

**M o d e r n P o e t r y**  
**A n t h o l o g y**

**A P L a n g u a g e a n d C o m p o s i t i o n**  
**Mr. M c B r i d e**

## Table of Contents

Walt Whitman 1819-1892	3
<i>from</i> Song of Myself	
When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer	
Facing West from California's Shores	
Emily Dickinson 1830-1886	5
241, 465, 1545	
William Butler Yeats 1865-1939	6
Leda and the Swan	
Robert Frost 1874-1963	7
The Road Not Taken	
Mending Wall	
Wallace Stevens 1879-1955	9
Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird	
The Idea of Order at Key West	
Ezra Pound 1885-1972	12
Ts'ai Chi'h	
In a Station of the Metro	
T.S. Elliot 1888-1965	13
The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock	
E.E. Cummings 1894-1962	17
sweet spontaneous	
"next to of course god america I	
since feeling is first	
Dylan Thomas 1914-1953	19
Fern Hill	
Robert Lowell 1917-1977	20
Where the Rainbow Ends	
Adrienne Rich 1923-	21
Aunt Jennifer's Tigers	
Allen Ginsberg 1926-1997	22
<i>from</i> Howl	
Sylvia Plath 1932-1963	22
Mirror	
Gary Snyder 1930-	23
For All	

**Walt Whitman 1819-1892**

*from Song of Myself*

1

I celebrate 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, formed 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.

6

A child said What is the grass? fetching it to me with full hands,  
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,  
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,  
Bearing the owner's name someway in the comers, that we may see and remark, and  
say Whose?

Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the produced babe of the vegetation.

Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,  
And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,  
Growing among black folks as among white,  
Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the same, I receive them the same.

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

Tenderly will I use you curling grass,  
It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men,

It may be if I had known them I would have loved them,  
It may be you are from old people, or from offspring taken soon out of their mothers' laps,  
And here you are the mothers' laps.

This grass is very dark to be from the white heads of old mothers,  
Darker than the colorless beards of old men,  
Dark to come from under the faint red roofs of mouths.

I perceive after all so many uttering tongues,  
And I perceive they do not come from the roofs of mouths for nothing.

I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young men and women.  
And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken soon out of their laps.

What do you think has become of the young and old men?  
And what do you think has become of the women and children?

They are alive and well somewhere,  
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,  
And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest it,  
And ceas'd the moment life appear'd.

All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,  
And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.

### When I heard the Learn'd Astronomer

When I heard the learn'd astronomer;  
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me;  
When I was shown the charts and the diagrams, to add, divide, and  
measure them;  
When I, sitting, heard the astronomer, where he lectured with much  
applause in the lecture-room,  
How soon, unaccountable, I became tired and sick;  
Till rising and gliding out, I wander'd off by myself,  
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,  
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

## Facing West from California's Shores

Facing west from California's shores,  
Inquiring, tireless, seeking what is yet unfound,  
I, a child, very old, over waves, towards the house of maternity,  
the land of migrations, look afar,  
Look off the shores of my Western sea, the circle almost circled;  
For starting westward from Hindustan, from the vales of Kashmere  
From Asia, from the north, from the God, the sage, and the hero,  
From the south, from the flowery peninsulas and the spice islands,  
Long having wander'd since, round the earth having wander'd,  
Now I face home again, very pleas'd and joyous,  
(But where is what I started for so long ago?  
And why is it yet unfound?)

### Emily Dickinson 1830-1886

241

Hope is a subtle glutton;  
He feeds upon the fair;  
And yet, inspected closely,  
What abstinence is there!

His is the halcyon table  
That never seats but one,  
And whatsoever is consumed  
The same amounts remain.

465

After great pain, a formal feeling comes--  
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs--  
The stiff Heart questions was it He, that bore,  
And Yesterday, or Centuries before?

