

Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz (Nov. 12, 1648/51 — April 17, 1695)

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Were the perils of the ocean fully weighed,
no man would voyage, or, could he but read
the hidden dangers, knowingly proceed
or dare to bait the bull to frenzied rage.

Were prudent rider overly dismayed,
should he contemplate the fury of his steed
or ponder where its headlong course might lead,
there'd be no reining hand to be obeyed.

But were there one so daring, one so bold
that, heedless of the danger, he might place,
upon Apollo's reins emboldened hand

To guide the fleeting chariot bathed in gold,
the diversity of life he would embrace
and never chose a state to last his span.

de la Cruz, Sor Juana Inés. *Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz*. Margaret Sayers Peden, trans. NY: Bilingual Press/Editorial Bilimngüe, 1985. Print.

Lady Mary Wroth (1587 — 1651/3)

from *Pamphilia to Amphilanthus*

I

When night's blacke Mantle could most darknes prove,
And sleepe deaths Image did my senses hier,
From knowledg of my self, then thoughts did move
Swifter then those, most switnes need require:

In sleepe, a Chariot drawne by wind'd desire,

I sawe: wher sate bright Venus Queene of Love,
And att her feete her sonne, still adding fire
To burning hearts which she did hold above,

But one hart flaming more then all the rest,

The goddesse held, and put itt to my brest,

Dear sonne now shutt (shoot), sayd she: thus must we winne;

Hee her obay'd, and martir'd my poore hart.

I, waking hop'd as dreames itt would depart,

Yett since: O mee, a lover have I binn.

Wroth, Lady Mary. *The Poems of Lady Mary Wroth*. Josephine A. Roberts, ed. Baton Rouge: LSU Press, 1983. Print.