##



**Selected Poetry 1.0 & 2.0**

**WVArts Workshop**

**Virginia Tech**

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| **Hermann Hesse**

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| **In Secret We Thirst**  |

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|   | Graceful, spiritual,with the gentleness of arabesquesour life is similarto the existence of fairiesthat spin in soft cadencearound nothingnessto which we sacrificethe here and nowDreams of beauty, youthful joylike a breath in pure harmonywith the depth of your young surfacewhere sparkles the longing for the nightfor blood and barbarityIn the emptiness, spinning, without aims or needsdance free our livesalways ready for the gameyet, secretly, we thirst for realityfor the conceiving, for the birthwe are thirst for sorrows and death Hermann Hesse

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| **Stages**  |

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|   | As every flower fades and as all youthDeparts, so life at every stage,So every virtue, so our grasp of truth,Blooms in its day and may not last forever.Since life may summon us at every ageBe ready, heart, for parting, new endeavor,Be ready bravely and without remorseTo find new light that old ties cannot give.In all beginnings dwells a magic forceFor guarding us and helping us to live.Serenely let us move to distant placesAnd let no sentiments of home detain us.The Cosmic Spirit seeks not to restrain usBut 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-takingOr else remain the slave of permanence.Even the hour of our death may sendUs 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

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| **At Night On The High Seas**  |

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|   | At night, when the sea cradles meAnd the pale star gleamLies down on its broad waves,Then I free myself whollyFrom all activity and all the loveAnd stand silent and breathe purely,Alone, alone cradled by the seaThat lies there, cold and silent, with a thousand lights.Then I have to think of my friendsAnd my gaze sinks into their gazesAnd 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 WrightHermann Hesse***Sherwood Anderson***

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| **It's Ours**  |

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|   | 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

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| **The Genius Of The Crowd**  |

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|   | there is enough treachery, hatred violence absurdity in the averagehuman being to supply any given army on any given dayand the best at murder are those who preach against itand the best at hate are those who preach loveand the best at war finally are those who preach peacethose who preach god, need godthose who preach peace do not have peacethose who preach peace do not have lovebeware the preachersbeware the knowersbeware those who are always reading booksbeware those who either detest povertyor are proud of itbeware those quick to praisefor they need praise in returnbeware those who are quick to censorthey are afraid of what they do not knowbeware those who seek constant crowds forthey are nothing alonebeware the average man the average womanbeware their love, their love is averageseeks averagebut there is genius in their hatredthere is enough genius in their hatred to kill youto kill anybodynot wanting solitudenot understanding solitudethey will attempt to destroy anythingthat differs from their ownnot being able to create artthey will not understand artthey will consider their failure as creatorsonly as a failure of the worldnot being able to love fullythey will believe your love incompleteand then they will hate youand their hatred will be perfectlike a shining diamondlike a knifelike a mountainlike a tigerlike hemlocktheir finest artCharles Bukowski

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| **Death Wants More Death**  |

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|   | death wants more death, and its webs are full:I remember my father's garage, how child-likeI would brush the corpses of fliesfrom the windows they thought were escape-their sticky, ugly, vibrant bodiesshouting like dumb crazy dogs against the glassonly to spin and flitin that second larger than hell or heavenonto the edge of the ledge,and then the spider from his dank holenervous and exposedthe puff of body swellinghanging therenot 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-legthere against the glassthere 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 backdrawing its certain bloodas the world goes by outsideand my temples screamand I hurl the broom against them:the spider dull with spider-angerstill thinking of its preyand waving an amazed broken leg;the fly very still,a dirty speck stranded to straw;I shake the killer looseand he walks lame and peevedtowards some dark cornerbut I intercept his dawdlinghis crawling like some broken hero,and the straws smash his legsnow wavingabove his headand lookinglooking for the enemy and somewhat valiant,dying without apparent painsimply crawling backwardpiece by pieceleaving nothing thereuntil at last the red gut sacksplashesits secrets,and I run child-likewith God's anger a step behind,back to simple sunlight,wonderingas the world goes bywith curled smileif anyone elsesaw or sensed my crime Charles Bukowski **Nathaniel *Hawthorne***

