Poems for English 10

O Captain! My Captain!
--Walt Whitman

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done, The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won, The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting, While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring; But O heart! heart! heart! O the bleeding drops of red, Where on the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead. O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells; Rise up- for you the flag is flung- for you the bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths- for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

What The Doctor Said
- Raymond Carver

He said it doesn’t look good
he said it looks bad in fact real bad
he said I counted thirty-two of them on one lung before
I quit counting them
I said I'm glad I wouldn't want to know
about any more being there than that
he said are you a religious man do you kneel down
in forest groves and let yourself ask for help
when you come to a waterfall
mist blowing against your face and arms
do you stop and ask for understanding at those moments
I said not yet but I intend to start today
he said I'm real sorry he said
I wish I had some other kind of news to give you
I said Amen and he said something else
I didn't catch and not knowing what else to do
and not wanting him to have to repeat it
and me to have to fully digest it
I just looked at him
for a minute and he looked back it was then
I jumped up and shook hands with this man who'd just given me
something no one else on earth had ever given me
I may have even thanked him habit being so strong

I Hear America singing
--Walt Whitman

I HEAR America singing, the varied carols I hear;
Those of mechanics--each one singing his, as it should be, blithe and strong;
The carpenter singing his, as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his, as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work;
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat--the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck;
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench--the hatter singing as he stands;
The wood-cutter's song--the ploughboy's, on his way in the morning, or at the noon intermission, or at sundown;
The delicious singing of the mother--or of the young wife at work--or of the girl sewing or washing--Each singing what belongs to her, and to none else;
The day what belongs to the day--At night, the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing, with open mouths, their strong melodious songs.
In Memory of a Child
BY Vachel Lindsey

I
The angels guide him now,
And watch his curly head,
And lead him in their games,
The little boy we led.

II
He cannot come to harm,
He knows more than we know,
His light is brighter far
Than daytime here below.

III
His path leads on and on,
Through pleasant lawns and flowers,
His brown eyes open wide
At grass more green than ours.

IV
With playmates like himself,
The shining boy will sing,
Exploring wondrous woods,
Sweet with eternal spring.

V
Yet, he is lost to us,
Far is his path of gold,
Far does the city seem,
Lonely our hearts and old.

Nothing Gold Can Stay
--Robert Frost

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leafs a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

The Shoes
--Brent Pallas

When they first came
their mouths agape
their bodies shining
like beetles about to stir
every edge poised
for the multitude of steps
some moment
of leaping not yet taken
their hides stiff
shielding some tenderness
within, warming
to the creak of movement
over penitent steps
or dusty wastes, unyielding
tasks or stony memorials
of waiting
through the heat of day's
quiet middle, every icy
threshold or soggy spring
their heels flush with pavement,
their soles flung aside only
for love, all the tattered
maps of their seams, every
unforgiving rub.

The Sky is Low
--Emily Dickinson

The Sky is low-the Clouds are mean
A Traveling Flake of Snow
Across a Barn or through a Rut
Debates if it will go-
A Narrow Wind complains all Day
How some one treated him.
Nature, like Us is sometimes caught
Without her Diadem.
Morning
--Billy Collins

Why do we bother with the rest of the day,
the swale of the afternoon,
the sudden dip into evening,
then night with his notorious perfumes,
his many-pointed stars?

This is the best—
throwing off the light covers,
feet on the cold floor,
and buzzing around the house on espresso—

maybe a splash of water on the face,
a palmful of vitamins—
but mostly buzzing around the house on espresso,

dictionary and atlas open on the rug,
the typewriter waiting for the key of the head,
a cello on the radio,

and, if necessary, the windows—
trees fifty, a hundred years old
out there,
heavy clouds on the way
and the lawn steaming like a horse
in the early morning.

The Illiterate
--William Meredith

Touching your goodness, I am like a man
Who turns a letter over in his hand
And you might think this was because the hand
Was unfamiliar but, truth is, the man
Has never had a letter from anyone;
And now he is both afraid of what it means
And ashamed because he has no other means
To find out what it says than to ask someone.

