

**1810, Janeiro, Nova Iorque. Grace Nathan Seixas, “Written on a geranium plant which a severe frost blasted”**

(Jacob Rader Marcus (ed.), *American Jewish Woman: A Documentary History*, Nova Iorque, KTAV Publishing House, 1981, pp. 72-73.)

Written on a geranium plant which a severe frost blasted

On how keenly the sharp air has blown;  
It has stript my fair plant of its bloom,  
And its life with its beauty has flown,  
Ere yet it had reached to its noon.  
I had raised it from infancy's bud;  
I had made it a daily delight,  
Yet a breath that was piercing rude  
Destroyed my fair plant in a night.  
Now withered and blasted to view,  
I behold it with anguish severe.  
I recall both its fragrance and hue,  
And I pensively shed the sad tear.  
I received the fair plant from a friend,  
And I would not have lost it so soon,  
For I said when my being should end,  
I would have it placed nigh to my tomb.  
Like the cypress it ther might have grown  
And marked out the sod(?) for my head,  
For sweet friendship was ever my own.  
And I would still embrace it when dead.