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**Selected Poetry**

**Advance Tutoring Services**

**Virginia Tech**

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| **Hermann Hesse**   |  | | --- | | **In Secret We Thirst** | |  |
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Since life may summon us at every age Be ready, heart, for parting, new endeavor, Be ready bravely and without remorse To find new light that old ties cannot give. In all beginnings dwells a magic force For guarding us and helping us to live. Serenely let us move to distant places And let no sentiments of home detain us.  The Cosmic Spirit seeks not to restrain us But lifts us stage by stage to wider spaces. If we accept a home of our own making, Familiar habit makes for indolence. We must prepare for parting and leave-taking Or else remain the slave of permanence. Even the hour of our death may send Us speeding on to fresh and newer spaces, And life may summon us to newer races. So be it, heart: bid farewell without end.   Hermann Hesse   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **At Night On The High Seas** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | At night, when the sea cradles me And the pale star gleam Lies down on its broad waves, Then I free myself wholly From all activity and all the love And stand silent and breathe purely, Alone, alone cradled by the sea That lies there, cold and silent, with a thousand lights. Then I have to think of my friends And my gaze sinks into their gazes And I ask each one, silent, alone: "Are you still mine" Is my sorrow a sorrow to you, my death a death? Do you feel from my love, my grief, Just a breath, just an echo?" And the sea peacefully gazes back, silent, And smiles: no. And no greeting and now answer comes from anywhere.   Translated by James Wright  Hermann Hesse  ***Sherwood Anderson***   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **It's Ours** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | there is always that space there  just before they get to us  that space  that fine relaxer  the breather  while say  flopping on a bed  thinking of nothing  or say  pouring a glass of water from the  spigot  while entranced by  nothing   that  gentle pure  space   it's worth   centuries of  existence   say   just to scratch your neck  while looking out the window at  a bare branch   that space  there  before they get to us  ensures  that  when they do  they won't  get it all   ever.  Charles Bukowski   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **The Genius Of The Crowd** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | there is enough treachery, hatred violence absurdity in the average human being to supply any given army on any given day  and the best at murder are those who preach against it and the best at hate are those who preach love and the best at war finally are those who preach peace  those who preach god, need god those who preach peace do not have peace those who preach peace do not have love  beware the preachers beware the knowers beware those who are always reading books beware those who either detest poverty or are proud of it beware those quick to praise for they need praise in return beware those who are quick to censor they are afraid of what they do not know beware those who seek constant crowds for they are nothing alone beware the average man the average woman beware their love, their love is average seeks average  but there is genius in their hatred there is enough genius in their hatred to kill you to kill anybody not wanting solitude not understanding solitude they will attempt to destroy anything that differs from their own not being able to create art they will not understand art they will consider their failure as creators only as a failure of the world not being able to love fully they will believe your love incomplete and then they will hate you and their hatred will be perfect  like a shining diamond like a knife like a mountain like a tiger like hemlock  their finest art   Charles Bukowski   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Death Wants More Death** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | death wants more death, and its webs are full: I remember my father's garage, how child-like I would brush the corpses of flies from the windows they thought were escape- their sticky, ugly, vibrant bodies shouting like dumb crazy dogs against the glass only to spin and flit in that second larger than hell or heaven onto the edge of the ledge, and then the spider from his dank hole nervous and exposed the puff of body swelling hanging there not really quite knowing, and then knowing- something sending it down its string, the wet web, toward the weak shield of buzzing, the pulsing; a last desperate moving hair-leg there against the glass there alive in the sun, spun in white; and almost like love: the closing over, the first hushed spider-sucking: filling its sack  upon this thing that lived; crouching there upon its back drawing its certain blood as the world goes by outside and my temples scream and I hurl the broom against them: the spider dull with spider-anger still thinking of its prey and waving an amazed broken leg; the fly very still, a dirty speck stranded to straw; I shake the killer loose and he walks lame and peeved towards some dark corner but I intercept his dawdling his crawling like some broken hero, and the straws smash his legs now waving above his head and looking looking for the enemy  and somewhat valiant, dying without apparent pain simply crawling backward piece by piece leaving nothing there until at last the red gut sack splashes its secrets, and I run child-like with God's anger a step behind, back to simple sunlight, wondering as the world goes by with curled smile if anyone else saw or sensed my crime   Charles Bukowski  **Nathaniel *Hawthorne***   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Address To The Moon** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | How sweet the silver Moon's pale ray, Falls trembling on the distant bay, O'er which the breezes sigh no more, Nor billows lash the sounding shore. Say, do the eyes of those I love, Behold thee as thou soar'st above, Lonely, majestic and serene, The calm and placid evening's Queen? Say, if upon thy peaceful breast, Departed spirits find their rest, For who would wish a fairer home, Than in that bright, refulgent dome?   Nathaniel Hawthorne   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **The Darken'd Veil** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Oh, could I raise the darken'd veil Which hides my future life from me, Could unborn ages slowly sail Before my view -- and could I see My every action painted there, To cast one look I would not dare. There poverty and grief might stand, And dark Despair's corroding hand, Would make me seek the lonely tomb To slumber in its endless gloom. Then let me never cast a look, Within Fate's fix'd mysterious book.   Nathaniel Hawthorne  **Edgar Allen Poe**   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Bells, The** | |  | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | I  Hear the sledges with the bells- Silver bells! What a world of merriment their melody foretells! How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, In the icy air of night! While the stars that oversprinkle All the heavens, seem to twinkle With a crystalline delight; Keeping time, time, time, In a sort of Runic rhyme, To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells From the bells, bells, bells, bells, Bells, bells, bells- From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.  II  Hear the mellow wedding bells, Golden bells! What a world of happiness their harmony foretells! Through the balmy air of night How they ring out their delight! From the molten-golden notes, And an in tune, What a liquid ditty floats To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats On the moon! Oh, from out the sounding cells, What a gush of euphony voluminously wells! How it swells! How it dwells On the Future! how it tells Of the rapture that impels To the swinging and the ringing Of the bells, bells, bells, Of the bells, bells, bells,bells, Bells, bells, bells- To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!  