

FIRST DRAFT
MARCH 1996

HUMAN EYES

Based on
three poems by
Andrew Marvell
(1621 - 1678)

by

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Forward...

As the script is both a combination of the poetry and my interpretation/visual scenes - it may prove easier to read the poetry first as many of the descriptions of the shots cut across the flow of the poetry - for that purpose then I have included the original poems at the end of the script.

- 1 Fade in to a close shot of flowers on a tree branch gently blowing - the branch occupies the left and lower left half of the screen - superimposed titles fade in over - " Human Eyes" - these soon fade out and are replaced by the second caption - "Based on Three Poems by Andrew Marvell" - this second caption soon fades out and the camera pans right towards part of the large park grounds of an estate

- 2 Cut to a medium long shot of a man walking down a roadway - he is wearing the mid-1600's dress of a well off and educated, though artistic, Englishman - as he walks along he looks intermittently into a clearing on his left

- 3 Cut to a medium shot of THE MAN as he stops and walks over to a tree on his left

- 4 Cut to a medium close shot from front on of THE MAN leaning up against the tree trunk and looking into the clearing

- 5 Cut to a medium long shot of a group of five men standing in a circle in the clearing - they are all wearing more formal clothes, including two in military dress - one man in the group is talking animatedly and slightly boastfully as he relates a story - he is holding his sword out vertically in front of him

- 6 Cut to close up of THE MAN - he is shaking his head and has a slight smirk on his face - after a while he starts to express his thoughts and feelings which we hear in voice over

"How vainly men themselves amaze - to win the palm the oak or bays - and their uncessant labours see, crowned from some single herb or tree - whose short and narrow verged shade does prudently their toils upbraid (STARTING TO SMILE) while all flowers and all trees do close to weave the garlands of repose"

the camera stays on him for just a fraction longer, then

- 7 Cut to medium shot of THE MAN coming to sit down against a tree trunk in another part of the garden, the voice over starts whilst he is still in the process of sitting down

"Fair quiet (HE LEANS AGAINST THE TREE AND RELAXES - EYES SHUT) have I found thee here - and innocence thy sister dear"

- 8 Cut to medium close shot of THE MAN

"(SLOWLY OPENING HIS EYES AND JUST LOOKING OUT IN HIS THOUGHTS) mistaken long I sought you then in busy companies of men (GLANCING DOWN TO WHAT'S IMMEDIATELY AROUND HIM, WITH A SLIGHT GROWING SMILE) your sacred plants if here below only among the plants will grow (LEANING BACK AND SHUTTING HIS EYES AGAIN) society is all but rude to this delicious solitude (PAUSE IN THIS FOR A BIT) No..."

- 9 Cut to a close tracking shot of white flowers - as the camera tracks along it picks up speed very slightly and near the end of the shot it starts to drop just a little bit of focus

"...white nor..."

- 10 Cut to a close tracking shot of red flowers - the camera starts the shot tracking at the same speed and at the same point of focus as the last shot - but keeps increasing it's speed slightly and by the end of the shot has lost all it's focus as well

"...red was ever..."

- 11 Cut to a close tracking shot of just green bushes - the camera tracks initially at the same rate as that at the end of the last shot, but keeps increasing slightly - the focus is now well and truly out and remains out - giving the effect of just a multi-shaded green blur moving past

"seen so am'rous as this lovely green"

- 12 Quick cross fade into a long shot of a man and a woman hurriedly entering into under low hanging tree boughs - he mainly leads and is holding her hand with his left hand and a knife in his right hand

"Fond lovers, cruel as their flame, cut in these trees their mistress name - little alas..."

- 13 Cut to medium shot of a tree - panning down it's whole length

"...they know or heed how far these beauties hers exceed"

- 14 Cut to medium shot of THE MAN sitting down - he is leaning back and looking up to the tree, along it's trunk - this time he speaks out aloud

"Fair trees - where s'eer your barks I wound, no name but your own shall be found"

the camera pause on this for just a moment

- 15 Cut to a medium close shot from the side of a man and a woman having an argument in the garden - the man is attempting to hold the woman but she breaks away - the poetry is in voice over once more

"When we..."

