POETRY

***Keith Koech***

***I’m thinking of ending things***

And I’m sorry to those,

Who were,

Counting on me to persevere

To those who, told me to hold on

Who told me I was strong

Please accept my *apology*

And I don’t care to those

Who will,

Spit on my grave and call me weak

To those who, will call me one of them

Them who are spoilt and do what

I am about to do for petty reasons

Please accept my *disregard*

And I give my admiration to those

Who found,

Strength where I found not

Who held on and

Lived to fight another day

To those who, had strong will

Please accept my *utter respect*

And I’m grateful to those

Who will,

Feel not sorry for me

But rather feel happy that I am at peace

And I am now numb to pain

Please accept my sincere *gratitude*

And I give my heart to *You*

You who

Came when I was at my weakest

You who told me what no one had told me before

To you who found the words to rescue my soul

From its own hands.

Keith Koech

I was thinking of ending things

And it would have been a loss to me

For I would gaze no more at the stars,

For I would love no more,

For I would not feel,

The peaceful kiss of my lover’s lips upon me

I was thinking of ending things

Until mother nature spoke to me,

And told me that she loved me.

Until the breeze gave me a tune to dance to

And melancholy became my aesthetic no more

I was thinking of ending things

But I’m glad I didn’t

Because of the real vibrant moments

That burn in my heart

Serving as fuel to my hellish damned life

But I would never end things

Because this life however hellish and damned

Is mine.

Shannelle Mibei

***It’s only in your mind***

She’s not staring at you

She never was

You were just turning your head

And she hers

And your eyes locked

And for a moment time stopped

Just for it too to watch

To watch your next move

But with little expectation

Obviously

And Oh! You smiled

She didn’t

Time went on, disappointed

Back to her

And she’s wondering

Why you’re staring at her

And this is not for the first time

And it’s weird.

Honestly.

*Keith Koech*

***The Sun Never Says***

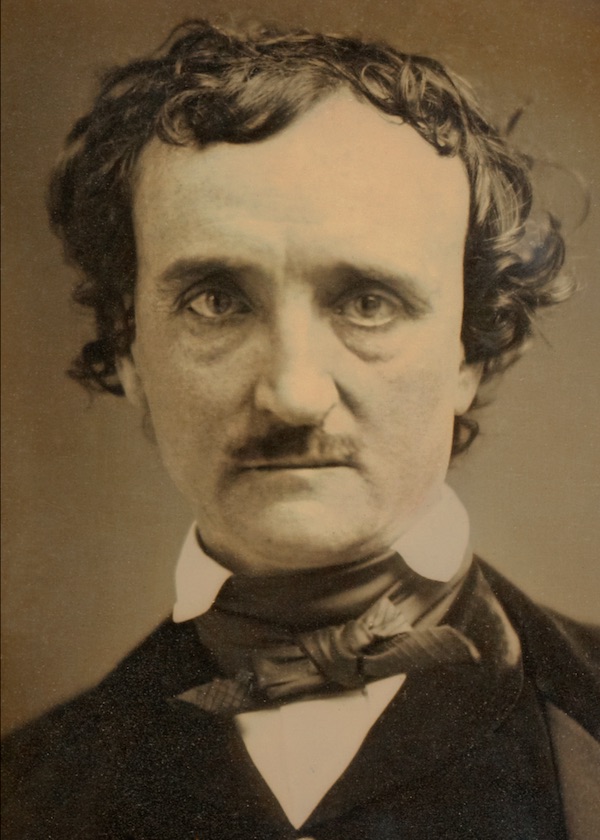
"*Even*  
*After*  
*All this time*  
*The Sun never says*  
*To the Earth,*

*"You owe me."*

*Look*  
*What happens*  
*With a love like that,*  
*It lights the*  
*Whole*  
*Sky."*

Hafiz

***EDGAR ALLAN POE***



# Sonnet—﻿To Science

BY [EDGAR ALLAN POE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/edgar-allan-poe)

Science! true daughter of Old Time thou art!

   Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.

Why preyest thou thus upon the poet’s heart,

   Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?

How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise,

   Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering

To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,

   Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?

Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car,

   And driven the Hamadryad from the wood

To seek a shelter in some happier star?

   Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,

The Elfin from the green grass, and from me

The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

# The Raven

BY [EDGAR ALLAN POE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/edgar-allan-poe)

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—

    While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—

            Only this and nothing more.”

    Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

    Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow

    From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—

            Nameless here for evermore.

    And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain

Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

    So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating

    “’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—

            This it is and nothing more.”

    Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,

“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;

    But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,

    And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I opened wide the door;—

            Darkness there and nothing more.

    Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;

    But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,

    And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, “Lenore?”

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, “Lenore!”—

            Merely this and nothing more.

    Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.

    “Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window lattice;

      Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—

Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—

            ’Tis the wind and nothing more!”

    Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;

    Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;

    But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—

            Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,

“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian shore!”

            Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

    Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;

    For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being

    Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,

            With such name as “Nevermore.”

    But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.

    Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—

    Till I scarcely more than muttered “Other friends have flown before—

On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before.”

            Then the bird said “Nevermore.”

    Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,

“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and store

    Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster

    Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—

Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore

            Of ‘Never—nevermore’.”

    But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,

Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;

    Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking

    Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore

            Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

    This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing

To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom’s core;

    This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining

    On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o’er,

But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o’er,

            She shall press, ah, nevermore!

    Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer

Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

    “Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee

    Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!”

            Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

    “Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,

    Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—

    On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”

            Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

    “Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—

    Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,

    It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”

            Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

    “Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting—

“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!

    Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

    Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”

            Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

    And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;

    And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,

    And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

            Shall be lifted—nevermore!

# A Dream Within a Dream

BY [EDGAR ALLAN POE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/edgar-allan-poe)

Take 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?

# Annabel Lee

BY [EDGAR ALLAN POE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/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 wingèd 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 kinsmen 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 her sepulchre there by the sea—

   In her tomb by the sounding sea.

# The Haunted Palace

BY [EDGAR ALLAN POE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/edgar-allan-poe)

In the greenest of our valleys

By good angels tenanted,

Once a fair and stately palace—

Radiant palace—reared its head.

In the monarch Thought’s dominion,

It stood there!

Never seraph spread a pinion

Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,

On its roof did float and flow

(This—all this—was in the olden

Time long ago)

And every gentle air that dallied,

In that sweet day,

Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,

A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,

Through two luminous windows, saw

Spirits moving musically

To a lute’s well-tunèd law,

Round about a throne where, sitting,

Porphyrogene!

In state his glory well befitting,

The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing

Was the fair palace door,

Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing

And sparkling evermore,

A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty

Was but to sing,

In voices of surpassing beauty,

The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,

Assailed the monarch’s high estate;

(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow

Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)

And round about his home the glory

That blushed and bloomed

Is but a dim-remembered story

Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,

Through the red-litten windows see

Vast forms that move fantastically

To a discordant melody;

While, like a ghastly rapid river,

Through the pale door

A hideous throng rush out forever,

And laugh—but smile no more.

# To Helen

BY [EDGAR ALLAN POE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/edgar-allan-poe)

Helen, thy beauty is to me

   Like those Nicéan barks of yore,

That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,

   The weary, way-worn wanderer bore

   To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,

   Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,

Thy Naiad airs have brought me home

   To the glory that was Greece,

   And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche

   How statue-like I see thee stand,

The agate lamp within thy hand!

   Ah, Psyche, from the regions which

   Are Holy-Land!

**BIRDFOOT’S GRAMPA**

*Joseph Bruchac*

The old man

must have stopped our car

two dozen times to climb out

and gather into his hands

the small toads blinded

by our lights and leaping,

live drops of rain.

The rain was falling,

a mist about his white hair

and I kept saying

you can’t save them all,

accept it, get back in

we’ve got places to go.

But, leathery hands full

of wet brown life,

knee deep in the summer

roadside grass,

he just smiled and said

they have places go to

too.

**RUMI**

When I am with you, we stay up all night,

When you’re not here, I can’t get to sleep.

Praise God for these two insomnias!

And the difference between them

**William Butler Yeats**

Turning and turning in the widening gyre

The falcon cannot hear the falconer;

*Things fall apart*; the center cannot hold;

Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,

The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere

The ceremony of innocence is drowned;

The best lack all conviction, while the worst

Are full of passionate intensity.

***Because I Could Not Stop for Death***

by [Emily Dickinson](https://americanliterature.com/author/emily-dickinson)

*Emily Dickinson's most celebrated masterwork,****Because I Could Not Stop for Death****is often taught in high school grades 11-12. Dickinson's imperfectly rhyming quatrains, symbols, imagery, and wordplay are honest and inspiring.*

Because I could not stop for Death,

He kindly stopped for me;

The carriage held but just ourselves

And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,

And I had put away

My labour, and my leisure too,

For his civility.

We passed the school where children played,

Their lessons scarcely done;

We passed the fields of gazing grain,

We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed

A swelling of the ground;

The roof was scarcely visible,

The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries; but each

Feels shorter than the day

I first surmised the horses' heads

Were toward eternity.

# O Captain! My Captain!

### by [Walt Whitman](https://americanliterature.com/author/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.

***The Second Coming***

by [William Butler Yeats](https://americanliterature.com/author/william-butler-yeats)

*"Spiritus mundi"means 'world spirit' in Latin, which Yeats references as a universal memory or 'muse' for the poet.*

*Turning and turning in the widening gyre*

*The falcon cannot hear the falconer;*

*Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;*

*Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,*

*The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere*

*The ceremony of innocence is drowned;*

*The best lack all conviction, while the worst*

*Are full of passionate intensity.*

*Surely some revelation is at hand;*

*Surely the Second Coming is at hand.*

*The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out*

*When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi*

*Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert*

*A shape with lion body and the head of a man,*

*A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,*

*Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it*

*Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.*

*The darkness drops again; but now I know*

*That twenty centuries of stony sleep*

*Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,*

*And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,*

*Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?*

***First Fig***

by [Edna St. Vincent Millay](https://americanliterature.com/author/edna-st-vincent-millay)

***First Fig****was published in Millay's collection,****A Few Figs from Thistles****(1920),one of her works which won the Nobel Prize for Poetry in 1923.*

My candle burns at both ends;

It will not last the night;

But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—

It gives a lovely light!