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| **Address To The Moon**  |

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|   | 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

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| **The Darken'd Veil**  |

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|   | Oh, could I raise the darken'd veilWhich hides my future life from me,Could unborn ages slowly sailBefore my view -- and could I seeMy 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 tombTo slumber in its endless gloom.Then let me never cast a look,Within Fate's fix'd mysterious book. Nathaniel Hawthorne**Edgar Allen Poe**

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| **Bells, The** |

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|   | IHear 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 oversprinkleAll the heavens, seem to twinkleWith a crystalline delight;Keeping time, time, time,In a sort of Runic rhyme,To the tintinnabulation that so musically wellsFrom the bells, bells, bells, bells,Bells, bells, bells-From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.IIHear the mellow wedding bells,Golden bells!What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!Through the balmy air of nightHow they ring out their delight!From the molten-golden notes,And an in tune,What a liquid ditty floatsTo the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloatsOn the moon!Oh, from out the sounding cells,What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!How it swells!How it dwellsOn the Future! how it tellsOf the rapture that impelsTo the swinging and the ringingOf the bells, bells, bells,Of the bells, bells, bells,bells,Bells, bells, bells-To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!IIIHear the loud alarum bells-Brazen bells!What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!In the startled ear of nightHow 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 tellsOf Despair!How they clang, and clash, and roar!What a horror they outpourOn 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!IVHear 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 affrightAt the melancholy menace of their tone!For every sound that floatsFrom the rust within their throatsIs a groan.And the people- ah, the people-They that dwell up in the steeple,All AloneAnd who, tolling, tolling, tolling,In that muffled monotone,Feel a glory in so rollingOn 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,RollsA paean from the bells!And his merry bosom swellsWith 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  |

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| **Eldorado**  |

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|   | 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 shadowFell as he foundNo spot of groundThat looked like Eldorado.And, as his strengthFailed him at length,He met a pilgrim shadow-"Shadow," said he,"Where can it be-This land of Eldorado?""Over the MountainsOf the Moon,Down the Valley of the Shadow,Ride, boldly ride,"The shade replied-"If you seek for Eldorado!" Edgar Allan Poe  |

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| **Dreams**  |

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|   | Oh! that my young life were a lasting dream!My spirit not awakening, till the beamOf an Eternity should bring the morrow.Yes! tho' that long dream were of hopeless sorrow,'Twere better than the cold realityOf 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 eternallyContinuing- as dreams have been to meIn 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 brightI' the summer sky, in dreams of living lightAnd loveliness,- have left my very heartIn climes of my imagining, apartFrom mine own home, with beings that have beenOf mine own thought- what more could I have seen?'Twas once- and only once- and the wild hourFrom my remembrance shall not pass- some powerOr spell had bound me- 'twas the chilly windCame o'er me in the night, and left behindIts image on my spirit- or the moonShone on my slumbers in her lofty noonToo coldly- or the stars- howe'er it wasThat 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 strifeOf semblance with reality, which bringsTo the delirious eye, more lovely thingsOf Paradise and Love- and all our own!Than young Hope in his sunniest hour hath known. Edgar Allan Poe  |

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| **Charles Baudelaire**

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| **At One O'Clock in the Morning**  |

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|   | 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

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|   | 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. SiglerCharles Baudelaire

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| ***Lev Tolstoy***

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| **Autumn** |

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|   | Autumn 'tis! Our garden standsFlowerless and bare,Dizzy whirling yellow leavesFill the wind swept air.Yet the distant mountain ashIn the vale below,With our favorite berries redNow begins to glow.While with rapture and with painThrobbing 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 theeHow dear thou art to me! Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy **Arthur Rimbaud**

