

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Edward Taylor**

**- poems -**

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## Upon A Wasp Chilled With Cold

The bear that breathes the northern blast  
Did numb, torpedo-like, a wasp  
Whose stiffened limbs encramped, lay bathing  
In Sol's warm breath and shine as saving,  
Which with her hands she chafes and stands  
Rubbing her legs, shanks, thighs, and hands.  
Her pretty toes, and fingers' ends  
Nipped with this breath, she out extends  
Unto the sun, in great desire  
To warm her digits at that fire.  
Doth hold her temples in this state  
Where pulse doth beat, and head doth ache.  
Doth turn, and stretch her body small,  
Doth comb her velvet capital.  
As if her little brain pan were  
A volume of choice precepts clear.  
As if her satin jacket hot  
Contained apothecary's shop  
Of nature's receipts, that prevails  
To remedy all her sad ails,  
As if her velvet helmet high  
Did turret rationality.  
She fans her wing up to the wind  
As if her pettycoat were lined,  
With reason's fleece, and hoists sails  
And humming flies in thankful gales  
Unto her dun curled palace hall  
Her warm thanks offering for all.

Lord, clear my misted sight that I  
May hence view Thy divinity,  
Some sparks whereof thou up dost hasp  
Within this little downy wasp  
In whose small corporation we  
A school and a schoolmaster see,  
Where we may learn, and easily find  
A nimble spirit bravely mind  
Her work in every limb: and lace  
It up neat with a vital grace,  
Acting each part though ne'er so small  
Here of this fustian animal.  
Till I enravished climb into  
The Godhead on this ladder do,  
Where all my pipes inspired upraise  
An heavenly music furred with praise.

Edward Taylor