His uncle could have left the farm to him,
Or his parents died before he sent them word,
Or the dark girl changed and want him for beloved.
Afraid and letter-proud, he keeps it with him.
What would you call his feeling for the words
That keep him rich and orphaned and beloved?

Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night
--Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray,
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Resume
--Dorothy Parker

Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp;
Acids stain you;
And drugs cause cramp;
Guns aren't lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.
If Not for the Cat
--Jack Prelutsky

If not for the cat,
And the scarcity of cheese,
I could be content.

Green Frog
--Ryunosuke Akutagawa

Green frog,
Is your body also
freshly painted?

Sick and Feverish
----Ryunosuke Akutagawa

Sick and feverish
Glimpse of cherry blossoms
Still shivering.

In the Cicada’s Cry
--Matsu Basho

In the cicada’s cry
No sign can foretell
How soon it must die.

An Old Pond!
----Matsu Basho

An old pond!
A frog jumps in-
The sound of water.

They’ve gone
-- Dhugal Lindsay

they've gone...
where the beach umbrella was
the sand not quite so hot

Bloodstained Kiss

Those soft, bashful eyes.
your seductive, blood-stained kiss,
sweetened all your lies.

There were no goodbyes.
You don't know how much I miss
those soft, bashful eyes.

Despite your disguise,
your scent, your touch, your smile; This
sweetened all your lies.

Striving for the prize,
but there was something amiss;
those soft, bashful eyes.

So I memorize,
all my dreams of you; this bliss
sweetened all your lies.

Though I still despise,
I do need to reminisce.
Those soft, bashful eyes,
sweetened all your lies.

maggie and milly and molly and may
--E.E. Cumming

maggie and milly and molly and may
went down to the beach(to play one day)
and maggie discovered a shell that sang
so sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles, and
milly befriend a stranded star
whose rays five languid fingers were;
and molly was chased by a horrible thing
which raced sideways while blowing bubbles and
may came home with as mooth round stone
as small as a world and as large as alone.
for whatever we lose(like a you or me)
it's always ourselves we find in the sea
**I Hear an Army**  
--James Joyce

I hear an army charging upon the land,  
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their Knees:  
Arrogant, in black armor, behind them stand,  
Disdaining the reins, with fluttering whips, the Charioteers.  
They cry unto the night their battle-name:  
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.  
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,  
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.  
They come shaking in triumph their long, green hair
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the Shore.
My heart, have you not wisdom thus to despair?  
My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?

**Villanelle for Our Time**  
--Leonard Cohen

From bitter searching of the heart,  
Quickened with passion and with pain  
We rise to play a greater part.  
This is the faith from which we start:  
Men shall know commonwealth again  
From bitter searching of the heart.

We loved the easy and the smart,  
But now, with keener hand and brain,  
We rise to play a greater part.

The lesser loyalties depart,  
And neither race nor creed remain  
From bitter searching of the heart.

Not steering by the venal chart  
That tricked the mass for private gain,  
We rise to play a greater part.

Reshaping narrow law and art  
Whose symbols are the millions slain,  
From bitter searching of the heart  
We rise to play a greater part.

**Playing Dead**  
--Andrew Hudgins

Our father liked to play a game.  
He played that he was dead.  
He took his thick black glasses off and stretched out on the bed.

He wouldn’t twitch and didn’t snore or move in any way.  
He didn’t even seem to breathe!  
We asked, Are you okay?

We tickled fingers up and down his huge, pink, stinky feet—  
He didn’t move; he lay as still as last year’s parakeet.

We pushed our fingers up his nose, and wiggled them inside—  
Next, we peeled his eyelids back.  
Are you okay? we cried.

I really thought he might be dead and not just playing possum,  
because his eyeballs didn’t twitch when I slid my tongue across ‘em.

He’s dead, we sobbed—but to be sure,  
I jabbed him in the jewels.  
He rose, like Jesus, from the dead, though I don’t think Jesus drools.