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| **A Dream For Winter**  |

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|   | 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 FrenchRêvé Pour l'hiver.L'hiver, nous irons dans un petit wagon roseAvec des coussins bleus.Nous serons bien. Un nid de baisers fous reposeDans chaque coin moelleux.Tu fermeras l'oeil, pour ne point voir, par la glace,Grimacer les ombres des soirs,Ces monstruosités hargneuses, populaceDe 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

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| **To A Reason**  |

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|   | 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

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| **Time Without End**  |

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|   | We have found it again.What? Time without end.'Tis the ocean goneFor 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 highestFar 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 goneFor a walk with the sun. Arthur Rimbaud **Jim Morrison**The Connectors~-What is connection?-When 2 motions, thoughtto be infinite & mutuallyexclusive, meet in amoment.-Of Time?-Yes.-Time does not exist. There is no time.-Time is a straight plantation.~~~Jim Morrison**Rainer Maria Rilke**

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| **A Walk**  |

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|   | 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 onanswering our own wave...but what we feel is the wind in our faces.Translated by Robert Bly Rainer Maria Rilke

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| **Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**

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| **April**  |

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|   | 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

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| **To The Grasshopper**  |

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|   | 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 portionAll 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***

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| **The Artist's Duty**  |

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|   | So it is the duty of the artist to discourage all traces of shameTo extend all boundariesTo fog them in right over the plateTo kill only what is ridiculousTo establish problemTo ignore solutionsTo listen to no oneTo omit nothingTo contradict everythingTo generate the free brainTo bear no crossTo take part in no crucifixionTo tinkle a warning when mankind straysTo explode upon all partiesTo wound deeper than the soldierTo heal this poor obstinate monkey once and for allTo verify the irrationalTo exaggerate all thingsTo inhibit everyoneTo lubricate each proportionTo experience only experienceTo set a flame in the high airTo exclaim at the commonplace aloneTo cause the unseen eyes to openTo admire only the abrsurdTo be concerned with every profession save his ownTo raise a fortuitous stink on the boulevards of truth and beautyTo desire an electrifiable intercourse with a female alligatorTo lift the flesh above the sufferingTo forgive the beautiful its disconsolate deceitTo flash his vengeful badge at every abyssTo HAPPENIt is the artist’s duty to be aliveTo drag people into glittering occupationsTo blush perpetually in gaping innocenceTo drift happily through the ruined race-intelligenceTo burrow beneath the subconsciousTo defend the unreal at the cost of his reasonTo obey each outrageous inpulseTo commit his company to all enchantments. Kenneth Patchen

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| **Fall of the Evening Star**  |

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|   | Speak softly; sun going downOut of sight. Come near me now.Dear dying fall of wings as birdscomplain 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 beautyTo rest with my mouth on your mouthas somewhere a star fallsAnd the earth takes it softly, in natural love...Exactly as we take each other...and go to sleep... Kenneth Patchen

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| **The Snow Is Deep On The Ground**  |

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|   | 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**

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| **My Retreat at Mount ZhongNan by Wang Wei**  |

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|   | You have just arrived from my hometown, And you should know what is happening there; When you came, had the winter plum treeBefore my latticed window blossomed yet?

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| **Wang Wei: Miss My Brother on Sep Ninth**  |

