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| **A Boundless Moment**He halted in the wind, and -- what was thatFar in the maples, pale, but not a ghost?He stood there bringing March against his thought,And yet too ready to believe the most."Oh, that's the Paradise-in-bloom," I said;And truly it was fair enough for flowershad we but in us to assume in marchSuch white luxuriance of May for ours.We stood a moment so in a strange world,Myself as one his own pretense deceives;And then I said the truth (and we moved on).A young beech clinging to its last year's leaves. Robert Frost | **A Brook In The City**The farmhouse lingers, though averse to squareWith the new city street it has to wearA number in. But what about the brookThat held the house as in an elbow-crook?I ask as one who knew the brook, its strengthAnd impulse, having dipped a finger lengthAnd made it leap my knuckle, having tossedA flower to try its currents where they crossed.The meadow grass could be cemented downFrom growing under pavements of a town;The apple trees be sent to hearth-stone flame.Is water wood to serve a brook the same?How else dispose of an immortal forceNo longer needed? Staunch it at its sourceWith cinder loads dumped down? The brook was thrownDeep in a sewer dungeon under stoneIn fetid darkness still to live and run --And all for nothing it had ever doneExcept forget to go in fear perhaps.No one would know except for ancient mapsThat such a brook ran water. But I wonderIf from its being kept forever under,The thoughts may not have risen that so keepThis new-built city from both work and sleep. Robert Frost |

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| "Nature" is what we see668 "Nature" is what we see— The Hill—the Afternoon— Squirrel—Eclipse—the Bumble bee— Nay—Nature is Heaven— Nature is what we hear— The Bobolink—the Sea— Thunder—the Cricket— Nay—Nature is Harmony— Nature is what we know— Yet have no art to say— So impotent Our Wisdom is To her Simplicity. Emily Dickinson | "Houses"—so the Wise Men tell me127 "Houses"—so the Wise Men tell me— "Mansions"! Mansions must be warm! Mansions cannot let the tears in, Mansions must exclude the storm! "Many Mansions," by "his Father," I don't know him; snugly built! Could the Children find the way there— Some, would even trudge tonight! Emily Dickinson |

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| 50-50I’m all alone in this world, she said, Ain’t got nobody to share my bed, Ain’t got nobody to hold my hand— The truth of the matter’s I ain’t got no man. Big Boy opened his mouth and said, Trouble with you is You ain’t got no head! If you had a head and used your mind You could have me with you All the time. She answered, Babe, what must I do? He said, Share your bed— And your money, too. Langston Hughes  | As I Grew OlderIt was a long time ago. I have almost forgotten my dream. But it was there then, In front of me, Bright like a sun- My dream. And then the wall rose, Rose slowly, Slowly, Between me and my dream. Rose until it touched the sky- The wall. Shadow. I am black. I lie down in the shadow. No longer the light of my dream before me, Above me. Only the thick wall. Only the shadow. My hands! My dark hands! Break through the wall! Find my dream! Help me to shatter this darkness, To smash this night, To break this shadow Into a thousand lights of sun, Into a thousand whirling dreams Of sun! Langston Hughes |

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| A DreamOnce a dream did weave a shade O'er my angel-guarded bed, That an emmet lost its way Where on grass methought I lay. Troubled, wildered, and forlorn, Dark, benighted, travel-worn, Over many a tangle spray, All heart-broke, I heard her say: 'Oh my children! do they cry, Do they hear their father sigh? Now they look abroad to see, Now return and weep for me.' Pitying, I dropped a tear: But I saw a glow-worm near, Who replied, 'What wailing wight Calls the watchman of the night? 'I am set to light the ground, While the beetle goes his round: Follow now the beetle's hum; Little wanderer, hie thee home!' William Blake | Ah SunflowerAh Sunflower, weary of time, Who countest the steps of the sun; Seeking after that sweet golden clime Where the traveller's journey is done; Where the Youth pined away with desire, And the pale virgin shrouded in snow, Arise from their graves, and aspire Where my Sunflower wishes to go! William Blake |

