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**Selected Poetry 3.0 & 4.0**

**WVArts Workshop**

**Virginia Tech**

**Flannery O'Connor**

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| |  | | --- | | **Morning** | |  |
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**Robinson Jeffers**

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| |  | | --- | | **The Answer** | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Then what is the answer?- Not to be deluded by dreams.  To know that great civilizations have broken down into violence,  and their tyrants come, many times before.  When open violence appears, to avoid it with honor or choose  the least ugly faction; these evils are essential.  To keep one's own integrity, be merciful and uncorrupted  and not wish for evil; and not be duped  By dreams of universal justice or happiness. These dreams will  not be fulfilled.  To know this, and know that however ugly the parts appear  the whole remains beautiful. A severed hand  Is an ugly thing and man dissevered from the earth and stars  and his history... for contemplation or in fact...  Often appears atrociously ugly. Integrity is wholeness,  the greatest beauty is  Organic wholeness, the wholeness of life and things, the divine beauty  of the universe. Love that, not man  Apart from that, or else you will share man's pitiful confusions,  or drown in despair when his days darken.   Robinson Jeffers   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Be Angry At The Sun** | |  | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | That public men publish falsehoods Is nothing new. That America must accept Like the historical republics corruption and empire Has been known for years.  Be angry at the sun for setting If these things anger you. Watch the wheel slope and turn, They are all bound on the wheel, these people, those warriors. This republic, Europe, Asia.  Observe them gesticulating, Observe them going down. The gang serves lies, the passionate Man plays his part; the cold passion for truth Hunts in no pack.  You are not Catullus, you know, To lampoon these crude sketches of Caesar. You are far From Dante's feet, but even farther from his dirty Political hatreds.  Let boys want pleasure, and men Struggle for power, and women perhaps for fame, And the servile to serve a Leader and the dupes to be duped. Yours is not theirs.   Robinson Jeffers | | | |

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| |  | | --- | | **Distant Rainfall** | |  |
| |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | Like mourning women veiled to the feet Tall slender rainstorms walk slowly against gray cloud along the far verge. The ocean is green where the river empties, Dull gray between the points of the headlands, purple where the women walk. What do they want? Whom are they mourning? What hero's dust in the urn between the two hands hidden in the veil? Titaness after Titaness proudly Bearing her tender magnificent sorrow at her heart, the lost battle's beauty.   Robinson Jeffers | |

**Aldous Huxley**

Ballad of the Savage Tiger\*  
(written to music)  
  
No one attacks it with a long lance,  
No one plies a strong cross-bow.  
Suckling its grandsons, rearing its cubs,  
It trains them into savagery.  
Its reared head becomes a wall  
Its waving tail becomes a banner.  
Even Huang from the Eastern Sea,\*\*  
Dreaded to see it after dark,  
A righteous tiger, met on the road,\*\*\*  
Was quite enough to upset Niu Ai.  
What good is it for that short sword  
To hang on the wall, growling like thunder?  
When from the foot of Tai mountain  
Comes the sound of a woman weeping,  
Government regulations forbid  
Any official to dare to listen.\*\*\*\*

-Li Ho

Butterflies Dancing  
  
Willow catkins beat at the curtains,  
Under sweltering spring clouds.  
Screen of tortoise-shell  
And dazzling clothes.  
  
Butterflies from the eastern neighbour  
Come fluttering to the west.  
Today the young man has returned,  
Riding his white steed.

-Li Ho

Su Hsiao-hsiao's Tomb\*  
  
Dew upon lonely orchids  
Like tear-brimmed eyes.  
No twining of love-knots,  
Mist-wreathed flowers I cannot bear to cut.  
  
Grass for her cushions,  
Pines for her awning,  
Wind as her skirts,  
Water as girdle-jades.  
In her varnished carriage\*\*  
She is waiting at dusk.  
Cold candles, kingfisher-green,  
Weary with shining.\*\*\*  
  
Over the Western Grave-mound  
Wind-blown rain.\*\*\*\*

-Li Ho

Walking through the South Mountain Fields  
  
The autumn wilds bright,  
Autumn wind white.\*  
Pool-water deep and clear,  
Insects whining,  
Clouds rise from rocks,  
On moss-grown mountains.  
cold reds weeping dew,  
Colour of graceful crying.  
  
Wilderness fields in October --   
Forks of rice.  
Torpid fireflies, flying low,  
Start across dike-paths.  
Water flows from veins of rocks,  
Springs drip on sand.  
Ghost-lanterns like lacquer lamps  
Lighting up pine-flowers.\*\*

-Li Ho  
  
\* White was the colour assigned to autumn, being the colour of mourning.  
\*\* The will-o'-the-wisps burn as feebly and as sinisterly as the black lacquer lamps placed in tombs.

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.\*\*  
  
\* Hsi-shi, most renowned of all Chinese beauties, came from Yue.  
\*\* No respectable Chinese girl would ever get married without a go-between or match-maker.  
  
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?  
  
\* Wu-gou (Hook of Wu) was the name of a famous type of sword used by the southern aborigines.  
\*\* Over fifty Chinese districts in Ho-nan and Ho-pei were in the hands of tribal peoples at this time.  
\*\*\* The portraits found in the Ling-yan pavilion were those of military men who had aided Tang Tai-tsong in his truggle for power.  
  
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  
  
\* The poet has been studying all night, perfecting his literary style. There is no point to all this, since a country incessantly at war has little use for poets. The quickest way to gain renown is to fight on some distant frontier.  
  
All translations selected from Goddesses, Ghosts, and Demons -- The Collected Poems of Li He (790 - 816), Translated by J.D. Frodsham, North Point Press, San Fransisco, 1983.

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| |  | | --- | | **Lewis Carroll**  **Dreamland** | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | When midnight mists are creeping, And all the land is sleeping, Around me tread the mighty dead, And slowly pass away. Lo, warriors, saints, and sages, From out the vanished ages, With solemn pace and reverend face Appear and pass away. The blaze of noonday splendour, The twilight soft and tender, May charm the eye: yet they shall die, Shall die and pass away. But here, in Dreamland's centre, No spoiler's hand may enter, These visions fair, this radiance rare, Shall never pass away. I see the shadows falling, The forms of old recalling; Around me tread the mighty dead, And slowly pass away.   Lewis Carroll   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Life is but a Dream** | |  | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | A boat, beneath a sunny sky Lingering onward dreamily In an evening of July  Children three that nestle near, Eager eye and willing ear, Pleased a simple tale to hear  Long has paled that sunny sky; Echoes fade and memories die; Autumn frosts have slain July.  Still she haunts me, phantomwise, Alice moving under skies Never seen by waking eyes.  Children yet, the tale to hear, Eager eye and willing ear, Lovingly shall nestle near.  In a Wonderland they lie, Dreaming as the days go by, Dreaming as the summers die;  Ever drifting down the stream Lingering in the golden gleam Life, what is it but a dream?   Lewis Carroll | | | |

**Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**

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| |  | | --- | | **Faithful Eckart** | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | "OH, would we were further! Oh, would we were home, The phantoms of night tow'rd us hastily come, The band of the Sorceress sisters.  They hitherward speed, and on finding us here, They'll drink, though with toil we have fetch'd it, the beer, And leave us the pitchers all empty."  Thus speaking, the children with fear take to flight, When sudden an old man appears in their sight: "Be quiet, child! children, be quiet!  From hunting they come, and their thirst they would still, So leave them to swallow as much as they will, And the Evil Ones then will be gracious."  As said, so 'twas done! and the phantoms draw near, And shadowlike seem they, and grey they appear, ~Yet blithely they sip and they revel  The beer has all vanish'd, the pitchers are void; With cries and with shouts the wild hunters, o'erjoy'd, Speed onward o'er vale and o'er mountain.  The children in terror fly nimbly tow'rd home, And with them the kind one is careful to come: "My darlings, oh, be not so mournful!--  "They'll blame us and beat us, until we are dead."-- "No, no! ye will find that all goes well," he said; "Be silent as mice, then, and listen!  "And he by whose counsels thus wisely ye're taught, Is he who with children loves ever to sport. The trusty and faithful old Eckart.  Ye have heard of the wonder for many a day, But ne'er had a proof of the marvellous lay,-- Your hands hold a proof most convincing."  They arrive at their home, and their pitchers they place By the side of their parents, with fear on their face, Awaiting a beating and scolding.  But see what they're tasting: the choicest of beer! Though three times and four times they quaff the good cheer The pitchers remain still unemptied.  The marvel it lasts till the dawning of day; All people who hear of it doubtless will say: "What happen'd at length to the pitchers?"  In secret the children they smile, as they wait; At last, though, they stammer, and stutter, and prate, And straightway the pitchers were empty.  And if, children, with kindness address'd ye may be, Whether father, or master, or alderman he, Obey him, and follow his bidding!  And if 'tis unpleasant to bridle the tongue, Yet talking is bad, silence good for the young-- And then will the beer fill your pitchers!   Johann Wolfgang von Goethe   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Restless Love** | |  | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | THROUGH rain, through snow, Through tempest go! 'Mongst streaming caves, O'er misty waves, On, on! still on! Peace, rest have flown!  Sooner through sadness  I'd wish to be slain, Than all the gladness  Of life to sustain All the fond yearning  That heart feels for heart, Only seems burning  To make them both smart.  How shall I fly? Forestwards hie? Vain were all strife! Bright crown of life. Turbulent bliss,-- Love, thou art this! | | | |

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

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| |  | | --- | | **The Violet** | |  |
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Then came a youthful shepherdess, And roam'd with sprightly joyousness, And blithely woo'd  With carols sweet the air  "Ah!" thought the violet, "had I been For but the smallest moment e'en  Nature's most beauteous flower, 'Till gather'd by my love, and press'd, When weary, 'gainst her gentle breast, For e'en, for e'en  One quarter of an hour!"  Alas! alas! the maid drew nigh, The violet failed to meet her eye,  She crush'd the violet sweet. It sank and died, yet murmur'd not: "And if I die, oh, happy lot, For her I die,  And at her very feet!"   Johann Wolfgang von Goethe   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | **Lewis Carroll**   |  | | --- | | **A Boat beneath a Sunny Sky** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | A BOAT beneath a sunny sky, Lingering onward dreamily In an evening of July -- Children three that nestle near, Eager eye and willing ear, Pleased a simple tale to hear -- Long has paled that sunny sky: Echoes fade and memories die: Autumn frosts have slain July. Still she haunts me, phantomwise, Alice moving under skies Never seen by waking eyes. Children yet, the tale to hear, Eager eye and willing ear, Lovingly shall nestle near. In a Wonderland they lie, Dreaming as the days go by, Dreaming as the summers die: Ever drifting down the stream -- Lingering in the golden dream –  Life, what is it but a dream?  THE END   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | Create Date | : | Thursday, January 01, 2004 | |  |  |  |   Lewis Carroll   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **A Strange Wild Song** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | He thought he saw an Elephant That practised on a fife: He looked again, and found it was A letter from his wife. "At length I realize," he said, "The bitterness of life!"  He thought he saw a Buffalo Upon the chimney-piece: He looked again, and found it was His Sister's Husband's Niece. "Unless you leave this house," he said, "I'll send for the police!"  he thought he saw a Rattlesnake That questioned him in Greek: He looked again, and found it was The Middle of Next Week. "The one thing I regret," he said, "Is that it cannot speak!"  He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk Descending from the bus: He looked again, and found it was A Hippopotamus. "If this should stay to dine," he said, "There won't be much for us!"  He thought he saw a Kangaroo That worked a Coffee-mill: He looked again, and found it was A Vegetable-Pill. "Were I to swallow this," he said, "I should be very ill!"  He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four That stood beside his bed: He looked again, and found it was A Bear without a Head. "Poor thing," he said, "poor silly thing! It's waiting to be fed!"   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |   Lewis Carroll  **Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**   |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | ***Authors*** | | |  | | --- | |  | | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | *OVER the meadows, and down the stream,  And through the garden-walks straying, He plucks the flowers that fairest seem;  His throbbing heart brooks no delaying. His maiden then comes--oh, what ecstasy! Thy flowers thou giv'st for one glance of her eye!  The gard'ner next door o'er the hedge sees the youth: "I'm not such a fool as that, in good truth; My pleasure is ever to cherish each flower, And see that no birds my fruit e'er devour. But when 'tis ripe, your money, good neighbour! 'Twas not for nothing I took all this labour!" And such, methinks, are the author-tribe.  The one his pleasures around him strews,  That his friends, the public, may reap, if they choose; The other would fain make them all subscribe*   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Proverbs** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | 'TIS easier far a wreath to bind, Than a good owner fort to find. ----- I KILL'D a thousand flies overnight, Yet was waken'd by one, as soon as twas light. ----- To the mother I give; For the daughter I live. ----- A BREACH is every day, By many a mortal storm'd; Let them fall in the gaps as they may, Yet a heap of dead is ne'er form'd. ----- WHAT harm has thy poor mirror done, alas? Look not so ugly, prythee, in the glass!   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **The Spinner** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | As I calmly sat and span,  Toiling with all zeal, Lo! a young and handsome man  Pass'd my spinning-wheel.  And he praised,--what harm was there?--  Sweet the things he said-- Praised my flax-resembling hair,  And the even thread.  He with this was not content,  But must needs do more; And in twain the thread was rent,  Though 'twas safe before.  And the flax's stonelike weight  Needed to be told; But no longer was its state  Valued as of old.  When I took it to the weaver,  Something felt I start, And more quickly, as with fever,  Throbb'd my trembling heart.  Then I bear the thread at length  Through the heat, to bleach; But, alas, I scarce have strength  To the pool to reach.  What I in my little room  Span so fine and slight,-- As was likely. I presume--  Came at last to light.   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |   Johann Wolfgang von Goethe  **Mahabharata**   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Closed Path** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | I thought that my voyage had come to its end  at the last limit of my power,---that the path before me was closed,  that provisions were exhausted  and the time come to take shelter in a silent obscurity.   But I find that thy will knows no end in me.  And when old words die out on the tongue,  new melodies break forth from the heart;  and where the old tracks are lost,  new country is revealed with its wonders.   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |   Rabindranath Tagore   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Death** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | O thou the last fulfilment of life,  Death, my death, come and whisper to me!   Day after day I have kept watch for thee;  for thee have I borne the joys and pangs of life.   All that I am, that I have, that I hope and all my love  have ever flowed towards thee in depth of secrecy.   One final glance from thine eyes  and my life will be ever thine own.   The flowers have been woven  and the garland is ready for the bridegroom.   After the wedding the bride shall leave her home and meet her lord alone in the solitude of night.   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | Create Date | : | Tuesday, March 23, 2010 | | Update Date | : | Tuesday, March 23, 2010 |   Rabindranath Tagore   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Endless Time** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Time is endless in thy hands, my lord.  There is none to count thy minutes.   Days and nights pass and ages bloom and fade like flowers.  Thou knowest how to wait.   Thy centuries follow each other perfecting a small wild flower.   We have no time to lose,  and having no time we must scramble for a chance.  We are too poor to be late.   And thus it is that time goes by  while I give it to every querulous man who claims it,  and thine altar is empty of all offerings to the last.   At the end of the day I hasten in fear lest thy gate be shut;  but I find that yet there is time.   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | Create Date | : | Thursday, January 01, 2004 | |  |  |  |   Rabindranath Tagore  **A.C. Graham**   |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | |  | | --- | |  |   **Immortals** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Strumming his lute, high on a crag of stone, Sits an immortal sylph flapping his wings. White tail-plumes of a simurgh in his hand, He sweeps the clouds at night from the Southern Hill. Deer should drink down in the chill ravines, Fish swim back to the shores of the clear sea. Yet during the reign of Emperor Wu of Han He sent a letter about the spring peach-blossoms.  Li Ho   |  |  | | --- | --- | |  |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Su Hsiao-hsiao's Tomb** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Dew upon lonely orchids Like tear-brimmed eyes. No twining of love-knots, Mist-wreathed flowers I cannot bear to cut.  Grass for her cushions, Pines for her awning, Wind as her skirts, Water as girdle-jades. In her varnished carriage She is waiting at dusk. Cold candles, kingfisher-green, Weary with shining.  Over the Western Grave-mound Wind-blown rain.   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | Create Date | : | Tuesday, September 07, 2010 | | Update Date | : | Tuesday, September 07, 2010 |   Li Ho   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Long Songs after Short Songs** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Long songs have split the collar of my robe, Short songs have cropped my whitening hair. The king of Ch'in is nowhere to be seen, So dawn and dusk fever burns in me. I drink wine from a pitcher when I'm thirsty, Cut millet from the dike-top when I'm hungry. Chill and forlorn, I see May pass me by, And suddenly a thousand leagues grow green.  Endless, the mountain peaks at night, The bright moon seems to fall among the crags. As I wander about, searching along the rocks Its light shines out beyond those towering peaks. Because I cannot roam round with the moon, My hair's grown white before I end my song.   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | Create Date | : | Tuesday, September 07, 2010 | | Update Date | : | Tuesday, September 07, 2010 |   Li Ho | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

**Ray Bradbury**

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| |  | | --- | | **241st Chorus** | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | And how sweet a story it is When you hear Charley Parker tell it, Either on records or at sessions, Or at offical bits in clubs, Shots in the arm for the wallet, Gleefully he Whistled the perfect horn Anyhow, made no difference.  Charley Parker, forgive me- Forgive me for not answering your eyes- For not having made in indication Of that which you can devise- Charley Parker, pray for me- Pray for me and everybody In the Nirvanas of your brain Where you hide, indulgent and huge, No longer Charley Parker But the secret unsayable name That carries with it merit Not to be measured from here To up, down, east, or west- -Charley Parker, lay the bane, off me, and every body    Jack Kerouac   |  | | --- | |  | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **3rd Chorus Mexico City Blues** | | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Describe fires in riverbottom sand, and the cooking; the cooking of hot dogs spitted in whittled sticks over flames of woodfire with grease dropping in smoke to brown and blacken the salty hotdogs, and the wine, and the work on the railroad.  $275,000,000,000.00 in debt says the Government Two hundred and seventy five billion dollars in debt Like Unending Heaven And Unnumbered Sentient Beings Who will be admitted - Not-Numberable - To the new Pair of Shoes Of White Guru Fleece O j o ! The Purple Paradise  Jack Kerouac   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **4th Chorus Mexico City Blues** | |  | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | Roosevelt was worth 6, 7 million dollars He was Tight  Frog waits Till poor fly Flies by And then they got him  The pool of clear rocks Covered with vegetable scum Covered the rocks Clear the pool Covered the warm surface Covered the lotus Dusted the watermelon flower Aerial the Pad Clean queer the clear blue water  AND THEN THEY GOT HIM  The Oil of the Olive Bittersweet taffies Bittersweet cabbage Cabbage soup made right A hunk a grass Sauerkraut let work in a big barrel Stunk but Good  Jack Kerouac | | | | | |