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|   | Tang Poem 300: # 263Miss my brother on Sep NinthBy Tang Poet Wang WeiAlone drifting In a strange landAs an odd guest.On every holidayI miss my familyWith sorrow that hurts more.From faraway I knowThat my brotherClimbs 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 mountainat duskis full of autumn air.A bright moonshines between the pines;The clear spring waterglides over the rocks.Bamboo leaves rustling —the washer-girls bound home.Water lilies swaying —a fisher-boat goes down.Never mind thatspring plants are no longer green.I am here to staymy noble friends!  **Wang Wei****Ray Bradbury**RemembranceAnd this is where we went, I thought,Now here, now there, upon the grassSome forty years ago.I had returned and walked along the streetsAnd saw the house where I was bornAnd grown and had my endless days.The days being short now, simply I had comeTo gaze and look and stare uponThe thought of that once endless maze of afternoons.But most of all I wished to find the places where I ranAs dogs do run before or after boys,The paths put down by Indians or brothers wise and swiftPretending at a tribe.I came to the ravine.I half slid down the pathA man with graying hair but seeming supple thoughtsAnd 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 greenAnd secretive and wandering with apes and thugsAnd bandit bees that steal from flowers to give to trees.Caves echo here and creeks for wading after loot:A water-strider, crayfish, precious stoneOr 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 raceAnd 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 twelveI 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 laughterAnd 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 nestOn which I’d written some old secret thing now long forgot.Now in the green ravine of middle years I stoodBeneath 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 GodThat no one saw this ancient man at anticsClutched 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 weathersGoing by as mindlessAs 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 leafOr 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 furtherI brought forth:The note.Like mothwings neatly powdered on themselves, and folded closeIt had survived. No rains had touched, no sunlight bleachedIts 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 wordsSo many years ago?I opened it. For now I had to know.I opened it, and wept. I clung then to the treeAnd let the tears flow out and down my chin.Dear boy, strange child, who must have known the yearsAnd reckoned time and smelled sweet death from flowersIn 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 smallAnd 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 BeingRay BradburyDoing 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 gunAnd find yourself in actsYou could not know before the factsYou wooed from secret self, which much needs wooing,So doing brings it out,Kills doubt by simply jumping, rushing, runningForth to beThe new-discovered me.To not do is to die,Or lie about and lie about the thingsYou just might do some day.Away with that!Tomorrow empty staysIf no man plays it into beingWith his motioned way of seeing.Let your body lead your mind –Blood the guide dog to the blind;So then practice and rehearseTo find heart-soul’s universe,Knowing that by moving/seeingProves for all time: Doing’s being!***Aldous Huxley***SONG OF POPLARSby: Aldous HuxleySHEPHERD, 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 unfoldTheir buds, yet close and gummed and blind,In airy leafage of the mind,Rustling in silvery whispers the twin-hued scalesThat fade not nor grow old."Poplars and fountains and you cypress spiresSpringing in dark and rusty flame,Seek you aught that hath a name?Or say, say: Are you all an upward agonyOf undefined desires?"Say, are you happy in the golden marchOf sunlight all across the day?Or do you watch the uncertain wayThat leads the withering moon on cloudy stairsOver the heaven's wide arch?"Is it towards sorrow or towards joy you liftThe sharpness of your trembling spears?Or do you seek, through the grey tearsThat 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 belowTheir shrillness, voices swelling slowIn the blue murmur of hills, and a golden cryAnd then vast silences.'Song of Poplars' is reprinted from An Anthology of Modern Verse. Ed.1. Methuen. London: Methuen & Co., 1921.

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| **Charles Dickens**

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| **The Ivy Green**  |

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|   | 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 madeIs 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 clingsTo 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 roundThe 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 raiseIs the Ivy's food at last.Creeping on where time has been,A rare old plant is the Ivy green. Charles Dickens

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| **A Child's Hymn**  |

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|   | 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 mercyFar outweighs them, every one;Down before Thy cross I cast them,Trusting in Thy help alone.Keep me through this night of perilUnderneath its boundless shade;Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,When my pilgrimage is made.None shall measure out Thy patienceBy the span of human thought;None shall bound the tender merciesWhich Thy Holy Son has bought.Pardon all my past transgressions,Give me strength for days to come;Guide and guard me with Thy blessingTill Thy angels bid me home. Charles Dickens  |

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| **A Shadow**  |

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|   | I said unto myself, if I were dead,What would befall these children? What would beTheir fate, who now are looking up to meFor help and furtherance? Their lives, I said,Would be a volume wherein I have readBut the first chapters, and no longer seeTo 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**  |

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|   | 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 tomorrowFind us farther than today.Art is long, and Time is fleeting,And our hearts, though stout and brave,Still, like muffled drums, are beatingFuneral 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 usWe can make our lives sublime,And, departing, leave behind usFootprints 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

