

Praie of middle age

No spring nor summer beauty hath such grace,  
 As I have found in one but small space.  
 Young beauty passes your love off a rap:  
 This hath but coughs, yet you cannot grasp.  
 If I were a hand to love, like water no show:  
 Affection here takes rivers, never  
 Wears for first years her golden age, that's true,  
 But now she's got off her, & over true  
 That was her spending, her mislaying time,  
 This is her husband's Tropike clime.  
 Fair eyes she looks now, but then comes for hours  
 Ho in a frown with frowns a pedicure.  
 Call not these wrinkles shadows: if graves they be,  
 & they are, they graves, such they are no where;  
 And she, with not cloth, will be fit  
 Crowd to bid to work, like to an ear heave it.  
 & here like hair, with much beauty death comes  
 He doth not dig in grass, but fill a tomb:  
 And though he find fine flowers upon when  
 In Progress, yet his shadowing length is known  
 Here where his evening is not over his night,  
 Where no Caligula's, but all day light.  
 In all her words, into all heavens fit,  
 You may at words, you may at counsell fit.  
 This loves winter youth, his winter  
 Where he like winter in years, through blood  
 10<sup>th</sup> then comes, personall, when our best  
 And appetite to other things is past.  
 Next strange Dian love, the Platons love  
 Was laid for age, now living is longer as she:  
 Or she loves being young, where she loves  
 Her as youth is, eyes have been on her.  
 If things I long sought for please, age is a thing  
 With we are so years in company.  
 If transitory things will soon be long,  
 Age must be looked at the latest day.  
 But now not winter faces, whose skin flakes  
 Looks as another's face, but a flake looks  
 Whole eyes seek light, as in for all their shade,  
 Whose mouths are holes rather worn out than made.  
 Whose every tooth to a several place is gone,  
 To show they smile at 7<sup>th</sup> resolution.  
 Neap not these living makes head into me.  
 For these not ancient, but antique be.  
 I hope, but vainly get had of rather they  
 For troubles, than troubles to wear a out of day.