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| |  | | --- | | **Haiku (Birds singing...)** | |  |
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Lewis**   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **As the Ruin Falls** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | All this is flashy rhetoric about loving you. I never had a selfless thought since I was born. I am mercenary and self-seeking through and through: I want God, you, all friends, merely to serve my turn.  Peace, re-assurance, pleasure, are the goals I seek, I cannot crawl one inch outside my proper skin: I talk of love --a scholar's parrot may talk Greek-- But, self-imprisoned, always end where I begin.  Only that now you have taught me (but how late) my lack. I see the chasm. And everything you are was making My heart into a bridge by which I might get back From exile, and grow man. And now the bridge is breaking.  For this I bless you as the ruin falls. The pains You give me are more precious than all other gains.   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |   CS Lewis   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **The Meteorite** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Among the hills a meteorite Lies huge; and moss has overgrown, And wind and rain with touches light Made soft, the contours of the stone.  Thus easily can Earth digest A cinder of sidereal fire, And make her translunary guest The native of an English shire.  Nor is it strange these wanderers Find in her lap their fitting place, For every particle that's hers Came at the first from outer space.  All that is Earth has once been sky; Down from the sun of old she came, Or from some star that travelled by Too close to his entangling flame.  Hence, if belated drops yet fall From heaven, on these her plastic power Still works as once it worked on all The glad rush of the golden shower.   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | Create Date | : | Friday, January 03, 2003 | |  |  |  |   CS Lewis   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **On Being Human** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **The Country of the Blind** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Hard light bathed them-a whole nation of eyeless men,  Dark bipeds not aware how they were maimed. A long  Process, clearly, a slow curse, Drained through centuries, left them thus.  At some transitional stage, then, a luckless few,  No doubt, must have had eyes after the up-to-date,  Normal type had achieved snug Darkness, safe from the guns of heavn;  Whose blind mouths would abuse words that belonged to their  Great-grandsires, unabashed, talking of light in some  Eunuch'd, etiolated, Fungoid sense, as a symbol of  Abstract thoughts. If a man, one that had eyes, a poor  Misfit, spoke of the grey dawn or the stars or green- Sloped sea waves, or admired how Warm tints change in a lady's cheek,  None complained he had used words from an alien tongue,  None question'd. It was worse. All would agree 'Of course,' Came their answer. "We've all felt Just like that." They were wrong. And he  Knew too much to be clear, could not explain. The words -- Sold, raped flung to the dogs-- now could avail no more; Hence silence. But the mouldwarps, With glib confidence, easily  Showed how tricks of the phrase, sheer metaphors could set Fools concocting a myth, taking the worlds for things. Do you think this a far-fetched Picture? Go then about among  Men now famous; attempt speech on the truths that once, Opaque, carved in divine forms, irremovable, Dear but dear as a mountain-  Mass, stood plain to the inward eye.  CS Lewis  CS Lewis   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Evolutionary Hymn** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Lead us, Evolution, lead us Up the future's endless stair; Chop us, change us, prod us, weed us. For stagnation is despair: Groping, guessing, yet progressing, Lead us nobody knows where.  Wrong or justice, joy or sorrow, In the present what are they while there's always jam-tomorrow, While we tread the onward way? Never knowing where we're going, We can never go astray.  To whatever variation Our posterity may turn Hairy, squashy, or crustacean, Bulbous-eyed or square of stern, Tusked or toothless, mild or ruthless, Towards that unknown god we yearn.  Ask not if it's god or devil, Brethren, lest your words imply Static norms of good and evil (As in Plato) throned on high; Such scholastic, inelastic, Abstract yardsticks we deny.  Far too long have sages vainly Glossed great Nature's simple text; He who runs can read it plainly, 'Goodness = what comes next.' By evolving, Life is solving All the questions we perplexed.  Oh then! Value means survival- Value. If our progeny Spreads and spawns and licks each rival, That will prove its deity (Far from pleasant, by our present, Standards, though it may well be).   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |   CS Lewis   |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **After Prayers, Lie Cold** | | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Arise my body, my small body, we have striven  Enough, and He is merciful; we are forgiven.  Arise small body, puppet-like and pale, and go,  White as the bed-clothes into bed, and cold as snow,  Undress with small, cold fingers and put out the light,  And be alone, hush'd mortal, in the sacred night,  -A meadow whipt flat with the rain, a cup  Emptied and clean, a garment washed and folded up,  Faded in colour, thinned almost to raggedness  By dirt and by the washing of that dirtiness.  Be not too quickly warm again. Lie cold; consent  To weariness' and pardon's watery element.  Drink up the bitter water, breathe the chilly death;  Soon enough comes the riot of our blood and breath.   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |   CS Lewis  **Lawrence Ferlinghetti**   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **A Vast Confusion** | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | 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ocean's speakers world's voice-box heard with ear to sand a shocked echoing a shocking shouting of all life's voices lost in night And the tape of it someow running backwards now through the Moog Synthesizer of time Chaos unscrambled back to the first harmonies And the first light   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |   Lawrence Ferlinghetti   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **An Elegy on the Death of Kenneth Patchen**  Lawrence Ferlinghetti | |  | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | A poet is born A poet dies And all that lies between is us and the world  And the world lies about it making as if it had got his message even though it is poetry but most of the world wishing it could just forget about him and his awful strange prophecies   Along with all the other strange things he said about the world which were all too true and which made them fear him more than they loved him though he spoke much of love  Along with all the alarms he sounded which turned out to be false if only for the moment all of which made them fear his tongue more than they loved him Though he spoke much of love and never lived by ‘silence exile & cunning’  and was a loud conscientious objector to the deaths we daily give each other though we speak much of love   And when such a one dies even the agents of Death should take note  and shake the shit from their wings in Air Force One But they do not And the shit still flies And the poet now is disconnected and won’t call back though he spoke much of love  And still we hear him say ‘Do I not deal with angels when her lips I touch’ And still we hear him say ‘0 my darling troubles heaven with her loveliness’ And still we hear him say ‘As we are so wonderfully done with each other  We can walk into our separate ‘sleep On floors of music where the milkwhite cloak  of childhood lies’  And still we hear him saying ‘Therefore the constant powers do not lessen  Nor is the property of the spirit scattered  on the cold hills of these events’ And still we hear him asking ‘Do the dead know what time it is?’  He is gone under He is scattered undersea and knows what time but won’t be back to tell it He would be too proud to call back anyway And too full of strange laughter to speak to us anymore anyway  And the weight of human experience lies upon the world like the chains of the ‘sea in which he sings And he swings in the tides of the sea And his ashes are washed in the ides of the sea And ‘an astonished eye looks out of the air’ to see the poet singing there  And dusk falls down a coast somewhere  where a white horse without a rider turns its head to the sea   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |     **Rabindranath Tagore**  IN THE DUSKY PATH OF A DREAM  ***by: Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941)***  http://www.poetry-archive.com/i_pic.gifN the dusky path of a dream I went to seek the love who was mine in a former life.  Her house stood at the end of a desolate street.  In the evening breeze her pet peacock sat drowsing on its perch, and the pigeons were silent in their corner.  She set her lamp down by the portal and stood before me.  She raised her large eyes to my face and mutely asked, "Are you well, my friend?"  I tried to answer, but our language had been lost and forgotten.  I thought and thought; our names would not come to my mind.  Tears shone in her eyes. She held up her right hand to me. I took it and stood silent.  Our lamp had flickered in the evening breeze and died.  I CAST MY NET INTO THE SEA  ***by: Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941)***  http://www.poetry-archive.com/i_pic.gifN the morning I cast my net into the sea.  I dragged up from the dark abyss things of strange aspect and strange beauty -- some shone like a smile, some glistened like tears, and some were flushed like the cheeks of a bride.  When with the day's burden I went home, my love was sitting in the garden idly tearing the leaves of a flower.  I hesitated for a moment, and then placed at her feet all that I had dragged up, and stood silent.  She glanced at them and said, "What strange things are these? I know not of what use they are!"  I bowed my head in shame and thought, "I have not fought for these, I did not buy them in the market; they are not fit gifts for her."  Then the whole night through I flung them one by one into the street.  In the morning travellers came; they picked them up and carried them into far countries.  **Bertolt Brecht**   |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **I Never Loved You More** | | |  | | --- | |  | | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | I never loved you more, ma soeur Than as I walked away from you that evening. The forest swallowed me, the blue forest, ma soeur The blue forest and above it pale stars in the west.  I did not laugh, not one little bit, ma soeur As I playfully walked towards a dark fate – While the faces behind me Slowly paled in the evening of the blue forest.  Everything was grand that one night, ma soeur Never thereafter and never before – I admit it: I was left with nothing but the big birds And their hungry cries in the dark evening sky.   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |   Bertolt Brecht   |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Parting** | | |  | | --- | |  | | | |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | We embrace. Rich cloth under my fingers While yours touch poor fabric. A quick embrace You were invited for dinner While the minions of law are after me. We talk about the weather and our Lasting friendship. Anything else Would be too bitter.   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |   Bertolt Brecht  **Nathaniel Hawthorne**  **Go to the Grave,** by Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864)  Go to the grave where friends are laid,  And learn how quickly mortals fade,  Learn how the fairest flower must droop,  Learn how the strongest form must stoop,  Learn that we are but dust and clay,  The short-liv’d creatures of a day,  Yet do not sigh- there is a clime,  Where they will dwell through endless time,  Who here on earth their Maker serve,  And never from his precepts swerve.  The grave to them is but a road,  That leads them to that blest abode.  (1820)  **Ray Bradbury** | | |   "O hushed October morning mild,  Thy leaves have ripened to the fall;  Tomorrow's wind, if it be wild, Should waste them all.  The crows above the forest call;  Tomorrow they may form and go.  O hushed October morning mild,  Begin the hours of this day slow.  Make the day seem to us less brief.  Hearts not averse to being beguiled,  Beguile us in the way you know.  Release one leaf at break of day;  At noon release another leaf;  One from our trees, one far away." - Robert Frost, *October*  "Halloween. Sly does it. Tiptoe catspaws. Slide and creep. But why? What for? How? Who? When! Where did it all begin? 'You don't know, do you?' asks Carapace Clavicle Moundshroud climbing out under the pile of leaves under the Halloween Tree. 'You don't really know!'" - Ray Bradbury, *The Halloween Tree*  "Wheels of baled hay bask in October sun: Gold circles strewn across the sloping field, They seem arranged as if each one Has found its place; together they appeal To some glimpsed order in my mind Preceding my chance pausing here -- A randomness that also seems designed. Gold circles strewn across the sloping field Evoke a silence deep as my deep fear Of emptiness; I feel the scene requires A listener who can respond with words, yet who Prolongs the silence that I still desire, Relieved as clacking crows come flashing through, Whose blackness shows chance radiance of fire. Yet stillness in the field remains for everyone: Wheels of baled hay bask in October sun." - Robert Pack, *Baled Hay*  America  We are the dream that other people dream. The land where other people land When late at night They think on flight And, flying, here arrive Where we fools dumbly thrive ourselves.  Refuse to see We be what all the world would like to be. Because we hive within this scheme The obvious dream is blind to us. We do not mind the miracle we are, So stop our mouths with curses. While all the world rehearses Coming here to stay. We busily make plans to go away.  How dumb! newcomers cry, arrived from Chad. You're mad! Iraqis shout, We'd sell our souls if we could be you. How come you cannot see the way we see you? You tread a freedom forest as you please. But, damn! you miss the forest for the trees. Ten thousand wanderers a week Engulf your shore, You wonder what their shouting's for, And why so glad?  Run warm those souls: America is bad? Sit down, stare in their faces, see! You be the hoped-for thing a hopeless world would be. In tides of immigrants that this year flow You still remain the beckoning hearth they'd know. In midnight beds with blueprint, plan and scheme You are the dream that other people dream.  -Ray Bradbury  ***Mr. Bradbury is the author of "Fahrenheit 451" and numerous other books.***  **Jack Kerouac**   |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **211th Chorus** | | |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | |  | | |  |  |  | | --- | |  | | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | The wheel of the quivering meat conception Turns in the void expelling human beings, Pigs, turtles, frogs, insects, nits, Mice, lice, lizards, rats, roan Racinghorses, poxy bucolic pigtics, Horrible unnameable lice of vultures, Murderous attacking dog-armies Of Africa, Rhinos roaming in the jungle, Vast boars and huge gigantic bull Elephants, rams, eagles, condors, Pones and Porcupines and Pills- All the endless conception of living beings Gnashing everywhere in Consciousness Throughout the ten directions of space Occupying all the quarters in & out, From supermicroscopic no-bug To huge Galaxy Lightyear Bowell Illuminating the sky of one Mind-  Poor! I wish I was free  of that slaving meat wheel and safe in heaven dead.   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |   Jack Kerouac   |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **1st Chorus Mexico City Blues** | | |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | |  | | |  | | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Butte Magic of Ignorance Butte Magic Is the same as no-Butte All one light Old Rough Roads One High Iron Mainway  Denver is the same 'The guy I was with his uncle was the govornor of Wyoming' 'Course he paid me back' Ten Days Two Weeks Stock and Joint  'Was an old crook anyway'  The same voice on the same ship The Supreme Vehicle S.S. Excalibur Maynard Mainline Mountain Merudvhaga Mersion of Missy   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |   Jack Kerouac   |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Nebraska** | | |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | |  | | |  |  |  | | --- | |  | | | |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | April doesnt hurt here Like it does in New England  The ground Vast and brown  Surrounds dry towns  Located in the dust  Of the coming locust Live for survival, not for 'kicks' Be a bangtail describer,  like of shrouded traveler  in Textile tenement & the birds fighting in yr ears-like Burroughs exact to describe & gettin $ The Angry Hunger (hunger is anger)  who fears the  hungry feareth  the angry) And so I came home To Golden far away  Twas on the horizon  Every blessed day  As we rolled And we rolled From Donner tragic Pass  Thru April in Nevada And out Salt City Way Into the dry Nebraskas And sad Wyomings Where young girls And pretty lover boys  With Mickey Mantle eyes Wander under moons  Sawing in lost cradle  And Judge O Fasterc  Passes whiggling by To ask of young love: ,,Was it the same wind Of April Plains eve that ruffled the dress Of my lost love Louanna In the Western Far off night Lost as the whistle Of the passing Train Everywhere West Roams moaning The deep basso - Vom! Vom! - Was it the same love  Notified my bones As mortify yrs now  Children of the soft  Wyoming April night? Couldna been! But was! But was!' And on the prairie  The wildflower blows  In the night For bees & birds And sleeping hidden Animals of life. The Chicago Spitters in the spotty street  Cheap beans, loop, Girls made eyes at me And I had 35 Cents in my jeans - Then Toledo  Springtime starry  Lover night Of hot rod boys And cool girls A wandering  A wandering In search of April pain A plash of rain  Will not dispel This fumigatin hell Of lover lane This park of roses Blue as bees In former airy poses  In aerial O Way hoses  No tamarand And figancine Can the musterand Be less kind Sol - Sol - Bring forth yr Ah Sunflower - Ah me Montana  Phosphorescent Rose  And bridge in fairly land I'd understand it all -   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |   Jack Kerouac | | | | | | | |   **Sara Teasdale**   |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **A Winter Night** | | |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | |  | | |  |  |  | | --- | |  | | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | My window-pane is starred with frost,  The world is bitter cold to-night,  The moon is cruel, and the wind  Is like a two-edged sword to smite.  God pity all the homeless ones,  The beggars pacing to and fro.  God pity all the poor to-night  Who walk the lamp-lit streets of snow.  My room is like a bit of June,  Warm and close-curtained fold on fold,  But somewhere, like a homeless child,  My heart is crying in the cold.  Sara Teasdale   |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **February Twilight** | | |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | |  | | |  |  |  | | --- | |  | | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | I stood beside a hill Smooth with new-laid snow, A single star looked out From the cold evening glow.  There was no other creature That saw what I could see-- I stood and watched the evening star As long as it watched me.  Sara Teasdale  **Washington Irving**  ***A Certain Young Lady***  THERE'S a certain young lady,  Who's just in her heyday,  And full of all mischief, I ween;  So teasing! so pleasing!  Capricious! delicious!  And you know very well whom I mean.  With an eye dark as night,  Yet than noonday more bright,  Was ever a black eye so keen?  It can thrill with a glance,  With a beam can entrance,  And you know very well whom I mean.  With a stately step -- such as  You'd expect in a duchess --  And a brow might distinguish a queen,  With a mighty proud air,  That says "touch me who dare,"  And you know very well whom I mean.  With a toss of the head  That strikes one quite dead,  But a smile to revive one again;  That toss so appalling!  That smile so enthralling!  And you know very well whom I mean.  Confound her! devil take her! --  A cruel heart-breaker --  But hold! see that smile so serene.  God love her! God bless her!  May nothing distress her!  You know very well whom I mean.  Heaven help the adorer  Who happens to bore her,  The lover who wakens her spleen;  But too blest for a sinner  Is he who shall win her,  And you know very well whom I mean.  **Washington Irving**    ***The Falls of the Passaic***  IN A WILD, tranquil vale, fringed with forests of green,  Where nature had fashion'd a soft, sylvan scene,  The retreat of the ring-dove, the haunt of the deer,  Passaic in silence roll'd gentle and clear.  No grandeur of prospect astonish'd the sight,  No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight;  Here the wild flow'ret blossom'd, the elm proudly waved,  And pure was the current the green bank that laved.  But the spirit that ruled o'er the thick tangled wood,  And deep in its gloom fix'd his murky abode,  Who loved the wild scene that the whirlwinds deform,  And gloried in thunder, and lightning and storm;  All flush'd from the tumult of battle he came,  Where the red men encounter'd the children of flame,  While the noise of the war-whoop still rang in his ears,  And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he bears:  With a glance of disgust he the landscape survey'd,  With its fragrant wild flowers, its wide-waving shade;--  Where Passaic meanders through margins of green,  So transparent its waters, its surface serene.  He rived the green hills, the wild woods he laid low;  He taught the pure stream in rough channels to flow;  He rent the rude rock, the steep precipice gave,  And hurl'd down the chasm the thundering wave.  Countless moons have since rolled in the long lapse of time--  Cultivation has softened those features sublime;  The axe of the white man has lighten'd the shade,  And dispell'd the deep gloom of the thicketed glade.  But the stranger still gazes with wondering eye,  On the rocks rudely torn, and groves mounted on high;  Still loves on the cliff's dizzy borders to roam,  Where the torrent leaps headlong embosom'd in foam.    **Washington Irving**  **C.S. Lewis**  **As the Ruin Falls**  All this is flashy rhetoric about loving you. I never had a selfless thought since I was born. I am mercenary and self-seeking through and through: I want God, you, all friends, merely to serve my turn.  Peace, re-assurance, pleasure, are the goals I seek, I cannot crawl one inch outside my proper skin: I talk of love --a scholar's parrot may talk Greek-- But, self-imprisoned, always end where I begin.  Only that now you have taught me (but how late) my lack. I see the chasm. And everything you are was making My heart into a bridge by which I might get back From exile, and grow man. And now the bridge is breaking.  For this I bless you as the ruin falls. The pains You give me are more precious than all other gains.  **by C. S. Lewis**  **The Country of the Blind**  Hard light bathed them-a whole nation of eyeless men,  Dark bipeds not aware how they were maimed. A long  Process, clearly, a slow curse, Drained through centuries, left them thus.  At some transitional stage, then, a luckless few,  No doubt, must have had eyes after the up-to-date,  Normal type had achieved snug Darkness, safe from the guns of heavn;  Whose blind mouths would abuse words that belonged to their  Great-grandsires, unabashed, talking of light in some  Eunuch'd, etiolated, Fungoid sense, as a symbol of  Abstract thoughts. If a man, one that had eyes, a poor  Misfit, spoke of the grey dawn or the stars or green- Sloped sea waves, or admired how Warm tints change in a lady's cheek,  None complained he had used words from an alien tongue,  None question'd. It was worse. All would agree 'Of course,' Came their answer. "We've all felt Just like that." They were wrong. And he   Knew too much to be clear, could not explain. The words -- Sold, raped flung to the dogs -- now could avail no more; Hence silence. But the mouldwarps, With glib confidence, easily  Showed how tricks of the phrase, sheer metaphors could set Fools concocting a myth, taking the worlds for things. Do you think this a far-fetched Picture? Go then about among  Men now famous; attempt speech on the truths that once, Opaque, carved in divine forms, irremovable, Dear but dear as a mountain-  Mass, stood plain to the inward eye.  **by C. S. Lewis**  **Samuel Beckett**  **Cascando**  ***1 why not merely the despaired of occasion of wordshed is it not better abort than be barren***  ***the hours after you are gone are so leaden they will always start dragging too soon the grapples clawing blindly the bed of want bringing up the bones the old loves sockets filled once with eyes like yours all always is it better too soon than never the black want splashing their faces saying again nine days never floated the loved nor nine months nor nine lives***  ***2 saying again if you do not teach me I shall not learn saying again there is a last even of last times last times of begging last times of loving of knowing not knowing pretending a last even of last times of saying if you do not love me I shall not be loved if I do not love you I shall not love the churn of stale words in the heart again love love love thud of the old plunger pestling the unalterable whey of words terrified again of not loving of loving and not you of being loved and not by you of knowing not knowing pretending pretending I and all the others that will love you if they love you***  ***3 unless they love you***  ***-Samuel Beckett***  **1. Dieppe**  again the last ebb the dead shingle the turning then the steps toward the lighted town  **2.**  my way is in the sand flowing between the shingle and the dune the summer rain rains on my life on me my life harrying fleeing to its beginning to tis end  my peace is there in the receding mist when I may cease from trreading these long shifting thresholds and live the space of a door that opens and shuts  **3.**  what would I do without this world faceless incurious where to be lasts but an instant where ebery 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 toward succour towards love without this sky that soars above it's 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  **4.**  I would like my love to die and the rain to be falling on the graveyard and on me walking the streets mourning the first and last to love me  ***-Samuel Beckett***  **Lawrence Ferlinghetti**   |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **The Changing Light** | | |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | |  | | |  |  |  | | --- | |  | | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | The changing light at San Francisco is none of your East Coast light none of your pearly light of Paris The light of San Francisco is a sea light an island light And the light of fog blanketing the hills drifting in at night through the Golden Gate to lie on the city at dawn And then the halcyon late mornings after the fog burns off and the sun paints white houses with the sea light of Greece with sharp clean shadows  making the town look like it had just been painted  But the wind comes up at four o'clock sweeping the hills  And then the veil of light of early evening  And then another scrim when the new night fog floats in And in that vale of light the city drifts anchorless upon the ocean  Lawrence Ferlinghetti   |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Oh you gatherer** | | |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | |  | | |  |  |  | | --- | |  | | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Oh you gatherer of the fine ash of poetry ash of the too-white flame of poetry  Consider those who have burned before you in the so-white fire  Crucible of Keats and Campana Bruno and Sappho Rimbaud and Poe and Corso And Shelley burning on the beach at Viarreggio  And now in the night in the general conflagration the white light still consuming us small clowns with our little tapers held to the flame  Lawrence Ferlinghetti   |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | A Vast Confusion   |  | | --- | |  | | |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | |  | | |  |  |  | | --- | |  | | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | Long long I lay in the sands  Sounds of trains in the surf in subways of the sea And an even greater undersound of a vast confusion in the universe a rumbling and a roaring as of some enormous creature turning under sea and earth a billion sotto voices murmuring a vast mutterin a swelling stuttering in ocean's speakers world's voice-box heard with ear to sand a shocked echoing a shocking shouting of all life's voices lost in night And the tape of it someow running backwards now through the Moog Synthesizerof time Chaos  unscrambled back to the first harmonies And the first light  -LF | | | |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  | | | | | | | | | |   ***Jelaluddin Rumi*** | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

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This is love: to fly to heaven, every moment to rend a hundred veils;  
At first instance, to break away from breath -- first step, to renounce feet;  
To disregard this world, to see only that which you yourself have seen[6](javascript:;) to see only that which you yourself have seen" -- Nicholson's version is "(not to see your own eye) whence all objects derive their unreal existence..  
I said, "Heart, congratulations on entering the circle of lovers,  
"On gazing beyond the range of the eye, on running into the alley of the breasts."  
Whence came this breath, O heart? Whence came this throbbing, O heart?  
Bird, speak the tongue of birds: I can heed your cipher!  
The heart said, "I was in the factory whilst the home of water and clay was abaking.  
"I was flying from the workshop whilst the workshop was being created.  
"When I could no more resist, they dragged me; how shall I  
tell the manner of that dragging?"

["Mystical Poems of Rumi 1"](http://www.amazon.co.uk/exec/obidos/ASIN/0226731510/greecethracemino/), A.J. Arberry  
The University of Chicago Press, 1968

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Sweetly parading you go my soul of soul, go not without me;  
life of your friends, enter not the garden without me.  
Sky, revolve not without me; moon, shine not without me;  
earth travel not without me, and time, go not without me.  
With you this world is joyous, and with you that world is joyous;  
in this world dwell not without me, and to that world depart not without me.  
Vision, know not without me, and tongue, recite not without  
me; glance behold not without me, and soul, go not without me.  
The night through the moon's light sees its face white; I am  
light, you are my moon, go not to heaven without me.  
The thorn is secure from the fire in the shelter of the roses  
face: you are the rose, I your thorn; go not into the rose garden without me.  
I run in the curve of your mallet when your eye is with me;  
even so gaze upon me, drive not without me, go not without me.  
When, joy, you are companion of the king, drink not without  
me; when, watchman, you go to the kings roof, go not without me.   
Alas for him who goes on this road without your sign; since  
you, O signless one, are my sign, go not without me.  
Alas for him who goes on the road without my knowledge;  
you are the knowledge of the road for me; O road-knower, go not without me.  
Others call you love, I call you the king of love; O you who are   
higher than the imagination of this and that, go not without me.

["Mystical Poems of Rumi 2"](http://www.amazon.co.uk/exec/obidos/ASIN/0226731529/greecethracemino/) A. J. Arberry  
The University of Chicago Press, 1991

**Wisława Szymborska**

All poets, according to Wislawa Szymborska, are in a perpetual dialogue with the phrase *I don't know*. "Each poem," she writes in her 1996 Nobel Lecture, "marks an effort to answer this statement, but as soon as the final period hits the page, the poet begins to hesitate, starts to realize that this particular answer was pure makeshift, absolutely inadequate."

Children of Our Age  
  
We are children of our age,  
it's a political age.  
  
All day long, all through the night,  
all affairs--yours, ours, theirs--  
are political affairs.  
  
Whether you like it or not,  
your genes have a political past,  
your skin, a political cast,  
your eyes, a political slant.  
  
Whatever you say reverberates,  
whatever you don't say speaks for itself.  
So either way you're talking politics.  
  
Even when you take to the woods,  
you're taking political steps  
on political grounds.  
  
Apolitical poems are also political,  
and above us shines a moon  
no longer purely lunar.  
To be or not to be, that is the question.  
And though it troubles the digestion  
it's a question, as always, of politics.  
  