***Four Sonnets***

by [Edna St. Vincent Millay](https://americanliterature.com/author/edna-st-vincent-millay)

**I**

Love, though for this you riddle me with darts,

And drag me at your chariot till I die,—

Oh, heavy prince! Oh, panderer of hearts!—

Yet hear me tell how in their throats they lie

Who shout you mighty: thick about my hair

Day in, day out, your ominous arrows purr

Who still am free, unto no querulous care

A fool, and in no temple worshiper!

I, that have bared me to your quiver's fire,

Lifted my face into its puny rain,

Do wreathe you Impotent to Evoke Desire

As you are Powerless to Elicit Pain!

(Now will the god, for blasphemy so brave,

Punish me, surely, with the shaft I crave!)

**II**

I think I should have loved you presently,

And given in earnest words I flung in jest;

And lifted honest eyes for you to see,

And caught your hand against my cheek and breast;

And all my pretty follies flung aside

That won you to me, and beneath your gaze,

Naked of reticence and shorn of pride,

Spread like a chart my little wicked ways.

I, that had been to you, had you remained,

But one more waking from a recurrent dream,

Cherish no less the certain stakes I gained,

And walk your memory's halls, austere, supreme,

A ghost in marble of a girl you knew

Who would have loved you in a day or two.

**III**

Oh, think not I am faithful to a vow!

Faithless am I save to love's self alone.

Were you not lovely I would leave you now;

After the feet of beauty fly my own.

Were you not still my hunger's rarest food,

And water ever to my wildest thirst,

I would desert you—think not but I would!—

And seek another as I sought you first.

But you are mobile as the veering air,

And all your charms more changeful than the tide,

Wherefore to be inconstant is no care:

I have but to continue at your side.

So wanton, light and false, my love, are you,

I am most faithless when I most am true.

**IV**

I shall forget you presently, my dear,

So make the most of this, your little day,

Your little month, your little half a year,

Ere I forget, or die, or move away,

And we are done forever; by and by

I shall forget you, as I said, but now,

If you entreat me with your loveliest lie

I will protest you with my favorite vow.

I would indeed that love were longer-lived,

And oaths were not so brittle as they are,

But so it is, and nature has contrived

To struggle on without a break thus far,—

Whether or not we find what we are seeking

Is idle, biologically speaking.

***Roses Are Red***

by [Mother Goose](https://americanliterature.com/author/mother-goose)

The rose is red,

The violet's blue,

Sugar is sweet,

And so are you.

***Trees***

by [Joyce Kilmer](https://americanliterature.com/author/joyce-kilmer)

***Trees****was written in 1913, inspired by the beauty of the natural world, written one afternoon in Kilmer's family home in Mahwah, New Jersey. He published it as the titled work in his collection,****Trees and Other Poems****(1914). Its simple, lyrical verses have since been parodied by celebrated poets, notably, by****Ogden Nash****.*

I think that I shall never see

A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest

Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,

And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear

A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;

Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,

But only God can make a tree.

***The World Is Too Much With Us***

by [William Wordsworth](https://americanliterature.com/author/william-wordsworth)

The world is too much with us; late and soon,

Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:

Little we see in Nature that is ours;

We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;

The winds that will be howling at all hours,

And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;

For this, for everything, we are out of tune,

It moves us not.--Great God! I'd rather be

A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;

So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;

Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

***o A Waterfowl***

by [William Cullen Bryant](https://americanliterature.com/author/william-cullen-bryant)

***To a Waterfowl****was first published in The North American Review in March 1818, then published in Bryant's collection of poems in 1821.*

Whither, midst falling dew,

While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,

Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue

Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye

Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,

As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,

Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink

Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,

Or where the rocking billows rise and sink

On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care

Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—

The desert and illimitable air,—

Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,

At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,

Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,

Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;

Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,

And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,

Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven

Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart

Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,

And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,

Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,

In the long way that I must tread alone,

Will lead my steps aright.

***I Cannot Live Without You***

by [Emily Dickinson](https://americanliterature.com/author/emily-dickinson)

I cannot live with You –

It would be Life –

And Life is over there –

Behind the Shelf

The Sexton keeps the Key to –

Putting up

Our Life – His Porcelain –

Like a Cup –

Discarded of the Housewife –

Quaint – or Broke –

A newer Sevres pleases –

Old Ones crack –

I could not die – with You –

For One must wait

To shut the Other’s Gaze down –

You – could not –

And I – could I stand by

And see You – freeze –

Without my Right of Frost –

Death’s privilege?

