

## **Imagist Poetry**

### **In a Station of the Metro (1913)**

Ezra Pound

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;  
Petals on a wet, black bough.

### **Autumn (1912)**

T.E. Hulme

A touch of cold in the Autumn night—  
I walked abroad,  
And saw the ruddy moon lean over a hedge  
Like a red-faced farmer.  
I did not stop to speak, but nodded,  
And round about were the wistful stars  
With white faces like town children.

### **Trenches: St Eloi (1915)**

T.E.Hulme

Over the flat slopes of St Eloi  
A wide wall of sand bags.  
Night,  
In the silence desultory men  
Pottering over small fires, cleaning their mess- tins:  
To and fro, from the lines,  
Men walk as on Piccadilly,  
Making paths in the dark,  
Through scattered dead horses,  
Over a dead Belgian's belly.

The Germans have rockets. The English have no rockets.  
Behind the line, cannon, hidden, lying back miles.  
Beyond the line, chaos:

My mind is a corridor. The minds about me are corridors.  
Nothing suggests itself. There is nothing to do but keep on.

**Oread (1914)**

H.D.

Whirl up, sea—  
Whirl your pointed pines.  
Splash your great pines  
On our rocks.  
Hurl your green over us—  
Cover us with your pools of fir.

**Sea Rose (1916)**

H.D.

Rose, harsh rose,  
marred and with stint of petals,  
meagre flower, thin,  
spare of leaf,

more precious  
than a wet rose  
single on a stem --  
you are caught in the drift.

Stunted, with small leaf,  
you are flung on the sands,  
you are lifted  
in the crisp sand  
that drives in the wind.

Can the spice-rose  
drip such acrid fragrance  
hardened in a leaf?

## **The Red Wheelbarrow**

William Carlos Williams (1923)

so much depends  
upon

a red wheel  
barrow

glazed with rain  
water

beside the white  
chickens

## **Spring and All**

William Carlos Williams (1923)

**I**

By the road to the contagious hospital  
under the surge of the blue  
mottled clouds driven from the  
northeast—a cold wind. Beyond, the  
waste of broad, muddy fields  
brown with dried weeds, standing and fallen

patches of standing water  
the scattering of tall trees

All along the road the reddish  
purplish, forked, upstanding, twiggy  
stuff of bushes and small trees  
with dead, brown leaves under them  
leafless vines—

Lifeless in appearance, sluggish  
dazed spring approaches—

They enter the new world naked,  
cold, uncertain of all  
save that they enter. All about them  
the cold, familiar wind—

Now the grass, tomorrow  
the stiff curl of wildcarrot leaf  
One by one objects are defined—  
It quickens: clarity, outline of leaf

But now the stark dignity of  
entrance—Still, the profound change  
has come upon them: rooted, they  
grip down and begin to awaken

**A Coat** (1914)  
W.B. Yeats

I MADE my song a coat  
Covered with embroideries  
Out of old mythologies  
From heel to throat;  
But the fools caught it,  
Wore it in the world's eyes  
As though they'd wrought it.  
Song, let them take it,  
For there's more enterprise  
In walking naked.