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| **A Boundless Moment**  He halted in the wind, and -- what was that Far 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 flowers had we but in us to assume in march Such 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 square With the new city street it has to wear A number in. But what about the brook That held the house as in an elbow-crook? I ask as one who knew the brook, its strength And impulse, having dipped a finger length And made it leap my knuckle, having tossed A flower to try its currents where they crossed. The meadow grass could be cemented down From 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 force No longer needed? Staunch it at its source With cinder loads dumped down? The brook was thrown Deep in a sewer dungeon under stone In fetid darkness still to live and run -- And all for nothing it had ever done Except forget to go in fear perhaps. No one would know except for ancient maps That such a brook ran water. But I wonder If from its being kept forever under, The thoughts may not have risen that so keep This new-built city from both work and sleep.  Robert Frost |

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| "Nature" is what we see 668   "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 me 127   "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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| 50-50 I’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 Older It 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 Dream Once 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 Sunflower Ah 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 city drags itself awake on  subway straps; and I, an alarm, awake as a  rumor of war, lie stretching into dawn,  unasked and unheeded.  Maya Angelou | On the Pulse of Morning A 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 Song Turn under, plow, My trouble;  Turn under griefs And stubble.  Turn mouse's nest, Gnawing years;  Old roots up For new love's tears.  Turn, plow, the clods For new thunder. Turn under, plow, Turn under.  Raymond Knister 27 May 1899 – 29 Aug 1932 / Canada) | Reverie: The Orchard on the Slope 1 Thin ridges of land unploughed 2 Along the tree-rows 3 Covered with long cream grasses 4 Wind-torn. 5 Brown sand between them, 6 Blue boughs above.  . . . . .   7 Row and row of waves ever 8 In the breaking; 9 Ever in arching and convulsed 10 Imminence; 11 Roll of muddy sea between; 12 Low clouds down-pressing 13 And pallid and streaming rain.  Raymond Knister |

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| Sonnet 1: From fairest creatures we desire increase From 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 More Ask 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, break Break, 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 Confession What lively lad most pleasured me Of all that with me lay? I answer that I gave my soul And loved in misery, But had great pleasure with a lad That I loved bodily.  Flinging from his arms I laughed To think his passion such He fancied that I gave a soul Did but our bodies touch, And laughed upon his breast to think Beast gave beast as much.  I gave what other women gave That stepped out of their clothes. But when this soul, its body off, Naked to naked goes, He it has found shall find therein What none other knows,  And give his own and take his own And rule in his own right; And though it loved in misery Close and cling so tight, There's not a bird of day that dare Extinguish that delight.  William Butler Yeats | A Man Young And Old: I. First Love Though nurtured like the sailing moon In beauty's murderous brood, She walked awhile and blushed awhile And on my pathway stood Until I thought her body bore A heart of flesh and blood.  But since I laid a hand thereon And found a heart of stone I have attempted many things And not a thing is done, For every hand is lunatic That travels on the moon.  She smiled and that transfigured me And left me but a lout, Maundering here, and maundering there, Emptier of thought Than the heavenly circuit of its stars When 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 clings To 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 Sons  Who, distant from the Seven Hills, Loving and serving much, require Thee -- thee to guard 'gainst home-born ills The Imperial Fire!  Rudyard Kipling (30 December 1865 – 18 January 1936 / Bombay) | A Child's Garden *R. L. Stevenson*   Now there is nothing wrong with me Except -- I think it's called T.B. And that is why I have to lay Out in the garden all the day.  Our garden is not very wide And cars go by on either side, And make an angry-hooty noise That rather startles little boys.  But worst of all is when they take Me out in cars that growl and shake, With charabancs so dreadful-near I have to shut my eyes for fear.  But when I'm on my back again, I watch the Croydon aeroplane That flies across to France, and sings Like hitting thick piano-strings.  When I am strong enough to do The things I'm truly wishful to, I'll never use a car or train But 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 Road The sun rises in south east corner of things To look on the tall house of the Shin For 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 basket from 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 Rafu They set down their burdens, They stand and twirl their moustaches.  Ezra Pound | A Girl The 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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| Absence I have scarcely left you  When you go in me, crystalline, Or trembling, Or uneasy, wounded by me Or overwhelmed with love, as when your eyes  Close upon the gift of life That without cease I give you.  My love,  We have found each other Thirsty and we have  Drunk up all the water and the Blood,  We found each other Hungry  And we bit each other As fire bites, Leaving wounds in us.   But wait for me,  Keep for me your sweetness. I will give you too  A rose.  Pablo Neruda | Always I am not jealous of what came before me.   Come with a man on your shoulders, come with a hundred men in your hair, come with a thousand men between your breasts and your feet, come like a river full of drowned men which flows down to the wild sea, to the eternal surf, to Time!   Bring them all to where I am waiting for you; we shall always be alone, we shall always be you and I alone on earth, to start our life!  Pablo Neruda (12 July 1904 – 23 September 1973 / Parral / Chile) |