Nor could I rise – with You –

Because Your Face

Would put out Jesus’ –

That New Grace

Glow plain – and foreign

On my homesick Eye –

Except that You than He

Shone closer by –

They’d judge Us – How –

For You – served Heaven – You know,

Or sought to –

I could not –

Because You saturated Sight –

And I had no more Eyes

For sordid excellence

As Paradise

And were You lost, I would be –

Though My Name

Rang loudest

On the Heavenly fame –

And were You – saved –

And I – condemned to be

Where You were not –

That self – were Hell to Me –

So We must meet apart –

You there – I – here –

With just the Door ajar

That Oceans are – and Prayer –

And that White Sustenance –

Despair –

# A Short Analysis of Shakespeare’s Sonnet 33: ‘Full many a glorious morning have I seen’

**A reading of a classic Shakespeare sonnet**

‘Full many a glorious morning have I seen’: Sonnet 33 is, without doubt, one of the more famous of Shakespeare’s Sonnets. It also introduces the first real note of heartbreak into the sequence: Shakespeare, it would appear, has been dumped by the Fair Youth. The imagery of Sonnet 33 is worth analysing carefully – it has led to some curious alternative interpretations of this poem.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,  
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;  
But out, alack, he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath mask’d him from me now.  
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;  
Suns of the world may stain when heaven’s sun staineth.

We like Don Paterson’s suggestion, in his [***Reading Shakespeare’s Sonnets: A New Commentary***](https://www.amazon.co.uk/gp/product/0571245056/ref=as_li_tl?ie=UTF8&camp=1634&creative=6738&creativeASIN=0571245056&linkCode=as2&tag=intereslitera-21), that Sonnet 33 should be read as a rather paranoid interrogation of ‘I’m ironing my ruff tonight’ – Shakespeare is reading too much into a perceived slight by the Fair Youth, and fears that this spells the end of their relationship (if they ever had such a thing). But is this the only way of interpreting this poem?

The substance of the poem is relatively easy to summarise and paraphrase. On many mornings, I have seen the sun bathing the world in a glorious glow; soon, though, the morning sun is masked by clouds, leading to disfigurement of that sunny ‘face’ (‘disfigurement’ is the principal meaning of ‘disgrace’ in line 8, rather than ‘shame’). Indeed, it was so with me and my sun: it shone on me briefly, but within an hour the heavenly clouds (‘region cloud’) had hidden it from view. Yet I do not bedrudge my ‘sun’ this fickleness: beautiful men may flatter me with their attention and then withdraw it, and I will put up with that, just as I put up with the fact that the sun is shining in the sky one moment and then hiding its glow from the world the next.

**Golden slumbers**

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,  
Smiles awake you when you rise;  
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,  
And I will sing a lullaby,  
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you,  
You are care, and care must keep you;  
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,  
And I will sing a lullaby,  
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

**My heart leaps up**

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky:  
So was it when my life began;  
So is it now I am a man;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die!  
The Child is father of the Man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

**She Walks in Beauty**

She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that’s best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o’er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o’er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent.

# He Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven

Had I the heavens’ embroidered cloths,  
Enwrought with golden and silver light,  
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths  
Of night and light and the half light,  
I would spread the cloths under your feet:  
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;  
I have spread my dreams under your feet;  
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

# Charlotte Mew’s ‘A Quoi Bon Dire’

Seventeen years ago you said  
Something that sounded like Good-bye;  
And everybody thinks that you are dead,  
But I.

So I, as I grow stiff and cold   
To this and that say Good-bye too;  
And everybody sees that I am old  
But you.

And one fine morning in a sunny lane  
Some boy and girl will meet and kiss and swear  
That nobody can love their way again  
While over there  
You will have smiled, I shall have tossed your hair

# *The Red Wheelbarrow*

[William Carlos Williams](https://poets.org/poet/william-carlos-williams) - 1883-1963

so much depends  
upon

a red wheel  
barrow

glazed with rain  
water

beside the white  
chickens

**The Pool**

BY [H. D.](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/h-d)

Are you alive?

I touch you.

You quiver like a sea-fish.

I cover you with my net.

What are you—banded one?

# *Lullaby*

[W. H. Auden](https://poets.org/poet/w-h-auden) - 1907-1973

Lay your sleeping head, my love,  
Human on my faithless arm;  
Time and fevers burn away  
Individual beauty from  
Thoughtful children, and the grave  
Proves the child ephemeral:  
But in my arms till break of day  
Let the living creature lie,  
Mortal, guilty, but to me  
The entirely beautiful.

Soul and body have no bounds:  
To lovers as they lie upon  
Her tolerant enchanted slope  
In their ordinary swoon,  
Grave the vision Venus sends  
Of supernatural sympathy,  
Universal love and hope;  
While an abstract insight wakes  
Among the glaciers and the rocks  
The hermit's carnal ecstasy.

Certainty, fidelity  
On the stroke of midnight pass  
Like vibrations of a bell,  
And fashionable madmen raise  
Their pedantic boring cry:  
Every farthing of the cost,  
All the dreaded cards foretell,  
Shall be paid, but from this night  
Not a whisper, not a thought,  
Not a kiss nor look be lost.

Beauty, midnight, vision dies:  
Let the winds of dawn that blow  
Softly round your dreaming head  
Such a day of welcome show  
Eye and knocking heart may bless,  
Find the mortal world enough;  
Noons of dryness find you fed  
By the involuntary powers,  
Nights of insult let you pass  
Watched by every human love.