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| **Angel, The**  |

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|   | I dreamt a dream! What can it mean?And that I was a maiden QueenGuarded 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 fearsWith 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

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| **Ah Sunflower**  |

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|   | Ah Sunflower, weary of time,Who countest the steps of the sun;Seeking after that sweet golden climeWhere 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 aspireWhere my Sunflower wishes to go! William Blake

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| **On A Journey**  |

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|   | Don't be downcast, soon the night will come,When we can see the cool moon laughing in secretOver the faint countryside,And we rest, hand in hand.Don't be downcast, the time will soon comeWhen we can have rest. Our small crosses will standOn the bright edge of the road together,And rain fall, and snow fall,And the winds come and go.Translated by James WrightHermann Hesse

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| **Across The fields**  |

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|   | Across the sky, the clouds move,Across the fields, the wind,Across the fields the lost childOf my mother wanders.Across the street, leaves blow,Across the trees, birds cry --Across the mountains, far away,My home must be. Hermann Hesse  |

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| **Thirteen Poems from My Southern Garden**  |

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|   | IBudding 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.VWhy 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?VISeeking 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 doBut weep in the autumn wind? Li Ho  |

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| **Cold in the North ...**  |

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|   | Black sheen on one, purpl' on each other side.The Yellow Stream - all ice,so fish and dragon died.Tree barks, three foot - a scriptof frost-cracked runes.Hundreds of hundredweights - cartloads on waters ride. Frostwork aground - big coinsof silvery bloom. Sword's blow will never woundthe 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

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| **My Garden**  |

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|   | 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

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| **The World-Soul**  |

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|   | 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 telegraphBears 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 sitsSome figure of noble guise,Our angel in a stranger's form,Or woman's pleading eyes;Or only a flashing sunbeamIn at the window pane;Or music pours on mortalsIts beautiful disdain.The inevitable morningFinds them who in cellars be,And be sure the all-loving NatureWill smile in a factory.Yon ridge of purple landscape,Yon sky between the walls,Hold all the hidden wondersIn scanty intervals.Alas, the sprite that haunts usDeceives our rash desire,It whispers of the glorious gods,And leaves us in the mire:We cannot learn the cipherThat's writ upon our cell,Stars help us by a mysteryWhich 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 intoThe fopperies of the town.Within, without, the idle earthStars weave eternal rings, The sun himself shines heartily,And shares the joy he brings.And what if trade sow citiesLike shells along the shore,And thatch with towns the prairie broadWith railways ironed o'er;—They are but sailing foambellsAlong Thought's causing stream,And take their shape and Sun-colorFrom him that sends the dream.For destiny does not likeTo yield to men the helm,And shoots his thought by hidden nervesThroughout the solid realm.The patient Dæmon sitsWith 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 seaAre 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 sedimentThe fairer world complete.He forbids to despair,His cheeks mantle with mirth,And the unimagined good of menIs 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 snowdriftThe warm rose buds below. Ralph Waldo Emerson

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| **Before Summer Rain**  |

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|   | 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 woodyou hear the urgent whistling of a plover,reminding you of someone's Saint Jerome:so much solitude and passion comefrom that one voice, whose fierce request the downpourwill grant. The walls, with their ancient portraits, glideaway from us, cautiously, as thoughthey weren't supposed to hear what we are saying.And reflected on the faded tapestries now;the chill, uncertain sunlight of those longchildhood hours when you were so afraid. Rainer Maria Rilke

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| **Black Cat**  |

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|   | A ghost, though invisible, still is like a placeyour sight can knock on, echoing; but herewithin this thick black pelt, your strongest gazewill be absorbed and utterly disappear:just as a raving madman, when nothing elsecan ease him, charges into his dark nighthowling, pounds on the padded wall, and feelsthe rage being taken in and pacified.She seems to hide all looks that have ever falleninto her, so that, like an audience,she can look them over, menacing and sullen,and curl to sleep with them. But all at onceas if awakened, she turns her face to yours;and with a shock, you see yourself, tiny,inside the golden amber of her eyeballssuspended, like a prehistoric fly. Rainer Maria Rilke