16 Cut to medium close shot of the woman - falling back into shot - having broken away - and now just standing there looking at him in her defiance

"...have run our passions..."

17 Cut to close shot of the man

"...heat"

18 Cut to close shot of the woman turning away quickly and angrily

"Love hither..."

19 Cut to close shot of the man - moving in to even closer - he stands there looking for just a bit and then looks down - withdrawing more into his own thoughts and feelings

"...makes his best retreat"

20 Quick cross fade to tracking shot of tree trunks and branches in a rainforest about 10 feet or so off the ground

"The Gods that mortal beauty chase, still in a tree did end their race"

21 Cut to medium shot at the same height of APOLLO in a tree - leaning forward around a branch to get a better look at Daphne

"Apollo hunted Daphne so - only that she might laurel grow"

22 Cut to medium long shot from behind of PAN in a thicket of reeds - looking up over the top of them

"And Pan did after..."

23 Cut to close shot on PAN'S face - moving in to even closer on his face by the end of the first word

"...Syrinx speed - not as a nymph, but for a reed"

24 Cut to medium long shot from behind of THE MAN in an orchard - he is dancing in the grass with apple trees to either side of him - he is unintentionally heading toward one apple tree to his left

"What wond'rous life is this..."

25 Cut to medium close shot from in front as he notices a lot of apples that have fallen down at the base of the tree

"...I lead"

26 Cut to medium shot from in front as he bends down to pick up one of the apples

"...ripe apples drop about my head"

27 Cut to close shot of very rich looking bunches of grapes on a vine - his hand reaches in and picks some

"The luscious clusters of the vine..."

28 Cut to close shot - his head leaning right back eating the grapes

"...upon my mouth do crush their wine"

29 Cut to close shot of him with his head leaning slightly back, rubbing a peach against his cheek

"The nectarine and curious peach into my hands themselves do reach"

30 Cut to medium close shot of him happily trying to bound through long and flowery grass but having trouble doing so - he eventually gives up and collapses back into it - lying on his back

"Stumbling on melons as I pass, insnared with flowers I fall on grass"

31 Cut to medium close shot from above, of him lying in the grass with his eyes shut - the camera is moving in to just his face, and reaches this point on the word "mind" - it then starts fading to black and has done so by "pleasure" - the voice over continues in the darkness

"Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less, withdraws into its happiness - the..."

32 On "mind" the darkness opens up to an expanse of dark green sea which the view is travelling over - heading towards the horizon, which it never reaches - the sky and the horizon remain dark

"...mind that ocean where each kind does straight it's own..."

on "resemblance" an image of THE WOMAN, from shoulders up appears at the horizon

"...resemblance find..."

the view then pans upwards into the dark sky, and is fully above THE WOMAN'S image by "these"

"...- yet it creates transcending these..."

stars now fade into the moving view and initially leave

streaks on the image, by the end of the accompanying passage a bright portion of a moon comes into view in the top left hand corner of the frame

"...far other worlds and other seas..."

the view now fades to black, and is completely in black by "all"

"annihilating all that's made, to a green..."

the view now fades in to a close shot of THE MAN from above, lying in the grass - his eyes are now open and he is smiling

"...thought, in a green shade"

- 33 Cut to a rainforest to a close head and shoulders shot from the side of THE MAN with no clothes on - he is looking down to where he is about to step - we see this for a little bit, before we hear the voice-over

"Here..."

- 34 Cut to his point of view - his foot edging forward down some rocks into a pool of water

"...at the..."