**Sonnet 18: Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?**

BY [WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/william-shakespeare)

Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

And summer’s lease hath all too short a date;

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;

And every fair from fair sometime declines,

By chance or nature’s changing course untrimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow’st;

Nor shall death brag thou wander’st in his shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou grow’st:

   So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,

   So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

**Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening**

BY [ROBERT FROST](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/robert-frost)

Whose woods these are I think I know.

His house is in the village though;

He will not see me stopping here

To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer

To stop without a farmhouse near

Between the woods and frozen lake

The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake

To ask if there is some mistake.

The only other sound’s the sweep

Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,

But I have promises to keep,

And miles to go before I sleep,

And miles to go before I sleep.

**The Road Not Taken**

Launch Audio in a New Window

BY [ROBERT FROST](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/robert-frost)

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,

And sorry I could not travel both

And be one traveler, long I stood

And looked down one as far as I could

To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,

And having perhaps the better claim,

Because it was grassy and wanted wear;

Though as for that the passing there

Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay

In leaves no step had trodden black.

Oh, I kept the first for another day!

Yet knowing how way leads on to way,

I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh

Somewhere ages and ages hence:

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—

I took the one less traveled by,

And that has made all the difference.

# *We Real Cool*

[Gwendolyn Brooks](https://poets.org/poet/gwendolyn-brooks) - 1917-2000

                   THE POOL PLAYERS.   
                   SEVEN AT THE GOLDEN SHOVEL.

We real cool. We  
Left school. We

Lurk late. We  
Strike straight. We

Sing sin. We  
Thin gin. We

Jazz June. We  
Die soon.

**Because I could not stop for Death – (479)**

BY [EMILY DICKINSON](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/emily-dickinson)

Because I could not stop for Death –

He kindly stopped for me –

The Carriage held but just Ourselves –

And Immortality.

We slowly drove – He knew no haste

And I had put away

My labor and my leisure too,

For His Civility –

We passed the School, where Children strove

At Recess – in the Ring –

We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –

We passed the Setting Sun –

Or rather – He passed Us –

The Dews drew quivering and Chill –

For only Gossamer, my Gown –

My Tippet – only Tulle –

We paused before a House that seemed

A Swelling of the Ground –

The Roof was scarcely visible –

The Cornice – in the Ground –

Since then – 'tis Centuries – and yet

Feels shorter than the Day

I first surmised the Horses' Heads

Were toward Eternity –

**Harlem**

BY [LANGSTON HUGHES](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/langston-hughes)

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?*

# *Poetry*

[Marianne Moore](https://poets.org/poet/marianne-moore) - 1887-1972

I too, dislike it: there are things that are important beyond  
      all this fiddle.  
   Reading it, however, with a perfect contempt for it, one  
      discovers that there is in  
   it after all, a place for the genuine.  
      Hands that can grasp, eyes  
      that can dilate, hair that can rise  
         if it must, these things are important not because a

high-sounding interpretation can be put upon them but because  
      they are  
   useful; when they become so derivative as to become  
      unintelligible, the  
   same thing may be said for all of us—that we  
      do not admire what  
      we cannot understand. The bat,  
         holding on upside down or in quest of something to

eat, elephants pushing, a wild horse taking a roll, a tireless  
      wolf under  
   a tree, the immovable critic twinkling his skin like a horse  
      that feels a flea, the base-  
   ball fan, the statistician—case after case  
      could be cited did  
      one wish it; nor is it valid  
         to discriminate against “business documents and

school-books”; all these phenomena are important. One must  
      make a distinction  
   however: when dragged into prominence by half poets,  
      the result is not poetry,  
   nor till the autocrats among us can be  
     “literalists of  
      the imagination”—above  
         insolence and triviality and can present

for inspection, imaginary gardens with real toads in them,  
      shall we have  
   it. In the meantime, if you demand on the one hand, in defiance of their opinion—  
   the raw material of poetry in  
      all its rawness, and  
      that which is on the other hand,  
         genuine, then you are interested in poetry.

**Song of Myself (1892 version)**

BY [WALT WHITMAN](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/walt-whitman)

**1**

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,

And what I assume you shall assume,

For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,

I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form’d from this soil, this air,

Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their parents the same,

I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,

Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,

Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,

I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,

Nature without check with original energy.

**Jabberwocky**

BY [LEWIS CARROLL](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/lewis-carroll)

’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

      Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:

All mimsy were the borogoves,

      And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!

      The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun

      The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand;

      Long time the manxome foe he sought—

So rested he by the Tumtum tree

      And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,

      The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,

Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,

      And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through

      The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!

He left it dead, and with its head

      He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?

      Come to my arms, my beamish boy!

O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”

      He chortled in his joy.

’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

      Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:

All mimsy were the borogoves,

      And the mome raths outgrabe.

**Homage to my hips**

BY [LUCILLE CLIFTON](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/lucille-clifton)

these hips are big hips

they need space to

move around in.

they don't fit into little

petty places. these hips

are free hips.

they don't like to be held back.

these hips have never been enslaved,

they go where they want to go

they do what they want to do.

these hips are mighty hips.

these hips are magic hips.

i have known them

to put a spell on a man and

spin him like a top!