To acquire a political meaning  
you don't even have to be human.  
Raw material will do,  
or protein feed, or crude oil,  
  
or a conference table whose shape  
was quarreled over for months;  
Should we arbitrate life and death  
at a round table or a square one?  
  
Meanwhile, people perished,  
animals died,  
houses burned,  
and the fields ran wild  
just as in times immemorial  
and less political.

**Wisława Szymborska**

The End and the Beginning  
  
After every war  
someone has to tidy up.  
Things won't pick  
themselves up, after all.  
  
Someone has to shove  
the rubble to the roadsides  
so the carts loaded with corpses  
can get by.  
  
Someone has to trudge  
through sludge and ashes,  
through the sofa springs,  
the shards of glass,  
the bloody rags.  
  
Someone has to lug the post   
to prop the wall,  
someone has to glaze the window,  
set the door in its frame.  
  
No sound bites, no photo opportunities,  
and it takes years.  
All the cameras have gone  
to other wars.  
  
The bridges need to be rebuilt,  
the railroad stations, too.  
Shirtsleeves will be rolled  
to shreds.  
  
Someone, broom in hand,  
still remembers how it was.  
Someone else listens, nodding  
his unshattered head.  
  
But others are bound to be bustling nearby  
who'll find all that  
a little boring.  
  
From time to time someone still must  
dig up a rusted argument  
from underneath a bush  
and haul it off to the dump.  
  
Those who knew  
what this was all about  
must make way for those  
who know little.  
And less than that.  
And at last nothing less than nothing.  
  
Someone has to lie there  
in the grass that covers up  
the causes and effects  
with a cornstalk in his teeth,  
gawking at clouds.

**Wisława Szymborska**

**Soren Kierkegaard**

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

***by: Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849)***

http://www.poetry-archive.com/t_pic.gifake this kiss upon the brow!  
And, in parting from you now,  
Thus much let me avow--  
You are not wrong, who deem  
That my days have been a dream;  
Yet if hope has flown away  
In a night, or in a day,  
In a vision, or in none,  
Is it therefore the less gone?  
All that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand--  
How few! yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the deep,  
While I weep--while I weep!  
O God! can I not grasp  
Them with a tighter clasp?  
O God! can I not save  
One from the pitiless wave?  
Is all that we see or seem  
But a dream within a dream?

A VALENTINE

***by: Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849)***

http://www.poetry-archive.com/f_pic.gifor her this rhyme is penned, whose luminous eyes,

Brightly expressive as the twins of Leda,

Shall find her own sweet name, that, nestling lies

Upon the page, enwrapped from every reader.

Search narrowly the lines!—they hold a treasure

Divine—a talisman—an amulet

That must be worn *at heart*. Search well the measure—

The words—the syllables! Do not forget

The trivialest point, or you may lose your labor!

And yet there is in this no Gordian knot

Which one might not undo without a sabre,

If one could merely comprehend the plot.

Enwritten upon the leaf where now are peering

Eyes scintillating soul, there lie *perdus*

Three eloquent words oft uttered in the hearing

Of poets by poets—as the name is a poet's, too.

Its letters, although naturally lying

Like the knight Pinto—Mendez Ferdinando—

Still form a synonym for Truth—Cease trying!

You will not read the riddle, though you do the best you *can* do.

**Patrick W. Gainer**

Bright Flags~

The great hiway of dawn  
Stretching to slumber  
pouring out from her greedy  
palms a shore, to wander

Hesitation & doubt  
Swiftly ensconced

O Viking, your women  
cannot save you  
out on the great ship

Time has claimed you  
Coming for you  
~~~ And I came to you  
for peace  
And I came to you  
for gold  
And I came to you  
for lies  
And you gve me fever  
& wisdom  
& cries  
of sorrow  
& we’ll be here  
the next day  
the next day  
&   
Tomorrow  
~~~

There’s a belief by the  
Children of Man which states  
all will be well

Search on man, calm savior  
Veteran of wars incalculable  
greed. Search on man, calm savior  
God-speed & forgive you  
morning-star, fragrant  
meadow person girl  
~~~ -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

Sirens~

Midnight  
criminal metabolism of guilt forest  
Rattlesnakes whistles castanets

Remove me from this hall of mirrors  
This filthy glass

Are you her  
Do you look like that  
How could you be when  
no one ever could  
~~~

Poet of the call-girl storm

She left a note on the bedroom door.  
“If I’m out, bring me to.”  
~~~

I dropped by to see you  
late last night  
But you were out  
like a light  
Your head was on the floor  
& rats played pool w/your eyes

Death is a good disguise  
for late at night

Wrapping all games in its calm garden

But what happens  
when the guests return  
& all unmask  
& you are asked  
to leave  
for want of a smile

I’ll still take you then  
But I’m your friend  
~~~

-Jim Morrison

~The Opening of the Trunk~

-Moment of inner freedom  
when the mind is opened & the  
infinite universe revealed  
& the soul is left to wander  
dazed & confus’d searching  
here & there for teachers & friends.  
~~~

Moment of Freedom  
as the prisoner  
blinks in the sun  
like a mole  
from his hole

a child’s 1st trip  
away from home

That moment of Freedom  
~~~

-Jim Morrison

**Hermann Hesse**

**In Secret We Thirst**

Graceful, spiritual,  
with the gentleness of arabesques  
our life is similar  
to the existence of fairies  
that spin in soft cadence  
around nothingness  
to which we sacrifice  
the here and now  
  
Dreams of beauty, youthful joy  
like a breath in pure harmony  
with the depth of your young surface  
where sparkles the longing for the night  
for blood and barbarity  
  
In the emptiness, spinning, without aims or needs  
dance free our lives  
always ready for the game  
yet, secretly, we thirst for reality  
for the conceiving, for the birth  
we are thirst for sorrows and death

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Hermann Hesse

**Stages**

As every flower fades and as all youth  
Departs, 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 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.

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Hermann Hesse

**Lawrence Ferlinghetti**

**The Old Sailors**

**By Lawrence Ferlinghetti**

On the green riverbank

age late fifties

I am beginning

to remind myself

Of my great uncle Desir

in the Virgin Islands

On a Saint Thomas back beach

he lived when I last saw him

in a small shack

under the palms

Eighty years old

straight as a Viking

(where the Danes once landed)

he stood looking out

over the flat sea

blue eyes or grey

salt upon his lashes

We

were always sea wanderers

No salt here now

by the great river

in the high desert range

Old sailors stranded

the steelhead

they too lost without it

leap up and die

**The Changing Light**

The changing light  
at San Francisco  
is none of your East Coast light  
none of your  
pearly light of Paris  
The light of San Francisco  
is a sea light  
an island light  
And the light of fog  
blanketing the hills  
drifting in at night  
through the Golden Gate  
to lie on the city at dawn  
And then the halcyon late mornings  
after the fog burns off  
and the sun paints white houses  
with the sea light of Greece  
with sharp clean shadows   
making the town look like  
it had just been painted  
  
But the wind comes up at four o'clock  
sweeping the hills  
  
And then the veil of light of early evening  
  
And then another scrim  
when the new night fog  
floats in  
And in that vale of light  
the city drifts  
anchorless upon the ocean

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

**Hermann Hesse**

**Lying In Grass**

Is this everything now, the quick delusions of flowers,  
And the down colors of the bright summer meadow,  
The soft blue spread of heaven, the bees' song,  
Is this everything only a god's  
Groaning dream,  
The cry of unconscious powers for deliverance?  
The distant line of the mountain,  
That beautifully and courageously rests in the blue,  
Is this too only a convulsion,  
Only the wild strain of fermenting nature,  
Only grief, only agony, only meaningless fumbling,  
Never resting, never a blessed movement?  
No! Leave me alone, you impure dream  
Of the world in suffering!  
The dance of tiny insects cradles you in an evening radiance,  
The bird's cry cradles you,  
A breath of wind cools my forehead  
With consolation.  
Leave me alone, you unendurably old human grief!  
Let it all be pain.  
Let it all be suffering, let it be wretched-  
But not this one sweet hour in the summer,  
And not the fragrance of the red clover,  
And not the deep tender pleasure  
In my soul.  
  
  
Translated by James Wright

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Hermann Hesse

**Lonesome Night**

You brothers, who are mine,  
Poor people, near and far,  
Longing for every star,  
Dream of relief from pain,  
You, stumbling dumb  
At night, as pale stars break,  
Lift your thin hands for some  
Hope, and suffer, and wake,  
Poor muddling commonplace,  
You sailors who must live  
Unstarred by hopelessness,  
We share a single face.  
Give me my welcome back.  
  
  
  
Translated by James Wright

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Hermann Hesse

**Samuel Beckett**

***what would I do without this world***

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

**What is the Word  
  
By Samuel Beckett  
  
  
folly -  
folly for to -  
for to -  
what is the word -  
folly from this -  
all this -  
folly from all this -  
given -  
folly given all this -  
seeing -  
folly seeing all this -  
this -  
what is the word -  
this this -  
this this here -  
all this this here -  
folly given all this -  
seeing -  
folly seeing all this this here -  
for to -  
what is the word -  
see -  
glimpse -  
seem to glimpse -  
need to seem to glimpse -  
folly for to need to seem to glimpse -  
what -  
what is the word -  
and where -  
folly for to need to seem to glimpse what where -  
where -  
what is the word -  
there -  
over there -  
away over there -  
afar -  
afar away over there -  
afaint -  
afaint afar away over there what -  
what -  
what is the word -  
seeing all this -  
all this this -  
all this this here -  
folly for to see what -  
glimpse -  
seem to glimpse -  
need to seem to glimpse -  
afaint afar away over there what -  
folly for to need to seem to glimpse afaint afar away over there what -  
what -  
what is the word -  
  
  
what is the word**

**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

**Roundelay**

on all that strand

at end of day

steps sole sound

long sole sound

until unbidden stay

then no sound

on all that strand

long no sound

until unbidden go

steps sole sound

long sole sound

on all that strand

at end of day

-*Samuel Beckett (1906-1989)*

**Alba**

before morning you shall be here  
and Dante and the Logos and all strata and mysteries  
and the branded moon  
beyond the white plane of music  
that you shall establish here before morning  
  
grave suave singing silk  
stoop to the black firmament of areca  
rain on the bamboos flowers of smoke alley of willows  
  
who though you stoop with fingers of compassion  
to endorse the dust  
shall not add to your bounty  
whose beauty shall be a sheet before me  
a statement of itself drawn across the tempest of emblems  
so that there is no sun and no unveiling  
and no host  
only I and then the sheet  
and bulk dead

-*Samuel Beckett (1906-1989)*

**C.S. Lewis**

**As the Ruin Falls**

All this is flashy rhetoric about loving you.  
I never had a selfless thought since I was born.  
I am mercenary and self-seeking through and through:  
I want God, you, all friends, merely to serve my turn.  
  
Peace, re-assurance, pleasure, are the goals I seek,  
I cannot crawl one inch outside my proper skin:  
I talk of love --a scholar's parrot may talk Greek--  
But, self-imprisoned, always end where I begin.  
  
Only that now you have taught me (but how late) my lack.  
I see the chasm. And everything you are was making  
My heart into a bridge by which I might get back  
From exile, and grow man. And now the bridge is breaking.  
  
For this I bless you as the ruin falls. The pains  
You give me are more precious than all other gains.

CS Lewis

**Re-adjustment**

I thought there would be a grave beauty, a sunset splendour  
In being the last of one's kind: a topmost moment as one watched   
The huge wave curving over Atlantis, the shrouded barge   
Turning away with wounded Arthur, or Ilium burning.   
Now I see that, all along, I was assuming a posterity   
Of gentle hearts: someone, however distant in the depths of time,   
Who could pick up our signal, who could understand a story. There won't be.   
  
Between the new Hembidae and us who are dying, already   
There rises a barrier across which no voice can ever carry,  
For devils are unmaking language. We must let that alone forever.   
Uproot your loves, one by one, with care, from the future,   
And trusting to no future, receive the massive thrust   
And surge of the many-dimensional timeless rays converging   
On this small, significant dew drop, the present that mirrors all.

CS Lewis

**Hermann Hesse**

**Country Cemetery**

Among crosses hung with Ivy,

Gentle sunlight, fragrance, and the humming of bees.

Blessed ones who lie sheltered,

Nestled against the heart of the good earth.

Blessed who have come home, gentle and nameless,

To rest in the mother’s lap.

But listen, from the hives and blossoms

Longing for life sings to me.

Out of the tangles roots of dreams

The long dead being breaks into light,

The ruins of life, darkly buried,

Transform themselves and demand the present.

And the queenly earth mother

Shudders in the effort of birth.

The sweet treasure of peace in the hollowed grave

Rocks gently as a dream in the night.

The dream of death is only the dark smoke

Under which the fires of life are burning.

Hermann Hesse

From Wandering

**Rain**

Soft rain, summer rain

Whispers from bushes, whispers from trees

Oh, how lovely and full of blessing

To dream and be satisfied.

I was so long in the outer brightness

I am not used to this upheaval:

Being at home in my own soul,

Never to be led elsewhere.

I want something, I long for nothing,

I hum gently the sounds of childhood

And I reach home astounded

In the warm beauty of dreams.

Heart, how torn you are,

How blessed to plow down blindly,

To think nothing, to know nothing,

Only to breathe, only to feel.

-Hermann Hesse

From Wandering

**Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**

THE DANCE OF THE DEAD

THE warder he gazes o' the night

On the graveyards under him lying,

The moon into clearness throws all by her light,

The night with the daylight is vying.

There's a stir in the graves, and forth from their tombs

The form of a man, then a woman next looms

In garments long trailing and snowy.

They stretch themselves out, and with eager delight

Join the bones for the revel and dancing --

Young and old, rich and poor, the lady and the knight,

Their trains are a hindrance to dancing.

And since here by shame they no longer are bound,

They shuffle them off, and lo, strewn lie around

Their garments on each little hillock.

Here rises a shank, and a leg wobbles there

With lewd diabolical gesture;

And clatter and rattle of bones you might hear,

As of one beating sticks to a measure.

This seems to the warder a laughable game:

Then the tempter, low whispering, up to him came:

"In one of their shrouds go and wrap thee."

'Twas done soon as said; then he gained in wild flight

Concealment behind the church portal,

The moon all the while throws her bright beams of light

On the dance where they revel and sport all.

First one, then another, dispersed all are they,

And donning their shrouds steal the spectres away,

And under the graves all is quiet.

But one of them stumbles and fumbles along,

'Midst the tombstones groping intently;

But none of his comrades have done him this wrong,

His shroud in the breeze 'gins to scent he.

He rattles the door of the tower, but can find

No entrance -- good luck to the warder behind! --

'Tis barred with blest crosses of metal.

His shroud must he have, or rest can he ne'er;

And so, without further preambles,

The old Gothic carving he grips then and there,

From turret to pinnacle scrambles.

Alas for the warder! all's over, I fear;

From buttress to buttress in dev'lish career

He climbs like a long-legged spider.

The warder he trembles, and pale doth he look,

That shroud he would gladly be giving,

When piercing transfixed it a sharp-pointed hook!

He thought his last hour he was living.

Clouds cover already the vanishing moon,

With thunderous clang beats the clock a loud *One* --

Below lies the skeleton, shattered.

***by: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe***

THE REUNION

http://www.poetry-archive.com/c_pic.gifAN it be! of stars the star,

Do I press thee to my heart?

In the night of distance far,

What deep gulf, what bitter smart!

Yes, 'tis thou, indeed at last,

Of my joys the partner dear!

Mindful, though, of sorrows past,

I the present needs must fear.

When the still unfashioned earth

Lay on God's eternal breast,

He ordained its hour of birth,

With creative joy possessed.

Then a heavy sigh arose,

When He spake the sentence: -- "Be!"

And the All, with mighty throes,

Burst into reality.

And when thus was born the light,

Darkness near it feared to stay,

And the elements with might

Fled on every side away;

Each on some far-distant trace,

Each with visions wild employed,

Numb, in boundless realms of space,

Harmony and feeling-void.

Dumb was all, all still and dead,

For the first time, God alone!

Then He formed the morning-red,

Which soon made its kindness known:

It unravelled from the waste

Bright and glowing harmony,

And once more with love was graced

What contended formerly.

And with earnest, noble strife,

Each its own peculiar sought;

Back to full, unbounded life,

Sight and feeling soon were brought.

Wherefore, if 'tis done, explore

*How?* why give the manner, name?

Allah need create no more,

We his world ourselves can frame.

So, with morning pinions brought,

To thy mouth was I impelled;

Stamped with thousand seals by night,

Star-clear is the bond fast held.

Paragons on earth are we

Both of grief and joy sublime,

And a second sentence: -- "Be!"

Parts us not a second time.

***by: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe***

**Ralph Waldo Emerson**

**Loss and Gain**

Virtue runs before the muse  
And defies her skill,  
She is rapt, and doth refuse  
To wait a painter's will.  
  
Star-adoring, occupied,  
Virtue cannot bend her,  
Just to please a poet's pride,  
To parade her splendor.  
  
The bard must be with good intent  
No more his, but hers,  
Throw away his pen and paint,  
Kneel with worshippers.  
  
Then, perchance, a sunny ray  
From the heaven of fire,  
His lost tools may over-pay,  
And better his desire.

*-Ralph Waldo Emerson*

**Dante Alighieri**

**Autumn Song**

Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf  
How the heart feels a languid grief  
Laid on it for a covering,  
And how sleep seems a goodly thing  
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf?   
  
And how the swift beat of the brain  
Falters because it is in vain,  
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf  
Knowest thou not? and how the chief  
Of joys seems--not to suffer pain?  
  
Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf  
How the soul feels like a dried sheaf  
Bound up at length for harvesting,  
And how death seems a comely thing  
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf?

Dante Alighieri

WHATEVER WHILE THE THOUGHT COMES OVER ME

http://www.poetry-archive.com/w_pic.gifHATEVER while the thought comes over me

That I may not again

Behold that lady whom I mourn for now,

About my heart my mind brings constantly

So much of extreme pain

That I say, Soul of mine, who stayest thou?

Truly the anguish, soul, that we must bow

Beneath, until we win out of this life,

Gives me full oft a fear that trembleth:

So that I call on Death

Even as on Sleep one calleth after strife,

Saying, Come unto me. Life showeth grim

And bare; and if one dies, I envy him,

For ever, among all my sighs which burn,

There is a piteous speech

That clamors upon death continually:

Yea, unto him doth my whole spirit turn

Since first his hand did reach

My lady's life with most foul cruelty.

But from the height of woman's fairness she,

Going up from us with the joy we had,

Grew perfectly and spiritually fair;

That so she treads even there

A light of Love which makes the Angels glad,

And even unto their subtle minds can bring

A certain awe of profound marveling.

***by: Dante Alighieri (1265-1321)***

OF BEAUTY AND DUTY

http://www.poetry-archive.com/t_pic.gifWO ladies to the summit of my mind

Have clomb, to hold an argument of love.

The one has wisdom with her from above,

For every noblest virtue well designed:

The other, beauty's tempting power refined

And the high charm of perfect grace approve:

And I, as my sweet Master's will doth move,

At feet of both their favors am reclined.

Beauty and Duty in my soul keep strife,

At question if the heart such course can take

And 'twixt the two ladies hold its love complete.

The fount of gentle speech yields answer meet,

That Beauty may be loved for gladness sake,

And Duty in the lofty ends of life.

***by: Dante Alighieri (1265-1321)***

MY LADY CARRIES LOVE WITHIN HER EYES

http://www.poetry-archive.com/m_pic.gifY lady carries love within her eyes;

All that she looks on is made pleasanter;

Upon her path men turn to gaze at her;

He whom she greeteth feels his heart to rise,

And droops his troubled visage, full of sighs,

And of his evil heart is then aware:

Hate loves, and pride becomes a worshiper.

O women, help to praise her in somewise.

Humbleness, and the hope that hopeth well,

By speech of hers into the mind are brought,

And who beholds is blessèd oftenwhiles,

The look she hath when she a little smiles

Cannot be said, nor holden in the thought;

'Tis such a new and gracious miracle.

***by: Dante Alighieri (1265-1321)***

**Matsuo Basho**

**Basho's Death Poem**

tabi ni yande / yume wa kareno wo / kake meguru   
  
falling sick on a journey / my dream goes wandering / over a field of dried grass

Sick on my journey,   
only my dreams will wander   
these desolate moors

**A cold rain starting**

A cold rain starting  
And no hat --  
So?

**A cicada shell**

A cicada shell;  
it sang itself  
utterly away.

**Heat waves shimmering**

Heat waves shimmering  
one or two inches  
above the dead grass.

**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**

**A Day Of Sunshine.**

**(Birds Of Passage. Flight The Second)**

O gift of God! O perfect day:  
Whereon shall no man work, but play;  
Whereon it is enough for me,  
Not to be doing, but to be!   
  
Through every fibre of my brain,  
Through every nerve, through every vein,  
I feel the electric thrill, the touch  
Of life, that seems almost too much.   
  
I hear the wind among the trees  
Playing celestial symphonies;  
I see the branches downward bent,  
Like keys of some great instrument.   
  
And over me unrolls on high  
The splendid scenery of the sky,  
Where though a sapphire sea the sun  
Sails like a golden galleon,   
  
Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,  
Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,  
Whose steep sierra far uplifts  
Its craggy summits white with drifts.   
  
Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms  
The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms!  
Blow, winds! and bend within my reach  
The fiery blossoms of the peach!   
  
O Life and Love! O happy throng  
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!  
O heart of man! canst thou not be  
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

**Hermann Hesse**

**Glorious World**

I feel it again and again, not matter

Whether I am old or young:

A mountain range in the night,

On the balcony a silent woman.

A white street in the moonlight curving gently away

That tears my heart with longing out of my body.

Oh burning world, oh white woman on the balcony,

Baying dog in the valley, train rolling far away.

What liars you were, how bitterly you deceived me.

Yet you turn out to be my sweetest dream and illusion.

Often I tried the frightening way of “reality”,

Where things that count are profession, law, fashion, finance.

But disillusioned and freed I fled away alone

To the other side, the place of dreams and blessed folly.

Sultry wind in the tree at night, dark gypsy woman.

World full of foolish yearning and the Poet’s breath,

Glorious world I always come back to.

Where your heat lightning beckons me, where your voice

calls!

Hermann Hesse- From Wandering

***The Wanderer Speaking Of Death***

You will come to me too some day,

You will not forget me,

And the torment ends,

And the fetter breaks.

Still you seem strange and far,

Dear bother death.

You stand like a cold star

Above my trouble.

But some day you will be near

And full of flames

Come, beloved, I am here,

Take me, I am yours.

-Hermann Hesse

From Wandering

***Magic of Colors***

God’s breath, here and there,

Heaven above, heaven below,

Light sings its songs a thousand times,

God becomes the world In so many colors.

White to black, warm to cool

Feel themselves newly drawn,

And forever out of the whirling chaos

The rainbow rises.

And so God’s light

Wanders in a thousand forms,

Created and shaped together,

And we cherish Him as the sun.

