
So in my Breast thy Picture drawn shall be,
My Guide, Life, Object, Friend and Destiny:
And none shal know, though they imploy their wit,
Which is the right Antenor, thou, or it.