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| **Awaking in New York**Curtains forcing their will against the wind,children sleep,exchanging dreams with seraphim. The citydrags itself awake on subway straps; andI, an alarm, awake as a rumor of war,lie stretching into dawn, unasked and unheeded. Maya Angelou | On the Pulse of MorningA Rock, A River, A Tree Hosts to species long since departed, Marked the mastodon, The dinosaur, who left dried tokens Of their sojourn here On our planet floor, Any broad alarm of their hastening doom Is lost in the gloom of dust and ages. But today, the Rock cries out to us, clearly, forcefully, Come, you may stand upon my Back and face your distant destiny, But seek no haven in my shadow, I will give you no hiding place down here. You, created only a little lower than The angels, have crouched too long in The bruising darkness Have lain too long Facedown in ignorance, Your mouths spilling words Armed for slaughter. The Rock cries out to us today, You may stand upon me, But do not hide your face. [...] Maya Angelou |

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| Plowman's SongTurn under, plow,My trouble; Turn under griefsAnd stubble.Turn mouse's nest,Gnawing years; Old roots upFor new love's tears.Turn, plow, the clodsFor new thunder.Turn under, plow,Turn under. Raymond Knister27 May 1899 – 29 Aug 1932 / Canada) | Reverie: The Orchard on the Slope1 Thin ridges of land unploughed2 Along the tree-rows3 Covered with long cream grasses4 Wind-torn.5 Brown sand between them,6 Blue boughs above.. . . . . 7 Row and row of waves ever8 In the breaking;9 Ever in arching and convulsed10 Imminence;11 Roll of muddy sea between;12 Low clouds down-pressing13 And pallid and streaming rain. Raymond Knister |

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| Sonnet 1: From fairest creatures we desire increaseFrom fairest creatures we desire increase, That thereby beauty's rose might never die, But as the riper should by time decease, His tender heir might bear his memory; But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes, Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel, Making a famine where abundance lies, Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel. Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament, And only herald to the gaudy spring, Within thine own bud buriest thy content, And tender churl mak'st waste in niggarding. Pity the world, or else this glutton be: To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee. William Shakespear | Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? (Sonnet 18)Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate. Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, And summer's lease hath all too short a date. Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimmed; And every fair from fair sometime declines, By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed; But thy eternal summer shall not fade, Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st, Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade, When in eternal lines to Time thou grow'st. So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see, So long lives this, and this gives life to thee. William Shakespeare |

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| Ask Me No MoreAsk me no more: the moon may draw the sea; The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape, With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape; But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee? Ask me no more. Ask me no more: what answer should I give? I love not hollow cheek or faded eye: Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die! Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live; Ask me no more. Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd: I strove against the stream and all in vain: Let the great river take me to the main: No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield; Ask me no more. Alfred Lord Tennyson | Break, break, breakBreak, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea! And I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me. O, well for the fisherman's boy, That he shouts with his sister at play! O, well for the sailor lad, That he sings in his boat on the bay! And the stately ships go on To their haven under the hill; But O for the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still! Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O Sea! But the tender grace of a day that is dead Will never come back to me. Alfred Lord Tennyson |

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| A Last ConfessionWhat lively lad most pleasured meOf all that with me lay?I answer that I gave my soulAnd loved in misery,But had great pleasure with a ladThat I loved bodily.Flinging from his arms I laughedTo think his passion suchHe fancied that I gave a soulDid but our bodies touch,And laughed upon his breast to thinkBeast gave beast as much.I gave what other women gaveThat stepped out of their clothes.But when this soul, its body off,Naked to naked goes,He it has found shall find thereinWhat none other knows,And give his own and take his ownAnd rule in his own right;And though it loved in miseryClose and cling so tight,There's not a bird of day that dareExtinguish that delight. William Butler Yeats | A Man Young And Old: I. First LoveThough nurtured like the sailing moonIn beauty's murderous brood,She walked awhile and blushed awhileAnd on my pathway stoodUntil I thought her body boreA heart of flesh and blood.But since I laid a hand thereonAnd found a heart of stoneI have attempted many thingsAnd not a thing is done,For every hand is lunaticThat travels on the moon.She smiled and that transfigured meAnd left me but a lout,Maundering here, and maundering there,Emptier of thoughtThan the heavenly circuit of its starsWhen the moon sails out. William Butler Yeats(13 June 1865 – 28 January 1939 / County Dublin / Ireland) |

