

"The Extasie"

By John Donne

*Transcription, correction, editorial commentary, and
markup by Students and Staff of the University of Virginia*

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POEMS,
By J. D[onne].
WITH
ELEGIES
ON THE AUTHOR'S
Death.

LONDON.

Printed by *M. F.* for [J]OHN MARRIOT,
and are to be sold at his shop in *St Dunstons*
Church-yard in *Fleet-street.* 1633.

The Extasie.

1 Where, like a pillow on a bed,
2 A Pregnant banke swel'd up, to rest
3 The violets reclining head,
4 Sat we two, one anothers best;
5 Our hands were firmly cimented
6 With a fast balme, which thence did spring,
7 Our eye-beames twisted, and did thred
8 Our eyes, upon one double string,
9 So to'entergraft our hands, as yet
10 Was all the meanes to make us one,
11 And pictures in our eyes to get
12 Was all our propagation.
13 As 'twixt two equall Armies, Fate
14 Suspends uncertaine victorie,
15 Our soules, (which to advance their state,
16 Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her, and mee.
17 And whil'st our soules negotiate there,
18 Wee like sepulchrall statues lay,
19 All day, the same our postures were,
20 And wee said nothing, all the day.
21 If any, so by love refin'd,
22 That he soules language understood,
23 And by good love were growen all minde,
24 Within convenient distance stood,
25 He (though he knowes not which soule spake,
26 Because both meant, both spake the same)
27 Might thence a new concoction take,
28 And part farre purer then he came.
29 This Extasie doth unperplex
30 (We said) and tell us what we love,
31 Wee see by this, it was not sexe
32 Wee see, we saw not what did move:
33 But as all severall soules containe
34 Mixture of things, they know not what,
35 Love, these mixt soules, doth mixe againe,
36 And makes both one, each this and that.
37 A single violet transplant,
38 The strength, the colour, and the size,
39 (All which before was poore, and scant,)
40 Redoubles still, and multiplies.
41 When love, with one another so
42 Interanimates two soules,

43 That abler soule, which thence doth flow,
44 Defects of lonelinesse controules.
45 Wee then, who are this new soule, know,
46 Of what we are compos'd, and made,
47 For, th'Atomies of which we grow,
48 Are soules, whom no change can invade.
49 But O alas, so long, so farre
50 Our bodies why doe wee forbear?
51 They are ours, though not wee, Wee are
52 The intelligences, they the spheares.
53 We owe them thanks, because they thus,
54 Did us, to us, at first conuay,
55 Yeelded their senses force to us,
56 Nor are drosse to us, but allay.
57 On man heavens influence workes not so,
58 But that it first imprints the ayre,
59 For soule into the soule may flow,
60 Though it to body first repaire.
61 As our blood labours to beget
62 Spirits, as like soules as it can,
63 Because such fingers need to knit
64 That subtile knot, which makes us man:
65 So must pure lovers soules descend
66 T'affections, and to faculties,
67 Which sense may reach and apprehend,
68 Else a great Prince in prison lies.
69 To'our bodies turne wee then, that so
70 Weake men on love reveal'd may looke;
71 Loves mysteries in soules doe grow,
72 But yet the body is his booke.
73 And if some lover, such as wee,
74 Have heard this dialogue of one,
75 Let him still marke us, he shall see
76 Small change, when we'are to bodies gone.