**William Carlos Williams: “Pastoral”**

The little sparrows  
Hop ingenuously  
About the pavement  
Quarreling  
With sharp voices  
Over those things  
That interest them.  
But we who are wiser  
Shut ourselves in  
On either hand  
And no one knows  
Whether we think good  
Or evil.  
                  Then again,  
The old man who goes about  
Gathering dog lime  
Walks in the gutter  
Without looking up  
And his tread  
Is more majestic than  
That of the Episcopal minister  
Approaching the pulpit  
Of a Sunday.  
These things  
Astonish me beyond words.

**William Carlos Williams: “The Young Housewife”**

At ten AM the young housewife  
moves about in negligee behind  
the wooden walls of her husband’s house.  
I pass solitary in my car.

Then again she comes to the curb  
to call the ice-man, fish-man, and stands  
shy, uncorseted, tucking in  
stray ends of hair, and I compare her  
to a fallen leaf.

The noiseless wheels of my car  
rush with a crackling sound over  
dried leaves as I bow and pass smiling.

**William Carlos Williams: “The read Wheelbarrow”**

so much depends

upon

a red wheel

barrow

glazed with rain

water

beside the white

chickens

**Wallace Stevens: “Anecdote of a Jar”**

I placed a jar in Tennessee,

And round it was, upon a hill.

It made the slovenly wilderness

Surround that hill.

The wilderness rose up to it,

And sprawled around, no longer wild.

The jar was round upon the ground

And tall and of a port in air.

It took dominion everywhere.

The jar was gray and bare.

It did not give of bird or bush,

Like nothing else in Tennessee.