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| A British-Roman Song*(A. D. 406)**"A Centurion of the Thirtieth"*My father's father saw it not,And I, belike, shall never come To look on that so-holy spot --That very Rome --Crowned by all Time, all Art, all Might,The equal work of Gods and Man,City beneath whose oldest height --The Race began!Soon to send forth again a brood,Unshakable, we pray, that clingsTo Rome's thrice-hammered hardihood --In arduous things.Strong heart with triple armour bound,Beat strongly, for thy life-blood runs,Age after Age, the Empire round --In us thy SonsWho, distant from the Seven Hills,Loving and serving much, requireThee -- thee to guard 'gainst home-born illsThe Imperial Fire! Rudyard Kipling(30 December 1865 – 18 January 1936 / Bombay) | A Child's Garden*R. L. Stevenson*Now there is nothing wrong with meExcept -- I think it's called T.B.And that is why I have to layOut in the garden all the day.Our garden is not very wideAnd cars go by on either side,And make an angry-hooty noiseThat rather startles little boys.But worst of all is when they takeMe out in cars that growl and shake,With charabancs so dreadful-nearI have to shut my eyes for fear.But when I'm on my back again,I watch the Croydon aeroplaneThat flies across to France, and singsLike hitting thick piano-strings.When I am strong enough to doThe things I'm truly wishful to,I'll never use a car or trainBut always have an aeroplane;And just go zooming round and round,And frighten Nursey with the sound,And see the angel-side of clouds,And spit on all those motor-crowds! Rudyard Kipling |

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| A Ballad Of The Mulberry RoadThe sun rises in south east corner of thingsTo look on the tall house of the ShinFor they have a daughter named Rafu,(pretty girl)She made the name for herself: 'Gauze Veil,'For she feeds mulberries to silkworms.She gets them by the south wall of the town.With green strings she makes the warp of her basket,She makes the shoulder-straps of her basketfrom the boughs of Katsura,And she piles her hair up on the left side of her headpiece.Her earrings are made of pearl,Her underskirt is of green pattern-silk,Her overskirt is the same silk dyed in purple,And when men going by look on RafuThey set down their burdens,They stand and twirl their moustaches. Ezra Pound | A GirlThe tree has entered my hands,The sap has ascended my arms,The tree has grown in my breast -Downward,The branches grow out of me, like arms.Tree you are,Moss you are,You are violets with wind above them.A child - so high - you are,And all this is folly to the world. Ezra Pound(30 October 1885 – 1 November 1972 / Hailey / Idaho) |

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| AbsenceI have scarcely left you When you go in me, crystalline,Or trembling,Or uneasy, wounded by meOr overwhelmed with love, aswhen your eyes Close upon the gift of lifeThat without cease I give you.My love, We have found each otherThirsty and we have Drunk up all the water and theBlood, We found each otherHungry And we bit each otherAs fire bites,Leaving wounds in us. But wait for me, Keep for me your sweetness.I will give you too A rose. Pablo Neruda | AlwaysI am not jealousof what came before me. Come with a manon your shoulders,come with a hundred men in your hair,come with a thousand men between your breasts and your feet,come like a riverfull of drowned menwhich flows down to the wild sea,to the eternal surf, to Time! Bring them allto where I am waiting for you;we shall always be alone,we shall always be you and Ialone on earth,to start our life! Pablo Neruda(12 July 1904 – 23 September 1973 / Parral / Chile) |