The Feet, mechanical, go round--  
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought--  
A Wooden way  
Regardless grown,  
A Quartz contentment, like a stone--

This is the Hour of Lead--  
Remembered, if outlived,  
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow--  
First--Chill--then Stupor--then the letting go—

1545

The Bible is an antique Volume--  
Written by faded Men  
At the suggestion of Holy Spectres--  
Subjects—Bethlehem--  
Eden—The ancient Homestead--  
Satan—The Brigadier--  
Judas—the Great Defaulter--  
David—the Troubadour--  
Sin—a distinguished Precipice  
Others must resist--  
Boys that “believe” are very lonesome--  
Other Boys are “lost”--  
Had but the Tale a warbling Teller--  
All the Boys would come--  
Orpheus’ Sermon captivated--  
It did not condemn--

**William Butler Yeats 1865-1939**

**Leda and the Swan**

A sudden blow; the great wings beating still  
Above the staggering girl, her thighs caressed  
By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill,  
How can those terrified vague fingers push  
The feathered glory from her loosening thighs?  
And how can body, laid in that white rush,  
But feel the strange heart beating where it lies?  
A shudder in the loins engenders there  
The broken wall, the burning roof and tower  
And Agamemnon dead.  
Being so caught up,  
So mastered by the brute blood of the air,  
Did she put on his knowledge with his power  
Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?  
He holds her helpless breast upon his breast.

**Robert Frost 1874-1963**

## The Road Not Taken

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.

## Mending Wall

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,  
And spills the upper boulders in the sun,  
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.  
The work of hunters is another thing:  
I have come after them and made repair  
Where they have left not one stone on a stone,  
But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,  
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,  
No one has seen them made or heard them made,  
But at spring mending-time we find them there.  
I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;

And on a day we meet to walk the line  
And set the wall between us once again.  
We keep the wall between us as we go.  
To each the boulders that have fallen to each.  
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls  
We have to use a spell to make them balance:  
'Stay where you are until our backs are turned!'  
We wear our fingers rough with handling them.  
Oh, just another kind of out-door game,  
One on a side. It comes to little more:  
There where it is we do not need the wall:  
He is all pine and I am apple orchard.  
My apple trees will never get across  
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.  
He only says, 'Good fences make good neighbors'.  
Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder  
If I could put a notion in his head:  
'Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it  
Where there are cows?  
But here there are no cows.  
Before I built a wall I'd ask to know  
What I was walling in or walling out,  
And to whom I was like to give offence.  
Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
That wants it down.' I could say 'Elves' to him,  
But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather  
He said it for himself. I see him there  
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top  
In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.  
He moves in darkness as it seems to me~  
Not of woods only and the shade of trees.  
He will not go behind his father's saying,  
And he likes having thought of it so well  
He says again, "Good fences make good neighbors."

**Wallace Stevens 1879-1955**

Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird

1

Among twenty snowy mountains,  
The only moving thing  
Was the eye of the blackbird.

2

I was of three minds,  
Like a tree  
In which there are three blackbirds.

3

The blackbird whirled in the autumn winds.  
It was a small part of the pantomime.

4

A man and a woman  
Are one.  
A man and a woman and a blackbird  
Are one.

5

I do not know which to prefer,  
The beauty of inflections  
Or the beauty of innuendoes,  
The blackbird whistling  
Or just after.

6

Icicles filled the long window  
With barbaric glass.  
The shadow of the blackbird  
Crossed it to and fro.  
The mood  
Traced in the shadow  
An indecipherable cause.

7

O thin men of Haddam,  
Why do you imagine golden birds?

Do you not see how the blackbird  
Walks around the feet  
Of the women about you?

8

I know noble accents  
And lucid, inescapable rhythms;  
But I know, too,  
That the blackbird is involved  
In what I know.

9

When the blackbird flew out of sight,  
It marked the edge  
Of one of many circles.

10

At the sight of blackbirds  
Flying in a green light,  
Even the bawds of euphony  
Would cry out sharply.

11

He rode over Connecticut  
In a glass coach.  
Once, a fear pierced him,  
In that he mistook  
The shadow of his equipage  
For blackbirds.

12

The river is moving.  
The blackbird must be flying.

13

It was evening all afternoon.  
It was snowing  
And it was going to snow.  
The blackbird sat  
In the cedar-limbs.