# *Ego Tripping (there may be a reason why)*

[Nikki Giovanni](https://poets.org/poet/nikki-giovanni) - 1943-

I was born in the congo  
I walked to the fertile crescent and built  
    the sphinx  
I designed a pyramid so tough that a star  
    that only glows every one hundred years falls  
    into the center giving divine perfect light  
I am bad

I sat on the throne  
    drinking nectar with allah  
I got hot and sent an ice age to europe  
    to cool my thirst  
My oldest daughter is nefertiti  
    the tears from my birth pains  
    created the nile  
I am a beautiful woman

I gazed on the forest and burned  
    out the sahara desert  
    with a packet of goat's meat  
    and a change of clothes  
I crossed it in two hours  
I am a gazelle so swift  
    so swift you can't catch me

    For a birthday present when he was three  
I gave my son hannibal an elephant  
    He gave me rome for mother's day  
My strength flows ever on

My son noah built new/ark and  
I stood proudly at the helm  
    as we sailed on a soft summer day  
I turned myself into myself and was  
    jesus  
    men intone my loving name  
    All praises All praises  
I am the one who would save

I sowed diamonds in my back yard  
My bowels deliver uranium  
    the filings from my fingernails are  
    semi-precious jewels  
    On a trip north  
I caught a cold and blew  
My nose giving oil to the arab world  
I am so hip even my errors are correct  
I sailed west to reach east and had to round off  
    the earth as I went  
    The hair from my head thinned and gold was laid  
    across three continents

I am so perfect so divine so ethereal so surreal  
I cannot be comprehended  
    except by my permission

I mean . . . I . . . can fly  
    like a bird in the sky . . .

# [Self Satisfied Lust](https://allpoetry.com/poem/11017499-Self-Satisfied-Lust-by-ElectrodePunk-adult)

Her cheeks heat

At the first sign of lust.

Her palms, they itch

With the need just to touch.

Her bottom lip, slick and bruised,

Caught between her anxious teeth,

The only sign of need

As her fingers dance lower.

Her breath catches lightly

As her fingertips drag,

Down past her curves

To the place where she

Aches the most.

The slick slide of fingers

Causing her toes and stomach

To curl,

Skin flushed with heat

As her shining lips part

In a choked off moan.

Thoughts and fingers

Moving quickly,

Shoving her toward

Release,

Pulling her under waves

Of needwantdesire.

Her back arched

Wantonly,

As her eyes flutter shut

The pleasure pain pleasure

Of too much and

Not enough

Causing her moans

To jump in volume.

Fingers curling between

Aching thighs,

And her body trembling

While pleasure crashes over her.

# [Sensual Visits](https://allpoetry.com/poem/12028656-Sensual-Visits-by-skye01-adult)

**Longing he listened for the jingling of her dangling chains as she walked.**

**He visualized  the chains swaying around her rounded hips.**

**Her veils hanging from the gold band in her hair covering her full breasts that spilled out over her satin cupped bra top.**

**The  veils swirling around her when she walked revealing the pinkish brown edge of her nipple barely visible and her nipples pressing tight against the thin material.**

**Would she come tonight to dance for him?**

**He closed his eyes and imagined her dance of the seven veils and the rhythmic movement of her abdomen as she rocked her hips.**

**The delicate movement of her feet as she twirled around with breast shaking nearly falling out of their satin cover.**

**He could hear the chimes she held in her hands and used in time with the music.**

**Suddenly she appeared before him.**

**So engrossed in his daydream he had not heard her walk in.**

**The music seemed to come out of no where and she began to dance just for him.**

**Round and round she went coming closer and closer until she was lying on top of him.**

**Her hips and belly glistening as she moved her hips and abdomen rhythmically against his pelvis as he felt her uncovered breast against his chest.**

**The veils covering the floor along with her satin top and her jeweled skirt lying by the bed.​**

**His dream come true as he felt her belly dancing on top of him and his breath quickened and his pulsed raced as his body responded to her presence.**

**With a deep moan of ecstasy he woke up.**

***PABLO NERUDA***

## **If you forget me**

“I want you to know  
one thing.

You know how this is:  
if I look  
at the crystal moon, at the red branch  
of the slow autumn at my window,  
if I touch  
near the fire  
the impalpable ash  
or the wrinkled body of the log,  
everything carries me to you,  
as if everything that exists,  
aromas, light, metals,  
were little boats  
that sail  
toward those isles of yours that wait for me.

Well, now,  
if little by little you stop loving me  
I shall stop loving you little by little.

If suddenly  
you forget me  
do not look for me,  
for I shall already have forgotten you.”

## **A dog has died**

“My dog has died.

I buried him in the garden  
next to a rusted old machine.

Some day I’ll join him right there,  
but now he’s gone with his shaggy coat,  
his bad manners and his cold nose,  
and I, the materialist, who never believed  
in any promised heaven in the sky  
for any human being,  
I believe in a heaven I’ll never enter.

Yes, I believe in a heaven for all dogdom  
where my dog waits for my arrival  
waving his fan-like tail in friendship.

Ai, I’ll not speak of sadness here on Earth,  
of having lost a companion  
who was never servile.”