- 35 Cut to medium shot from the other side of the water of him edging in side on

"...fountains sliding foot"

- 36 Cut to THE MAN naked in a foetal position curled up amongst some large roots of a tree in the rain forest - the view is from about a 45 degree angle above and away from him

"Or at some fruit tree's mossy root"

on the tale end of "casting" the camera then pans upwards to a horizontal position and moves vertically up along the tree trunk - with branches coming into view on "into" - the two camera movements are fluent with no pause between them

"Casting the body's vest aside, my soul into the bough's does glide"

- 37 Cut to appropriate shots [which will have to be sourced] of Birds of Paradise sunning and preening themselves, as described in the poetry

"There like a bird it sits and sings, then whets and combs it's silver wings, and, till prepared for longer flight, waves in it's plumes the various light"

- 38 Cut to medium shot of THE MAN back in the garden sitting up against a tree trunk - he is staring off into the distance - thinking about THE WOMAN - and has a mixed expression of both fulfilment, and unsuredness - the camera moves in slowly, ending on a close shot of him by the end of the passage

"Such was that happy garden state, while man there walked without a mate - after a place so pure, and sweet what other help could yet be meet! - But 'twas beyond a mortal's share to wander solitary there - two paradises 'twere in one to live in paradise alone"

- 39 Cut to medium shot of THE MAN walking around a large floral sundial, looking into it as he does so

"How well the skilful gardener drew"

- 40 Cut to his point of view of a portion of the sundial as he moves around it - he stops moving by "dial"

"Of flowers and herbs this dial new - where from above..."

41 Cut to a shot of the sun

"...the milder sun..."

42 Cut to medium close shot from low down and on an angle of some of the flowers in the sundial - some of which are blowing gently in a breeze

"...does through a fragrant zodiac run"

43 Cut to close shot of him quickly turning his head to look at a bee on a group of flowers just to his right

"And..."

44 Cut to close shot of the bee around a group of flowers

"...as it works the industrious bee..."

45 Cut back to close shot of THE MAN still looking towards the bee, but with a smile on his face and shaking his head a bit

"...computes it's time as well as we (HE NOW TURNS BACK TO LOOK AT THE WHOLE SUNDIAL) how could such sweet and wholesome hours be reckoned but with herbs and flowers"

pause on him just looking down for a moment longer

46 Cut to his point of view of the sundial again - this time encompassing nearly all of it - pause on this for just a little bit

- 47 Cut to medium long shot of him by the sundial, with a few trees in shot now - he remains looking down at the sundial for a little bit longer - his happiness growing - and then walks away to the left - the view then fades to black just as he's about to exit the frame and remains in black for just a little bit longer
- 48 Fade in to a medium shot of a shaded opening in a forested part of the garden, a little later in the morning - the view is at about three or four metres up but drops to about one metre or so and the camera starts swinging to the right, picking up more speed in its action to the right as it gets closer to the lower level - the view moves past a medium shot of THE MAN asleep against a tree trunk just to the side of the forested patch - and keeps on moving to the right - revealing a large open part of the garden behind THE MAN - at a moderate distance THE WOMAN and a friend are holding hands and running across the grassy opening, giggling as they do so - they are running towards the camera, but at a slight angle to the right
- 49 Cut to close shot of THE MAN - he wakes and is momentarily a little disorientated then remembers where the sound is coming from and looks over on his left to it - he strains a bit more to have a closer look, then turns back quickly - realising who it is - and after thinking about it for a bit more looks again
- 50 Cut to medium long shot - THE MAN's point of view - of THE WOMAN and THE FRIEND - they are pulling up and catching their breath, and still laughing a little
- 51 Cut to close shot of THE MAN, from front on to his face, looking at them
- 52 Cut to THE MAN's point of view again of THE WOMAN and THE FRIEND - they are saying goodbye - THE FRIEND heads away and to the left of shot and THE WOMAN heads to the right