III  Hear the loud alarum bells- Brazen bells! What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells! In the startled ear of night How they scream out their affright! Too much horrified to speak, They can only shriek, shriek, Out of tune, In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire, In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire, Leaping higher, higher, higher, With a desperate desire, And a resolute endeavor, Now- now to sit or never, By the side of the pale-faced moon. Oh, the bells, bells, bells! What a tale their terror tells Of Despair! How they clang, and clash, and roar! What a horror they outpour On the bosom of the palpitating air! Yet the ear it fully knows, By the twanging, And the clanging, How the danger ebbs and flows: Yet the ear distinctly tells, In the jangling, And the wrangling, How the danger sinks and swells, By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells- Of the bells- Of the bells, bells, bells,bells, Bells, bells, bells- In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!  IV  Hear the tolling of the bells- Iron Bells! What a world of solemn thought their monody compels! In the silence of the night, How we shiver with affright At the melancholy menace of their tone! For every sound that floats From the rust within their throats Is a groan. And the people- ah, the people- They that dwell up in the steeple, All Alone And who, tolling, tolling, tolling, In that muffled monotone, Feel a glory in so rolling On the human heart a stone- They are neither man nor woman- They are neither brute nor human- They are Ghouls: And their king it is who tolls; And he rolls, rolls, rolls, Rolls A paean from the bells! And his merry bosom swells With the paean of the bells! And he dances, and he yells; Keeping time, time, time, In a sort of Runic rhyme, To the paean of the bells- Of the bells: Keeping time, time, time, In a sort of Runic rhyme, To the throbbing of the bells- Of the bells, bells, bells- To the sobbing of the bells; Keeping time, time, time, As he knells, knells, knells, In a happy Runic rhyme, To the rolling of the bells- Of the bells, bells, bells: To the tolling of the bells, Of the bells, bells, bells, bells- Bells, bells, bells- To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.   Edgar Allan Poe | | | | | | | |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Eldorado** | |  | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | Gaily bedight, A gallant knight, In sunshine and in shadow, Had journeyed long, Singing a song, In search of Eldorado.  But he grew old- This knight so bold- And o'er his heart a shadow Fell as he found No spot of ground That looked like Eldorado.  And, as his strength Failed him at length, He met a pilgrim shadow- "Shadow," said he, "Where can it be- This land of Eldorado?"  "Over the Mountains Of the Moon, Down the Valley of the Shadow, Ride, boldly ride," The shade replied- "If you seek for Eldorado!"   Edgar Allan Poe | |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Dreams** | |  | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | Oh! that my young life were a lasting dream! My spirit not awakening, till the beam Of an Eternity should bring the morrow. Yes! tho' that long dream were of hopeless sorrow, 'Twere better than the cold reality Of waking life, to him whose heart must be, And hath been still, upon the lovely earth, A chaos of deep passion, from his birth. But should it be- that dream eternally Continuing- as dreams have been to me In my young boyhood- should it thus be given, 'Twere folly still to hope for higher Heaven. For I have revell'd, when the sun was bright I' the summer sky, in dreams of living light And loveliness,- have left my very heart In climes of my imagining, apart From mine own home, with beings that have been Of mine own thought- what more could I have seen? 'Twas once- and only once- and the wild hour From my remembrance shall not pass- some power Or spell had bound me- 'twas the chilly wind Came o'er me in the night, and left behind Its image on my spirit- or the moon Shone on my slumbers in her lofty noon Too coldly- or the stars- howe'er it was That dream was as that night-wind- let it pass.  I have been happy, tho' in a dream. I have been happy- and I love the theme: Dreams! in their vivid coloring of life, As in that fleeting, shadowy, misty strife Of semblance with reality, which brings To the delirious eye, more lovely things Of Paradise and Love- and all our own! Than young Hope in his sunniest hour hath known.   Edgar Allan Poe | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | **Charles Baudelaire**   |  | | --- | | **At One O'Clock in the Morning** | | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Alone, at last! Not a sound to be heard but the rumbling of some belated and decrepit cabs. For a few hours  we shall have silence, if not repose. At last the tyranny of the human face has disappeared, and I myself shall be the  only cause of my sufferings. At last, then, I am allowed to refresh myself in a bath of darkness! First of all, a double turn of the lock. It  seems to me that this twist of the key will increase my solitude and fortify the barricades which at this instant  separate me from the world. Horrible life! Horrible town! Let us recapitulate the day: seen several men of letters, one of whom asked me  whether one could go to Russia by a land route (no doubt he took Russia to be an island); disputed generously with  the editor of a review, who, to each of my objections, replied: 'We represent the cause of decent people,' which  implies that all the other newspapers are edited by scoundrels; greeted some twenty persons, with fifteen of whom I  am not acquainted; distributed handshakes in the same proportion, and this without having taken the precaution of  buying gloves; to kill time, during a shower, went to see an acrobat, who asked me to design for her the costume of a  Venustra; paid court to the director of a theatre, who, while dismissing me, said to me: 'Perhaps you would do well to  apply to Z------; he is the clumsiest, the stupidest and the most celebrated of my authors; together with him, perhaps,  you would get somewhere. Go to see him, and after that we'll see;' boasted (why?) of several vile actions which I  have never committed, and faint-heartedly denied some other misdeeds which I accomplished with joy, an error of  bravado, an offence against human respect; refused a friend an easy service, and gave a written recommendation to a  perfect clown; oh, isn't that enough? Discontented with everyone and discontented with myself, I would gladly redeem myself and elate myself a  little in the silence and solitude of night. Souls of those I have loved, souls of those I have sung, strengthen me,  support me, rid me of lies and the corrupting vapours of the world; and you, O Lord God, grant me the grace to  produce a few good verses, which shall prove to myself that I am not the lowest of men, that I am not inferior to  those whom I despise.   Charles Baudelaire   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Ill-Starred** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | To bear a weight that cannot be borne,  Sisyphus, even you aren't that strong,  Although your heart cannot be torn  Time is short and Art is long.  Far from celebrated sepulchers  Toward a solitary graveyard  My heart, like a drum muffled hard  Beats a funeral march for the ill-starred.   —Many jewels are buried or shrouded  In darkness and oblivion's clouds,  Far from any pick or drill bit,   Many a flower unburdens with regret  Its perfume sweet like a secret;  In profoundly empty solitude to sit.    Translated by William A. Sigler   Charles Baudelaire   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ***Lev Tolstoy***   |  | | --- | | **Autumn** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Autumn 'tis! Our garden stands Flowerless and bare, Dizzy whirling yellow leaves Fill the wind swept air. Yet the distant mountain ash In the vale below, With our favorite berries red Now begins to glow. While with rapture and with pain Throbbing in my breast, Pressing hot thy hands in mine, Silent, unexpressed-- Fondly gazing in thine eyes, Through my tears I see-- That I can never tell thee How dear thou art to me!   Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy  **Arthur Rimbaud**   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **A Dream For Winter** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | In the winter, we will leave in a small pink railway carriage  With blue cushions. We will be comfortable.  A nest of mad kisses lies In each soft corner.  You will close your eyes, in order not to see, through the glass,  The evening shadows making faces.  Those snarling monstrosities, a populace  Of black demons and black wolves.  