His right hand lashed both right and left.  
His left hand clutched his scrotum.  
And the words he yelled—I know damn well I’m way too young to quote ‘em.
Dream Deferred
--Langston Hughes

Harlem
What happens to a dream deferred?
Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore-
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over-
like a syrupy sweet?
Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud
--William Wordsworth

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
10 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed--and gazed--but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood, 20
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Dreams
--Langston Hughes

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That canot fly.
Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

Women
--Alice Walker
They were women then
My mama’s generation
Husky of voice- Stout of Step
With fists as well as
Hands
How they battered down
Doors
And ironed
Starched white
Shirts
How they led
Armies
Headdragged Generals
Across mined
Fields
Booby-trapped
Ditches
To discover books
Desks
A place for us
How they knew what we
Must know
Without knowing a page
Of it
Themselves.
Annabel Lee
-- Edgar Allan Poe

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love-
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me-
Yes!- that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we-
Of many far wiser than we-
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling- my darling- my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

The Seven Ages of Man (Excerpt from As You Like It)
-- William Shakespeare

Monologue by
JAQUES

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formalcut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

WHAT I DID ON A RAINY DAY
--May Swenson

Breathed the fog from the valley
Inhaled its ether fumes
With whittling eyes peeled the hills
to their own blue and bone
Swallowed piercing pellets of rain
caught cloudsful in one colorless cup
Exhaling stung the earth with sunlight
struck leaf and bristle to green fire
Turned tree trunks to gleaming pillars
and twigs to golden nails
With one breath taken into the coils
of my blood and given again when vibrant
I showed who's god around here
Beau
--Jimmy Stewart

He never came to me when I would call
Unless I had a tennis ball,
Or he felt like it,
But mostly he didn't come at all.
When he was young
He never learned to heel
Or sit or stay,
He did things his way.
Discipline was not his bag
But when you were with him things sure didn't drag.
He'd dig up a rosebush just to spite me,
And when I'd grab him, he'd turn and bite me.
He bit lots of folks from day to day,
The delivery boy was his favorite prey.
The gas man wouldn't read our meter,
He said we owned a real man-eater.
He set the house on fire
But the story's long to tell.
Suffice it to say that he survived
And the house survived as well.
On the evening walks, and Gloria took him,
He was always first out the door.
The Old One and I brought up the rear
Because our bones were sore.
He would charge up the street with Mom hanging on,
What a beautiful pair they were!
And if it was still light and the tourists were out,
They created a bit of a stir.
But every once in a while, he would stop in his tracks
And with a frown on his face look around.
It was just to make sure that the Old One was there
And would follow him where he was bound.
We are early-to-bedders at our house--
I guess I'm the first to retire.
And as I'd leave the room he'd look at me
And get up from his place by the fire.
He knew where the tennis balls were upstairs,
And I'd give him one for a while.
He would push it under the bed with his nose
And I'd fish it out with a smile.
And before very long
He'd tire of the ball
And be asleep in his corner
In no time at all.
And there were nights when I'd feel him
Climb upon our bed
And lie between us,
And I'd pat his head.
And there were nights when I'd feel this stare
And I'd wake up and he'd be sitting there
And I reach out my hand and stroke his hair.

And sometimes I'd feel him sigh
And I think I know the reason why.
He would wake up at night
And he would have this fear
Of the dark, of life, of lots of things,
And he'd be glad to have me near.
And now he's dead.
And there are nights when I think I feel him
Climb upon our bed and lie between us,
And I pat his head.
And there are nights when I think
I feel that stare
And I reach out my hand to stroke his hair,
But he's not there.
Oh, how I wish that wasn't so,
I'll always love a dog named Beau.

Dog’s Death
--John Updike

She must have been kicked unseen or brushed by a car.
Too young to know much, she was beginning to learn
To use the newspapers spread on the kitchen floor
And to win, wetting there, the words, "Good dog! Good dog!"

We thought her shy malaise was a shot reaction.
The autopsy disclosed a rupture in her liver.
As we teased her with play, blood was filling her skin
And her heart was learning to lie down forever.

