

# A Letter to her Husband, absent upon Publick employment

By Anne Bradstreet

My head, my heart, mine Eyes, my life, nay more,  
My joy, my Magazine of earthly store,  
If two be one, as surely thou and I,  
How stayest thou there, whilst I at *Ipswich* lye?  
So many steps, head from the heart to sever  
If but a neck, soon should we be together:  
I like the earth this season, mourn in black,  
My Sun is gone so far in's Zodiack,  
Whom whilst I 'joy'd, nor storms, nor frosts I felt,  
His warmth such frigid colds did cause to melt.  
My chilled limbs now nummed lye forlorn;  
Return, return sweet *Sol* from *Capricorn*;  
In this dead time, alas, what can I more  
Then view those fruits which through thy heat I bore?  
Which sweet contentment yield me for a space,  
True living Pictures of their Fathers face.  
O strange effect! now thou art *Southward* gone,  
I weary grow, the tedious day so long;  
But when thou *Northward* to me shalt return,  
I wish my Sun may never set, but burn  
Within the Cancer of my glowing breast,  
The welcome house of him my dearest guest.  
Where ever, ever stay, and go not thence,  
Till natures sad decree shall call thee hence;  
Flesh of thy flesh, bone of thy bone,  
I here, thou there, yet both but one.