Then you will feel your cheek scratched...  A little kiss, like a mad spider, Will run around your neck...  And you will say to me: 'Get it!' as you bend your neck - And we will take a long time to find that creature - Which travels a great deal...  Original French  Rêvé Pour l'hiver.   L'hiver, nous irons dans un petit wagon rose Avec des coussins bleus. Nous serons bien. Un nid de baisers fous repose Dans chaque coin moelleux.  Tu fermeras l'oeil, pour ne point voir, par la glace, Grimacer les ombres des soirs, Ces monstruosités hargneuses, populace De démons noirs et de loups noirs.  Puis tu te sentiras la joue égratignée… Un petit baiser, comme une folle araignée, Te courra par le cou...  Et tu me diras : 'Cherche !', en inclinant la tête, - Et nous prendrons du temps à trouver cette bête - Qui voyage beaucoup...  Arthur Rimbaud   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **To A Reason** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | A rap of your finger on the drum  fires all the sounds  and starts a new harmony.  A step of yours: the levy of new men  and their marching on.   Your head turns away:  O the new love!  Your head turns back:  O the new love!   'Change our lots, confound the plagues,  beginning with time,'  to you these children sing.  'Raise no matter where the substance  of our fortune and our desires,'  they beg you.   Arrival of all time,  who will go everywhere.   Arthur Rimbaud   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Time Without End** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | We have found it again. What? Time without end. 'Tis the ocean gone For a walk with the sun.  Soul, you sentinel, Murmur and confess, Day is fiery hell, Night is nothingness.  From the common urges, From the human highest Far thy path diverges: Following thou fliest…  No expectancy, No orietur, Science patiently; Punishment is sure.  From your blaze alone, Satin flames of force, Duty's breath is blown; No one says : of course.  We have found it again. What? Time without end. 'Tis the ocean gone For a walk with the sun.   Arthur Rimbaud  **Jim Morrison**  The Connectors~  -What is connection?  -When 2 motions, thought to be infinite & mutually exclusive, meet in a moment.  -Of Time?  -Yes.  -Time does not exist.  There is no time.  -Time is a straight plantation. ~~~  Jim Morrison  **Rainer Maria Rilke**   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **A Walk** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | My eyes already touch the sunny hill. going far ahead of the road I have begun. So we are grasped by what we cannot grasp; it has inner light, even from a distance-  and charges us, even if we do not reach it, into something else, which, hardly sensing it, we already are; a gesture waves us on answering our own wave... but what we feel is the wind in our faces.   Translated by Robert Bly   Rainer Maria Rilke   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | **Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**   |  | | --- | | **April** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Eyes tell, tell me, what you tell me, telling something all too sweet, making music out of beauty, with a question hidden deep.  Still I think I know your meaning, there behind your pupils’ brightness, love and truth are your heart’s lightness, that, instead of its own gleaming,  would so truly like to greet, in a world of dullness, blindness, one true look of human kindness, where two kindred spirits meet.   Johann Wolfgang von Goethe   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **To The Grasshopper** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | HAPPY art thou, darling insect, Who, upon the trees' tall branches, By a modest draught inspired, Singing, like a monarch livest! Thou possessest as thy portion All that on the plains thou seest, All that by the hours is brought thee 'Mongst the husbandmen thou livest, As a friend, uninjured by them, Thou whom mortals love to honour, Herald sweet of sweet Spring's advent! Yes, thou'rt loved by all the Muses,  Phoebus' self, too, needs must love thee; They their silver voices gave thee, Age can never steal upon thee. Wise and gentle friend of poets , Born a creature fleshless, bloodless, Though Earth's daughter, free from suff'ring, To the gods e'en almost equal.   Johann Wolfgang von Goethe  ***Kenneth Patchen***   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **The Artist's Duty** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | So it is the duty of the artist to discourage all traces of shame To extend all boundaries To fog them in right over the plate To kill only what is ridiculous To establish problem To ignore solutions To listen to no one To omit nothing To contradict everything To generate the free brain To bear no cross To take part in no crucifixion To tinkle a warning when mankind strays To explode upon all parties To wound deeper than the soldier To heal this poor obstinate monkey once and for all  To verify the irrational To exaggerate all things To inhibit everyone To lubricate each proportion To experience only experience  To set a flame in the high air To exclaim at the commonplace alone To cause the unseen eyes to open  To admire only the abrsurd To be concerned with every profession save his own To raise a fortuitous stink on the boulevards of truth and beauty To desire an electrifiable intercourse with a female alligator To lift the flesh above the suffering To forgive the beautiful its disconsolate deceit  To flash his vengeful badge at every abyss  To HAPPEN  It is the artist’s duty to be alive To drag people into glittering occupations  To blush perpetually in gaping innocence To drift happily through the ruined race-intelligence To burrow beneath the subconscious To defend the unreal at the cost of his reason To obey each outrageous inpulse To commit his company to all enchantments.   Kenneth Patchen   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Fall of the Evening Star** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Speak softly; sun going down Out of sight. Come near me now.  Dear dying fall of wings as birds complain against the gathering dark...  Exaggerate the green blood in grass; the music of leaves scraping space;  Multiply the stillness by one sound; by one syllable of your name...  And all that is little is soon giant, all that is rare grows in common beauty  To rest with my mouth on your mouth as somewhere a star falls  And the earth takes it softly, in natural love... Exactly as we take each other... and go to sleep...   Kenneth Patchen   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **The Snow Is Deep On The Ground** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | The snow is deep on the ground.  Always the light falls  Softly down on the hair of my belovèd.    This is a good world.  The war has failed.  God shall not forget us.  Who made the snow waits where love is.    Only a few go mad.  The sky moves in its whiteness  Like the withered hand of an old king.  God shall not forget us.  Who made the sky knows of our love.    The snow is beautiful on the ground.  And always the lights of heaven glow  Softly down on the hair of my belovèd.   Kenneth Patchen  **Lao-tzu**   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **My Retreat at Mount ZhongNan by Wang Wei** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | You have just arrived from my hometown,  And you should know what is happening there;  When you came, had the winter plum tree Before my latticed window blossomed yet?   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Wang Wei: Miss My Brother on Sep Ninth** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Tang Poem 300: # 263  Miss my brother on Sep Ninth By Tang Poet Wang Wei  Alone drifting  In a strange land As an odd guest.  On every holiday I miss my family With sorrow that hurts more.  From faraway I know That my brother Climbs the high place to see me.  Among the field,  The dogwood are planted all over,  But still lacks another figure.    **Autumn Evening In A Mountain Retreat**  After the rain,  the empty mountain at dusk is full of autumn air. A bright moon shines between the pines; The clear spring water glides over the rocks. Bamboo leaves rustling — the washer-girls bound home. Water lilies swaying — a fisher-boat goes down. Never mind that spring plants are no longer green. I am here to stay my noble friends!  **Wang Wei**  **Ray Bradbury** Remembrance And this is where we went, I thought, Now here, now there, upon the grass Some forty years ago. I had returned and walked along the streets And saw the house where I was born And grown and had my endless days. The days being short now, simply I had come To gaze and look and stare upon The thought of that once endless maze of afternoons. But most of all I wished to find the places where I ran As dogs do run before or after boys, The paths put down by Indians or brothers wise and swift Pretending at a tribe. I came to the ravine. I half slid down the path A man with graying hair but seeming supple thoughts And saw the place was empty. Fools! I thought. O, boys of this new year, Why don’t you know the Abyss waits you here? Ravines are special fine and lovely green And secretive and wandering with apes and thugs And bandit bees that steal from flowers to give to trees. Caves echo here and creeks for wading after loot: A water-strider, crayfish, precious stone Or long-lost rubber boot -- It is a natural treasure-house, so why the silent place? What’s happened to our boys that they no longer race And stand them still to contemplate Christ’s handiwork: His clear blood bled in syrups from the lovely wounded trees? Why only bees and blackbird winds and bending grass? No matter. Walk. Walk, look, and sweet recall.  I came upon an oak where once when I was twelve I had climbed up and screamed for Skip to get me down. It was a thousand miles to earth. I shut my eyes and yelled. My brother, richly compelled to mirth, gave shouts of laughter And scaled up to rescue me. "What were you doing there?" he said. I did not tell. Rather drop me dead. But I was there to place a note within a squirrel nest On which I’d written some old secret thing now long forgot. Now in the green ravine of middle years I stood Beneath that tree. Why, why, I thought, my God, It’s not so high. Why did I shriek? It can’t be more than fifteen feet above. I’ll climb it handily. And did. And squatted like an aging ape alone and thanking God That no one saw this ancient man at antics Clutched grotesquely to the bole. But then, ah God, what awe. The squirrel’s hole and long-lost nest were there.  I lay upon the limb a long while, thinking. I drank in all the leaves and clouds and weathers Going by as mindless As the days. What, what, what if? I thought. But no. Some forty years beyond! The note I’d put? It’s surely stolen off by now. A boy or screech-owl’s pilfered, read, and tattered it. It’s scattered to the lake like pollen, chestnut leaf Or smoke of dandelion that breaks along the wind of time...  No. No.  I put my hand into the nest. I dug my fingers deep. Nothing. And still more nothing. Yet digging further I brought forth: The note. Like mothwings neatly powdered on themselves, and folded close It had survived. No rains had touched, no sunlight bleached Its stuff. It lay upon my palm. I knew its look: Ruled paper from an old Sioux Indian Head scribble writing book. What, what, oh, what had I put there in words So many years ago? I opened it. For now I had to know. I opened it, and wept. I clung then to the tree And let the tears flow out and down my chin. Dear boy, strange child, who must have known the years And reckoned time and smelled sweet death from flowers In the far churchyard. It was a message to the future, to myself. Knowing one day I must arrive, come, seek, return. From the young one to the old. From the me that was small And fresh to the me that was large and no longer new. What did it say that made me weep?  I remember you. I *remember* you.  Ray Bradbury  Doing is Being  Ray Bradbury  Doing is being.  To have done’s not enough.  To stuff yourself with doing — that’s the game.  To name yourself each hour by what’s done,  To tabulate your time at sunset’s gun  And find yourself in acts  You could not know before the facts  You wooed from secret self, which much needs wooing,  So doing brings it out,  Kills doubt by simply jumping, rushing, running  Forth to be  The new-discovered me.  To not do is to die,  Or lie about and lie about the things  You just might do some day.  Away with that!  Tomorrow empty stays  If no man plays it into being  With his motioned way of seeing.  Let your body lead your mind –  Blood the guide dog to the blind;  So then practice and rehearse  To find heart-soul’s universe,  Knowing that by moving/seeing  Proves for all time: Doing’s being!  ***Aldous Huxley***  SONG OF POPLARS  by: Aldous Huxley  SHEPHERD, to yon tall poplars tune your flute:  Let them pierce keenly, subtly shrill,  The slow blue rumour of the hill;  Let the grass cry with an anguish of evening gold,  And the great sky be mute.  Then hearken how the poplar trees unfold  Their buds, yet close and gummed and blind,  In airy leafage of the mind,  Rustling in silvery whispers the twin-hued scales  That fade not nor grow old.  "Poplars and fountains and you cypress spires  Springing in dark and rusty flame,  Seek you aught that hath a name?  Or say, say: Are you all an upward agony  Of undefined desires?  "Say, are you happy in the golden march  Of sunlight all across the day?  Or do you watch the uncertain way  That leads the withering moon on cloudy stairs  Over the heaven's wide arch?  "Is it towards sorrow or towards joy you lift  The sharpness of your trembling spears?  Or do you seek, through the grey tears  That blur the sky, in the heart of the triumphing blue,  A deeper, calmer rift?"  So; I have tuned my music to the trees,  And there were voices, dim below  Their shrillness, voices swelling slow  In the blue murmur of hills, and a golden cry  And then vast silences.  'Song of Poplars' is reprinted from An Anthology of Modern Verse. Ed.   1. Methuen. London: Methuen & Co., 1921.  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | **Charles Dickens**   |  | | --- | | **The Ivy Green** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green, That creepeth o'er ruins old! Of right choice food are his meals, I ween, In his cell so lone and cold. The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed, To pleasure his dainty whim: And the mouldering dust that years have made Is a merry meal for him. Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the Ivy green.  Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings, And a staunch old heart has he. How closely he twineth, how tight he clings To his friend the huge Oak Tree! And slyly he traileth along the ground, And his leaves he gently waves, As he joyously hugs and crawleth round The rich mould of dead men's graves. Creeping where grim death hath been, A rare old plant is the Ivy green.  Whole ages have fled and their works decayed, And nations have scattered been; But the stout old Ivy shall never fade, From its hale and hearty green. The brave old plant, in its lonely days, Shall fatten upon the past: For the stateliest building man can raise Is the Ivy's food at last. Creeping on where time has been, A rare old plant is the Ivy green.   Charles Dickens   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **A Child's Hymn** | |  | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father, Ere I lay me down to sleep; Bid Thy angels, pure and holy, Round my bed their vigil keep.  My sins are heavy, but Thy mercy Far outweighs them, every one; Down before Thy cross I cast them, Trusting in Thy help alone.  Keep me through this night of peril Underneath its boundless shade; Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee, When my pilgrimage is made.  None shall measure out Thy patience By the span of human thought; None shall bound the tender mercies Which Thy Holy Son has bought.  Pardon all my past transgressions, Give me strength for days to come; Guide and guard me with Thy blessing Till Thy angels bid me home.   Charles Dickens | | | |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **A Shadow** | |  | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | I said unto myself, if I were dead, What would befall these children? What would be Their fate, who now are looking up to me For help and furtherance? Their lives, I said, Would be a volume wherein I have read But the first chapters, and no longer see To read the rest of their dear history, So full of beauty and so full of dread. Be comforted; the world is very old, And generations pass, as they have passed, A troop of shadows moving with the sun; Thousands of times has the old tale been told; The world belongs to those who come the last, They will find hope and strength as we have done.   Henry Wadsworth Longfellow | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