Monday morning, as the children were noisily fed
And sent to school, she crawled beneath the youngest's bed.
We found her twisted and limp but still alive.
In the car to the vet's, on my lap, she tried

To bite my hand and died. I stroked her warm fur
And my wife called in a voice imperious with tears.
Though surrounded by love that would have upheld her,
Nevertheless she sank and, stiffening, disappeared.

Back home, we found that in the night her frame,
Drawing near to dissolution, had endured the shame
Of diarrhoea and had dragged across the floor
To a newspaper carelessly left there. Good dog.
When love within her lovely face appears
--Petrarch

When Love within her lovely face appears
now and again among the other ladies,
as much as each is less lovely than she
the more my wish I love within me grows.
I bless the place, the time and hour of the day
that my eyes aimed their sights at such a height,
and say: 'My soul, you must be very grateful
that you were found worthy of such great honour.
From her to you comes loving thought that leads,
as long as you pursue, to highest good,
esteeming little what all men desire;
there comes from her all joyous honesty
that leads you by the straight path up to Heaven-
already I fly high upon my hope.'

Notice What This Poem Is Not Doing
--William Stafford

The light along the hills in the morning
comes down slowly, naming the trees
white, then coasting the ground for stones to
nominate.

Notice what this poem is not doing.

A house, a house, a barn, the old
quarry, where the river shrugs--
how much of this place is yours?

Notice what this poem is not doing.

Every person gone has taken a stone
to hold, and catch the sun. The carving
says, "Not here, but called away."

Notice what this poem is not doing.

The sun, the earth, the sky, all wait.
The crowns and redbirds talk. The light
along the hills has come, has found you.

Notice what this poem has not done.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun (Sonnet 130)
--William Shakespeare

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.
   And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
   As any she belied with false compare.

Riprap
--Gary Snyder

Lay down these words
Before your mind like rocks.
placed solid, by hands
In coice of place, set
Before the body of the mind
in space and time:
Solidity of bark, leaf, or wall
riprap of things:
Cobble of milky way,
straying planets,
These poems, people,
lost ponies with
Dragging saddles--
   and rocky sure-foot trails.
The worlds like an endless
four-dimensional
Game of Go.
   ants and pebbles
In the thin loam, each rock a word
   a creek-washed stone
Granite: ingrained
   with torment of fire and weight
Crystal and sediment linked hot
all change, in thoughts,
As well as things.
O Where Are You Going?
-- W. H. Auden

"O where are you going?" said reader to rider,
"That valley is fatal when furnaces burn,
Yonder's the midden whose odours will madden,
That gap is the grave where the tall return."

"O do you imagine," said fearer to farer,
"That dusk will delay on your path to the pass,
Your diligent looking discover the lacking
Your footsteps feel from granite to grass?"

"O what was that bird," said horror to hearer,
"Did you see that shape in the twisted trees?
Behind you swiftly the figure comes softly,
The spot on your skin is a shocking disease."

"Out of this house," said rider to reader,
"Yours never will," said farer to fearer,
"They're looking for you," said hearer to horror,
As he left them there, as he left them there.

Spilled
-- Bruce Bennett

It's not the liquid spreading on the floor,
A half a minute's labor with the mop;
It's everything you've ever spilled, and more.
The stupid broken spout that wouldn't pour;
The nasty little salesman in the shop.
It's not the liquid spreading on the floor,
A stain perhaps, a new, unwelcome chore,
But scarcely cause for sobs that will not stop.
It's everything you've ever spilled, and more.
It's the disease for which there is no cure,
The starving child, the taunting brutal cop.
It's not the liquid spreading on the floor
But through a planet, rotten to the core,
Where things grow old, get soiled, snap off, or drop.
It's everything you've ever spilled, and more:

The vision of yourself you can't ignore,
Poor wretched extra clinging to a prop!
It's not the liquid spreading on the floor.
It's everything you've ever spilled, and more.

In Lonesome Dove
-- Garth Brooks

She was a girl on a wagon train
Headed west across the plains
The train got lost in a summer storm
They couldn't move west and they couldn't go home
Then she saw him ridin' through the rain
He took charge of the wagons and he saved the train
And she looked down and her heart was gone
The train went west but she stayed on
In Lonesome Dove.