- 53 Cut to close shot of THE MAN, just before THE WOMAN would have stepped out of frame in the previous shot, his eye sight switches from where she was to where she is now
- 54 Cut to THE MAN's point of view of a hedge or thicket from the outside - THE WOMAN can just be seen moving down a laneway between this thicket wall, and another one to her left
- 55 Cut to close shot of THE MAN watching her move behind the thicket - unsuredness has been growing with in him but after a short while he resolves to get up and go and have a look
- 56 Cut to medium shot of THE MAN getting up
- 57 Cut to medium longish shot of THE MAN arriving at the thicket on the opposite side to THE WOMAN - he approaches it carefully so as not to be noticed and starts to look around for a hole to see through
- 58 Cut to close/medium shot of THE MAN'S point of view looking through the thicket to THE WOMAN - at first the shot moves a bit but then settles on a good view of her - her back is half turned to the camera as she looks for flowers on the opposite thicket to pick
- 59 Cut to close shot of him from inside the laneway, back through the thicket - just looking at her - pause in this for a bit
- 60 Cut back to shot of her from his point of view - as she reaches for a flower and picks it

61 Cut back to close shot of him back through the thicket, looking at her - he remains looking at her for a bit before the voice over begins, which starts off in a slightly resigned tone

"My love is of a birth as rare as 'tis for
object strange and high - it was begotten by
despair upon impossibility"

62 Cut to medium close shot of her from within the laneway as she stands and smells the flower - the shot starts at her feet and moves up to her head

"Magnanimous despair alone could show me so
divine a thing, where feeble hope could ne'er
have flown but vainly flapped it's tinsel wing"

63 Cut back to close shot of him through the thicket

"And yet I quickly might arrive where my
extended soul is fixed - but fate does iron
wedges drive and always crowds itself betwixt -
for fate with jealous eye does see ..."

64 Cut to his point of view of her through the thicket - she has picked another flower and is admiring it as well

"...two perfect loves, nor lets them close..."

65 Cut back to close shot of him through the thicket

" - their union would her ruin be, and her
tyrannic power depose.....and therefore her
decrees of steel us as the distant poles have
placed..."

66 Cross fade to computer animation - the background is white and just to the lower right of the centre of the screen is a spinning globe with a map of the world, as they would have then known it, on it - it is spinning on an axis which is leaning to the right

"...though love's whole world on us doth wheel -
not by themselves to be embraced.....unless
the giddy..."

the white background fades and begins to drop as well - though fades right out well before it has dropped very far - as this is going on the globe has stopped spinning and is now simplified to just bright, almost fluorescent blue, lines of just longitude, latitude and the continental outlines

"...heaven fall..."

two circles appear above and at a bit of a distance from each pole - they are parallel to the plain of the poles and hence appear as ellipses on the screen - parallel lines of projection then emanate from the sectioned equatorial plain right through their respective hemispheres and onto their respective circles - this creates an image of the detail of each hemisphere on their respective circles

"...and earth some new convulsion tear..."

the globe fades out leaving just the circles with their images - the circles then turn end on end a few times (the left one having to turn more than the right) as they move to the centre, at the top half of the screen - they overlay themselves perfectly on each other on "sphere" in "planisphere" - and the poles thus come together

"...and, us to join, the world should all be
cramped into a planisphere"

the planisphere then starts to disintegrate, fall and fade out - again not falling very far before it completely fades out - a curved line, the edge of a large sphere, then appears near the top of the screen and lowers itself down to about two thirds of the way down the screen - from two points equidistant from each other at the base of the screen five lines shoot out at equal angles like fingers - they all intersect with each other and curve over the

sphere - disappearing around it's horizon - the lines then swing left and right from their point of origin - moving across each other, with new lines at the same angle brought in when the degree of the swing makes it necessary

"As lines so loves oblique may well themselves
in every angle greet - but ours so truly..."