-Hermann Hesse

From Wandering

**Ray Bradbury**

**MY FATHER AT EIGHTY-FIVE**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| His large ears Hear everything A hermit wakes And sleeps in a hut Underneath His gaunt cheeks. His eyes blue, alert, Disappointed, And suspicious, Complain I Do not bring him The same sort of Jokes the nurses Do. He is a bird Waiting to be fed,— Mostly beak— an eagle Or a vulture, or The Pharoah's servant Just before death. My arm on the bedrail Rests there, relaxed, With new love. All I know of the Troubadours I bring to this bed. I do not want Or need to be shamed | By him any longer. The general of shame Has discharged Him, and left him In this small provincial Egyptian town. If I do not wish To shame him, then Why not love him? His long hands, Large, veined, Capable, can still Retain hold of what He wanted. But Is that what he Desired? Some Powerful engine Of desire goes on Turning inside his body. He never phrased What he desired, And I am His son. |

— Robert Bly from *Meditations on the Insatiable Soul* (1994)

**GRATITUDE TO OLD TEACHERS**  
  
When we stride or stroll across the frozen lake,  
We place our feet where they have never been.  
We walk upon the unwalked. But we are uneasy.  
Who is down there but our old teachers?  
  
Water that once could take no human weight—  
We were students then— holds up our feet,  
And goes on ahead of us for a mile.  
Beneath us the teachers, and around us the stillness.  
  
Robert Bly from *Eating the Honey of Words: New and Selected Poems*  
HarperCollins, New York (1999), p. 205  
*Meditations on the Insatiable Soul* (1994

**IN THE TIME OF PEONY BLOSSOMING**  
  
When I come near the red peony flower  
I tremble as water does near thunder,  
As the well does when the plates of earth move,  
Or the tree when fifty birds leave at once.  
  
The peony says that we have been given a gift,  
And it is not the gift of this world.  
Behind the leaves of the peony  
There is a world still darker, that feeds many.  
  
Robert Bly from *Eating the Honey of Words: New and Selected Poems*  
HarperCollins, New York (1999), p. 122 ([Quoted](http://query.nytimes.com/gst/fullpage.html?res=9B00E5DB1339F930A25753C1A963948260&sec=&spon=&pagewanted=1), [Web](http://query.nytimes.com/gst/fullpage.html?res=9B00E5DB1339F930A25753C1A963948260&sec=&spon=&pagewanted=1))  
*Loving a Woman in Two Worlds* (1973-1981)

**ee cummings**

**)when what hugs stopping earth than silent is**

)when what hugs stopping earth than silent is

more silent than more than much more is or

total sun oceaning than any this

tear jumping from each most least eye of star

and without was if minus and shall be

immeasurable happenless unnow

shuts more than open could that every tree

or than all life more death begins to grow

end's ending then these dolls of joy and grief

these recent memories of future dream

these perhaps who have lost their shadows if

which did not do the losing spectres mime

until out of merely not nothing comes

only one snowflake(and we speak our names

-e e cummings

**this is the garden:colours come and go,**

this is the garden:colours come and go,

frail azures fluttering from night's outer wing

strong silent greens silently lingering,

absolute lights like baths of golden snow.

This is the garden:pursed lips do blow

upon cool flutes within wide glooms,and sing

(of harps celestial to the quivering string)

invisible faces hauntingly and slow.

This is the garden. Time shall surely reap

and on Death's blade lie many a flower curled,

in other lands where other songs be sung;

yet stand They here enraptured,as among

the slow deep trees perpetual of sleep

some silver-fingered fountain steals the world.

-e e cummings

**i have found what you are like**

i have found what you are like

the rain

(Who feathers frightened fields

with the superior dust-of-sleep. wields

easily the pale club of the wind

and swirled justly souls of flower strike

the air in utterable coolness

deeds of gren thrilling light

with thinned

newfragile yellows

lurch and.press

--in the woods

which

stutter

and

sing

And the coolness of your smile is

stirringofbirds between my arms;but

i should rather than anything

have(almost when hugeness will shut

quietly)almost,

your kiss

-e e cummings

**William Blake**

HEAR THE VOICE

***by: William Blake (1757-1827)***

*http://www.poetry-archive.com/h_pic.gif*EAR the voice of the Bard,

Who present, past, and future, sees;

Whose ears have heard

The Holy Word

That walk'd among the ancient trees;

Calling the lapsèd soul,

And weeping in the evening dew;

That might control

The starry pole,

And fallen, fallen light renew!

'O Earth, O Earth, return!

Arise from out the dewy grass!

Night is worn,

And the morn

Rises from the slumbrous mass.

'Turn away no more;

Why wilt thou turn away?

The starry floor,

The watery shore,

Is given thee till the break of day.'

MAD SONG

***by: William Blake (1757-1827)***

*http://www.poetry-archive.com/t_pic.gif*HE wild winds weep,

And the night is a-cold;

Come hither, Sleep,

And my griefs enfold! . . .

But lo! the morning peeps

Over the eastern steeps,

And the rustling beds of dawn

The earth do scorn.

Lo! to the vault

Of pavèd heaven,

With sorrow fraught,

My notes are driven:

They strike the ear of Night,

Make weak the eyes of Day;

They make mad the roaring winds,

And with the tempests play,

Like a fiend in a cloud,

With howling woe

After night I do crowd

And with night will go;

I turn my back to the east

From whence comforts have increased;

For light doth seize my brain

With frantic pain.

LOVE'S SECRET

***by: William Blake (1757-1827)***

*http://www.poetry-archive.com/n_pic.gif*EVER seek to tell thy love,

Love that never told can be;

For the gentle wind doth move

Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,

I told her all my heart,

Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.

Ah! she did depart!

Soon after she was gone from me,

A traveller came by,

Silently, invisibly:

He took her with a sigh

**Ray Bradbury**

**SOLITUDE LATE AT NIGHT IN THE WOODS**  
  
I   
The body is like a November birch facing the full moon  
And reaching into the cold heavens.  
In these trees there is no ambition, no sodden body, no leaves,  
Nothing but bare trunks climbing like cold fire!  
  
II   
My last walk in the trees has come. At dawn  
I must return to the trapped fields,  
To the obedient earth.  
The trees shall be reaching all the winter.  
  
III   
It is a joy to walk in the bare woods.  
The moonlight is not broken by the heavy leaves.  
The leaves are down, and touching the soaked earth,  
Giving off the odor that partridges love.  
  
Robert Bly— *Eating the Honey of Words: New and Selected Poems*  
HarperCollins, New York (1999), p. 21  
*Silence in the Snowy Fields* (1958-1978)

**THE CALL AWAY**  
  
A cold wind flows over the cornfields;  
Fleets of blackbirds ride that ocean.  
I want to be in that wild, be  
Outdoors, live anywhere in the wind.  
  
I settle down, with my back against  
A shed wall where no one can find me.  
I stare out at the box elder leaves  
Moving in this mysterious water.  
  
What is it that I want? Not money,  
Not a large desk, a house with ten rooms.  
This is what I want to do: To sit here,  
Take no part, be called away by wind.  
  
Robert Bly— *Eating the Honey of Words: New and Selected Poems*  
HarperCollins, New York (1999), p. 24 ([Web](http://smoliak.blogspot.com/2007/10/another-poem.html))  
*Silence in the Snowy Fields* (1958-1978)

**WHAT IS SORROW FOR?** [Ramage #11]  
  
What is sorrow for? It is a storehouse  
Where we store wheat, barleey, corn and tears.  
We step to the door on a round stone,  
And the storehouse feeds all the birds of sorrow.  
And I say to myself: Will you have  
Sorrow at last? Go on, be cheerful in autumn,  
Be stoic, yes, be tranquil, calm;  
Or in the valley of sorrows spread your wings.  
  
Robert Bly— *Turkish Pears In August* (2007)

**Alexander Pushkin**

***Angel***

By gates of Eden, Angel, gentle,

Shone with his softly drooped head,

And Demon, gloomy and resentful

Over the hellish crevasse flapped.

The spirit of qualm and negation

Looked at another one – of good,

And fire of the forced elation

First time he vaguely understood.

“I’ve seen you,” he enunciated, -

“And not in vain you’ve sent me light:

Not all in heaven I have hated,

Not all in world I have despised.”

Aleksandr Pushkin

***The Cloud***

The last one of clouds of scattered a tempest,

Just single you’re flying in azure, the prettiest,

Just single you’re bringing the sorrowful shade,

Just single you’re saddening day that is glad.

In nearest past, you were storming skies, mighty,

And were quite enwind by the powerful lightning,

And you were the womb for divine thunders birth,

And quenching with rain the insatiable earth.

Enough, now vanish! Your time is not endless -

The earth is refreshed and away gone the tempest;

And now the wind, fondling leaves of the trees,

With pleasure is driving you out the sky bliss.

Aleksandr Pushkin

*1835*

***The Demon***

In days, when all earthly impressions

Where utter novelty for me –

And looks of maids and noise of groves,

And nightingale’s plea, –

When highly elevated senses,

The love, the liberty, the pride

And arts’ fancies

Such strongly aggravated blood –

Having filled time of bliss and hopes

With sudden bitterness of pine,

Some genius of the evil scopes

Began invade a realm of mine.

Our meetings were all sad and secret, dismel

His smile and ever charming look,

His speeches’ endless evil ringlet,

Poured poison in my soul’s brook.

-Aleksandr Pushkin

**Hermann Hesse**

In the Mists

Wondrous to wander through mists!   
Parted are bush and stone:   
None to the other exists,   
Each stands alone.

Many my friends came calling   
then, when I lived in the light;   
Now that the fogs are falling,   
None is in sight.

Truly, only the sages   
Fathom the darkness to fall,   
Which, as silent as cages,   
Separates all.

Strange to walk in the mists!   
Life has to solitude grown.   
None for the other exists:   
Each is alone.

-Hermann Hesse

***A Dream from*** Magister Ludi

Guest at a monastery in the hills,

I stepped, when all the monks had gone to pray,

Into a book-lined room. Along the walls,

Glittering in the light of fading day,

I saw a multitude of vellum spines

With marvelous inscriptions. Eagerly,

Impelled by rapturous curiosity,

I picked the nearest book, and read the lines:

*The squaring of the circle - Final Stage*.

I thought: I'll take this and read every page!

A quarto volume, leather tooled in gold,

Gave promise of a story still untold:

*How Adam also ate of the other tree*...

The other tree? Which one? The tree of life?

Is Adam then immortal? Now I could see

No chance had brought me here to this library.

I spied the back and edges of a folio

Aglow with all the colors of the rainbow,

Its hand-painted title stating a decree:

*The interrelationships of hues and sound:*

*Proof that for every color may be found*

*In music a proper corresponding key*.

Choirs of colors sparkled before my eyes

And now I was beginning to surmise:

Here was the library of Paradise.

To all the questions that had driven me

All the answers could be given me.

Here I could quench my thirst to understand,

For here all knowledge stood at my command.

There was provision here for every need:

A title fill of promise on each book

Responded to my every rapid look.

Here there was fruit to satisfy the greed

Of any student's timid aspirations,

Here was the inner meaning, here the key,

To poetry, to wisdom, and to science.

Magic and erudition in alliance

Opened the door to every mystery.

Those books provided pledges of all power

To him who came here at this magic hour.

**(Part 1)**

**-Hermann Hesse**

***A Dream from*** Magister Ludi

A lectern stood near by; with hands that shook

I placed upon it one enticing book,

Deciphered at a glance the picture writing,

As in a dream we find ourselves reciting

A poem or lesson we have never learned.

At once I soared aloft to starry spaces

Of the soul, and with the zodiac turned,

Where all the revelations of all races,

Whatever intuition has divined,

Millennial experience of all nations,

Harmoniously met in new relations,

Old insights with new symbols recombined,

So that in minutes or in hours as I read

I traced once more the whole path of mankind,

And all that men have ever done and said

Disclosed its inner meaning to my mind.

I read, and saw those hieroglyphic forms

Couple and part, and coalesce in swarms,

Dance for a while together, separate,

Once more in newer patterns integrate,

A kaleidoscope of endless metaphors-

And each some vaster, fresher sense explores.

(Part 2)

Hermann Hesse

***A Dream from*** Magister Ludi

Bedazzled by these sights, O looked away

From the book to give my eyes a moment's rest,

And saw that I was not the only guest.

An old man stood before that grand array

Of tomes. Perhaps he was the archivist.

I saw that he was earnestly intent

Upon some task, and I could not resist

A strange conviction that I had to know

The manner of his work, and what it meant.

I watched the old man, with frail hand and slow,

Remove a volume and inspect what stood

Written upon its back, then saw him blow

With pallid lips upon the title-could

A title possibly be more alluring

Or offer greater promise of enduring

Delight? But now his finger wiped across

The spine. I saw it silently erase

The name, and watched with fearful sense of loss

As he inscribed another in its place

And then moved on to smilingly efface

One more, but only a newer title to emboss.

For a long while I looked at him bemused,

The turned, since reason totally refused

To understand the meaning of his actions,

Back to my book -I'd seen but a few lines-

And found I could no longer read the signs

Or even see the rows of images.

The world of symbols I had barely entered

That had stirred me to such transports of bliss,

In which a universe of meaning centered,

Seemed to dissolve and rush away, careen

And reel and shake in feverish contractions,

And fade out, leaving nothing to be seen

But empty parchment with a hoary sheen.

I felt a hand upon me, felt it slide

Over my shoulder. The old man stood beside

My lectern, and I shuddered while

He took my book and with a subtle smile

Brushed his finger lightly to elide

The former title, then began to write

New promises and problems, novel inquiries,

New formulas for ancient mysteries.

Without a word, he plied his magic style.

Then, with my book, he disappeared from sight.

(Part 3)

Hermann Hesse

**Steps**

Like ev'ry flower wilts, like youth is fading   
and turns to age, so also one's achieving:   
Each virtue and each wisdom needs parading   
in one's own time, and must not last forever.   
The heart must be, at each new call for leaving,  
prepared to part and start without the tragic,   
without the grief - with courage to endeavor   
a novel bond, a disparate connection:   
for each beginning bears a special magic   
that nurtures living and bestows protection.

We'll walk from space to space in glad progression   
and should not cling to one as homestead for us.   
The cosmic spirit will not bind nor bore us;   
it lifts and widens us in ev'ry session:   
for hardly set in one of life's expanses   
we make it home, and apathy commences.   
But only he, who travels and takes chances,   
can break the habits' paralyzing stances.

It might be, even, that the last of hours   
will make us once again a youthful lover:   
The call of life to us forever flowers...   
Anon, my heart: Say farewell and recover!

-Hermann Hesse

**Happiness**

If luck you chase, you have not grown   
enough for happiness to stay,   
not even if you get your way.

If, what you lost, you still bemoan,   
and grasp at tasks, and dash and dart,   
you have not known true peace of heart.

But if no wishes are your own,   
and you don't try to win the game,   
and Lady Luck is just a name,

then tides of life won't reach your breast—   
and all your strife  
and all your soul will rest**.**

-Hermann Hesse

**Ray Bradbury**

**Jack Kerouac**

**Some Western Haiku**

Arms folded

to the moon,

Among the cows.

Birds singing

in the dark

- Rainy dawn.

Elephants munching

on grass - loving

Head side by side.

Missing a kick

at the icebox door

It closed anyway.

This July evening,

a large frog

On my door sill.

Catfish fighting for his life,

and winning,

Splashing us all.

Evening coming -

the office girl

Unloosing her scarf.

The low yellow

moon above the

Quiet lamplit house

Shall I say no?

- fly rubbing

its back legs

Unencouraging sign

- the fish store

Is closed.

Nodding against

the wall, the flowers

Sneeze

Straining at the padlock,

the garage doors

At noon

The taste

of rain

- Why kneel?

The moon,

the falling star

- Look elsewhere

The rain has filled

the birdbath

Again, almost

And the quiet cat

sitting by the post

Perceives the moon

Useless, useless,

the heavy rain

Driving into the sea.

Juju beads on the

Zen manual:

My knees are cold.

Those birds sitting

out there on the fence -

They're all going to die.

The bottoms of my shoes

are wet

from walking in the rain

In my medicine cabinet,

the winter fly

has died of old age.

November - how nasal

the drunken

Conductor's call

The moon had

a cat's mustache

For a second

A big fat flake

of snow

Falling all alone

The summer chair

rocking by itself

In the blizzard

**Hermann Hesse**

**In the Mists**

**Wondrous to wander through mists!   
Parted are bush and stone:   
None to the other exists,   
Each stands alone.**

**Many my friends came calling   
then, when I lived in the light;   
Now that the fogs are falling,   
None is in sight.**

**Truly, only the sages   
Fathom the darkness to fall,   
Which, as silent as cages,   
Separates all.**

**Strange to walk in the mists!   
Life has to solitude grown.   
None for the other exists:   
Each is alone.**

**Alone**

**Across the Earth are leading   
many a road and bend,  
yet all are speeding   
to the selfsame end.**

**Be you riding or driving   
as twosome or three,   
the last of your steps   
belongs but to thee.**

**For skill's not as valid,   
nor all that is known,   
as tackling the difficult   
stuff by your own.**

**The Dream**

**Having awoken from a nightmare's fright   
I sit in bed and stare into the Night.**

**I shudder deeply at my own soul's spark   
that called upon such visions from the dark.**

**The sins I have committed in my dream,   
are they my work? And are they, what they seem?**

**Alas, what this bad dream to me reveals   
is bitter truth, is what my soul conceals.**

**I, by the uncorrupted judge's word,   
have of the blotches on my nature heard.**

**Cool from the window Night is breathing through   
and shimmers, fog-like, in a greyish hue.**

**Oh sweet, bright day, please come and enter free   
and try to heal what Night has done to me.**

**Oh day, through me do all your sunlight send   
so that, again, before you I may stand.**

**And make me, even if it is in pain,   
of this bad hour's horror free again!**

**Steps**

**Like ev'ry flower wilts, like youth is fading   
and turns to age, so also one's achieving:   
Each virtue and each wisdom needs parading   
in one's own time, and must not last forever.   
The heart must be, at each new call for leaving,  
prepared to part and start without the tragic,   
without the grief - with courage to endeavor   
a novel bond, a disparate connection:   
for each beginning bears a special magic   
that nurtures living and bestows protection.**

**We'll walk from space to space in glad progression   
and should not cling to one as homestead for us.   
The cosmic spirit will not bind nor bore us;   
it lifts and widens us in ev'ry session:   
for hardly set in one of life's expanses   
we make it home, and apathy commences.   
But only he, who travels and takes chances,   
can break the habits' paralyzing stances.**

**It might be, even, that the last of hours   
will make us once again a youthful lover:   
The call of life to us forever flowers...   
Anon, my heart: Say farewell and recover!**

**We live as form...**

**We live as form, from truth estranged -   
surmising (when the pains assail us)   
eternal realm that never changed,   
of which dark dreams at night do tell us.   
We like illusion's false embrace,   
we're blind and leaderless and lonely -   
and search in fear through time and place   
for what's of the eternal only.   
Salvation we expect and grace   
from dreams that cannot go the distance -   
We, who are Gods, and in whose space   
creation first became existence.**

**James Gay Jones**

**Dost Thou Remember**

**Dost thou remember, dearest heart,  
Before our lives were torn apart  
How oft we met beneath the pines  
Through which the silver moonlight shines?  
  
Dost thou remember, fairest one,  
Our midnight joy rides and fun?  
When oft we took paths obscure  
And found delight in each detour?  
  
Does memory fail you, oh, my love,  
How from New River's heights above  
We lingered long midst leaf and fern,  
While friends awaited our return?  
  
Will time erase the tragic scene  
When love and passion swayed my Queen?  
Where lash-horns met across the trail.  
  
When storms had passed and fogs dispelled,  
Some wondrous scenes our eyes beheld;  
Again we view the flock with pride,  
Each lamb is safe at mother's side.  
  
But time has turned another page  
And storms still in your bosom rage;  
One question I would ask tonight:  
Will love or passion win the fight?  
  
-Walter C. Harris  
Long Branch West Virginia  
1876-1936**

**Red is the violet  
Blue is the rose  
To you a birthday happy  
(I'm up-mixed, you suppose?)  
If from me a tip you'll take  
Since "Fair is all in love and war".  
And "Tis fair play to turn about".  
You're 45, not 54.  
Wish best,  
Rose Maude  
  
-Maude Rose Kelly  
Salem, Virginia 1966  
Born 1912-Pike Kentucky**

**The West Virginia Moon**

**1.-  
From the world's broadcasting station  
As we hear the crooners croon,  
Every state in the great nation  
Claims our West Virginia moon.  
2.-  
Long in the silence have we waited  
As each state has filed a claim,  
But for us she was created.  
And shes' ours just the same.  
3.-  
Listen as we try to tell  
How a mountain man one morning soon  
Left his home to hunt his bell cow,  
And at night was on the moon.  
4.-  
Up the mountain side he followed,  
Though the path was rough and steep,  
And in vain for her he hollered  
For she made one mighty leap.  
5.-  
'Tis no myth or fairy story,  
And our boys are told each night,  
How this cow won fame and glory  
When she made this non-stop flight.  
6.-  
But this West Virginia farmer  
Made his last round-up that day,  
But he reached the moon in safety  
Every night he looks this way.  
7.-  
From over the moon the old folks say-  
The old cow came from the sky,  
She left her milk in the Milky Way,  
And forever was bone dry.  
  
-Walter C. Harris  
Pax West Virginia 1876-1936**

**Memory and Retrospect**

**1-  
Life's retrospect brings to one and all  
A maze of joy and sorrow;  
And things we count as joy today  
Oft brings a sad tomorrow.  
2-  
Back thru the corridors of time  
Along the way we came,  
Fond memory points to scenes sublime  
And scenes that bring us shame.  
3-  
Since only once we pass this way  
Why spend our time lamenting.  
For life, while in this house of clay  
Means sinning and repenting.  
4-  
Alas for him who does not feel  
Each day he needs a savior:  
And daily pleads with Christ to heal  
And pardon ill-behavior.  
5-  
The blood that reached and cleansed today  
Has lost no power tomorrow:  
That fount was opened wide for aye,  
A balm for sin and sorrow."  
  
\*Pastor Walter C. Harris  
Long Branch West Virginia  
June 29, 1934**

**Aldous Huxley**

**Inspiration**

**Noonday upon the Alpine meadows  
Pours its avalanche of Light  
And blazing flowers: the very shadows  
Translucent are and bright.  
It seems a glory that nought surpasses--  
Passion of angels in form and hue--  
When, lo! from the jewelled heaven of the grasses  
Leaps a lightning of sudden blue.  
Dimming the sun-drunk petals,  
Bright even unto pain,  
The grasshopper flashes, settles,  
And then is quenched again.**

**-Aldous Huxley**

**Waking**

**Darkness had stretched its colour,  
Deep blue across the pane:  
No cloud to make night duller,  
No moon with its tarnish stain;  
But only here and there a star,  
One sharp point of frosty fire,  
Hanging infinitely far  
In mockery of our life and death  
And all our small desire.  
  