A farmer's daughter with a gentle hand
A blooming rose in a bed of sand
She loved the man who wore a star
A Texas Ranger known near and far
So they got married and they had a child
But times were tough and the West was wild
So it was no surprise the day she learned
That her Texas man would not return
To Lonesome Dove.

(chorus)
Back to back with the Rio Grande
A Christian woman in the devil's land
She learned the language and she learned to fight
But she never learned how to beat the lonely nights
In Lonesome Dove, Lonesome Dove.

She watched her boy grow into a man
He had an angel's heart and the devil's hand
He wore his star for all to see
He was a Texas lawman legacy
Then one day word blew into town
It seemed the men that shot his father down
Had robbed a bank in Cherico
The only thing 'tween them and Mexico
Was Lonesome Dove.

The shadows stretched across the land
As the shots rang out down the Rio Grande
And when the smoke had finally cleared the street
The men lay at the ranger's feet
But legend tells to this very day
(legend tells to this very day)
That shots were comin' from an alleyway
Though no one knows who held the gun
There ain't no doubt if you ask someone
In Lonesome Dove.
**Nikki-Rosa**  
--Nikki Giovanni

childhood remembrances are always a drag  
if you’re Black  
you always remember things like living in Woodlawn  
with no inside toilet  
and if you become famous or something  
they never talk about how happy you were to have  
your mother  
all to yourself and  
how good the water felt when you got your bath  
from one of those  
big tubs that folk in 12hicago barbeque in  
and somehow when you talk about home  
it never gets across how much you  
understood their feelings  
as the whole family attended meetings about  
Hollydale  
and even though you remember  
your biographers never understand  
your father’s pain as he sells his stock  
and another dream goes  
And though your’re poor it isn’t poverty that  
concerns you  
and though they fought a lot  
it isn’t your father’s drinking that makes any  
difference  
but only that everybody is together and you  
and your sister have happy birthdays and very good  
Christmasses  
and I really hope no white person ever has cause  
to write about me  
because they never understand  
Black love is Black wealth and they’ll  
probably talk about my hard childhood  
and never understand that  
all the while I was quite happy

**Poetry Should Ride the Bus**  
--Ruth Forman

Poetry should hopscotch in a polka dot dress  
Wheel cartwheels  
N hold your hand  
When you walk past the yellow crackhouse  

Poetry should wear bright red lipstick  
N practice kisses in the mirror  
For all the fine young men with fades  
Shootin craps around the corner  

Poetry should dress in fine plum linen suits  
N not be so educated that it don’t stop in  
Every now n then to sit on the porch  
And talk about the comins and goins of the world  

Poetry should ride the bus  
In a fat woman’s Safeway bag  
Between the greens n chicken wings  
To be served with Tuesday’s dinner  

Poetry should drop by a sweet potato pie  
Ask about the grandchildren  
N sit through a whole photo album  
On a orange plastic covered La-Z-Boy with no place to  
go  

Poetry should sing red revolution love songs  
That massage your scalp  
And bring hope to your blood  
When you think you’re too old to fight  

Yeah  
Poetry should whisper electric blue magic  
All the years of your life  
Never forgettin to look you in the soul  
Every one in a while  
N smile
**Annabel Lee**  
--Edgar Alan Poe

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more than love—  
I and my Annabel Lee;  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her highborn kinsman came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

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**To an Athlete Dying Young**  
--A. E. Housman

The time you won your town the race  
We chaired you through the market-place;  
Man and boy stood cheering by,  
And home we brought you shoulder-high.

To-day, the road all runners come,  
Shoulder-high we bring you home,  
And set you at your threshold down,  
Townsman of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away  
From fields were glory does not stay  
And early though the laurel grows  
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut  
Cannot see the record cut,  
And silence sounds no worse than cheers  
After earth has stopped the ears:

Now you will not swell the rout  
Of lads that wore their honours out,  
Runners whom renown outran  
And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,  
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,  
And hold to the low lintel up  
The still-defended challenge-cup.

And round that early-laurellèd head  
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,  
And find unwithered on its curls  
The garland briefer than a girl’s.