*Anyone who has lost a beloved pet can relate to this classic Neruda poem. Here the poet explores the authenticity and dignity of his relationship with his dog, who has died. Though the poem starts out expressing a distance or removal from the dog, the intimacy and love Neruda feels for the pet is revealed as the poem continues. Neruda explores his own mortality in the poem as well, discussing his own views and doubts about the afterlife*.

## **Ode to tomatoes**

“The street  
filled with tomatoes,  
midday,  
summer,  
light is  
halved  
like  
a  
tomato,  
its juice  
runs  
through the streets.

In December,  
unabated,  
the tomato  
invades  
the kitchen,  
it enters at lunchtime,  
takes  
its ease  
on countertops,  
among glasses,  
butter dishes,  
blue saltcellars.

It sheds  
its own light,  
benign majesty.”

[Ode To A Naked Beauty](https://allpoetry.com/Ode-To-A-Naked-Beauty)

With chaste heart, and pure  
eyes  
I celebrate you, my beauty,  
restraining my blood  
so that the line  
surges and follows  
your contour,  
and you bed yourself in my verse,  
as in woodland, or wave-spume:  
earth's perfume,  
sea's music.  
  
Nakedly beautiful,  
whether it is your feet, arching  
at a primal touch  
of sound or breeze,  
or your ears,  
tiny spiral shells  
from the splendour of America's oceans.  
Your breasts also,  
of equal fullness, overflowing  
with the living light  
and, yes,  
winged  
your eyelids of silken corn  
that disclose  
or enclose  
the deep twin landscapes of your eyes.  
  
The line of your back  
separating you  
falls away into paler regions  
then surges  
to the smooth hemispheres  
of an apple,  
and goes splitting  
your loveliness  
into two pillars  
of burnt gold, pure alabaster,  
to be lost in the twin clusters of your feet,  
from which, once more, lifts and takes fire  
the double tree of your symmetry:  
flower of fire, open circle of candles,  
swollen fruit raised  
over the meeting of earth and ocean.  
  
Your body - from what substances  
agate, quartz, ears of wheat,  
did it flow, was it gathered,  
rising like bread  
in the warmth,  
and signalling hills  
silvered,  
valleys of a single petal, sweetnesses  
of velvet depth,  
until the pure, fine, form of woman  
thickened  
and rested there?  
  
It is not so much light that falls  
over the world  
extended by your body  
its suffocating snow,  
as brightness, pouring itself out of you,  
as if you were  
burning inside.  
  
Under your skin the moon is alive.

# Rain

BY [EDWARD THOMAS](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/edward-thomas)

Rain, midnight rain, nothing but the wild rain

On this bleak hut, and solitude, and me

Remembering again that I shall die

And neither hear the rain nor give it thanks

For washing me cleaner than I have been

Since I was born into this solitude.

Blessed are the dead that the rain rains upon:

But here I pray that none whom once I loved

Is dying tonight or lying still awake

Solitary, listening to the rain,

Either in pain or thus in sympathy

Helpless among the living and the dead,

Like a cold water among broken reeds,

Myriads of broken reeds all still and stiff,

Like me who have no love which this wild rain

Has not dissolved except the love of death,

If love it be towards what is perfect and

Cannot, the tempest tells me, disappoint.

'I'm sorry;  
hate me.'  
i have many words to say, but somehow it feels right to say the least possible,  
in that way, i guess, i may be sure of the fact that i say much more ~

# [Privilege](https://allpoetry.com/poem/15271836-Privilege--by-Stanza-Mjf)

We were wrong, we were worried.  
Arguing and anger are always arduous.  
Turmoil triggers turbulence, tempting troublesome trepidation.  
  
Criminal creatures crucify consciousness.  
Hate's hectic heralds have hubris!  
Ossify.  
Urgently unify, unveil urbane ubiquity unequivocally usurping ungrateful ulcers undertaking unfair unnerving unabashed; upheaval uproots unsightly, unruly, unlawful, unjust uncooths.  
Time's test: Try to turn tumultuousness to triumph!

### [Victory](https://poets.org/poem/victory)

[Sherman Alexie](https://poets.org/poet/sherman-alexie)

When I was twelve, I shoplifted a pair  
Of basketball shoes. We could not afford  
Them otherwise. But when I tied them on,  
I found that I couldn’t hit a shot.

When the ball clanked off the rim, I felt  
Only guilt, guilt, guilt. O, immoral shoes!  
O, kicks made of paranoia and rue!  
Distraught but unwilling to get caught

Or confess, I threw those cursed Nikes  
Into the river and hoped that was good  
Enough for God. I played that season  
In supermarket tennis shoes that felt

The same as playing in bare feet.  
O, torn skin! O, bloody heels and toes!  
O, twisted ankles! O, blisters the size  
Of dimes and quarters! Finally, after

I couldn’t take the pain anymore, I told  
My father what I had done. He wasn’t angry.  
He wept out of shame. Then he cradled  
And rocked me and called me his Little

Basketball Jesus. He told me that every cry  
Of pain was part of the hoops sonata.  
Then he laughed and bandaged my wounds—  
My Indian Boy Poverty Basketball Stigmata.