Now in this hour of waking  
From under brows of stone,  
A new pale day is breaking  
And the deep night is gone.  
Sordid now, and mean and small  
The daylight world is seen again,  
With only the veils of mist that fall  
Deaf and muffling over all  
To hide its ugliness and pain.  
  
But to-day this dawn of meanness  
Shines in my eyes, as when  
The new world's brightness and cleanness  
Broke on the first of men.  
For the light that shows the huddled things  
Of this close-pressing earth,  
Shines also on your face and brings  
All its dear beauty back to me  
In a new miracle of birth.  
  
I see you asleep and unpassioned,  
White-faced in the dusk of your hair--  
Your beauty so fleetingly fashioned  
That it filled me once with despair  
To look on its exquisite transience  
And think that our love and thought and laughter  
Puff out with the death of our flickering sense,  
While we pass ever on and away  
Towards some blank hereafter.  
  
But now I am happy, knowing  
That swift time is our friend,  
And that our love's passionate glowing,  
Though it turn ash in the end,  
Is a rose of fire that must blossom its way  
Through temporal stuff, nor else could be  
More than a nothing. Into day  
The boundless spaces of night contract  
And in your opening eyes I see  
Night born in day, in time eternity.**

**-Aldous Huxley**

**Thomas Traherne**

**Shadows In The Water**

**In unexperienced infancy  
Many a sweet mistake doth lie:  
Mistake though false, intending true;  
A seeming somewhat more than view;  
That doth instruct the mind  
In things that lie behind,  
And many secrets to us show  
Which afterwards we come to know.  
  
Thus did I by the water's brink  
Another world beneath me think;  
And while the lofty spacious skies  
Reversèd there, abused mine eyes,  
I fancied other feet  
Came mine to touch or meet;  
As by some puddle I did play  
Another world within it lay.  
  
Beneath the water people drowned,  
Yet with another heaven crowned,  
In spacious regions seemed to go  
As freely moving to and fro:  
In bright and open space  
I saw their very face;  
Eyes, hands, and feet they had like mine;  
Another sun did with them shine.  
  
'Twas strange that people there should walk,  
And yet I could not hear them talk:  
That through a little watery chink,  
Which one dry ox or horse might drink,  
We other worlds should see,  
Yet not admitted be;  
And other confines there behold  
Of light and darkness, heat and cold.  
  
I called them oft, but called in vain;  
No speeches we could entertain:  
Yet did I there expect to find  
Some other world, to please my mind.  
I plainly saw by these  
A new antipodes,  
Whom, though they were so plainly seen,  
A film kept off that stood between.  
  
By walking men's reversèd feet  
I chanced another world to meet;  
Though it did not to view exceed  
A phantom, 'tis a world indeed;  
Where skies beneath us shine,  
And earth by art divine  
Another face presents below,  
Where people's feet against ours go.  
  
Within the regions of the air,  
Compassed about with heavens fair,  
Great tracts of land there may be found  
Enriched with fields and fertile ground;  
Where many numerous hosts  
In those far distant coasts,  
For other great and glorious ends  
Inhabit, my yet unknown friends.  
  
O ye that stand upon the brink,  
Whom I so near me through the chink  
With wonder see: what faces there,  
Whose feet, whose bodies, do ye wear?  
I my companions see  
In you another me.  
They seemèd others, but are we;  
Our second selves these shadows be.  
  
Look how far off those lower skies  
Extend themselves! scarce with mine eyes  
I can them reach. O ye my friends,  
What secret borders on those ends?  
Are lofty heavens hurled  
'Bout your inferior world?  
Are yet the representatives  
Of other peoples' distant lives?  
  
Of all the playmates which I knew  
That here I do the image view  
In other selves, what can it mean?  
But that below the purling stream  
Some unknown joys there be  
Laid up in store for me;  
To which I shall, when that thin skin  
Is broken, be admitted in.**

[**Thomas Traherne**](http://www.poemhunter.com/thomas-traherne/poems/)

**Silence (Excerpt)**

**An unperceived donor gave all pleasures;  
There nothing was but I, and all my treasures.  
In that fair world, One only was the friend,  
One golden stream, one spring, one only end.  
There only one did sacrifice and sing  
To only one eternal heavenly King.  
The union was so strait between these two,   
That all was either's which my soul could view;  
His gifts and my possessions, both our treasures;  
He mine, and I the ocean of his pleasures.  
He was an ocean of delights from whom  
The living springs and golden streams did come:  
My bosom was an ocean into which   
They all did run. And me they did enrich  
A vast and infinite capacity  
Did make my bosom like the Deity,  
In whose mysterious and celestial mind  
All ages and all worlds together shined.  
Who tho' He nothing said did always reign  
And in Himself eternity contain.  
The world was more in me than I in it.  
The King of Glory in my soul did sit.  
And to Himself in me He always gave  
All that He takes delight to me me have.  
For so my spirit was an endless sphere,  
Like God Himself, and heaven and earth was there.**

[**Thomas Traherne**](http://www.poemhunter.com/thomas-traherne/poems/)

**News**

**News from a foreign country came,  
As if my treasures and my joys lay there;  
So much it did my heart inflame,  
'Twas wont to call my soul into mine ear;  
Which thither went to meet  
Th' approaching sweet,  
And on the threshold stood  
To entertain the secret good;  
It hover'd there  
As if 'twould leave mine ear,  
And was so eager to embrace  
Th' expected tidings as they came,  
That it could change its dwelling place  
To meet the voice of fame.  
  
As if new tidings were the things  
Which did comprise my wished unknown treasure,  
Or else did bear them on their wings,  
With so much joy they came, with so much pleasure,  
My soul stood at the gate  
To recreate  
Itself with bliss, and woo  
Its speedier approach; a fuller view  
It fain would take,  
Yet journeys back would make  
Unto my heart, as if 'twould fain  
Go out to meet, yet stay within,  
Fitting a place to entertain  
And bring the tidings in.  
  
What sacred instinct did inspire  
My soul in childhood with an hope so strong?  
What secret force mov'd my desire  
T' expect my joys beyond the seas, so young?  
Felicity I knew  
Was out of view;  
And being left alone,  
I thought all happiness was gone  
From earth; for this  
I long'd for absent bliss,  
Deeming that sure beyond the seas,  
Or else in something near at hand  
Which I knew not, since nought did please  
I knew, my bliss did stand.  
  
But little did the infant dream  
That all the treasures of the world were by,  
And that himself was so the cream  
And crown of all which round about did lie.  
Yet thus it was! The gem,  
The diadem,  
The ring enclosing all  
That stood upon this earthen ball;  
The heav'nly eye,  
Much wider than the sky,  
Wherein they all included were;  
The love, the soul, that was the king  
Made to possess them, did appear  
A very little thing.**

[**Thomas Traherne**](http://www.poemhunter.com/thomas-traherne/poems/)

**Lev Tolstoy**

**True science investigates and brings to human perception such truths and such knowledge as the people of a given time and society consider most important. Art transmits these truths from the region of perception to the region of emotion.**

**Count Leo Tolstoy**

[**Love**](http://www.wisdomcommons.org/virtues/84-love)

**Love hinders death. Love is life. All, everything that I understand, I understand only because I love. Everything is, everything exists, only because I love. Everything is united by it alone. Love is God, and to die means that I, a particle of love, shall return to the general and eternal source.**

**Source type: Book  
*War and Peace***

**We are plunged in slumber, we are children of the dust and ashes, until we love…but love, and you are a god, you are pure, as on the first day of creation.**

**If everyone would only fight for his own convictions, there would be no war.**

**What a strange illusion it is to suppose that beauty is goodness.**

[**Truth-seeking**](http://www.wisdomcommons.org/virtues/131-truth-seeking)

**Truth, like gold, is to be obtained not by its growth, but by washing away from it all that is not gold.**

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| **Count Leo Tolstoi to Valeria Arsenev, his fiance.  November 2, 1856** |

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| |  | | --- | | **I already love in you your beauty, but I am only beginning to love in you that which is eternal and ever precious - your heart, your soul.   Beauty one could get to know and fall in love with in one hour and cease to love it as speedily; but the soul one must learn to know.   Believe me, nothing on earth is given without labour, even love, the most beautiful and natural of feelings.** | |

**November 9, 1856  
  
Do write to me, for the love of God, every day. Though, if you feel no need, don't write; or no, when you have no desire to write, write only the following phrase: *to-day, such and such a date, I don't feel like writing*, and send it to me.   
  
I shall be glad. For the love of God, do not make up your letters, do not read them over- you see- I, who could show off before you, and do you really think that I should not like to pose to you?- I want to display to you only my honesty and sincerity; all the more ought you to do it- I know many women cleverer than you, but an honester woman I have not met. Besides, too great a mind is disagreeable, but the more honesty there is, the more complete it is, the more one loves it. You see, I so intensely wish to love you that I teach you how to make you love me. And indeed, my prime feeling for you is not yet love, but a passionate desire to love you with all my heart. Do write to me for God's sake as quickly, at as great length, as incoherently and clumsily as you can, and therefore sincerely.**

**Lev Tolstoy**

[Everyone thinks of changing the world, but no one thinks of changing himself.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy105644.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy105644.html)

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[If you want to be happy, be.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy105528.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy105528.html)

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[Happiness](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/topics/topic_happiness.html), [Happy](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/keywords/happy.html)

[The two most powerful warriors are patience and time.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy121890.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy121890.html)

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[The sole meaning of life is to serve humanity.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy133212.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy133212.html)

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[There is no greatness where there is no simplicity, goodness and truth.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy153759.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy153759.html)

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[All, everything that I understand, I understand only because I love.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy153758.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy153758.html)

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[Love](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/topics/topic_love.html), [Understand](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/keywords/understand.html)

[Art is not a handicraft, it is the transmission of feeling the artist has experienced.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy109611.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy109611.html)

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[A man can live and be healthy without killing animals for food; therefore, if he eats meat, he participates in taking animal life merely for the sake of his appetite.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy108383.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy108383.html)

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[Music is the shorthand of emotion.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy106870.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy106870.html)

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[I sit on a man's back, choking him and making him carry me, and yet assure myself and others that I am very sorry for him and wish to ease his lot by all possible means - except by getting off his back.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy153953.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy153953.html)

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[Others](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/keywords/others.html), [Means](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/keywords/means.html), [Getting](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/keywords/getting.html)

[Truth, like gold, is to be obtained not by its growth, but by washing away from it all that is not gold.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy122214.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy122214.html)

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[True life is lived when tiny changes occur.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy153950.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy153950.html)

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[Even in the valley of the shadow of death, two and two do not make six.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy102431.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy102431.html)

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[It is amazing how complete is the delusion that beauty is goodness.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy104250.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy104250.html)

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[All happy families resemble one another, each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy138670.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy138670.html)

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[In all history there is no war which was not hatched by the governments, the governments alone, independent of the interests of the people, to whom war is always pernicious even when successful.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy169453.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy169453.html)

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[We lost because we told ourselves we lost.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy153947.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy153947.html)

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[Lost](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/keywords/lost.html), [Ourselves](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/keywords/ourselves.html)

[And all people live, Not by reason of any care they have for themselves, But by the love for them that is in other people.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy153757.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy153757.html)

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[Without knowing what I am and why I am here, life is impossible.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy153957.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy153957.html)

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[One of the first conditions of happiness is that the link between Man and Nature shall not be broken.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy151957.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy151957.html)

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[Boredom: the desire for desires.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy153948.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy153948.html)

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[Desire](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/keywords/desire.html), [Boredom](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/keywords/boredom.html), [Desires](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/keywords/desires.html)

[If so many men, so many minds, certainly so many hearts, so many kinds of love.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy138919.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy138919.html)

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[Joy can only be real if people look upon their life as a service and have a definite object in life outside themselves and their personal happiness.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy564179.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy564179.html)

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[All violence consists in some people forcing others, under threat of suffering or death, to do what they do not want to do.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy163923.html)

[**Leo Tolstoy**](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy163923.html)

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[The changes in our life must come from the impossibility to live otherwise than according to the demands of our conscience not from our mental resolution to try a new form of life.](http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/l/leotolstoy153949.html)

http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/authors/l/leo\_tolstoy.html

Meister Eckhart

**When I Was The Forest**

When I was the stream, when I was the  
forest, when I was still the field  
when I was every hoof, foot,  
fin and wing, when I  
was the sky itself,

no one ever asked me did I have a purpose, no one ever  
wondered was there anything I might need,  
for there was nothing  
I could not love.

It was when I left all we once were that  
the agony began, the fear and questions came,  
and I wept, I wept. And tears  
I had never known before.

So I returned to the river, I returned to  
the mountains. I asked for their hand in marriage again,  
I begged—I begged to wed every object and creature,

and when they accepted,  
God was ever present in my arms.  
And He did not say,  
“Where have you  
been?”

For then I knew my soul—every soul—  
has always held  
Him.

**Why So Many Souls**

When were you last really happy?  
Let that experience ferment,  
bring it to mind once  
in a while.

Surely in the genesis of that past moment, when you danced,  
you would not have wanted a constable  
to have knocked  
on your  
door,

or have said, “You just entered  
a restricted ground.”

Why are there so many stars and souls,  
with no end in sight for  
them?

Because nothing can interrupt God  
when He is having  
fun,

creating!

**Jerusalem**

A hand in my soul can reach out and touch Jerusalem  
as my other hand tastes the beauty of the Rhine.

And my bare foot can stand upon the holy ashes of rain—each drop a  
fallen Phoenix—that sang out from the fire of union  
with clay.

The hills, the valleys, the beasts, the vineyards, the sacred meadows  
on our earth and body—they shall pass and ascend as all form does,  
tiring of the space within a cage;

for all crowds the soul but the infinite. Ascenders to God we are.

Look though how we enrich this planet with our melting organic  
shadows, wondrous shadows are all but He.

What a womb God has—what wild love He must have made to  
Himself for days and days without stopping

to have given birth to all you can imagine, and to all you cannot conceive.

Draw a circle around the frontiers of space, barely can God fit a  
toe there.

All language has taken an oath to fail to describe Him;  
any attempt to do so is the height of arrogance and will  
always declare some kind of war:  
the inner ones that undermine our strength, and the outer conflicts  
that maim red.

I cried out one night in the madness of separation from love,  
in the madness of doing, of trying to add to the Perfect;  
for Perfect is All.

The awakened heart is like a luminous sphere—just giving without  
thought to any who may come close or gaze at it.  
The soul becomes blessedly lost to all  
but its own holy  
being.

When we cannot be who we are our divine senses become mute,  
mute and sick from the insanity of judging  
what He made Immaculate.

Who must God have made love to in order to have given birth to all this sound,  
to this sacred spectrum of color, scents, and music from the  
wind’s body and existence’s plea for mercy—that  
plea for the real mercy, unbearable joy?

Once we had four legs and tails so useful to balance our raid into  
heaven, and I found them again.

I am a swimming galaxy tonight. Angels prowl around me  
hoping I will toss them a fresh piece of light—  
here dears, here, my sack is full.

The universe rents space from me, and oceans are drawn  
from my well. How can that be?

For I can touch Jerusalem while my other hand tastes  
the beauty of the  
Rhine.

Yes, I can kiss Jerusalem while my mouth  
tastes the wonders of  
the Rhine.

**Always Kissing**

They are always kissing, they can’t  
control themselves.

It is not possible  
that any creature can have greater instincts  
and perceptions than the  
mature human mind.

God  
ripened me.  
So I see it is true:  
all objects in existence are  
wildly in  
love.

**Intimate**

Knowledge always deceives.

It always limits the Truth, every concept and image does.

From cage to cage the caravan moves,  
but I give thanks,

for at each divine juncture  
my wings expand  
and I

touch Him more  
intimately.

Robert Frost

There's a patch of old snow in a corner  
That I should have guessed  
Was a blow-away paper the rain  
Had brought to rest.  
  
It is speckled with grime as if  
Small print overspread it,  
The news of a day I've forgotten --  
If I ever read it.

The line-storm clouds fly tattered and swift,   
The road is forlorn all day,   
Where a myriad snowy quartz stones lift,   
And the hoof-prints vanish away.   
The roadside flowers, too wet for the bee,  
Expend their bloom in vain.   
Come over the hills and far with me,   
And be my love in the rain.   
  
The birds have less to say for themselves   
In the wood-world’s torn despair  
Than now these numberless years the elves,   
Although they are no less there:   
All song of the woods is crushed like some   
Wild, easily shattered rose.   
Come, be my love in the wet woods; come,  
Where the boughs rain when it blows.   
  
There is the gale to urge behind   
And bruit our singing down,   
And the shallow waters aflutter with wind   
From which to gather your gown.  
What matter if we go clear to the west,   
And come not through dry-shod?   
For wilding brooch shall wet your breast   
The rain-fresh goldenrod.   
  
Oh, never this whelming east wind swells  
But it seems like the sea’s return   
To the ancient lands where it left the shells   
Before the age of the fern;   
And it seems like the time when after doubt   
Our love came back amain.  
Oh, come forth into the storm and rout   
And be my love in the rain.

Robert Frost

When a friend calls to me from the road   
And slows his horse to a meaning walk,   
I don't stand still and look around   
On all the hills I haven't hoed,   
And shout from where I am, What is it?   
No, not as there is a time to talk.   
I thrust my hoe in the mellow ground,   
Blade-end up and five feet tall,   
And plod: I go up to the stone wall   
For a friendly visit.

Robert Frost

A blind man was riding an unheated train,

From Bryansk he was traveling home with his fate.

Fate whispered to him so the whole car could hear:

And why should you care about blindness and war?

It’s good, she was saying, you’re sightless and poor.

If you were not blind, you’d never survive.

The Germans won’t kill you, you’re nothing to them.

Allow me to lift that bag on your shoulder—

The one with the holes, the empty torn one.

Let me just raise your eyelids wide open.

The blind man was traveling home with his fate,

Now thankful for blindness. Happy about it.

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Now thankful for blindness. Happy about it.

**Arseny Tarkovsky**

**Life, Life**

1

I don't believe in omens or fear   
Forebodings. I flee from neither slander   
Nor from poison. Death does not exist.   
Everyone's immortal. Everything is too.   
No point in fearing death at seventeen,   
Or seventy. There's only here and now, and light;   
Neither death, nor darkness, exists.   
We're all already on the seashore;   
I'm one of those who'll be hauling in the nets   
When a shoal of immortality swims by.

2   
  
If you live in a house - the house will not fall.   
I'll summon any of the centuries,   
Then enter one and build a house in it.   
That's why your children and your wives   
Sit with me at one table, -   
The same for ancestor and grandson:   
The future is being accomplished now,   
If I raise my hand a little,   
All five beams of light will stay with you.   
Each day I used my collar bones   
For shoring up the past, as though with timber,   
I measured time with geodetic chains   
And marched across it, as though it were the Urals.   
  
**I tailored the age to fit me. We walked to the south, raising dust above the steppe; The tall weeds fumed; the grasshopper danced, Touching its antenna to the horse-shoes - and it prophesied, Threatening me with destruction, like a monk. I strapped my fate to the saddle; And even now, in these coming times, I stand up in the stirrups like a child. –**

**I'm satisfied with deathlessness, For my blood to flow from age to age. Yet for a corner whose warmth I could rely on I'd willingly have given all my life, Whenever her flying needle Tugged me, like a thread, around the globe.**

**And this I dreamt, and this I dream**

**And this I dreamt, and this I dream,   
And some time this I will dream again,   
And all will be repeated, all be re-embodied,   
You will dream everything I have seen in dream.**

**To one side from ourselves, to one side from the world   
Wave follows wave to break on the shore,   
On each wave is a star, a person, a bird,   
Dreams, reality, death - on wave after wave.**

**No need for a date: I was, I am, and I will be,   
Life is a wonder of wonders, and to wonder   
I dedicate myself, on my knees, like an orphan,   
Alone - among mirrors - fenced in by reflections:   
Cities and seas, iridescent, intensified.   
A mother in tears takes a child on her lap.**

**Arseny Tarkovsky**

**Earthly**

**If I'd been destined at birth   
To lie in the lap of the gods,   
I'd have been reared by a heavenly wet-nurse   
On the holy milk of the clouds.   
  
I'd be god of a stream or a garden,   
Keeping watch over graves or the corn, -   
But no - I'm a man, I don't need immortality:   
A heavenly fate would be awful.   
  
I'm glad no one stitched my lips in a smile,   
Remote from earth's bile and salt.   
So off you go, violin of Olympus,   
I can do without your song.**

**Arseny Tarkovsky**

**Steppe**

**Earth swallows herself   
And, knocking her head against the sky,   
Patches the gaps in her memory   
With humankind and grass.   
  
Grass hides under the horse-shoes,   
Soul in an ivory box;   
Only word beneath the moon   
Looms in the steppe   
  
Which sleeps like a corpse.   
Boulders on burial mounds -   
Tsars playing at watchmen -   
Drunk stupid on moonlight.   
  
Word is the last to die.   
When the drill of water pushes up   
Through the subsoil's tough integument,   
Sky will stir   
  
And burdock's eyelash sigh,   
Grasshopper's saddle flash,   
Bird of the steppe comb,   
Sleepy, its rainbow wing.   
  
Then up to his shoulders in blue-grey milk   
See Adam enter the steppe from paradise,   
Restoring both to bird and stone   
The gift of intelligent speech;   
  
He recreated while they slept   
Their palpitating names,   
And now he breathes delirium of consciousness,   
Loving, like soul, into grass.**

**Arseny Tarkovsky**

**First Meetings**

**We celebrated every moment   
Of our meetings as epiphanies,   
Just we two in all the world.   
Bolder, lighter than a bird's wing,   
You hurtled like vertigo   
Down the stairs, leading   
Through moist lilac to your realm   
Beyond the mirror.   
  
When night fell, grace was given me,   
The sanctuary gates were opened,   
Shining in the darkness   
Nakedness bowed slowly;   
Waking up, I said:   
'God bless you!', knowing it   
To be daring: you slept,   
The lilac leaned towards you from the table   
To touch your eyelids with its universal blue,   
Those eyelids brushed with blue   
Were peaceful, and your hand was warm.   
  
And in the crystal I saw pulsing rivers,   
Smoke-wreathed hills, and glimmering seas;   
Holding in your palm that crystal sphere,   
You slumbered on the throne,   
And - God be praised! - you belonged to me.   
Awaking, you transformed   
The humdrum dictionary of humans   
Till speech was full and running over   
With resounding strength, and the word you   
Revealed its new meaning: it meant king.   
Everything in the world was different,   
Even the simplest things - the jug, the basin -   
When stratified and solid water   
Stood between us, like a guard.   
  
