

My Spirit

1

My Naked Simple Life was I.
That Act so Strongly Shind
Upon the Earth, the Sea, the Skie,
That was the Substance of My Mind.
The Sence it self was I.
I felt no Dross nor Matter in my Soul,
No Brims nor Borders, such as in a Bowl
We see, My Essence was Capacitie.
That felt all Things.
The Thought that Springs
Therfrom's it self. It hath no other Wings
To Spread abroad, nor Eys to see,
Nor Hands Distinct to feel,
Nor Knees to Kneel:
But being Simple like the Deitie
In its own Centre is a Sphere
Not shut up here, but evry Where.

2

It Acts not from a Centre to
Its Object as remote,
But present is, when it doth view,
Being with the Being it doth note.
Whatever it doth do,
It doth not by another Engine work,
But by it self., which in the Act doth lurk.
Its Essence is Transformed into a true
And perfect Act.
And so Exact
Hath God appeard in this Mysterious Fact,
That tis all Ey, all Act, all Sight,
And what it pleas can be,
Not only see,
Or do; for tis more Voluble then Light:
Which can put on ten thousand Forms,
Being clothd with what it self adorns.

3

This made me present evermore
With whatso ere I saw.
An Object, if it were before
My Ey, was by Dame Natures Law,
Within my Soul. Her Store
Was all at once within me; all her Treasures
Were my Immediat and Internal Pleasures,
Substantial joys, which did inform my Mind.
With all she wrought,
My Soul was fraught,
And evry Object in my Soul a Thought
Begot, or was; I could not tell,

Whether the Things did there
Themselves appear,
Which in my Spirit *truly* seemed to dwell;
Or whether my conforming Mind
Were not alone even all that shind.

4

But yet of this I was most sure,
That at the utmost Length,
(so Worthy was it to endure)
My Soul could best Express its Strength.
It was Indivisible, and so Pure,
That all my Mind was wholly Evry where
What ere it saw, twas ever wholly there;
The Sun ten thousand Legions off, was nigh:
The utmost Star,
Tho seen from far,
Was present in the Apple of my Eye.
There was my Sight, my Life, my Sence,
My Substance and my Mind
My Spirit Shind
Even there, not by a Transeunt Influence.
The Act was Immanent, yet there.
The Thing remote, yet felt even here.

5

O joy! O Wonder, and Delight!
O Sacred Mysterie!
My Soul a Spirit infinit!
An Image of the Deitie!
A pure Substantiall Light!
That Being Greatest which doth Nothing seem!
Why twas my All, I nothing did esteem
But that alone. A Strange Mysterious Sphere!
A Deep Abyss
That sees and is
The only Proper Place or Bower of Bliss.
To its Creator tis so near
In Lov and Excellence
In Life and Sence,
In Greatness Worth and Nature; And so Dear;
in it, without Hyperbole,
The Son and friend of God we see.

6

A Strange Extended Orb of Joy,
Proceeding from within,
Which did on evry side convey
It self. and being nigh of Kin
To God did evry Way
Dilate it self even in an Instant, and
Like an Indivisible Centre Stand
At once Surrounding all Eternitie.
Twas not a Sphere
Yet did appear

One infinit. Twas somewhat evry where.
And tho it had a Power to see
Far more. yet still it shind
And was a Mind
Exerted for it saw Infinitie
Twas not a Sphere, but twas a Power
Invisible, and yet a Bower.

7

O Wondrous Self! O Sphere of Light,
O Sphere of joy most fair;
O Act, O Power infinit;
O Subtile, and unbounded Air!
O Living Orb of Sight!
Thou which within me art, yet Me! Thou Ey,
And Temple of his Whole Infinitie!
O what a World art Thou! a World within!
All Things appear,
All Objects are
Alive in thee! Supersubstantial, Rare,
Abov them selvs, and nigh of Kin
To those pure Things we find
In his Great Mind
Who made the World! tho now Ecclypsd by Sin.
There they are Usefull and Divine,
Exalted there they ought to Shine.

The Apprehension

If this I did not evry moment see,
And if my Thoughts did stray
At any time, or idly play,
And fix on other Objects, yet
This Apprehension set
In me
Was all my whole felicitie.