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| |  | | --- | | **A Psalm of Life** | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Tell me not in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream! For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem.  Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou are, to dust thou returnest, Was not spoken of the soul.  Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each tomorrow Find us farther than today.  Art is long, and Time is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and brave, Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave.  In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of Life, Be not like dumb, driven cattle! Be a hero in the strife!  Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant! Let the dead Past bury its dead! Act, - act in the living Present! Heart within, and God o'erhead!  Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sand of time;  Footprints, that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solenm main, A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.  Let us then be up and doing,  With a heart for any fate;  Still achieving, still pursuing,  Learn to labor and to wait.   Henry Wadsworth Longfellow   |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Angel, The** | | |  | | --- | |  | | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | I dreamt a dream! What can it mean? And that I was a maiden Queen Guarded by an Angel mild: Witless woe was ne'er beguiled!  And I wept both night and day, And he wiped my tears away; And I wept both day and night, And hid from him my heart's delight.  So he took his wings, and fled; Then the morn blushed rosy red. I dried my tears, and armed my fears With ten-thousand shields and spears.  Soon my Angel came again; I was armed, he came in vain; For the time of youth was fled, And grey hairs were on my head.   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   |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **On A Journey** | | |  | | --- | |  | | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Don't be downcast, soon the night will come, When we can see the cool moon laughing in secret Over the faint countryside, And we rest, hand in hand.   Don't be downcast, the time will soon come When we can have rest. Our small crosses will stand On the bright edge of the road together, And rain fall, and snow fall, And the winds come and go.   Translated by James Wright     Hermann Hesse   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Across The fields** | |  | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | Across the sky, the clouds move, Across the fields, the wind, Across the fields the lost child Of my mother wanders.  Across the street, leaves blow, Across the trees, birds cry -- Across the mountains, far away, My home must be.   Hermann Hesse | | | |  |  | | --- | | **Thirteen Poems from My Southern Garden** | | |  | | --- | |  | | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | I  Budding branches, stems of flowers, Blossom while I watch. Touched with white and streaked with crimson - Cheeks fo a girl from Yue, Sad to say, once dusk has come, Their wanton fragrance falls. They have eloped with the spring wind, Without a go-between.  V  Why shouldn't a young man wear a Wu sword? He could win back fifty provinces in pass and mountain, I wish you would visit the Ling-yan pavilion, How can a student ever become a rich marquis?   VI  Seeking a style, culling my phrases, Grown old carving grubs! At dawn the moon hangs in my blinds, A bow of jade. Can't you see what is going on, year after year, By the sea of Liao-dong? Whatever can a writer do But weep in the autumn wind?   Li Ho | | | | | | | | |