## The Idea of Order at Key West

She sang beyond the genius of the sea.  
The water never formed to mind or voice,  
Like a body wholly body, fluttering  
Its empty sleeves; and yet its mimic motion  
Made constant cry, caused constantly a cry,  
That was not ours although we understood,  
Inhuman, of the veritable ocean.

The sea was not a mask. No more was she.  
The song and water were not medleyed sound  
Even if what she sang was what she heard,  
Since what she sang was uttered word by word.  
It may be that in all her phrases stirred  
The grinding water and the gasping wind;  
But it was she and not the sea we heard.  
For she was the maker of the song she sang.  
The ever-hooded, tragic-gestured sea  
Was merely a place by which she walked to sing.  
Whose spirit is this? we said, because we knew  
It was the spirit that we sought and knew  
That we should ask this often as she sang.

If it was only the dark voice of the sea  
That rose, or even colored by many waves;  
If it was only the outer voice of the sky  
And cloud, of the sunken coral water-walled,  
However clear, it would have been deep air,  
The heaving speech of air, a summer sound  
Repeated in a summer without end  
And sound alone. But it was more than that,  
More even than her voice, and ours, among  
The meaningless plungings of water and the wind,  
Theatrical distances, bronze shadows heaped  
On high horizons, mountainous atmospheres  
Of sky and sea.

It was her voice that made  
The sky acutest at its vanishing.  
She measured to the hour its solitude.  
She was the single artificer of the world  
In which she sang. And when she sang, the sea,  
Whatever self it had, became the self

That was her song, for she was the maker. Then we,  
As we beheld her striding there alone,  
Knew that there never was a world for her  
Except the one she sang and, singing, made.

Ramon Fernandez, tell me, if you know,  
Why, when the singing ended and we turned  
Toward the town, tell why the glassy lights,  
The lights in the fishing boats at anchor there,  
As the night descended, tilting in the air,  
Mastered the night and portioned out the sea,  
Fixing emblazoned zones and firey poles,  
Arranging, deepening, enchanting night.

Oh! Blessed rage for order, pale Ramon,  
The maker's rage to order words of the sea,  
Words of fragrant portals, dimly-starred,  
And of ourselves and of our origins,  
In ghostlier demarcations, keener sounds.

### **Ezra Pound 1885-1972**

#### Ts'ai Chi'h<sup>1</sup>

The petals fall in the fountain,  
    the orange-colored rose-leaves,  
Their ochre clings to the stone.

#### In a Station of the Metro

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

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<sup>1</sup>Also called Ts'ao Chih {AD 192-232}, a poet who wrote five character poems.

**T.S. Elliot 1888-1965**

## Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

Let us go then, you and I,  
When the evening is spread out against the sky  
Like a patient etherised upon a table;  
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,  
The muttering retreats  
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels  
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:  
Streets that follow like a tedious argument  
Of insidious intent  
To lead you to an overwhelming question...  
Oh, do not ask, 'What is it?'  
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go  
Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,  
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes  
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,  
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,  
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,  
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,  
And seeing that it was a soft October night,  
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time  
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street  
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;  
There will be time, there will be time  
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;  
There will be time to murder and create,  
And time for all the works and days of hands  
That lift and drop a question on your plate;  
Time for you and time for me,  
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,  
And for a hundred visions and revisions,  
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go

Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time  
To wonder, 'Do I dare?' and, 'Do I dare?'  
Time to turn back and descend the stair,  
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair--  
(They will say: 'How his hair is growing thin!')  
My morning coat, my collar mouting firmly to the chin,  
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin--  
(They will say: 'But how his arms and legs are thin!')  
Do I dare  
Disturb the universe?  
In a minute there is time  
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all--  
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,  
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;  
I know the voices dying with a dying fall  
Beneath the music from a farther room.  
So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all--  
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,  
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,  
Then how should I begin  
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?  
And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all--  
Arms that are braceleted and white and bare  
(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!) Is it perfume from a dress  
That makes me so digress?  
Arms that lie along a table, wrap about a shawl.  
And should I then presume?  
And how should I begin?

\* \* \* \* \*

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets  
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes  
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? . . .