67 Quick cross fade back to close shot of him through the thicket

"...parallel - though infinite, can never meet"

he turns away, becoming upset

68 Cut to close shot from the other side of the thicket - he completes his turning and is now with his back against the thicket

"Therefor the love which us doth bind but fate
so enviously debars, is the conjunction of the
mind - and opposition of the stars"

pause for a bit, he then walks out of shot

69 Cut to medium shot of him in a forested area sitting against a tree trunk, upset, the camera is at an angle to his left and arcs around to towards his front

70 Cut to close shot of him

"How wisely nature did decree - with the same
eyes to weep and see - that having viewed the
object vain they might be ready to complain.....
and since the self deluding sight in a false
angle takes each height, these tears which
better measure all like wat'ry lines and
plumets fall.....two tears (HE WIPES AN EYE)
which sorrow long did weigh within the scale of
either eye, and then paid out in equal poise are
the true price of all my joys"

71 Cut to medium close shot of THE WOMAN sitting in a chair, which is not very visible in the shot, in an open lawn area - she is wearing a white off the shoulder dress with her hair down - the camera is moving around her in an arc from diagonally off to her right, to towards in front of her - she is watching it with a relaxed smile

"What in the world most fair appears - yea..."

72 Cut to medium close shot from the side of a man at a table in an inn - he is accompanied by a few others and is laughing uproariously - they are all mainly lit in a flickering orange glow from a fire just out of shot

"...even laughter..."

73 Cut to back to close shot of THE MAN he is looking out emptily and philosophically

"...turns to tears.....and all..."

74 Cut to close shot scanning down glistening multi-coloured jewels

"the jewels which we prize"

75 Cut back to close shot of THE MAN, thinking very expressively

"melt in these pendants of the eyes.....I have through..."

76 Cut to medium long shot of the camera panning across the expanse of the garden

"... every garden been"

77 Cut to close shot, from his point of view, of flowers on bushes in a laneway as he walks down it

"Amongst the red, the white, the green"

78 Cut to close shot, from an angle slightly above, of a pink rose on a bush, with the camera moving into an even closer shot

"And yet from all the flowers I saw"

79 Cut back to close shot of him by the tree trunk

"No honey, but these tears could draw....."

he looks up and breathes in - starting to breakdown a bit more

80 Cut, half way through the action of him looking up, to a medium close shot of him from the side, we see him complete the action of looking up and the voice over continues shortly after

"So the all-seeing sun each day distills the world with chemic ray"

81 Cut to long shot from high in some mountains of a storm breaking over the valley below - there is a little bit of sunlight coming through - but it is clearly raining

"But finds the essence only showers"

82 Cut back to close shot of him by the tree trunk

"Which straight in pity back he powers.....
(TURNING HIS HEAD SLIGHTLY) yet happy they whom grief doth bless, that weep the more and see the less - and to preserve their sight more true, bathe still their eyes in their own dew"

83 Cut to medium close shot of MARY Magdalen sitting against a boulder by herself - her legs are drawn up and she is looking down, resting her head against her arms which are folded on her knees - the shot is from above her and in line with her right hand side

"So..."

84 Cut to close shot of MARY from directly in front - she looks up and breathes in and then out with release - it is obvious she has just been crying but gives a quiet smile, having resolved the conflict with in her - her general look is one of release and relaxation

"...Magdalen, in tears more wise, dissolved those captivating eyes..."

the view then quickly fades to black

"...Whose..."

85 Quick cut to close shot of MARY sitting naked on a straw bed inside a mud hut - a few shafts of light filter in to one side from little holes in the wall behind her - her eyes are watery and she is looking straight out in human need, vested in sexuality - the camera moves back from a close shot of her face to one of waist up - she maintains her expression/feeling

"...liquid chains could flowing meet"

86 Cut to close shot of MARY from the midriff up - she is naked and standing against a cross - her hands are holding onto the cross above her head with her elbows and arms jutting forward - she is looking out with the same human need - the camera moves back to a medium shot from about her shins up

"to fetter her redeemers feet"

87 Cut to medium shot of sails billowing on a sailing ship in full flight

"Not full sails hasting laden home"

88 Cut to medium close shot in a barn at night of a pregnant woman holding her stomach in candle light

"Nor the chaste Ladies pregnant womb"

89 Quick cross fade to a close shot of the full moon - it is bright but a bit more yellowy, as opposed to the very luminous one in shot 32

"Nor Cynthia teeming shows so fair"

90 Cut to close up of THE MAN'S forehead and eye area as he looks down, intensely and in his sadness

"As two eyes swollen with weeping are"

91 Cut to medium shot of THE WOMAN at a ball in a palace or mansion - the lighting is a dim but warm orange, and there are a few other guests behind her to one side - at first she is looking away but then glances quickly and intensely at the camera on "sparkling" and keeps looking for the length of the shot

"The sparkling glance that shoots desire..."