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| **Autumn Day**  |

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|   | Lord: it is time. The summer was immense.Lay your shadow on the sundialsand 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 chasethe 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

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| **At Midnight Hour**  |

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|   | AT midnight hour I went, not willingly,A little, little boy, yon churchyard past,To Father Vicar's house; the stars on highOn 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 provedAt midnight hour.Until at length the full moon, lustre-fraught,Burst thro' the gloom wherein she was enshrined;And then the willing, active, rapid thoughtAround the past, as round the future twined,At midnight hour. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

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| **Night Thoughts**  |

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|   | 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

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| **Haunted Palace, The**  |

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|   | In the greenest of our valleysBy 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 pinionOver fabric half so fair!Banners yellow, glorious, golden,On its roof did float and flow,(This- all this- was in the oldenTime 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, sawSpirits 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 glowingWas the fair palace door,Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,And sparkling evermore,A troop of Echoes, whose sweet dutyWas 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 morrowShall dawn upon him desolate!)And round about his home the gloryThat blushed and bloomed,Is but a dim-remembered storyOf the old time entombed.And travellers, now, within that valley,Through the red-litten windows seeVast forms, that move fantasticallyTo a discordant melody,While, like a ghastly rapid river,Through the pale doorA hideous throng rush out foreverAnd laugh- but smile no more.-THE END-. Edgar Allan Poe

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| **Sonnet- Silence**  |

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|   | There are some qualities- some incorporate things,That have a double life, which thus is madeA type of that twin entity which springsFrom 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 trodNo foot of man,) commend thyself to God! Edgar Allan Poe

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| **Spirits Of The Dead**  |

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|   | Thy soul shall find itself alone'Mid dark thoughts of the grey tomb-stone;Not one, of all the crowd, to pryInto thine hour of secrecy.Be silent in that solitude,Which is not loneliness- for thenThe spirits of the dead, who stoodIn life before thee, are againIn death around thee, and their willShall overshadow thee; be still.The night, though clear, shall frown,And the stars shall not look downFrom their high thrones in the HeavenWith light like hope to mortals given,But their red orbs, without beam,To thy weariness shall seemAs a burning and a feverWhich 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 passNo more, like dew-drop from the grass.The breeze, the breath of God, is still,And the mist upon the hillShadowy, shadowy, yet unbroken,Is a symbol and a token.How it hangs upon the trees,A mystery of mysteries! Edgar Allan Poe  |

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| **Art**  |

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|   | Give to barrows, trays, and pansGrace and glimmer of romance;Bring the moonlight into noonHid in gleaming piles of stone;On the city's paved streetPlant 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 frockSpy behind the city clockRetinues 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 ArtThus to play its cheerful part,Man on earth to acclimate,And bend the exile to his fate,And, moulded of one elementWith the days and firmament,Teach him on these as stairs to climb,And live on even terms with Time;Whilst upper life the slender rillOf human sense doth overfill. Ralph Waldo Emerson  |

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| **Brahma**  |

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|   | If the red slayer think he slays,Or if the slain think he is slain,They know not well the subtle waysI 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

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| **Astræ**  |

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|   | Himself it was who wroteHis rank, and quartered his own coat.There is no king nor sovereign stateThat 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 downIn 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 hesitatesTo 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 meetsWhat 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 eyeThe durance of a granite ledgeTo 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 sphereDaily stoops to harbor there. Ralph Waldo Emerson

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| **The Snow Storm**  |

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|   | Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,Seems nowhere to alight: the whited airHides 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 feetDelayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sitAround the radiant fireplace, enclosedIn a tumultuous privacy of storm.Come see the north wind's masonry.Out of an unseen quarry evermoreFurnished with tile, the fierce artificerCurves his white bastions with projected roofRound every windward stake, or tree, or door.Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild workSo fanciful, so savage, nought cares heFor 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 worldIs all his own, retiring, as he were not,Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished ArtTo 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**  |