We were led to who knows where.   
Before us opened up, in mirage,   
Towns constructed out of wonder,   
Mint leaves spread themselves beneath our feet,   
Birds came on the journey with us,   
Fish leapt in greeting from the river,   
And the sky unfurled above…   
  
While behind us all the time went fate,   
A madman brandishing a razor.**

**Arseny Tarkovsky**

**I waited for you yesterday since morning**

**I waited for you yesterday since morning,   
They guessed you wouldn't come,   
Do you remember the weather? Like a holiday!   
I went out without a coat.**

**Today came, and they fixed for us   
A somehow specially dismal day,   
It was very late, and it was raining,   
The drops cascading down the chilly branches.**

**No word of comfort, tears undried…**

**Arseny Tarkovsky**

**Ignatyevo Forest**

**The last leaves' embers in total immolation   
Rise into the sky; this whole forest   
Seethes with irritation, just as we did   
That last year we lived together.**

**The path you take's reflected in our tear-filled eyes,   
As bushes are reflected in the murky flood-lands.   
Don't be difficult, don't touch, don't threaten,   
Don't offend the forest silence by the Volga.**

**You can hear the old life breathing:   
Clumps of mushrooms growing in damp grass -   
Though gnawed to the very core by slugs,   
They still inflame the skin.**

**All our past is like a threat – Look, I'm coming, watch, I'll kill you! The sky shivers and holds a maple, like a rose, - May it burn still stronger - right into your eyes –**

**Arseny Tarkovsky**

**Michael Abraham**

**Celestial Love**

**Higher far,  
Upward, into the pure realm,  
Over sun or star,  
Over the flickering Dæmon film,  
Thou must mount for love,—  
Into vision which all form  
In one only form dissolves;  
In a region where the wheel,  
On which all beings ride,  
Visibly revolves;  
Where the starred eternal worm  
Girds the world with bound and term;  
Where unlike things are like,  
When good and ill,  
And joy and moan,  
Melt into one.  
There Past, Present, Future, shoot  
Triple blossoms from one root  
Substances at base divided  
In their summits are united,  
There the holy Essence rolls,  
One through separated souls,  
And the sunny &Aelig;on sleeps  
Folding nature in its deeps,  
And every fair and every good  
Known in part or known impure  
To men below,  
In their archetypes endure.  
  
The race of gods,  
Or those we erring own,  
Are shadows flitting up and down  
In the still abodes.  
The circles of that sea are laws,  
Which publish and which hide the Cause.  
Pray for a beam  
Out of that sphere  
Thee to guide and to redeem.  
O what a load  
Of care and toil  
By lying Use bestowed,  
From his shoulders falls, who sees  
The true astronomy,  
The period of peace!  
Counsel which the ages kept,  
Shall the well-born soul accept.  
As the overhanging trees  
Fill the lake with images,  
As garment draws the garment's hem  
Men their fortunes bring with them;  
By right or wrong,  
Lands and goods go to the strong;  
Property will brutely draw  
Still to the proprietor,  
Silver to silver creep and wind,  
And kind to kind,  
Nor less the eternal poles  
Of tendency distribute souls.  
There need no vows to bind  
Whom not each other seek but find.  
They give and take no pledge or oath,  
Nature is the bond of both.  
No prayer persuades, no flattery fawns,  
Their noble meanings are their pawns.  
Plain and cold is their address,  
Power have they for tenderness,  
And so thoroughly is known  
Each others' purpose by his own,  
They can parley without meeting,  
Need is none of forms of greeting,  
They can well communicate  
In their innermost estate;  
When each the other shall avoid,  
Shall each by each be most enjoyed.  
Not with scarfs or perfumed gloves  
Do these celebrate their loves,  
Not by jewels, feasts, and savors,  
Not by ribbons or by favors,  
But by the sun-spark on the sea,  
And the cloud-shadow on the lea,  
The soothing lapse of morn to mirk,  
And the cheerful round of work.  
Their cords of love so public are,  
They intertwine the farthest star.  
The throbbing sea, the quaking earth,  
Yield sympathy and signs of mirth;  
Is none so high, so mean is none,  
But feels and seals this union.  
Even the tell Furies are appeased,  
The good applaud, the lost are eased.  
  
Love's hearts are faithful, but not fond,  
Bound for the just, but not beyond;  
Not glad, as the low-loving herd,  
Of self in others still preferred,  
But they have heartily designed  
The benefit of broad mankind.  
And they serve men austerely,  
After their own genius, clearly,  
Without a false humility;  
For this is love's nobility,  
Not to scatter bread and gold,  
Goods and raiment bought and sold,  
But to hold fast his simple sense,  
And speak the speech of innocence,  
And with hand, and body, and blood,  
To make his bosom-counsel good:  
For he that feeds men, serveth few,  
He serves all, who dares be true.**

**Ralph Waldo Emerson**

**Days**

**Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,  
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,  
And marching single in an endless file,  
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.  
To each they offer gifts after his will,  
Bread, kingdom, stars, and sky that holds them all.  
  
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,  
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily  
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day  
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,  
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.**

**Ralph Waldo Emerson**

**Dirge**

**Knows he who tills this lonely field  
To reap its scanty corn,  
What mystic fruit his acres yield  
At midnight and at morn?  
  
In the long sunny afternoon,  
The plain was full of ghosts,  
I wandered up, I wandered down,  
Beset by pensive hosts.  
  
The winding Concord gleamed below,  
Pouring as wide a flood  
As when my brothers long ago,  
Came with me to the wood.  
  
But they are gone,— the holy ones,  
Who trod with me this lonely vale,  
The strong, star-bright companions  
Are silent, low, and pale.  
  
My good, my noble, in their prime,  
Who made this world the feast it was,  
Who learned with me the lore of time,  
Who loved this dwelling-place.  
  
They took this valley for their toy,  
They played with it in every mood,  
A cell for prayer, a hall for joy,  
They treated nature as they would.  
  
They colored the horizon round,  
Stars flamed and faded as they bade,  
All echoes hearkened for their sound,  
They made the woodlands glad or mad.  
  
I touch this flower of silken leaf  
Which once our childhood knew  
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief  
Whose balsam never grew.**

**Hearken to yon pine warbler  
Singing aloft in the tree;  
Hearest thou, O traveller!  
What he singeth to me?   
Not unless God made sharp thine ear  
With sorrow such as mine,  
Out of that delicate lay couldst thou  
The heavy dirge divine.  
  
Go, lonely man, it saith,  
They loved thee from their birth,  
Their hands were pure, and pure their faith,  
There are no such hearts on earth.  
  
Ye drew one mother's milk,  
One chamber held ye all;  
A very tender history  
Did in your childhood fall.  
  
Ye cannot unlock your heart,  
The key is gone with them;  
The silent organ loudest chants  
The master's requiem.**

[**Ralph Waldo Emerson**](http://www.poemhunter.com/ralph-waldo-emerson/poems/)

**The Past**

**The debt is paid,  
The verdict said,  
The Furies laid,  
The plague is stayed,  
All fortunes made;  
Turn the key and bolt the door,  
Sweet is death forevermore.  
Nor haughty hope, nor swart chagrin,  
Nor murdering hate, can enter in.  
All is now secure and fast;  
Not the gods can shake the Past;  
Flies-to the adamantine door  
Bolted down forevermore.  
None can reenter there, -  
No thief so politic,  
No Satan with a royal trick  
Steal in by window, chink or hole,  
To bind or unbind, add what lacked  
Insert a leaf, or forge a name,  
New-face or finish what is packed,  
Alter or mend eternal Fact.**

**Ralph Waldo Emerson**

**In Memoriam**

**I mourn upon this battle-field,  
But not for those who perished here.  
Behold the river-bank  
Whither the angry farmers came,  
In sloven dress and broken rank,  
Nor thought of fame.  
Their deed of blood  
All mankind praise;  
Even the serene Reason says,  
It was well done.  
The wise and simple have one glance  
To greet yon stern head-stone,  
Which more of pride than pity gave  
To mark the Briton's friendless grave.  
Yet it is a stately tomb;  
The grand return  
Of eve and morn,  
The year's fresh bloom,  
The silver cloud,  
Might grace the dust that is most proud.  
  
Yet not of these I muse  
In this ancestral place,  
But of a kindred face  
That never joy or hope shall here diffuse.  
  
Ah, brother of the brief but blazing star!  
What hast thou to do with these  
Haunting this bank's historic trees?  
Thou born for noblest life,  
For action's field, for victor's car,  
Thou living champion of the right?  
To these their penalty belonged:  
I grudge not these their bed of death,  
But thine to thee, who never wronged  
The poorest that drew breath.  
  
All inborn power that could  
Consist with homage to the good  
Flamed from his martial eye;  
He who seemed a soldier born,  
He should have the helmet worn,  
All friends to fend, all foes defy,  
Fronting foes of God and man,  
Frowning down the evil-doer,  
Battling for the weak and poor.  
His from youth the leader's look  
Gave the law which others took,  
And never poor beseeching glance  
Shamed that sculptured countenance.  
  
There is no record left on earth,  
Save in tablets of the heart,  
Of the rich inherent worth,  
Of the grace that on him shone,  
Of eloquent lips, of joyful wit;  
He could not frame a word unfit,  
An act unworthy to be done;  
Honour prompted every glance,  
Honour came and sat beside him,  
In lowly cot or painful road,  
And evermore the cruel god  
Cried, 'Onward!' and the palm-crown showed.  
Born for success he seemed,  
With grace to win, with heart to hold,  
With shining gifts that took all eyes,  
With budding power in college-halls,  
As pledged in coming days to forge  
Weapons to guard the State, or scourge  
Tyrants despite their guards or walls.  
On his young promise Beauty smiled,  
Drew his free homage unbeguiled,  
And prosperous Age held out his hand,  
And richly his large future planned,  
And troops of friends enjoyed the tide,--  
All, all was given, and only health denied.  
  
I see him with superior smile  
Hunted by Sorrow's grisly train  
In lands remote, in toil and pain,  
With angel patience labour on,  
With the high port he wore erewhile,  
When, foremost of the youthful band,  
The prizes in all lists he won;  
Nor bate one jot of heart or hope,  
And, least of all, the loyal tie  
Which holds to home 'neath every sky,  
The joy and pride the pilgrim feels  
In hearts which round the hearth at home  
Keep pulse for pulse with those who roam.  
  
What generous beliefs console  
The brave whom Fate denies the goal!  
If others reach it, is content;  
To Heaven's high will his will is bent.  
Firm on his heart relied,  
What lot soe'er betide,  
Work of his hand  
He nor repents nor grieves,  
Pleads for itself the fact,  
As unrepenting Nature leaves  
Her every act.  
  
Fell the bolt on the branching oak;  
The rainbow of his hope was broke;  
No craven cry, no secret tear,--  
He told no pang, he knew no fear;  
Its peace sublime his aspect kept,  
His purpose woke, his features slept;  
And yet between the spasms of pain  
His genius beamed with joy again.  
  
O'er thy rich dust the endless smile  
Of Nature in thy Spanish isle  
Hints never loss or cruel break  
And sacrifice for love's dear sake,  
Nor mourn the unalterable Days  
That Genius goes and Folly stays.  
What matters how, or from what ground,  
The freed soul its Creator found?  
Alike thy memory embalms  
That orange-grove, that isle of palms,  
And these loved banks, whose oak-boughs bold  
Root in the blood of heroes old.**

**Ralph Waldo Emerson**

**Paul Val'ery**

**The Steps**

**Your steps, children of my silence,   
Holily, slowly placed,   
Towards the bed of my vigilance   
Proceed dumb and frozen.   
  
Nobody pure, divine shade,   
That they are soft, your steps selected!   
Gods!… all the gifts which I guess   
Come to me on these naked feet!   
  
If, of your advanced lips,   
You prepare to alleviate it,   
An inhabitant of my thoughts   
The food of a kiss,   
  
Does not hasten this tender act,   
To be soft and not to be not?  
Because I lived to await you,   
And my heart was only your steps.**

**The Graveyard By The Sea**

**This quiet roof, where dove-sails saunter by,  
Between the pines, the tombs, throbs visibly.  
Impartial noon patterns the sea in flame --  
That sea forever starting and re-starting.  
When thought has had its hour, oh how rewarding  
Are the long vistas of celestial calm!  
What grace of light, what pure toil goes to form  
The manifold diamond of the elusive foam!  
What peace I feel begotten at that source!  
When sunlight rests upon a profound sea,  
Time's air is sparkling, dream is certainty --  
Pure artifice both of an eternal Cause.  
  
Sure treasure, simple shrine to intelligence,   
Palpable calm, visible reticence,  
Proud-lidded water, Eye wherein there wells  
Under a film of fire such depth of sleep --  
O silence! . . . Mansion in my soul, you slope  
Of gold, roof of a myriad golden tiles.  
  
Temple of time, within a brief sigh bounded,   
To this rare height inured I climb, surrounded   
By the horizons of a sea-girt eye.  
And, like my supreme offering to the gods,  
That peaceful coruscation only breeds  
A loftier indifference on the sky.  
  
Even as a fruit's absorbed in the enjoying,  
Even as within the mouth its body dying  
Changes into delight through dissolution,  
So to my melted soul the heavens declare  
All bounds transfigured into a boundless air,  
And I breathe now my future's emanation.  
  
Beautiful heaven, true heaven, look how I change!  
After such arrogance, after so much strange  
Idleness -- strange, yet full of potency --  
I am all open to these shining spaces;  
Over the homes of the dead my shadow passes,  
Ghosting along -- a ghost subduing me.  
My soul laid bare to your midsummer fire,  
O just, impartial light whom I admire,  
  
Whose arms are merciless, you have I stayed  
And give back, pure, to your original place.  
Look at yourself . . . But to give light implies  
No less a somber moiety of shade.  
  
Oh, for myself alone, mine, deep within  
At the heart's quick, the poem's fount, between  
The void and its pure issue, I beseech  
The intimations of my secret power.  
O bitter, dark, and echoing reservoir  
Speaking of depths always beyond my reach.  
  
But know you -- feigning prisoner of the boughs,  
Gulf which cats up their slender prison-bars,  
Secret which dazzles though mine eyes are closed --  
What body drags me to its lingering end,  
What mind draws it to this bone-peopled ground?  
A star broods there on all that I have lost.  
  
Closed, hallowed, full of insubstantial fire,   
Morsel of earth to heaven's light given o'er --  
This plot, ruled by its flambeaux, pleases me --  
A place all gold, stone, and dark wood, where shudders  
So much marble above so many shadows:  
And on my tombs, asleep, the faithful sea.  
  
Keep off the idolaters, bright watch-dog, while --  
A solitary with the shepherd's smile --  
I pasture long my sheep, my mysteries,  
My snow-white flock of undisturbed graves!  
Drive far away from here the careful doves,  
The vain daydreams, the angels' questioning eyes!  
  
Now present here, the future takes its time.  
The brittle insect scrapes at the dry loam;  
All is burnt up, used up, drawn up in air  
To some ineffably rarefied solution . . .  
Life is enlarged, drunk with annihilation,  
And bitterness is sweet, and the spirit clear.  
  
The dead lie easy, hidden in earth where they  
Are warmed and have their mysteries burnt away.  
Motionless noon, noon aloft in the blue  
Broods on itself -- a self-sufficient theme.  
O rounded dome and perfect diadem,  
  
  
I am what's changing secretly in you.  
  
I am the only medium for your fears.  
My penitence, my doubts, my baulked desires --  
These are the flaw within your diamond pride . . .   
But in their heavy night, cumbered with marble,  
Under the roots of trees a shadow people  
Has slowly now come over to your side.  
To an impervious nothingness they're thinned,  
For the red clay has swallowed the white kind;  
Into the flowers that gift of life has passed.  
Where are the dead? -- their homely turns of speech,  
The personal grace, the soul informing each?  
Grubs thread their way where tears were once composed.  
  
The bird-sharp cries of girls whom love is teasing,  
The eyes, the teeth, the eyelids moistly closing,  
The pretty breast that gambles with the flame,  
The crimson blood shining when lips are yielded,  
The last gift, and the fingers that would shield it --  
All go to earth, go back into the game.  
  
And you, great soul, is there yet hope in you  
To find some dream without the lying hue  
That gold or wave offers to fleshly eyes?  
Will you be singing still when you're thin air?  
All perishes. A thing of flesh and pore  
Am I. Divine impatience also dies.  
  
Lean immortality, all crêpe and gold,  
Laurelled consoler frightening to behold,  
Death is a womb, a mother's breast, you feign  
The fine illusion, oh the pious trick!  
Who does not know them, and is not made sick  
That empty skull, that everlasting grin?  
  
Ancestors deep down there, 0 derelict heads  
Whom such a weight of spaded earth o'erspreads,  
Who are the earth, in whom our steps are lost,  
The real flesh-eater, worm unanswerable  
Is not for you that sleep under the table:  
Life is his meat, and I am still his host.  
  
'Love,' shall we call him? 'Hatred of self,' maybe?  
His secret tooth is so intimate with me  
That any name would suit him well enough,  
Enough that he can see, will, daydream, touch --  
My flesh delights him, even upon my couch  
I live but as a morsel of his life.  
  
Zeno, Zeno, cruel philosopher Zeno,  
Have you then pierced me with your feathered arrow  
That hums and flies, yet does not fly! The sounding  
Shaft gives me life, the arrow kills. Oh, sun! --  
Oh, what a tortoise-shadow to outrun  
My soul, Achilles' giant stride left standing!  
  
No, no! Arise! The future years unfold.  
Shatter, O body, meditation's mould!  
And, O my breast, drink in the wind's reviving!  
A freshness, exhalation of the sea,  
Restores my soul . . . Salt-breathing potency!  
Let's run at the waves and be hurled back to living!  
  
Yes, mighty sea with such wild frenzies gifted  
(The panther skin and the rent chlamys), sifted  
All over with sun-images that glisten,  
Creature supreme, drunk on your own blue flesh,  
Who in a tumult like the deepest hush  
Bite at your sequin-glittering tail -- yes, listen!  
  
The wind is rising! . . . We must try to live!  
The huge air opens and shuts my book: the wave  
Dares to explode out of the rocks in reeking  
Spray. Fly away, my sun-bewildered pages!  
Break, waves! Break up with your rejoicing surges  
This quiet roof where sails like doves were pecking.**

**The Sylph**

**Unseen unknown  
I am perfume  
Born on the wind,  
Faded, alive!**

**Unseen unknown,  
Genius or chance?  
No sooner come  
The task is done!**

**Unread ungrasped,  
The finest minds  
Will stumble there!**

**Unseen unknown,  
Glimpse of a breast  
Through loosened shirts!**

**The Faux Death**

**Humble, tender, against the charming tomb,  
……….Unfeeling monument  
That out of shadows, leavings, offered love  
……….Conjures your weary grace,  
I fall, dying against you, dying — Yet,**

**No sooner fallen across the low grave  
Whose lawn littered with ashes summons me,  
Life reawakens in her seeming death;  
She shakes, reopens lambent eyes, and bites,  
And wrenches from my chest still other deaths  
……….Dearer than life.**

**Lost Wine**

**One day I tossed into the Ocean  
(I don’t recall under what skies)  
A kind of offering to the void,  
A whole remnant of precious wine…**

**Who willed your loss, Oh alcohol?  
Perhaps the heavens led my hand?  
Perhaps my heart’s preoccupation,  
Dreaming of blood, spilling wine?**

**There was a brief effusion of rosy  
Smoke, and then the sea became  
Transparent, as it was before…**

**The wine lost… the waves drunk!  
I saw extraordinary figures  
Leaping across the bitter air…**

**The Bee**

**However keen may be your sting,  
However fatal, yellow bee,  
Over my basket I have draped  
The merest dream of floating lace.**

**So prick that swelling gourd, my breast  
Where Love is sleeping, or has died.  
A little of myself will rise  
Scarlet to plump, rebellious flesh!**

**A sudden pang is what I need:  
A pain that quickens and is gone  
I’d rather than this slumbering grief.**

**Illuminate my senses with  
Your microscopic gold alarm  
Without which Love slumbers or dies!**

**Insinuation**

**Oh curves that meander  
As a secret lie,  
Is not this slowness  
The tenderest art?**

**I know where I’m going,  
I’ll take you there,  
My dark intentions  
Mean you no harm…**

**(Although she smiles  
With blooming pride,  
So much freedom  
Disorients!)**

**Oh curves that meander  
As a secret lie,  
I’ll make you wait  
For the tenderest word**

**The Girdle**

**When, blushing as a cheek, the sky  
At last admits the reverent eyes  
And time, tipped towards a golden death,  
Plays a while among the roses,**

**A Shadow, loosely girdled, dances  
Against the quiet of delight  
That such a picture has inspired,  
The evening snatching at her hem.**

**This girdle, floating freely on  
The rise and fall of the wind’s breath,  
Riffles the single filament  
That ties my silence to this world.**

**Absent, present… I am truly  
Alone in shadow, luring shroud.**

**-Paul Val’ery**

**A poem is never finished, only abandoned.**

**Paul Valery**

**Sara Teasdale**

**There Will Come Soft Rain**

**There will come soft rain and the smell of the ground,  
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;   
  
And frogs in the pools singing at night,  
And wild plum trees in tremulous white;   
  
Robins will wear their feathery fire,  
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;   
  
And not one will know of the war, not one  
Will care at last when it is done.  
  
Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,  
If mankind perished utterly;   
  
And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn  
Would scarcely know that we were gone.**

**-Sara Teasdale**

**A Winter Night**

**My window-pane is starred with frost,   
The world is bitter cold to-night,   
The moon is cruel, and the wind   
Is like a two-edged sword to smite.  
  
God pity all the homeless ones,   
The beggars pacing to and fro.   
God pity all the poor to-night   
Who walk the lamp-lit streets of snow.  
  
My room is like a bit of June,   
Warm and close-curtained fold on fold,   
But somewhere, like a homeless child,   
My heart is crying in the cold.**

**-Sara Teasdale**

**Child, Child**

**Child, child, love while you can  
The voice and the eyes and the soul of a man,  
Never fear though it break your heart -  
Out of the wound new joy will start;  
Only love proudly and gladly and well  
Though love be heaven or love be hell.  
  