I should have been a pair of ragged claws  
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

\*\*\*\*\*

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!  
Smoothed by long fingers,  
Asleep ...tired... or it malingers,  
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.  
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,  
have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?  
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,  
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald)  
brought in upon a platter,  
I am no prophet -- and here's no great matter;  
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,  
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat,

and snicker,  
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,  
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,  
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,  
Would it have been worth while,  
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,  
To have squeezed the universe into a ball  
To roll it towards some overwhelming question,  
To say: 'I am Lazarus, come from the dead,  
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all' --  
If one, settling a pillow by her head,  
Should say: 'That's not what I meant at all.  
That is not it, at all.'

And would it have been worth it, after all,  
Would it have been worth while,  
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,  
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor --  
And this, and so much more? --  
It is impossible to say just what I mean!  
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:  
Would it have been worthwhile  
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,

And turning toward the window, should say:  
'That is not it at all,  
That is not what I meant, at all.'

\* \* \* \* \*

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;  
Am an attendant lord, one that will do  
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,  
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,  
Deferential, glad to be of use,  
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;  
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;  
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous --  
Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old... I grow old ...  
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?  
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.  
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves  
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back  
When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea  
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown  
Till human voices wake us and we drown.

**E.E. Cummings 1894-1962**

O sweet spontaneous

O sweet spontaneous  
earth how often have  
the  
doting

fingers of  
prurient philosophers pinched  
and  
poked

thee  
,has the naughty thumb  
of science prodded  
thy

beauty .how  
often have religions taken  
thee upon their scraggy knees  
squeezing and

buffeting thee that thou mightest conceive  
gods  
(but  
true

to the incomparable  
couch of death thy  
rhythmic  
lover

thou answerest

them only with

spring)

next to of course god america i

“next to of course god america i  
love you land of the pilgrims’ and so forth oh  
say can you see by the dawn’s early my  
country tis of centuries come and go  
and are no more what of it we should worry  
in every language even deafanddumb  
thy sons acclaim your glorious name by gorry  
by jingo by gee by gosh by gum  
why talk of beauty what could be more beaut-  
iful than these heroic happy dead  
who rushed like lions to the roaring slaughter  
they did not stop to think they died instead  
then shall the voice of liberty be mute?”

He spoke. And drank rapidly a glass of water

since feeling is first

since feeling is first  
who pays any attention  
to the syntax of things  
will never wholly kiss you;

wholly to be a fool  
while Spring is in the world

my blood approves,  
and kisses are a better fate  
than wisdom  
lady i swear by all flowers. Don’t cry  
- the best gesture of my brain is less than  
your eyelids’ flutter which says

**Dylan Thomas 1914-1953**

Fern Hill

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs  
About the lilting house and happy as the grass was green,  
    The night above the dingle starry,  
        Time let me hail and climb  
    Golden in the heydays of his eyes,  
And honored among wagons I was prince of the apple towns  
And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves  
    Trail with daisies and barley  
    Down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns  
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,  
    In the sun that is young once only,  
        Time let me play and be  
    Golden in the mercy of his means,  
And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves  
Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,  
    And the sabbath rang slowly  
    In the pebbles of the holy streams.

All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay  
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimneys, it was air  
    And playing, lovely and watery  
        And fire green as grass  
    And nightly under the simple stars  
As I rode to sleep the owls were bearing the farm away,  
All the moon long I heard, blessed among stables, the nightjars  
    Flying with the ricks, and the horses  
        Flashing into the dark.

And then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer white  
With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder: it was all  
    Shining, it was Adam and maiden,  
        The sky gathered again  
    And the sun grew round that very day.  
So it must have been after the birth of the simple light  
In the first, spinning place, the spellbound horses walking warm  
    Out of the whinnying green stable  
        On to the fields of praise.