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| |  | | --- | | **Cold in the North ...** | |  |
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Hundreds of hundredweights -  cartloads on waters ride.   Frostwork aground - big coins of silvery bloom.  Sword's blow will never wound the dark sky's misty gloom.  Vying, river and sea -  ice floes in roaring flight.  A silent waterfall so still:  rainbow from jasper spume.   (transl. by A.W. Tüting)   Li Ho   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **My Garden** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | If I could put my woods in song  And tell what's there enjoyed,  All men would to my gardens throng,  And leave the cities void.   In my plot no tulips blow,--  Snow-loving pines and oaks instead;  And rank the savage maples grow  From Spring's faint flush to Autumn red.   My garden is a forest ledge  Which older forests bound;  The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge,  Then plunge to depths profound.   Here once the Deluge ploughed,  Laid the terraces, one by one;  Ebbing later whence it flowed,  They bleach and dry in the sun.   The sowers made haste to depart,--  The wind and the birds which sowed it;  Not for fame, nor by rules of art,  Planted these, and tempests flowed it.   Waters that wash my garden-side  Play not in Nature's lawful web,  They heed not moon or solar tide,--  Five years elapse from flood to ebb.   Hither hasted, in old time, Jove,  And every god,--none did refuse;  And be sure at last came Love,  And after Love, the Muse.   Keen ears can catch a syllable,  As if one spake to another,  In the hemlocks tall, untamable,  And what the whispering grasses smother.   Æolian harps in the pine  Ring with the song of the Fates;  Infant Bacchus in the vine,--  Far distant yet his chorus waits.   Canst thou copy in verse one chime  Of the wood-bell's peal and cry,  Write in a book the morning's prime,  Or match with words that tender sky?   Wonderful verse of the gods,  Of one import, of varied tone;  They chant the bliss of their abodes  To man imprisoned in his own.   Ever the words of the gods resound;  But the porches of man's ear  Seldom in this low life's round  Are unsealed, that he may hear.   Wandering voices in the air  And murmurs in the wold  Speak what I cannot declare,  Yet cannot all withhold.   When the shadow fell on the lake,  The whirlwind in ripples wrote  Air-bells of fortune that shine and break,  And omens above thought.   But the meanings cleave to the lake,  Cannot be carried in book or urn;  Go thy ways now, come later back,  On waves and hedges still they burn.   These the fates of men forecast,  Of better men than live to-day;  If who can read them comes at last  He will spell in the sculpture,'Stay.'   Ralph Waldo Emerson   |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **The World-Soul** | | |  | | --- | |  | | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Thanks to the morning light, Thanks to the seething sea, To the uplands of New Hampshire, To the green-haired forest free; Thanks to each man of courage, To the maids of holy mind, To the boy with his games undaunted, Who never looks behind.  Cities of proud hotels, Houses of rich and great, Vice nestles in your chambers, Beneath your roofs of slate. It cannot conquer folly, Time-and-space-conquering steam,— And the light-outspeeding telegraph Bears nothing on its beam.  The politics are base, The letters do not cheer, And 'tis far in the deeps of history— The voice that speaketh clear. Trade and the streets ensnare us, Our bodies are weak and worn, We plot and corrupt each other, And we despoil the unborn.  Yet there in the parlor sits Some figure of noble guise, Our angel in a stranger's form, Or woman's pleading eyes; Or only a flashing sunbeam In at the window pane; Or music pours on mortals Its beautiful disdain.  The inevitable morning Finds them who in cellars be, And be sure the all-loving Nature Will smile in a factory. Yon ridge of purple landscape, Yon sky between the walls, Hold all the hidden wonders In scanty intervals.  Alas, the sprite that haunts us Deceives our rash desire, It whispers of the glorious gods, And leaves us in the mire: We cannot learn the cipher That's writ upon our cell, Stars help us by a mystery Which we could never spell.  If but one hero knew it, The world would blush in flame, The sage, till he hit the secret, Would hang his head for shame. But our brothers have not read it, Not one has found the key, And henceforth we are comforted, We are but such as they.  Still, still the secret presses, The nearing clouds draw down, The crimson morning flames into The fopperies of the town. Within, without, the idle earth Stars weave eternal rings,   The sun himself shines heartily, And shares the joy he brings.  And what if trade sow cities Like shells along the shore, And thatch with towns the prairie broad With railways ironed o'er;— They are but sailing foambells Along Thought's causing stream, And take their shape and Sun-color From him that sends the dream.  For destiny does not like To yield to men the helm, And shoots his thought by hidden nerves Throughout the solid realm. The patient Dæmon sits With roses and a shroud, He has his way, and deals his gifts— But ours is not allowed.  He is no churl or trifler, And his viceroy is none, Love-without-weakness, Of genius sire and son;   And his will is not thwarted,— The seeds of land and sea Are the atoms of his body bright, And his behest obey.  He serveth the servant, The brave he loves amain, He kills the cripple and the sick, And straight begins again; For gods delight in gods, And thrust the weak aside; To him who scorns their charities, Their arms fly open wide.  When the old world is sterile, And the ages are effete, He will from wrecks and sediment The fairer world complete. He forbids to despair, His cheeks mantle with mirth, And the unimagined good of men Is yeaning at the birth.  Spring still makes spring in the mind, When sixty years are told;   Love wakes anew this throbbing heart, And we are never old. Over the winter glaciers, I see the summer glow, And through the wild-piled snowdrift The warm rose buds below.   Ralph Waldo Emerson   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Before Summer Rain** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Suddenly, from all the green around you, something-you don't know what-has disappeared; you feel it creeping closer to the window, in total silence. From the nearby wood  you hear the urgent whistling of a plover, reminding you of someone's Saint Jerome: so much solitude and passion come from that one voice, whose fierce request the downpour  will grant. The walls, with their ancient portraits, glide away from us, cautiously, as though they weren't supposed to hear what we are saying.  And reflected on the faded tapestries now; the chill, uncertain sunlight of those long childhood hours when you were so afraid.   Rainer Maria Rilke   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Black Cat** | | = | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | A ghost, though invisible, still is like a place your sight can knock on, echoing; but here within this thick black pelt, your strongest gaze will be absorbed and utterly disappear:  just as a raving madman, when nothing else can ease him, charges into his dark night howling, pounds on the padded wall, and feels the rage being taken in and pacified.  She seems to hide all looks that have ever fallen into her, so that, like an audience, she can look them over, menacing and sullen, and curl to sleep with them. But all at once  as if awakened, she turns her face to yours; and with a shock, you see yourself, tiny, inside the golden amber of her eyeballs suspended, like a prehistoric fly.   Rainer Maria Rilke   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Autumn Day** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Lord: it is time. The summer was immense. Lay your shadow on the sundials and let loose the wind in the fields.  Bid the last fruits to be full; give them another two more southerly days, press them to ripeness, and chase the last sweetness into the heavy wine.   Whoever has no house now will not build one  anymore. Whoever is alone now will remain so for a long  time, will stay up, read, write long letters, and wander the avenues, up and down, restlessly, while the leaves are blowing.   Rainer Maria Rilke   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **At Midnight Hour** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | AT midnight hour I went, not willingly,  A little, little boy, yon churchyard past, To Father Vicar's house; the stars on high  On all around their beauteous radiance cast,  At midnight hour.  And when, in journeying o'er the path of life,  My love I follow'd, as she onward moved, With stars and northern lights o'er head in strife,  Going and coming, perfect bliss I proved  At midnight hour.  Until at length the full moon, lustre-fraught,  Burst thro' the gloom wherein she was enshrined; And then the willing, active, rapid thought  Around the past, as round the future twined,  At midnight hour.   Johann Wolfgang von Goethe   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Night Thoughts** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | OH, unhappy stars! your fate I mourn,  Ye by whom the sea-toss'd sailor's lighted, Who with radiant beams the heav'ns adorn,  But by gods and men are unrequited: For ye love not,--ne'er have learnt to love! Ceaselessly in endless dance ye move, In the spacious sky your charms displaying,  What far travels ye have hasten'd through, Since, within my loved one's arms delaying,  I've forgotten you and midnight too!   Johann Wolfgang von Goethe   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Haunted Palace, The** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | In the greenest of our valleys By good angels tenanted, Once a fair and stately place- Radiant palace- reared its head. In the monarch Thought's dominion- It stood there! Never seraph spread a pinion Over fabric half so fair!  Banners yellow, glorious, golden, On its roof did float and flow, (This- all this- was in the olden Time long ago,) And every gentle air that dallied, In that sweet day, Along the ramparts plumed and pallid, A winged odor went away.  Wanderers in that happy valley, Through two luminous windows, saw Spirits moving musically, To a lute's well-tuned law, Round about a throne where, sitting (Porphyrogene!) In state his glory well-befitting, The ruler of the realm was seen.  And all with pearl and ruby glowing Was the fair palace door, Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing, And sparkling evermore, A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty Was but to sing, In voices of surpassing beauty, The wit and wisdom of their king.  But evil things, in robes of sorrow, Assailed the monarch's high estate. (Ah, let us mourn!- for never morrow Shall dawn upon him desolate!) And round about his home the glory That blushed and bloomed, Is but a dim-remembered story Of the old time entombed.  And travellers, now, within that valley, Through the red-litten windows see Vast forms, that move fantastically To a discordant melody, While, like a ghastly rapid river, Through the pale door A hideous throng rush out forever And laugh- but smile no more.  -THE END- .   Edgar Allan Poe   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Sonnet- Silence** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | There are some qualities- some incorporate things, That have a double life, which thus is made A type of that twin entity which springs From matter and light, evinced in solid and shade. There is a two-fold Silence- sea and shore- Body and soul. One dwells in lonely places, Newly with grass o'ergrown; some solemn graces, Some human memories and tearful lore, Render him terrorless: his name's "No More." He is the corporate Silence: dread him not! No power hath he of evil in himself; But should some urgent fate (untimely lot!) Bring thee to meet his shadow (nameless elf, That haunteth the lone regions where hath trod No foot of man,) commend thyself to God!   Edgar Allan Poe   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Spirits Of The Dead** | |  | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | Thy soul shall find itself alone 'Mid dark thoughts of the grey tomb-stone; Not one, of all the crowd, to pry Into thine hour of secrecy.  Be silent in that solitude, Which is not loneliness- for then The spirits of the dead, who stood In life before thee, are again In death around thee, and their will Shall overshadow thee; be still.  The night, though clear, shall frown, And the stars shall not look down From their high thrones in the Heaven With light like hope to mortals given, But their red orbs, without beam, To thy weariness shall seem As a burning and a fever Which would cling to thee for ever.  Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish, Now are visions ne'er to vanish; From thy spirit shall they pass No more, like dew-drop from the grass.  The breeze, the breath of God, is still, And the mist upon the hill Shadowy, shadowy, yet unbroken, Is a symbol and a token. How it hangs upon the trees, A mystery of mysteries!   Edgar Allan Poe | | | | | | | | | | | | | |      |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Art** | |  | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | Give to barrows, trays, and pans Grace and glimmer of romance; Bring the moonlight into noon Hid in gleaming piles of stone; On the city's paved street Plant gardens lined with lilacs sweet; Let spouting fountains cool the air, Singing in the sun-baked square; Let statue, picture, park, and hall, Ballad, flag, and festival, The past restore, the day adorn, And make to-morrow a new morn. So shall the drudge in dusty frock Spy behind the city clock Retinues of airy kings, Skirts of angels, starry wings, His fathers shining in bright fables, His children fed at heavenly tables. 'T is the privilege of Art Thus to play its cheerful part, Man on earth to acclimate, And bend the exile to his fate, And, moulded of one element With the days and firmament, Teach him on these as stairs to climb, And live on even terms with Time; Whilst upper life the slender rill Of human sense doth overfill.   Ralph Waldo Emerson | | | | | |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Brahma** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | If the red slayer think he slays, Or if the slain think he is slain, They know not well the subtle ways I keep, and pass, and turn again.  Far or forgot to me is near; Shadow and sunlight are the same; The vanished gods to me appear; And one to me are shame and fame.  They reckon ill who leave me out; When me they fly, I am the wings; I am the doubter and the doubt, And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.  The strong gods pine for my abode, And pine in vain the sacred Seven; But thou, meek lover of the good! Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.   Ralph Waldo Emerson   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Astræ** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Himself it was who wrote His rank, and quartered his own coat. There is no king nor sovereign state That can fix a hero's rate; Each to all is venerable, Cap-a-pie invulnerable, Until he write, where all eyes rest, Slave or master on his breast.  I saw men go up and down In the country and the town, With this prayer upon their neck, "Judgment and a judge we seek." Not to monarchs they repair, Nor to learned jurist's chair, But they hurry to their peers, To their kinsfolk and their dears, Louder than with speech they pray, What am I? companion; say. And the friend not hesitates To assign just place and mates, Answers not in word or letter, Yet is understood the better;— Is to his friend a looking-glass, Reflects his figure that doth pass. Every wayfarer he meets What himself declared, repeats; What himself confessed, records; Sentences him in his words, The form is his own corporal form, And his thought the penal worm.  Yet shine for ever virgin minds, Loved by stars and purest winds, Which, o'er passion throned sedate, Have not hazarded their state, Disconcert the searching spy, Rendering to a curious eye The durance of a granite ledge To those who gaze from the sea's edge. It is there for benefit, It is there for purging light, There for purifying storms, And its depths reflect all forms; It cannot parley with the mean, Pure by impure is not seen. For there's no sequestered grot, Lone mountain tam, or isle forgot, But justice journeying in the sphere Daily stoops to harbor there.   Ralph Waldo Emerson   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **The Snow Storm** | |  | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | Announced by all the trumpets of the sky, Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields, Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven, And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end. The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed In a tumultuous privacy of storm.  Come see the north wind's masonry. Out of an unseen quarry evermore Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer Curves his white bastions with projected roof Round every windward stake, or tree, or door. Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he For number or proportion. Mockingly, On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths; A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn; Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall, Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate, A tapering turret overtops the work. And when his hours are numbered, and the world Is all his own, retiring, as he were not, Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone, Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work, The frolic architecture of the snow.   Ralph Waldo Emerson | | | | | | | | | |