Child, child, love while you may,  
For life is short as a happy day;  
Never fear the thing you feel -  
Only by love is life made real;  
Love, for the deadly sins are seven,  
Only through love will you enter heaven**

**-Sara Teasdale**

**Edgar Allen Poe**

**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**

**Alone**

**From childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were; I have not seen  
As others saw; I could not bring  
My passions from a common spring.  
From the same source I have not taken  
My sorrow; I could not awaken  
My heart to joy at the same tone;  
And all I loved, I loved alone.  
Then- in my childhood, in the dawn  
Of a most stormy life- was drawn  
From every depth of good and ill  
The mystery which binds me still:  
From the torrent, or the fountain,  
From the red cliff of the mountain,  
From the sun that round me rolled  
In its autumn tint of gold,  
From the lightning in the sky  
As it passed me flying by,  
From the thunder and the storm,  
And the cloud that took the form  
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)  
Of a demon in my view.**

**Edgar Allan Poe**

**Evening Star**

**'Twas noontide of summer,  
And mid-time of night;  
And stars, in their orbits,  
Shone pale, thro' the light  
Of the brighter, cold moon,  
'Mid planets her slaves,  
Herself in the Heavens,  
Her beam on the waves.  
I gazed awhile  
On her cold smile;  
Too cold- too cold for me-  
There pass'd, as a shroud,  
A fleecy cloud,  
And I turned away to thee,  
Proud Evening Star,  
In thy glory afar,  
And dearer thy beam shall be;  
For joy to my heart  
Is the proud part  
Thou bearest in Heaven at night,  
And more I admire  
Thy distant fire,  
Than that colder, lowly light.**

**Edgar Allan Poe**

**Breece D'J Pancake**

**The Hours**

**by** [**John Peale Bishop**](http://allpoetry.com/John%20Peale%20Bishop)

**In the real dark night of the soul it is always three  
o'clock in the morning. F. SCOTT FITZGERALD  
  
I  
ALL day, knowing you dead,  
I have sat in this long-windowed room,  
Looking upon the sea and, dismayed  
By mortal sadness, though without thought to resume  
Those hours which you and I have known  
Hours when youth like an insurgent sun  
Showered ambition on an aimless air,  
Hours foreboding disillusion,  
Hours which now there is none to share.  
Since you are dead, I leave them all alone.  
  
II  
A day like any day. Though any day now  
We expect death. The sky is overcast,  
And shuddering cold as snow the shoreward blast.  
And in the marsh, like a sea astray, now  
Waters brim. This is the moment when the sea  
Being most full of motion seems motionless.  
Land and sea are merged. The marsh is gone.  
And my distress  
Is at the flood. All but the dunes are drowned.  
And brimming with memory I have found  
All hours we ever knew, but have not found  
The key. I cannot find the lost key  
To the silver closet you as a wild child hid.  
  
III  
I think of all you did  
And all you might have done, before undone  
By death, but for the undoing of despair.  
No promise such as yours when like the spring  
You came, colors of jonquils in your hair,  
Inspired as the wind, when the woods are bare  
And every silence is about to sing.  
None had such promise then, and none  
Your scapegrace wit or your disarming grace;  
For you were bold as was Danae's son,  
Conceived like Perseus in a dream of gold.  
And there was none when you were young, not one,  
So prompt in the reflecting shield to trace  
The glittering aspect of a Gorgon age.  
Despair no love, no fortune could assuage , . .  
Was it a fault in your disastrous blood  
That beat from no fortunate god,  
The failure of all passion in mid-course?  
You shrank from nothing as from solitude,  
Lacking the still assurance, and pursued  
Beyond the sad excitement by remorse.  
Was it that having shaped your stare upon  
The severed head of time, upheld and blind,  
Upheld by the stained hair,  
And seen the blood upon that sightless stare,  
You looked and were made one  
With the strained horror of those sightless eyes?  
You looked, and were not turned to stone.  
  
IV  
You have outlasted the nocturnal terror,  
The head hanging in the hanging mirror,  
The hour haunted by a harrowing face.  
Now you are drunk at last. And that disgrace  
You sought in oblivious dives you have  
At last, in the dissolution of the grave.  
I have lived with you the hour of your humiliation.  
I have seen you turn upon the others in the night  
And of sad self-loathing  
Concealing nothing  
Heard you cry: I am lost. But you are lower I  
And you had that right.  
The damned do not so own their damnation.  
I have lived with you some hours of the night,  
The late hour  
When the lights lower,  
The later hour  
When the lights go out,  
When the dissipation of the night is past,  
Hour of the outcast and the outworn \*\*\*\*,  
That is past three and not yet four  
When the old blackmailer waits beyond the door  
And from the gutter with unpitying hands  
Demands the same sad guiltiness as before,  
The hour of utter destitution  
When the soul knows the horror of its loss  
And knows the world too poor  
  
V  
For restitution,  
Past three o'clock  
And not yet four  
When not pity, pride,  
Or being brave,  
Fortune, friendship, forgetfulness of drudgery  
Or of drug avails, for all has been tried,  
And nothing avails to save  
The soul from recognition of its night.  
The hour of death is always four o'clock.  
It is always four o'clock in the grave.  
  
VI  
Having heard the bare word that you had died,  
All day I have lingered in this lofty room,  
Locked in the light of sea and cloud,  
And thought, at cost of sea-hours, to illume  
The hours that you and I have known.  
Hours death does not condemn, nor love condone.  
And I have seen the sea-light set the tide  
In salt succession toward the sullen shore  
And while the waves lost on the losing sand  
Seen shores receding and the sands succumb.  
The waste retreats; glimmering shores retrieve  
Unproportioned plunges; the dunes restore  
Drowned confines to the disputed kingdom  
Desolate mastery, since the dark has come.  
The dark has cornel I cannot pluck you bays,  
Though here the bay grows wild. For fugitive  
As surpassed fame the leaves this sea-wind frays.  
Why should I promise what I cannot give?  
I cannot animate with breath  
Syllables in the open mouth of death.  
Dark, dark. The shore here has a habit of light.  
O dark! I leave you to oblivious night!**

**-John Peale Bishop**

**Speaking Of Poetry**

**by** [**John Peale Bishop**](http://allpoetry.com/John%20Peale%20Bishop)

**The ceremony must be found  
that will wed Desdemona to the huge Moor.  
It is not enough  
to win the approval of the Senator  
or to outwit his disapproval; honest lago  
can manage that: it is not enough. For then,  
though she may pant again in his black arms  
(his weight resilient as a Barbary stallion's)  
she will be found  
when the ambassadors of the Venetian state arrive  
Again smothered. These things have not been changed,  
not in three hundred years.  
(Tupping is still tupping  
though that particular word is obsolete.  
Naturally, the ritual would not be in Latin.)  
For though Othello had his blood from kings  
his ancestry was barbarous, his ways African,  
his speech uncouth. It must be remembered  
that though he valued an embroidery  
three mulberries proper on a silk like silver  
it was not for the subtlety of the stitches,  
but for the magic in it. Whereas, Desdemona  
once contrived to imitate in needlework  
her father's shield, and plucked it out  
three times, to begin again, each time  
with diminished colors. This is a small point  
but indicative.  
Desdemona was small and fair,  
delicate as a grasshopper  
at the tag-end of summer: a Venetian  
to her noble finger tips.  
O, it is not enough  
that they should meet, naked, at dead of night  
in a small inn on a dark canal. Procurers  
less expert than lago can arrange as much.  
The ceremony must be found  
Traditional, with all its symbols  
ancient as the metaphors in dreams;  
strange, with never before heard music; continuous  
until the torches deaden at the bedroom door.**

**-John Peale Bishop**

**The Return**

**by** [**John Peale Bishop**](http://allpoetry.com/John%20Peale%20Bishop)

**NIGHT and we heard heavy cadenced hoofbeats  
Of troops departing; the last cohorts left  
By the North Gate. That night some listened late  
Leaning their eyelids toward Septentrion.  
  
Morning blared and the young tore down the trophies  
And warring ornaments: arches were strong  
And in the sun but stone; no longer conquest  
Circled our columns; all our state was down  
  
In fragments. In the dust, old men with tufted  
Eyebrows whiter than sunbaked faces gulped  
As it fell. But they no more than we remembered  
The old sea-fights, the soldiers' names and sculptors'.  
  
We did not know the end was coming: nor why  
It came; only that long before the end  
Were many wanted to die. Then vultures starved  
And sailed more slowly in the sky.  
  
We still had taxes. Salt was high. The soldiers  
Gone. Now there was much drinking and lewd  
Houses all night loud with riot. But only  
For a time. Soon the taverns had no roofs.  
  
Strangely it was the young, the almost boys,  
Who first abandoned hope; the old still lived  
A little, at last a little lived in eyes.  
It was the young whose child did not survive.  
  
Some slept beneath the simulacra, until  
The gods' faces froze. Then was fear.  
Some had response in dreams, but morning restored  
Interrogation. Then O then, O ruins!  
  
Temples of Neptune invaded by the sea  
And dolphins streaked like streams sportive  
As sunlight rode and over the rushing floors  
The sea unfurled and what was blue raced silver.**

**-John Peale Bishop**

**Edwards, Asbury & Cox**

**Red Is The Violet**

**Red is the violet  
Blue is the rose  
To you a birthday happy  
(I'm up-mixed, you suppose?)  
If from me a tip you'll take  
Since "Fair is all in love and war".  
And "Tis fair play to turn about".  
You're 45, not 54.  
Wish best,  
Rose Maude  
  
-Maude Rose Kelly  
Salem, Virginia 1966  
Born 1912-Pike Kentucky**

**New River Canyon**

**Vast fortunes spent to advertise,  
In every land beneath the skies,  
Has caused the multitude to roam  
Far from rich beauties closer home.  
  
The rich play-boys who risk their scalps,  
With every trip across the Alps,  
Would move with awe-inspiring tread  
On heights above New River's bed.  
  
The Colorado deep may flow,  
Through mighty canyons far below;  
But those who know will place their bet  
On grander canyons in Fayette.  
  
To those of you who cross the pond  
To view the valley Aggalon,  
Will see far more when you stand,  
And view America's Switzerland.  
  
What offers more enchanted gaze  
Than looking through the purple haze?  
Symmetric beauty mile on mile-  
Vast mountain ranges file on file.  
  
O roads of asphalt, smooth as glass  
The wheels of traffic swiftly pass;  
While through the valley far below  
Is swiftly speeding C & O.  
  
Lift now your eyes to azure blue  
Through which the fiery chariot flew,  
Then lower them to deep abyss  
Where demons howl and serpents hiss.  
  
Two questions now you entertain  
While mind of mortal man is sane.  
And answer to them none can tell,  
How high is Heaven-how deep is Hell.  
  
Words are too tame and speech too mean  
To paint the grandeur of the scene.  
But if you want the high and low,  
New River Canyon is one grand show**

**-Walter C. Harris Pax West Virginia  
1935**

**West Virginia Moon**

1.-  
From the world's broadcasting station  
As we hear the crooners croon,  
Every state in the great nation  
Claims our West Virginia moon.  
2.-  
Long in the silence have we waited  
As each state has filed a claim,  
But for us she was created.  
And shes' ours just the same.  
3.-  
Listen as we try to tell  
How a mountain man one morning soon  
Left his home to hunt his bell cow,  
And at night was on the moon.  
4.-  
Up the mountain side he followed,  
Though the path was rough and steep,  
And in vain for her he hollered  
For she made one mighty leap.  
5.-  
'Tis no myth or fairy story,  
And our boys are told each night,  
How this cow won fame and glory  
When she made this non-stop flight.  
6.-  
But this West Virginia farmer  
Made his last round-up that day,  
But he reached the moon in safety  
Every night he looks this way.  
7.-  
From over the moon the old folks say-  
The old cow came from the sky,  
She left her milk in the Milky Way,  
And forever was bone dry.  
  
-Walter C. Harris  
Pax West Virginia

1876-1936

**Mountain State Moon**

**The moon may shine in Caroline  
And on the Wabash too.  
While many a rhyme in many a clime  
Describes her glorious hue.  
But transcendently bright is the queen of the nite,  
Whether seen in December or June  
If you view it aright where naught dims the sight  
And call our Mountain State moon.  
  
Go view her calm face from the wide open space  
As she sails through the azure blue sky,  
Then climb some high peak, watch her play hide and seek  
With the soft clouds that go drifting by.  
The valley, the river, all nature it seems  
Is kissed into beauty by her soft, mellow beams.  
Ah, no. West Virginia envies no other moon  
For in no fairer land do fond lovers croon.  
  
-Walter C. Harris  
1876-1936**

**Memory And Retrospect**

**1-  
Life's retrospect brings to one and all  
A maze of joy and sorrow;  
And things we count as joy today  
Oft brings a sad tomorrow.  
2-  
Back thru the corridors of time  
Along the way we came,  
Fond memory points to scenes sublime  
And scenes that bring us shame.  
3-  
Since only once we pass this way  
Why spend our time lamenting.  
For life, while in this house of clay  
Means sinning and repenting.  
4-  
Alas for him who does not feel  
Each day he needs a savior:  
And daily pleads with Christ to heal  
And pardon ill-behavior.  
5-  
The blood that reached and cleansed today  
Has lost no power tomorrow:  
That fount was opened wide for aye,  
A balm for sin and sorrow."  
  
\*Pastor Walter C. Harris  
Long Branch West Virginia  
June 29, 1934**

**Charles Baudelaire**

**THE SPIRITUAL DAWN**

***by: Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)***

***http://www.poetry-archive.com/w_pic.gif*hen the morning white and rosy breaks,**

**With the gnawing Ideal, upon the debauchee,**

**By the power of a strange decree,**

**Within the sotted beast an Angel wakes.**

**The mental Heaven's inaccessible blue,**

**For wearied mortals that still dream and mourn,**

**Expands and sinks; towards the chasm drawn.**

**Thus, cherished goddess, Being pure and true—**

**Upon the rests of foolish orgy-nights**

**Thine image, more sublime, more pink, more clear,**

**Before my staring eyes is ever there.**

**The sun has darkened all the candle lights;**

**And thus thy spectre like the immortal sun,**

**Is ever victorious—thou resplendent one!**

**SONNET OF AUTUMN**

***by: Charles Baudelaire***

***http://www.poetry-archive.com/t_pic.gif*HEY say to me, thy clear and crystal eyes:**

**"Why dost thou love me so, strange lover mine?"**

**Be sweet, be still! My heart and soul despise**

**All save that antique brute-like faith of thine;**

**And will not bare the secret of their shame**

**To thee whose hand soothes me to slumbers long,**

**Nor their black legend write for thee in flame!**

**Passion I hate, a spirit does me wrong.**

**Let us love gently. Love, from his retreat,**

**Ambushed and shadowy, bends his fatal bow,**

**And I too well his ancient arrows know:**

**Crime, horror, folly. O pale marguerite,**

**Thou art as I, a bright sun fallen low,**

**O my so white, my so cold Marguerite.**

**THE SKY**

***by: Charles Baudelaire***

***http://www.poetry-archive.com/w_pic.gif*HERE'ER he be, on water or on land,**

**Under pale suns or climes that flames enfold;**

**One of Christ's own, or of Cythera's band,**

**Shadowy beggar or Crœsus rich with gold;**

**Citizen, peasant, student, tramp; whate'er**

**His little brain may be, alive or dead;**

**Man knows the fear of mystery everywhere,**

**And peeps, with trembling glances, overhead.**

**The heaven above? A strangling cavern wall;**

**The lighted ceiling of a music-hall**

**Where every actor treads a bloody soil--**

**The hermit's hope; the terror of the sot;**

**The sky: the black lid of the mighty pot**

**Where the vast human generations boil!**

**THE SICK MUSE**

***by: Charles Baudelaire***

***http://www.poetry-archive.com/p_pic.gif*OOR Muse, alas, what ails thee, then, to-day?**

**Thy hollow eyes with midnight visions burn,**

**Upon thy brow in alternation play,**

**Folly and Horror, cold and taciturn.**

**Have the green lemure and the goblin red,**

**Poured on thee love and terror from their urn?**

**Or with despotic hand the nightmare dread**

**Deep plunged thee in some fabulous Minturne?**

**Would that the breast where so deep thoughts arise,**

**Breathed forth a healthful perfume with thy sighs;**

**Would that thy Christian blood ran wave by wave**

**In rhythmic sounds the antique numbers gave,**

**When Phoebus shared his alternating reign**

**With mighty Pan, lord of the ripening grain.**

**THE SEVEN OLD MEN**

***by: Charles Baudelaire***

***http://www.poetry-archive.com/o_pic.gif*SWARMING city, city full of dreams,**

**Where in a full day the spectre walks and speaks;**

**Mighty colossus, in your narrow veins**

**My story flows as flows the rising sap.**

**One morn, disputing with my tired soul,**

**And like a hero stiffening all my nerves,**

**I trod a suburb shaken by the jar**

**Of rolling wheels, where the fog magnified**

**The houses either side of that sad street,**

**So they seemed like two wharves the ebbing flood**

**Leaves desolate by the river-side. A mist,**

**Unclean and yellow, inundated space--**

**A scene that would have pleased an actor's soul.**

**Then suddenly an aged man, whose rags**

**Were yellow as the rainy sky, whose looks**

**Should have brought alms in floods upon his head,**

**Without the misery gleaming in his eye,**

**Appeared before me; and his pupils seemed**

**To have been washed with gall; the bitter frost**

**Sharpened his glance; and from his chin a beard**

**Sword-stiff and ragged, Judas-like stuck forth.**

**He was not bent but broken: his backbone**

**Made a so true right angle with his legs,**

**That, as he walked, the tapping stick which gave**

**The finish to the picture, made him seem**

**Like some infirm and stumbling quadruped**

**Or a three-legged Jew. Through snow and mud**

**He walked with troubled and uncertain gait,**

**As though his sabots trod upon the dead,**

**Indifferent and hostile to the world.**

**His double followed him: tatters and stick**

**And back and eye and beard, all were the same;**

**Out of the same Hell, indistinguishable,**

**These centenarian twins, these spectres odd,**

**Trod the same pace toward some end unknown.**

**To what fell complot was I then exposed?**

**Humiliated by what evil chance?**

**For as the minutes one by one went by**

**Seven times I saw this sinister old man**

**Repeat his image there before my eyes!**

**Let him who smiles at my inquietude,**

**Who never trembled at a fear like mine,**

**Know that in their decrepitude's despite**

**These seven old hideous monsters had the mien**

**Of beings immortal.**

**THE SADNESS OF THE MOON**

***by: Charles Baudelaire***

***http://www.poetry-archive.com/t_pic.gif*HE Moon more indolently dreams to-night**

**Than a fair woman on her couch at rest,**

**Caressing, with a hand distraught and light,**

**Before she sleeps, the contour of her breast.**

**Upon her silken avalanche of down,**

**Dying she breathes a long and swooning sigh;**

**And watches the white visions past her flown,**

**Which rise like blossoms to the azure sky.**

**And when, at times, wrapped in her languor deep,**

**Earthward she lets a furtive tear-drop flow,**

**Some pious poet, enemy of sleep,**

**Takes in his hollow hand the tear of snow**

**Whence gleams of iris and of opal start,**

**And hides it from the Sun, deep in his heart.**

**Hermann Hesse**

**My Pillow gazes upon me at night  
Empty as a gravestone;  
I never thought it would be so bitter  
To be alone,  
Not to lie down asleep in your hair.  
  
I lie alone in a silent house,  
The hanging lamp darkened,  
And gently stretch out my hands  
To gather in yours,  
And softly press my warm mouth  
Toward you, and kiss myself, exhausted and weak-  
Then suddenly I'm awake  
And all around me the cold night grows still.  
The star in the window shines clearly-  
Where is your blond hair,  
Where your sweet mouth?  
  
Now I drink pain in every delight  
And poison in every wine;  
I never knew it would be so bitter  
To be alone,  
Alone, without you.  
  
  
Translated by James Wright**

**As every flower fades and as all youth  
Departs, 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 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**](http://www.poemhunter.com/hermann-hesse/poems/)

**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**

**You brothers, who are mine,  
Poor people, near and far,  
Longing for every star,  
Dream of relief from pain,  
You, stumbling dumb  
At night, as pale stars break,  
Lift your thin hands for some  
Hope, and suffer, and wake,  
Poor muddling commonplace,  
You sailors who must live  
Unstarred by hopelessness,  
We share a single face.  
Give me my welcome back.**

**-Hermann Hesse  
  
  
  
Translated by James Wright**

**Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**

**1.  
WHO rides there so late through the night dark and drear?  
The father it is, with his infant so dear;  
He holdeth the boy tightly clasp'd in his arm,  
He holdeth him safely, he keepeth him warm.  
  
"My son, wherefore seek'st thou thy face thus to hide?"  
"Look, father, the Erl-King is close by our side!  
Dost see not the Erl-King, with crown and with train?"  
"My son, 'tis the mist rising over the plain."  
  
"Oh, come, thou dear infant! oh come thou with me!  
Full many a game I will play there with thee;  
On my strand, lovely flowers their blossoms unfold,  
My mother shall grace thee with garments of gold."  
  
"My father, my father, and dost thou not hear  
The words that the Erl-King now breathes in mine ear?"  
"Be calm, dearest child, 'tis thy fancy deceives;  
'Tis the sad wind that sighs through the withering leaves."  
  
"Wilt go, then, dear infant, wilt go with me there?  
My daughters shall tend thee with sisterly care  
My daughters by night their glad festival keep,  
They'll dance thee, and rock thee, and sing thee to sleep."  
  
"My father, my father, and dost thou not see,  
How the Erl-King his daughters has brought here for me?"  
"My darling, my darling, I see it aright,  
'Tis the aged grey willows deceiving thy sight."  
  
"I love thee, I'm charm'd by thy beauty, dear boy!  
And if thou'rt unwilling, then force I'll employ."  
"My father, my father, he seizes me fast,  
Full sorely the Erl-King has hurt me at last."  
  
The father now gallops, with terror half wild,  
He grasps in his arms the poor shuddering child;  
He reaches his courtyard with toil and with dread,--  
The child in his arms finds he motionless, dead.**

**-J.W. Goethe**

**The Spirit's Salute**

**THE hero's noble shade stands high  
  
On yonder turret grey;  
And as the ship is sailing by,  
  
He speeds it on his way.  
  
"See with what strength these sinews thrill'd!  
  
This heart, how firm and wild!  
These bones, what knightly marrow fill'd!  
  
