

Meg Rosenburg

Our lot, my dear, with balmy fortune graced
Of late hath giv'n me naught but pure content
That must, I fear, with season's unripe haste
Become unfixed and too-soon plucked ferment.
My thoughts to bitter futures thus do turn,
Which poison present joys with phantom woes
Harass, and seeking solace there to earn
So wrap me up in false and florid shows.
Your heart's ambition I would never shake,
Nor care to sacrifice for our advance,
Being no more easy to forsake
Than mine own aims would be to throw askance.
Yet one must bend, or else the two must part,
The fear of which grows still in either heart.