## **“Now We Are Six”**

## ***A. A. Milne***

When I was One,  
I had just begun.  
When I was Two,  
I was nearly new.  
When I was Three  
I was hardly me.  
When I was Four,  
I was not much more.  
When I was Five,  
I was just alive.  
But now I am Six,  
I’m as clever as clever,  
So I think I’ll be six now for ever and ever.

## “**The Rose Family**”

## ***Robert Frost***

The rose is a rose,  
And was always a rose.  
But the theory now goes  
That the apple’s a rose,  
And the pear is, and so’s  
The plum, I suppose.  
The dear only knows  
What will next prove a rose.  
You, of course, are a rose –  
But were always a rose.

## “**When You Come”**

## ***Maya Angelou***

When you come to me, unbidden,  
Beckoning me  
To long-ago rooms,  
Where memories lie.

Offering me, as to a child, an attic,  
Gatherings of days too few.  
Baubles of stolen kisses.  
Trinkets of borrowed loves.  
Trunks of secret words,

I CRY.

## “***Sonnet 29”***

## ***William Shakespeare***

When, in disgrace with fortune and men’s eyes,  
I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,  
Desiring this man’s art and that man’s scope  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven’s gate;  
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## “It’s All I Have To Bring Today” by Emily Dickinson

It’s all I have to bring today—  
This, and my heart beside—  
This, and my heart, and all the fields—  
And all the meadows wide—  
Be sure you count—should I forget  
Some one the sum could tell—  
This, and my heart, and all the Bees  
Which in the Clover dwell.

## “**A Glimpse”**

## ***Walt Whitman***

A glimpse through an interstice caught,  
Of a crowd of workmen and drivers in a bar-room around the stove late of a winter night, and I unremark’d seated in a corner,  
Of a youth who loves me and whom I love, silently approaching and seating himself near, that he may hold me by the hand,  
A long while amid the noises of coming and going, of drinking and oath and smutty jest,  
There we two, content, happy in being together, speaking little, perhaps not a word.

## “**A Love Song for Lucinda**

## ***Langston Hughes***

Love  
Is a ripe plum  
Growing on a purple tree.  
Taste it once  
And the spell of its enchantment  
Will never let you be.

Love  
Is a bright star  
Glowing in far Southern skies.  
Look too hard  
And its burning flame  
Will always hurt your eyes.

Love  
Is a high mountain  
Stark in a windy sky.  
If you  
Would never lose your breath  
Do not climb too high.

## **“I Love You”**

## ***Carl Sandberg***

# [A Simple Circumrotation](https://allpoetry.com/poem/8870587-A-Simple-Circumrotation-by-KnowMyHiddenAgenda)

Escape is near.  
Can easily be attained,  
With a simple twist of a door's appendage.

I love you for what you are, but I love you yet more for what you are going to be.  
I love you not so much for your realities as for your ideals. I pray for your desires that they may be great, rather than for your satisfactions, which may be so hazardously little.  
A satisfied flower is one whose petals are about to fall. The most beautiful rose is one hardly more than a bud wherein the pangs and ecstasies of desire are working for a larger and finer growth. Not always shall you be what you are now. You are going forward toward something great. I am on the way with you and therefore I love you.

## “**Sonnet XLIII”**

## ***Elizabeth Barrett Browning***

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of being and ideal grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day’s  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood’s faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

## “**Defeated by Love**

## ***Rumi***

The sky was lit  
by the splendor of the moon

So powerful  
I fell to the ground

Your love  
has made me sure

I am ready to forsake  
this worldly life  
and surrender  
to the magnificence  
of your Being

## **“Love Is A Place”**

## ***E.E. Cummings***

Love is a place  
& through this place of  
love move  
(with brightness of peace)  
all places

yes is a world  
& in this world of  
yes live  
(skilfully curled)  
all worlds

## **“Your Feet”**

## ***by Pablo Neruda***

When I cannot look at your face  
I look at your feet.  
Your feet of arched bone,  
your hard little feet.  
I know that they support you,  
and that your sweet weight  
rises upon them.  
Your waist and your breasts,  
the doubled purple  
of your nipples,  
the sockets of your eyes  
that have just flown away,  
your wide fruit mouth,  
your red tresses,  
my little tower.  
But I love your feet  
only because they walked  
upon the earth and upon  
the wind and upon the waters,  
until they found me.

## “***Never Give All The Heart”***

## ***W.B Yeats***

Never give all the heart, for love  
Will hardly seem worth thinking of  
To passionate women if it seem  
Certain, and they never dream  
That it fades out from kiss to kiss;  
For everything that’s lovely is  
But a brief, dreamy, kind delight.  
O never give the heart outright,  
For they, for all smooth lips can say,  
Have given their hearts up to the play.  
And who could play it well enough  
If deaf and dumb and blind with love?  
He that made this knows all the cost,  
For he gave all his heart and lost.

## “**You Fit Into Me”**

## ***Margaret Atwood***

you fit into me  
like a hook into an eye

a fish hook  
an open eye

kk

