

## *Dumnesse*

Sure Man was born to Meditat on Things,  
And to Contemplat the Eternal Springs  
Of God and Nature, Glory, Bliss and Pleasure;  
That Life and Love might be his Heavly Treasure:  
And therefore Speechless made at first, that he  
Might in himself profoundly Busied be:  
And not vent out, before he hath t'ane in  
Those Antidots that guard his Soul from Sin.

Wise Nature made him Deaf too, that he might  
Not be disturbd, while he doth take Delight  
In inward Things, nor be depravd with Tongues,  
Nor be disturbed by the Errors and the Wrongs  
That *Mortal Words* convey. For Sin and Death  
Are most infused by accursed Breath.  
That flowing from Corrupted Intraills, bear  
Those hidden Plagues that Souls alone may fear.

This, my Dear friends, this was my Blessed Case;  
For nothing spoke to me but the fair Face  
Of Heav'n and Earth, before my self could speak,  
*I then my Bliss did, when my Silence, break.*  
My Non-Intelligence of Human Words  
Ten thousand Pleasures unto me affords;  
For while I knew not what they to me said,  
Before *Their* Souls were into *Mine* conveyd,  
Before *that* Living Vehicle of Wind  
Could breath into me their infected Mind  
Before my Thoughts were lewend with theirs, before  
There any Mixture was; the Holy Door,  
Or Gate of Souls was closd, and mine being One  
With in it self to me alone was Known.  
Then did I dwell within a World of Light,  
Distinct and Seperat from all Mens Sight,  
Where I did feel strange Thoughts, and Secrets see  
That were, or seemd, only reveald to Me,  
There I saw all the World Enjoyd by one;  
There was in the World my Self alone;  
No Business Serious seemd but one; No Work  
But one was found; and that did in me lurk.

D'ye ask me What? It was with Cleerer Eys  
To see all Creatures full of Deities;  
Especially Ones self. And to Admire  
The Satisfaction of all True Desire:  
Twas to be Pleasd with all that God hath done;  
Twas to Enjoy even All beneath the Sun:  
Twas with a Steddy and immediat Sence  
To feel and measure all the Excellence  
Of Things: Twas to inherit Endless Treasure,  
And to be fild with Everlasting Pleasure:  
To reign in Silence, and to Sing alone  
To see, love, Covet, hav, Enjoy and Prais, in one:  
To Prize and to be ravishd: to be true,  
Sincere and Single in a Blessed View  
Of all his Gifts. Thus was I pent within  
A Fort, Impregnable to any Sin:  
Till the Avenues being Open laid,  
Whole Legions Enterd, and the Forts Betrayd.  
Before which time a Pulpit in my Mind,  
A Temple, and a Teacher I did find,  
With a large Text to comment on. No Ear,  
But Eys them selvs were all the Hearers there.  
And evry Stone, and Evry Star a Tongue,  
And evry Gale of Wind a Curious Song.  
The Heavens were an Orakle, and spake  
*Divinity*: The Earth did undertake  
The office of a Priest; And being Dum

(Nothing besides was dum;) All things did com.  
With Voices and Instructions; but when I  
Had gaind a Tongue, their Power began to die.  
Mine Ears let other Noises in, not theirs;  
A Nois Disturbing all my Songs and Prayers.  
My foes puld down the Temple to the Ground,  
They my Adoring Soul did deeply Wound,  
And casting that into a Swoon, destroyd  
The Oracle, and all I there enjoyd.  
And having once inspird me with a Sence  
Of forrein Vanities, they march out thence  
In Troops that Cover and despoyl my Coasts,  
Being the Invisible, most Hurtfull Hosts.

Yet the first Words mine Infancy did hear,  
The Things which in my Dumness did appear,  
Preventing all the rest, got such a root  
Within my Heart, and stick so close unto't  
It may be Trampld on, but still will grow;  
And Nutriment to *Soyl* it self will owe.  
*The first Impressions are Immortal all:*  
And let mine Enemies hoop, Cry, roar, Call,  
Yet these will whisper if I will but hear,  
And penetrat the Heart, if not the Ear.