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| |  | | --- | | **Remembrance** | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | And you wait, keep waiting for that one thing which would infinitely enrich your life: the powerful, uniquely uncommon, the awakening of dormant stones, depths that would reveal you to yourself.  In the dusk you notice the book shelves with their volumes in gold and in brown; and you think of far lands you journeyed, of pictures and of shimmering gowns worn by women you conquered and lost.  And it comes to you all of a sudden: That was it! And you arise, for you are aware of a year in your distant past with its fears and events and prayers.   Translated by Albert Ernest Flemming   Rainer Maria Rilke   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Moving Forward** | |  | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | The deep parts of my life pour onward, as if the river shores were opening out. It seems that things are more like me now, That I can see farther into paintings. I feel closer to what language can't reach. With my senses, as with birds, I climb into the windy heaven, out of the oak, in the ponds broken off from the sky my falling sinks, as if standing on fishes.   Rainer Maria Rilke | | | |

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| |  | | --- | | **Silent, Silent Night** | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Silent, silent night, Quench the holy light Of thy torches bright;  For possessed of Day Thousand spirits stray That sweet joys betray.  Why should joys be sweet Used with deceit, Nor with sorrows meet?  But an honest joy Does itself destroy For a harlot coy.   William Blake   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Several Questions Answered** | |  | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | What is it men in women do require? The lineaments of Gratified Desire. What is it women do in men require? The lineaments of Gratified Desire.  The look of love alarms Because 'tis fill'd with fire; But the look of soft deceit Shall Win the lover's hire.  Soft Deceit & Idleness, These are Beauty's sweetest dress.  He who binds to himself a joy Dot the winged life destroy; But he who kisses the joy as it flies Lives in Eternity's sunrise.   Submitted by Josh Horn   William Blake | | | |