92 Cross fade to a close shot of THE MAN back at the tree, looking down but tenderly expressing what he is thinking about - the shot is fully established by "waves"

"...drenched in these waves, does lose it's fire
- yea oft..."

93 Cut to medium close shot, dark and brown, of THE MAN, from just the mid-chest up, lying back onto the ground whilst it is raining - it is clear he is in pain but is now relaxing it out, to a degree, at the same time

"...the thund'rer pity takes, and here the hissing lightning slakes"

94 Cut to inside an ornate church - it is dark and candle lit - an OLD WOMAN is kneeling before the alter, clutching something to her chest, just under her chin - her face is old and craggy but she is beaming admiration - the shot is from in front of her, but at an angle above her - it pauses on her momentarily, and then starts to move in towards her halfway through "the" - and ends almost on a close shot

"The incense was to heaven dear"

95 Cut to close shot, from on the angle of her point of view, of the effigy of Christ on the cross, on the alter

" - not as a perfume..."

96 Cut to close shot of the OLD WOMAN, from on the same angle as before but just slightly closer now - her eyes are watery and there is a tear coming out of one

"...but a tear"

97 Cut to medium long shot of a wall in the church, a small window is open to the right of the frame showing the night sky with one or two stars visible - the shot is established for just a fraction before the voice over starts

"And..."

98 Quick cross fade to the camera panning on a gradual angle up into the night sky, from outside the window - a few tree tops are visible at first but soon it is just the dark sky with a few more stars visible

"...stars show lovely..."

99 Quick cross fade to the camera still panning on the same angle, but now into a star filled night - the cross fade is completed by the end of "the", and the panning is completed by the end of "night"

"...in the night but as they seem the tears of light"

the view pauses on this for just a fraction

100 Cut back to close shot of THE MAN looking forward but down

"Ope then mine eyes your double sluice, and practise so your noblest use - for others too can see or sleep, but only human eyes can weep"

101 Cut to closer shot in slow motion of THE MAN'S head, from the right - he drops it forward on "dissolving" and a tear falls

"Now like two clouds dissolving drop"

102 Cut to close shot, slow motion, of the tear falling

"And at each tear in distance..."

103 Cut to close shot, in slow motion, from on an angle above, of the tear exploding when it hits the ground

"...stop"

104 Cut to close shot in slow motion of a tear running down
THE MAN'S face

"Now like two fountains trickle down"

105 Cut to close shot in slow motion of THE MAN'S face as he
scrunches his eyes up and breaks down

"Now like two floods over turn and drown - thus
let your streams overflow your springs till eyes
and tears be the same things - and each the
other's difference bears - these weeping eyes,
those seeing tears"

the view pauses on this for just a little bit longer and
then fades to black - music starts - "Two Places At Once",
by The Church (depending on permission and cost!) - and
then the credits roll in just white writing and in
alphabetical order.

~ FINIS ~

The Garden

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the Palm, the Oke, or Bayes;
And their uncessant Labours see
Crown'd from some single Herb or Tree.
Whose short and narrow verged Shade
Does prudently their Toyles upbraid;
While all Flow'rs and all Trees do close
To weave the Garlands of repose.

Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy Sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busie Companies of Men.
Your sacred Plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious Solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond Lovers, cruel as their Flame,
Cut in these Trees their Mistress name.
Little, Alas, they know, or heed,
How far these Beauties Hers exceed!
Fair trees! where s'eer your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our Passions heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The Gods, that mortal Beauty chase,
Still in a Tree did end their race
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that She might Laurel grow.
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a Reed.