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|   | And you wait, keep waiting for that one thingwhich 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 shelveswith their volumes in gold and in brown;and you think of far lands you journeyed,of pictures and of shimmering gownsworn by women you conquered and lost.And it comes to you all of a sudden:That was it! And you arise, for you areaware of a year in your distant pastwith its fears and events and prayers.Translated by Albert Ernest Flemming Rainer Maria Rilke

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| **Moving Forward**  |

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|   | 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 climbinto the windy heaven, out of the oak,in the ponds broken off from the skymy falling sinks, as if standing on fishes. Rainer Maria Rilke  |

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| **Silent, Silent Night**  |

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|   | Silent, silent night,Quench the holy lightOf thy torches bright;For possessed of DayThousand spirits strayThat sweet joys betray.Why should joys be sweetUsed with deceit,Nor with sorrows meet?But an honest joyDoes itself destroyFor a harlot coy. William Blake

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| **Several Questions Answered**  |

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|   | 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 alarmsBecause 'tis fill'd with fire;But the look of soft deceitShall Win the lover's hire.Soft Deceit & Idleness,These are Beauty's sweetest dress.He who binds to himself a joyDot the winged life destroy;But he who kisses the joy as it fliesLives in Eternity's sunrise.Submitted by Josh Horn William Blake  |

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| **To the Evening Star**  |

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|   | Thou fair-haired angel of the evening,Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, lightThy bright torch of love; thy radiant crownPut on, and smile upon our evening bed!Smile on our loves, and while thou drawest theBlue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dewOn every flower that shuts its sweet eyesIn timely sleep. Let thy west wing sleep onThe 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 withThy sacred dew; protect with them with thine influence. William Blake  |

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| **Poetry**  |

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|   | GOD to his untaught children sentLaw, 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  |

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| **On The New Year**  |

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|   | FATE now allows us,'Twixt the departingAnd the upstarting,Happy to be;And at the call ofMemory cherish'd,Future and perish'dMoments we see.Seasons of anguish,--Ah, they must everTruth from woe sever,Love and joy part;Days still more worthySoon 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 mysteriousFortune's direction!Old the connection,New-born the prize!Thank, for this, Fortune,Wavering blindly!Thank all that kindlyFate may bestow!Revel in change'sImpulses clearer,Love far sincerer,More heartfelt glow!Over the old one,Wrinkles collected,Sad and dejected,Others may view;But, on us gentlyShineth a true one,And to the new oneWe, too, are new.As a fond couple'Midst the dance veering,First disappearing,Then reappear,So let affectionGuide thro' life's mazyPathways so hazyInto the year! Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

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| **Next Year's Spring**  |

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|   | THE bed of flowersLoosens amain,The beauteous snowdropsDroop o'er the plain.The crocus opensIts glowing bud,Like emeralds others,Others, like blood.With saucy gesturePrimroses flare,And roguish violets,Hidden with care;And whatsoeverThere stirs and strives,The Spring's contented,If works and thrives.'Mongst all the blossomsThat fairest are,My sweetheart's sweetnessIs sweetest far;Upon me everHer glances light,My song they waken,My words make bright,An ever openAnd blooming mind,In sport, unsullied,In earnest, kind.Though roses and liliesBy Summer are brought,Against my sweetheartPrevails he nought. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**NEITHER** to and fro in shadow from inner to outer shadowfrom impenetrable self to impenetrable unselfby way of neitheras between two lit refuges whose doors onceneared gently close, once away turned fromgently part againbeckoned back and forth and turned awayheedless of the way, intent on the one gleamor the otherunheard footfalls only soundtill at last halt for good, absent for goodfrom self and otherthen no soundthen gently light unfading on that unheededneitherunspeakable 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 hiddennessTranslated by Beckett himself  |

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**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