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| |  | | --- | | **To the Evening Star** | |  |
| |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | Thou fair-haired angel of the evening, Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown Put on, and smile upon our evening bed! Smile on our loves, and while thou drawest the Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes In timely sleep. Let thy west wing sleep on The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes, And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon, Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide, And the lion glares through the dun forest. The fleeces of our flocks are covered with Thy sacred dew; protect with them with thine influence.   William Blake | |

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| |  | | --- | | **Poetry** | | |  |
| |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | GOD to his untaught children sent  Law, order, knowledge, art, from high, And ev'ry heav'nly favour lent,  The world's hard lot to qualify. They knew not how they should behave,  For all from Heav'n stark-naked came; But Poetry their garments gave,  And then not one had cause for shame.   Johann Wolfgang von Goethe | | |
| |  | | --- | | **On The New Year** | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | FATE now allows us,  'Twixt the departing  And the upstarting, Happy to be; And at the call of  Memory cherish'd,  Future and perish'd Moments we see.  Seasons of anguish,--  Ah, they must ever  Truth from woe sever, Love and joy part; Days still more worthy  Soon will unite us,  Fairer songs light us, Strength'ning the heart.  We, thus united,  Think of, with gladness,  Rapture and sadness,  Sorrow now flies. Oh, how mysterious  Fortune's direction!  Old the connection,  New-born the prize!  Thank, for this, Fortune,  Wavering blindly!  Thank all that kindly Fate may bestow! Revel in change's  Impulses clearer,  Love far sincerer, More heartfelt glow!  Over the old one,  Wrinkles collected,  Sad and dejected, Others may view; But, on us gently  Shineth a true one,  And to the new one We, too, are new.  As a fond couple  'Midst the dance veering,  First disappearing, Then reappear, So let affection  Guide thro' life's mazy  Pathways so hazy Into the year!   Johann Wolfgang von Goethe   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Next Year's Spring** | |  | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | THE bed of flowers  Loosens amain, The beauteous snowdrops  Droop o'er the plain. The crocus opens  Its glowing bud, Like emeralds others,  Others, like blood. With saucy gesture  Primroses flare, And roguish violets,  Hidden with care; And whatsoever  There stirs and strives, The Spring's contented,  If works and thrives.  'Mongst all the blossoms  That fairest are, My sweetheart's sweetness  Is sweetest far; Upon me ever  Her glances light, My song they waken,  My words make bright, An ever open  And blooming mind, In sport, unsullied,  In earnest, kind. Though roses and lilies  By Summer are brought, Against my sweetheart  Prevails he nought.   Johann Wolfgang von Goethe  **NEITHER**  to and fro in shadow from inner to outer shadow  from impenetrable self to impenetrable unself by way of neither  as between two lit refuges whose doors once neared gently close, once away turned from gently part again  beckoned back and forth and turned away  heedless of the way, intent on the one gleam or the other  unheard footfalls only sound  till at last halt for good, absent for good from self and other  then no sound  then gently light unfading on that unheeded neither  unspeakable home    Samuel Beckett  ***Translation:***  what would I do without this world faceless incurious  where to be lasts but an instant where every instant  spills in the void the ignorance of having been  without this wave where in the end  body and shadow together are engulfed  what would I do without this silence where the murmurs die  the pantings the frenzies towards succour towards love  without this sky that soars  above its ballast dust  what would I do what I did yesterday and the day before  peering out of my deadlight looking for another  wandering like me eddying far from all the living  in a convulsive space  among the voices voiceless  that throng my hiddenness  Translated by Beckett himself | | | |

**Critical Interpretive Lenses**

**-Political > of, pertaining to, or concerned with politics: *political writers.***

**-Rhetorical > used for, belonging to, or concerned with mere style or effect.**

**-Economic > pertaining to the production, distribution, and use of income, wealth, and commodities.**

**-Social > of or pertaining to human society, esp. as a body divided into classes according to status: *social rank.* noting or pertaining to activities designed to remedy or alleviate certain unfavorable conditions of life in a community, esp. among the poor.**

**-Aesthetic > pertaining to a sense of the beautiful or to the science of aesthetics. A philosophical theory or idea of what is aesthetically valid at a given time and place: the clean lines, bare surfaces, and sense of space that bespeak the machine-age aesthetic.**

**-Philosophical > of or pertaining to philosophy: *philosophical studies.***

**-**Sociolinguistics > is the study of the effect of any and all aspects of society, including cultural norms, expectations, and context, on the way language is used, and the effects of language use on society. It also studies how language varieties differ between groups separated by certain social variables, e.g., ethnicity, religion, status, gender, level of education, age, etc., and how creation and adherence to these rules is used to categorize individuals in social or socioeconomic classes.

-Dialectology> (from Greek διάλεκτος, *dialektos*, "talk, dialect"; and -λογία, *-logia*) is the scientific study of linguistic dialect, a sub-field of sociolinguistics. It studies variations in language based primarily on geographic distribution and their associated features. Dialectology treats such topics as divergence of two local dialects from a common ancestor and synchronic variation.

-Language Variationist Analysis> The variationist approach to sociolinguistics involves open-ended procedures to obtain representative and comparable data, which contrasts with principles of control and predictability in other experimental-evaluative approaches