What wond'rous Life is this I lead!
Ripe Apples drop about my head;
The Luscious Clusters of the Vine
Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine;
The Nectaren, and curious Peach,

Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the Mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into it's happiness:
The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
Does streight it's own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other Worlds, and other Seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green Thought in a green Shade.

Here at the Fountains sliding foot,
Or at some Fruit-trees mossy root,
Casting the Bodies Vest aside,
My Soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a Bird it sits, and sings,
Then whets, and combs it's silver Wings;
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in it's Plumes the various Light

Such was that happy Garden-state,
While Man there walk'd without a Mate:
After a Place so pure, and sweet,
What other Help could yet be meet!
But 'was beyond a Mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two Paradises 'twere in one
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful Gardener drew
Of flow'rs and herbes this Dial new;
Where from above the milder Sun
Does through a fragrant Zodiack run;
And, as it works, th' industrious Bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome Hours
Be reckon'd but with herbes and flow'rs!

The Definition of Love

My Love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object strange and high:
It was begotten by despair
Upon Impossibility

Magnanimous Despair alone
Could she me so divine a thing,
Where feeble Hope could ne'er have flown
But vainly flapt its Tinsel Wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended Soul is fixt,
But Fate does Iron wedges drive,
And alwaies crouds it self betwixt.

For Fate with jealous Eye does see
Two perfect Loves; nor let them close:
Their union would her ruine be,
And her tyrannick pow'r depose.

And therefore her Decrees of Steel
Us as the distant Poles have plac'd,
(Though Loves whole World on us doth wheel)
Not by themselves to be embrac'd.

Unless the giddy Heaven fall,
And Earth some new Convulsion tear;
And, us to joyn, the World should all
Be cramp'd into a Planisphere.

As Lines so Loves oblique may well
Themselves in every Angle greet:
But ours so truly Paralel,
Though infinite can never meet.

Therefore the Love which us doth bind,
But Fate so enviously debarrs,
Is the Conjunction of the Mind,
And Opposition of the Stars.

Eyes and Tears

How wisely Nature did decree,
With the same Eyes to weep and see!
That, having view'd the object vain,
They might be ready to complain.

And, since the Self-deluding Sight,
In a false Angle takes each height;
These Tears which better measure all,
Like wat'ry Lines and Plummets fall.

Two tears, which Sorrow long did weigh
Within the Scales of either Eye,
And then paid out with equal Poise,
Are the true price of all my Joyes.

What in the World most fair appears,
Yea even Laughter, turns to tears:
And all the Jewels which we prize,
Melt in these Pendants of the Eyes.

I have through every Garden been,
Amongst the Red, the White, the Green;
And yet, from all the flow'rs I saw,
No Hony, but these Tears could draw.

So the all-seeing Sun each day
Distills the World with Chymick Ray;
But finds the Essence only Showers,
Which straight in pity back he powers.

Yet happy they whom Grief doth bless,
That weep the more, and see the less:
And, to preserve their Sight more true,
Bathe still their Eyes in their own Dew.

So Magdalen, in Tears more wise
Dissolv'd those captivating Eyes,
Whose liquid Chaines could flowing meet
To fetter her Redeemers feet

Not full sailes hasting loaden home,
Nor the chaste Ladies pregnant Womb,
Nor Cynthia Teeming show's so fair,
As two Eyes swoln with weeping are.

The sparkling Glance that shoots Desire,
Drench'd in these Waves, does lose it's fire.
Yea oft the Thund'rer pittty takes
And here the hissing Lightning slakes.

The Incense was to Heaven dear,
Not as a Perfume, but a Tear.
And Stars shew lovely in the Night,
But as the seem the Tears of Light.

Ope then mine Eyes your double Sluice,
And practise so your noblest Use.
For others too can see, or sleep;
But only humane Eyes can weep.

Now like two Clouds dissolving, drop,
And at each Tear in distance stop:
Now like two Fountains trickle down:
Now like two floods o'return and drown.

Thus let your Streams o'reflow your Springs,
Till Eyes and Tears be the same things:
And each the other's difference bears;
These weeping Eyes, those seeing Tears.