This cup, how bright it smil'd!**

**"Half of my life I strove and fought,  
  
And half I calmly pass'd;  
And thou, oh ship with beings fraught,  
  
Sail safely to the last!"**

[**Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**](http://www.poemhunter.com/johann-wolfgang-von-goethe/poems/)

**To Lida**

**THE only one whom, Lida, thou canst love,  
  
Thou claim'st, and rightly claim'st, for only thee;  
He too is wholly thine; since doomed to rove  
  
Far from thee, in life's turmoils nought I see  
Save a thin veil, through which thy form I view,  
As though in clouds; with kindly smile and true,  
  
It cheers me, like the stars eterne that gleam  
Across the northern-lights' far-flick'ring beam.**

[**Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**](http://www.poemhunter.com/johann-wolfgang-von-goethe/poems/)

**IN spreading mantle to my chin concealed,  
I trod the rocky path, so steep and grey,  
Then to the wintry plain I bent my way  
Uneasily, to flight my bosom steel'd.  
But sudden was the newborn day reveal'd:  
A maiden came, in heavenly bright array,  
Like the fair creatures of the poet's lay  
In realms of song. My yearning heart was heal'd.  
Yet turn'd I thence, till she had onward pass'd,  
While closer still the folds to draw I tried,  
As though with heat self-kindled to grow warm;  
But follow'd her. She stood. The die was cast!  
No more within my mantle could I hide;  
I threw it off,-she lay within mine arm.**

[**Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**](http://www.poemhunter.com/johann-wolfgang-von-goethe/poems/)

**IF thou wouldst live unruffled by care,  
Let not the past torment thee e'er;  
As little as possible be thou annoy'd,  
And let the present be ever enjoy'd;  
Ne'er let thy breast with hate be supplied,  
And to God the future confide.**

[**Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**](http://www.poemhunter.com/johann-wolfgang-von-goethe/poems/)

**Edgar Allen Poe**

**To F--S S. O--D**

**Thou wouldst be loved?- then let thy heart  
From its present pathway part not!  
Being everything which now thou art,  
Be nothing which thou art not.  
So with the world thy gentle ways,  
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,  
Shall be an endless theme of praise,  
And love- a simple duty.**

[**Edgar Allan Poe**](http://www.poemhunter.com/edgar-allan-poe/poems/)

**Hymn**

**At morn- at noon- at twilight dim-  
Maria! thou hast heard my hymn!  
In joy and woe- in good and ill-  
Mother of God, be with me still!  
When the hours flew brightly by,  
And not a cloud obscured the sky,  
My soul, lest it should truant be,  
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee;  
Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast  
Darkly my Present and my Past,  
Let my Future radiant shine  
With sweet hopes of thee and thine!**

[**Edgar Allan Poe**](http://www.poemhunter.com/edgar-allan-poe/poems/)

**Enigma**

**The noblest name in Allegory's page,   
The hand that traced inexorable rage;   
A pleasing moralist whose page refined,   
Displays the deepest knowledge of the mind;   
A tender poet of a foreign tongue,   
(Indited in the language that he sung.)   
A bard of brilliant but unlicensed page   
At once the shame and glory of our age,   
The prince of harmony and stirling sense,   
The ancient dramatist of eminence,   
The bard that paints imagination's powers,   
And him whose song revives departed hours,   
Once more an ancient tragic bard recall,   
In boldness of design surpassing all.   
These names when rightly read, a name [make] known   
Which gathers all their glories in its own.**

[**Edgar Allan Poe**](http://www.poemhunter.com/edgar-allan-poe/poems/)

**Breece D'J Pancake**

**I think of you in the sunshine,  
I dream night and day of you.  
When all the world is silent,  
And the stars shine out in the blue  
  
And wheather the hours are golden  
Or weather the day be drear,  
It seems you're beside me always-  
I never forget you dear!  
  
I see your eyes in the stars, love.  
I hear your voice in the sea,  
The spell of your tender presence  
Goes over the world with me.  
  
And distance cannot divide us,  
Though far away, or near,  
In my heart of hearts you dwell, love,  
I never forget you dear!  
  
The stars may forget their places,  
The day may forget to break:  
The flight of the hours may alter,  
The rose may forget to wake.  
  
But love that is true is forever,  
Not a day, nor a month, nor a year;  
To the end of the world I love you,  
I never forget you dear!  
  
-W.C. Harris  
Long Branch West Virginia  
1876-1936**

1. **Dost thou remember, dearest heart,  
   Before our lives were torn apart  
   How oft we met beneath the pines  
   Through which the silver moonlight shines?  
     
   Dost thou remember, fairest one,  
   Our midnight joy rides and fun?  
   When oft we took paths obscure  
   And found delight in each detour?  
     
   Does memory fail you, oh, my love,  
   How from New River's heights above  
   We lingered long midst leaf and fern,  
   While friends awaited our return?  
     
   Will time erase the tragic scene  
   When love and passion swayed my Queen?  
   Where lash-horns met across the trail.  
     
   When storms had passed and fogs dispelled,  
   Some wondrous scenes our eyes beheld;  
   Again we view the flock with pride,  
   Each lamb is safe at mother's side.  
     
   But time has turned another page  
   And storms still in your bosom rage;  
   One question I would ask tonight:  
   Will love or passion win the fight?  
     
   -Walter C. Harris  
   Long Branch West Virginia  
   1876-1936**

**"1-  
Life's retrospect brings to one and all  
A maze of joy and sorrow;  
And things we count as joy today  
Oft brings a sad tomorrow.  
2-  
Back thru the corridors of time  
Along the way we came,  
Fond memory points to scenes sublime  
And scenes that bring us shame.  
3-  
Since only once we pass this way  
Why spend our time lamenting.  
For life, while in this house of clay  
Means sinning and repenting.  
4-  
Alas for him who does not feel  
Each day he needs a savior:  
And daily pleads with Christ to heal  
And pardon ill-behavior.  
5-  
The blood that reached and cleansed today  
Has lost no power tomorrow:  
That fount was opened wide for aye,  
A balm for sin and sorrow."  
  
\*Pastor Walter C. Harris  
Long Branch West Virginia  
June 29, 1934**

1. **Red is the violet  
   Blue is the rose  
   To you a birthday happy  
   (I'm up-mixed, you suppose?)  
   If from me a tip you'll take  
   Since "Fair is all in love and war".  
   And "Tis fair play to turn about".  
   You're 45, not 54.  
   Wish best,  
   Rose Maude  
     
   -Maude Rose Kelly  
   Salem, Virginia 1966  
   Born 1912-Pike Kentucky**

**Edwards, Asbury & Cox**

**Poems by James Wright**

**To a Blossoming Pear Tree**

**Beautiful natural blossoms,   
Pure delicate body,   
You stand without trembling.   
Little mist of fallen starlight,   
Perfect, beyond my reach,   
How I envy you.   
For if you could only listen,   
I would tell you something,   
Something human.**

**An old man   
Appeared to me once   
In the unendurable snow.   
He had a singe of white   
Beard on his face.   
He paused on a street in Minneapolis   
And stroked my face.   
Give it to me, he begged.   
I'll pay you anything.**

**I flinched.  Both terrified,   
We slunk away,   
Each in his own way dodging   
The cruel darts of the cold.**

**Beautiful natural blossoms,   
How could you possibly   
Worry or bother or care   
About the ashamed, hopeless   
Old man?  He was so near death   
He was willing to take   
Any love he could get,   
Even at the risk   
Of some mocking policeman   
Or some cute young wiseacre   
Smashing his dentures,   
Perhaps leading him on   
To a dark place and there   
Kicking him in his dead groin   
Just for the fun of it.**

**Young tree, unburdened   
By anything but your beautiful natural blossoms   
And dew, the dark   
Blood in my body drags me   
Down with my brother.**

**James Wright**

**Northern Pike**

**All right.  Try this,   
Then.  Every body   
I know and care for,   
And every body   
Else is going   
To die in a loneliness   
I can't imagine and a pain   
I don't know.  We had   
To go on living.  We   
Untangled the net, we slit   
The body of this fish   
Open from the hinge of the tail   
To a place beneath the chin   
I wish I could sing of.   
I would just as soon we let   
The living go on living.   
An old poet whom we believe in   
Said the same thing, and so   
We paused among the dark cattails and prayed   
For the muskrats,   
For the ripples below their tails,   
For the little movements that we knew the crawdads were making under water,   
For the right-hand wrist of my cousin who is a policeman   
We prayed for the game warden's blindness.   
We prayed for the road home.   
We ate the fish.   
There must be something very beautiful in my body,   
I am so happy.**

**James Wright**

**A Blessing**

**Just off the highway to Rochester, Minnesota,   
Twilight bounds softly forth on the grass.   
And the eyes of those two Indian ponies   
Darken with kindness.   
They have come gladly out of the willows   
To welcome my friend and me.   
We step over the barbed wire into the pasture   
Where they have been grazing all day, alone.   
They ripple tensely, they can hardly contain their happiness   
That we have come.   
They bow shyly as wet swans.  They love each other.   
There is no loneliness like theirs.   
At home once more, they begin munching the young tufts of spring in the darkness.   
I would like to hold the slenderer one in my arms,   
For she has walked over to me   
And nuzzled my left hand.   
She is black and white,   
Her mane falls wild on her forehead,   
And the light breeze moves me to caress her long ear   
That is delicate as the skin over a girl's wrist.   
Suddenly I realize   
That if I stepped out of my body I would break   
Into blossom.**

**James Wright**

**Trying to Pray  
  
This time, I have left my body behind me, crying  
In its dark thorns.  
Still,  
There are good things in this world.  
It is dusk.  
It is the good darkness  
Of women's hands that touch loaves.  
The spirit of a tree begins to move.  
I touch leaves.  
I close my eyes and think of water.**

**James Wright**

**The Jewel**

**There is this cave   
In the air behind my body   
That nobody is going to touch:   
A cloister, a silence   
Closing around a blossom of fire.   
When I stand upright in the wind,   
My bones turn to dark emeralds.**

**James Wright**

**Charles Baudelaire**

**The sky - Poem by Charles Baudelaire**

**Where'er he be, on water or on land,  
Under pale suns or climes that flames enfold;  
One of Christ's own, or of Cythera's band,  
Shadowy beggar or Crœsus rich with gold;  
  
Citizen, peasant, student, tramp; whate'er  
His little brain may be, alive or dead;  
Man knows the fear of mystery everywhere,  
And peeps, with trembling glances, overhead.  
  
The heaven above? A strangling cavern wall;  
The lighted ceiling of a music-hall  
Where every actor treads a bloody soil-   
  
The hermit's hope; the terror of the sot;  
The sky: the black lid of the mighty pot  
Where the vast human generations boil!**

[**Charles Baudelaire**](http://www.poemhunter.com/charles-baudelaire/poems/)

**Oh moon our fathers worshipped, their love discreet,  
from the blue country’s heights where the bright seraglio,  
the stars in their sweet dress, go treading after you,  
my ancient Cynthia, lamp of my retreat,  
do you see the lovers, in their bed’s happiness  
showing in sleep their mouths’ cool enamels,  
the poet bruising his forehead on his troubles,  
or the vipers coupling under the dry grasses?  
Under your yellow cloak, with clandestine pacing,  
do you pass as before, from twilight to morning,  
to kiss Endymion’s faded grace?  
- ‘I see your mother, Child of this impoverished century,  
who, over her mirror, bends a time-worn face,  
and powders the breast that fed you, skilfully.’**

[**Charles Baudelaire**](http://www.poemhunter.com/charles-baudelaire/poems/)

**Here’s the criminal’s friend, delightful evening:  
come like an accomplice, with a wolf’s loping:  
slowly the sky’s vast vault hides each feature,  
and restless man becomes a savage creature.  
Evening, sweet evening, desired by him who can say  
without his arms proving him a liar: ‘Today  
we’ve worked!’ – It refreshes, this evening hour,  
those spirits that savage miseries devour,  
the dedicated scholar with heavy head,  
the bowed workman stumbling home to bed.  
Yet now unhealthy demons rise again   
clumsily, in the air, like busy men,  
beat against sheds and arches in their flight.  
And among the wind-tormented gas-lights  
Prostitution switches on through the streets  
opening her passageways like an ant-heap:  
weaving her secret tunnels everywhere,  
like an enemy planning a coup, she’s there  
burrowing into the wombs of the city’s mires,  
like a worm stealing from Man what it desires.  
Here, there, you catch the kitchens’ whistles,  
the orchestras’ droning, the theatres’ yells,   
low dives where gambling’s all the pleasure,  
filling with whores, and crooks, their partners,  
and the thieves who show no respite or mercy,  
will soon be setting to work, as they tenderly,  
they too, toil at forcing safes and doorways,  
to live, clothe their girls, for a few more days.  
Collect yourself, my soul, at this grave hour,  
and close your ears to the rising howl.  
It’s now that the pains of the sick increase!  
Dark Night clasps them by the throat: they reach  
their journey’s end, the common pit’s abandon:  
the hospital fills with their sighs. – Many a one,  
will never return to their warm soup by the fire,  
by the hearth, at evening, next to their heart’s desire.  
And besides the majority have never known  
never having lived, the gentleness of home!**

[**Charles Baudelaire**](http://www.poemhunter.com/charles-baudelaire/poems/)

**With quiet heart, I climbed the hill,  
from which one can see, the city, complete,  
hospitals, brothels, purgatory, hell,  
prison, where every sin flowers, at our feet.  
You know well, Satan, patron of my distress,  
I did not trudge up there to vainly weep,  
but like an old man with an old mistress,  
I longed to intoxicate myself, with the infernal delight  
of the vast procuress, who can always make things fresh.  
Whether you still sleep in the morning light,  
heavy, dark, rheumatic, or whether your hands  
flutter, in your pure, gold-edged veils of night,  
I love you, infamous capital! Courtesans  
and pimps, you often offer pleasures  
the vulgar mob will never understand.**

[**Charles Baudelaire**](http://www.poemhunter.com/charles-baudelaire/poems/)

**The Ideal  
  
It will never be the beauties that vignettes show, Those damaged products of a good-for-nothing age,   
Their feet shod with high shoes, hands holding castanets,   
Who can ever satisfy any heart like mine.  
  
I leave to Gavarni, poet of chlorosis,   
His prattling troop of consumptive beauties,   
For I cannot find among those pale roses   
A flower that is like my red ideal.  
  
The real need of my heart, profound as an abyss,   
Is you, Lady Macbeth, soul so potent in crime,   
The dream of Aeschylus, born in the land of storms;  
  
Or you, great Night, daughter of Michelangelo,   
Who calmly contort, reclining in a strange pose   
Your charms molded by the mouths of Titans!  
  
  
— Charles Baudelaire-Translated by William Aggeler**

**Hermann Hesse**

**The Dream**

**Having awoken from a nightmare's fright**

**I sit in bed and stare into the Night.**

**I shudder deeply at my own soul's spark**

**that called upon such visions from the dark.**

**The sins I have committed in my dream,**

**are they my work? And are they, what they seem?**

**Alas, what this bad dream to me reveals**

**is bitter truth, is what my soul conceals.**

**I, by the uncorrupted judge's word,**

**have of the blotches on my nature heard.**

**Cool from the window Night is breathing through**

**and shimmers, fog-like, in a greyish hue.**

**Oh sweet, bright day, please come and enter free**

**and try to heal what Night has done to me.**

**Oh day, through me do all your sunlight send**

**so that, again, before you I may stand.**

**And make me, even if it is in pain,**

**of this bad hour's horror free again!**

**-Hermann Hesse**

**In the Mist**

**Strange it is, walking through mists!**

**Lonely are bush and stone:**

**None to the other exists,**

**each stands alone.**

**Many my friends I kept calling**

**when there was light in me;**

**Now, that my fogs are falling,**

**none can I see.**

**Truly, only the sages**

**fathom a darkness to fall,**

**that, as silent as cages,**

**separates all.**

**Strange it is, walking through mists!**

**Life has to solitude grown:**

**None to the other exists:**

**each stands alone.**

**-Hermann Hesse**

**Sometimes**

**Sometimes, when a bird calls,**

**or a wind moves through the brush,**

**or a dog barks in a distant farmyard,**

**I must listen a long time, and hush.**

**My soul flies back to where,**

**before a thousand forgotten years begin,**

**the bird and the waving wind**

**were like me, and were my kin.**

**My soul becomes a tree, an animal,**

**a cloud woven across the sky.**

**Changed and unfamiliar it turns back**

**and questions me. How shall I reply?**

**-Hermann Hesse**

**The Drifting Leaf**

**Headmost in wind's shoving**

**waves a wilted leaf.**

**Roaming, youth, and loving**

**stops: their time is brief.**

**Trackless leaves ascend, descend**

**wherever winds will stray,**

**only to stop in the woods, in decay.**

**Where will my journey end?**

**-Hermann Hesse**

**Steps**

**Like ev'ry flower wilts, like youth is fading**

**and turns to age, so also one's achieving:**

**Each virtue and each wisdom needs parading**

**in one's own time, and must not last forever.**

**The heart must be, at each new call for leaving,**

**prepared to part and start without the tragic,**

**without the grief - with courage to endeavor**

**a novel bond, a disparate connection:**

**For each beginning bears a special magic**

**that nurtures living and bestows protection.**

**We'll walk from space to space in glad progression**

**and should not cling to one as homestead for us.**

**The cosmic spirit will not bind nor bore us;**

**It lifts and widens us in ev'ry session:**

**For hardly set in one of life's expanses**

**we make it home, and apathy commences.**

**But only he, who travels and takes chances,**

**can break the habits' paralyzing stances.**

**It might be, even, that the last of hours**

**will make us once again a youthful lover:**

**The call of life to us forever flowers...**

**Anon, my heart: Say farewell and recover!**

**-Hermann Hesse**

**Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**

**MARCH.**

**THE snow-flakes fall in showers,**

**The time is absent still,  
When all Spring's beauteous flowers,  
When all Spring's beauteous flowers**

**Our hearts with joy shall fill.**

**With lustre false and fleeting**

**The sun's bright rays are thrown;  
The swallow's self is cheating:  
The swallow's self is cheating,**

**And why? He comes alone!**

**Can I e'er feel delighted**

**Alone, though Spring is near?  
Yet when we are united,  
Yet when we are united,**

**The Summer will be here.**

**1817.**

**-Goethe**

**APRIL.**

**TELL me, eyes, what 'tis ye're seeking;**

**For ye're saying something sweet,**

**Fit the ravish'd ear to greet,  
Eloquently, softly speaking.**

**Yet I see now why ye're roving;**

**For behind those eyes so bright,**

**To itself abandon'd quite,  
Lies a bosom, truthful, loving,--**

**One that it must fill with pleasure**

**'Mongst so many, dull and blind,**

**One true look at length to find,  
That its worth can rightly treasure.**

**Whilst I'm lost in studying ever**

**To explain these cyphers duly,--**

**To unravel my looks truly  
In return be your endeavour!**

**1820.**

**-Goethe**

**MAY.**

**LIGHT and silv'ry cloudlets hover**

**In the air, as yet scarce warm;  
Mild, with glimmer soft tinged over,**

**Peeps the sun through fragrant balm.  
Gently rolls and heaves the ocean**

**As its waves the bank o'erflow.  
And with ever restless motion**

**Moves the verdure to and fro,**

**Mirror'd brightly far below.**

**What is now the foliage moving?**

**Air is still, and hush'd the breeze,  
Sultriness, this fullness loving,**

**Through the thicket, from the trees.  
Now the eye at once gleams brightly,**

**See! the infant band with mirth  
Moves and dances nimbly, lightly,**

**As the morning gave it birth,**

**Flutt'ring two and two o'er earth.**

**\*      \*      \*      \***

**1816.**

**-Goethe**

**JUNE.**

**SHE behind yon mountain lives,  
Who my love's sweet guerdon gives.  
Tell me, mount, how this can be!  
Very glass thou seem'st to me,  
And I seem to be close by,  
For I see her drawing nigh;  
Now, because I'm absent, sad,  
Now, because she sees me, glad!**

**Soon between us rise to sight  
Valleys cool, with bushes light,  
Streams and meadows; next appear**

**Mills and wheels, the surest token  
That a level spot is near,**

**Plains far-stretching and unbroken.  
And so onwards, onwards roam,  
To my garden and my home!**

**But how comes it then to pass?  
All this gives no joy, alas!--  
I was ravish'd by her sight,  
By her eyes so fair and bright,  
By her footstep soft and light.  
How her peerless charms I praised,  
When from head to foot I gazed!  
I am here, she's far away,--  
I am gone, with her to stay.**

**If on rugged hills she wander,**

**If she haste the vale along,  
Pinions seem to flutter yonder,**

**And the air is fill'd with song;  
With the glow of youth still playing,**

**Joyous vigour in each limb,  
One in silence is delaying,**

**She alone 'tis blesses him.**

**Love, thou art too fair, I ween!  
Fairer I have never seen!  
From the heart full easily  
Blooming flowers are cull'd by thee.  
If I think: "Oh, were it so,"  
Bone and marrow seen to glow!  
If rewarded by her love,  
Can I greater rapture prove?**

**And still fairer is the bride,  
When in me she will confide,  
When she speaks and lets me know  
All her tale of joy and woe.  
All her lifetime's history  
Now is fully known to me.  
Who in child or woman e'er  
Soul and body found so fair?**

**1815.**

**-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.**

**1816.**

**-Goethe**

**Edgar Allen Poe**

**Alone**

**From childhood's hour I have not been**

**As others were; I have not seen**

**As others saw; I could not bring**

**My passions from a common spring.**

**From the same source I have not taken**

**My sorrow; I could not awaken**

**My heart to joy at the same tone;**

**And all I loved, I loved alone.**

**Then- in my childhood, in the dawn**

**Of a most stormy life- was drawn**

**From every depth of good and ill**

**The mystery which binds me still:**

**From the torrent, or the fountain,**

**From the red cliff of the mountain,**

**From the sun that round me rolled**

**In its autumn tint of gold,**

**From the lightning in the sky**

**As it passed me flying by,**

**From the thunder and the storm,**

**And the cloud that took the form**

**(When the rest of Heaven was blue)**

**Of a demon in my view.**

**-E.A. Poe**

**The Happiest Day**

**The happiest day -- the happiest hour**

**My sear'd and blighted heart hath known,**

**The highest hope of pride and power,**

**I feel hath flown.**

**Of power! said I? yes! such I ween;**

**But they have vanish'd long, alas!**

**The visions of my youth have been-**

**But let them pass.**

**And, pride, what have I now with thee?**

**Another brow may even inherit**

**The venom thou hast pour'd on me**

**Be still, my spirit!**

**The happiest day -- the happiest hour**

**Mine eyes shall see -- have ever seen,**

**The brightest glance of pride and power,**

**I feel- have been:**

**But were that hope of pride and power**

**Now offer'd with the pain**

**Even then I felt -- that brightest hour**

**I would not live again:**

**For on its wing was dark alloy,**

**And, as it flutter'd -- fell**

**An essence -- powerful to destroy**

**A soul that knew it well.**

**-E.A. Poe**

**A Dream**

**In visions of the dark night**

**I have dreamed of joy departed-**

**But a waking dream of life and light**

**Hath left me broken-hearted.**

**Ah! what is not a dream by day**

**To him whose eyes are cast**

**On things around him with a ray**

**Turned back upon the past?**

**That holy dream- that holy dream,**

**While all the world were chiding,**

**Hath cheered me as a lovely beam**

**A lonely spirit guiding.**

**What though that light, thro' storm and night,**

**So trembled from afar-**

**What could there be more purely bright**

**In Truth's day-star?**

**-E.A. Poe**

**Romance**

**Romance, who loves to nod and sing,**

**With drowsy head and folded wing,**

**Among the green leaves as they shake**

**Far down within some shadowy lake,**

**To me a painted paroquet**

**Hath been- a most familiar bird-**

**Taught me my alphabet to say-**

**To lisp my very earliest word**

**While in the wild wood I did lie,**

**A child- with a most knowing eye.**

**Of late, eternal Condor years**

**So shake the very Heaven on high**

**With tumult as they thunder by,**

**I have no time for idle cares**

**Through gazing on the unquiet sky.**

**And when an hour with calmer wings**

**Its down upon my spirit flings-**

**That little time with lyre and rhyme**

**To while away- forbidden things!**

**My heart would feel to be a crime**

**Unless it trembled with the strings.**

**-E.A. Poe**

**Loyal Jones**

**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