And honored among foxes and pheasants by the gay house  
Under the new made clouds and happy as the heart was long,  
    In the sun born over and over,  
        I ran my heedless ways,  
    My wishes raced through the house high hay  
And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades, that time allows  
In all his tuneful turning so few and such morning songs  
    Before the children green and golden  
        Follow him out of grace,

Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would take me  
Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand,  
    In the moon that is always rising,  
        Nor that riding to sleep  
    I should hear him fly with the high fields  
And wake to the farm forever fled from the childless land.  
Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,  
    Time held me green and dying  
    Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

**Robert Lowell 1917—1977**

Where the Rainbow Ends

I saw the sky descending, black and white,  
Not blue, on Boston where the winters wore  
The skulls to jack-o'-lanterns on the slates,  
And Hunger's skin-and-bone retrievers tore  
The chickadee and shrike. The thorn tree waits  
Its victim and tonight  
The worms will eat the deadwood to the foot  
Of Ararat: the scythers, Time and Death,  
Helmed locusts, move upon the tree of breath;  
The wild ingrained olive and the root  
Are withered, and a winter drifts to where  
The Pepperpot, ironic rainbow, spans  
Charles River and its scales of scorched-earth miles  
I saw my city in the Scales, the pans  
Of judgment rising and descending. Piles  
Of dead leaves char the air –

And I am a red arrow on this graph  
Of Revelations. Every dove is sold.  
The Chapel's sharp-shinned eagle shifts its hold  
On serpent-Time, the rainbow's epitaph.  
In Boston serpents whistle at the cold.  
The victim climbs the altar steps and sings:  
"Hosannah to the lion, lamb, and beast  
Who fans the furnace-face of IS with wings:  
I breathe the ether of my marriage feast."  
At the high altar, gold  
And a fair cloth. I kneel and the wings beat  
My cheek. What can the dove of Jesus give  
You now but wisdom, exile? Stand and live,  
The dove has brought an olive branch to eat.

**Adrienne Rich 1923-**

**Aunt Jennifer's Tigers**

Aunt Jennifer's tigers prance across a screen,  
Bright topaz denizens of a world of green.  
They do not fear the men beneath the tree;  
They pace in sleek chivalric certainty.

Aunt Jennifer's fingers fluttering through her wool  
Find even the ivory needle hard to pull.  
The massive weight of Uncle's wedding band  
Sits heavily upon Aunt Jennifer's hand.

When Aunt is dead, her terrified hands will lie  
Still ringed with ordeals she was mastered by.  
The tigers in the panel that she made  
Will go on prancing, proud and unafraid.

**Allen Ginsberg 1926-1997**

*from Howl*  
For Carl Solomon

I

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by  
madness, starving hysterical naked,  
dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn  
looking for an angry fix,  
angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly  
connection to the starry dynamo in the machin-  
ery of night,  
who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat  
up smoking in the supernatural darkness of  
cold-water flats floating across the tops of cities  
contemplating jazz,  
who bared their brains to Heaven under the El and  
saw Mohammedan angels staggering on tene-  
ment roofs illuminated,  
who passed through universities with radiant cool eyes  
hallucinating Arkansas and Blake-light tragedy  
among the scholars of war,  
who were expelled from the academies for crazy &  
publishing obscene odes on the windows of the  
skull,  
who cowered in unshaven rooms in underwear, burn-  
ing their money in wastebaskets and listening  
to the Terror through the wall....

**Sylvia Plath 1932-1963**

Mirror

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.  
Whatever I see I swallow immediately  
Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.  
I am not cruel, just truthful -  
The eye of a little god, four cournered.  
Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.  
It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long  
I think it is a part of my heart. But it flickers.

Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,  
Searching my reaches for what she really is.  
Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.  
I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.  
She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands  
I am important to her. She comes and goes.  
Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.  
In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman  
Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

**Gary Snyder 1930-**

### For All

Ah to be alive  
on a mid-September morn  
fording a stream  
barefoot, pants rolled up,  
holding boots, pack on,  
sunshine, ice in the shallows,  
northern rockies.

Rustle and shimmer of icy creek waters  
stones turn underfoot, small and hard as toes  
cold nose dripping  
singing inside  
creek music, heart music,  
smell of sun on gravel.

I pledge allegiance

I pledge allegiance to the soil  
of Turtle Island,  
and to the beings who thereon dwell  
one ecosystem  
in diversity  
under the sun  
With joyful interpenetration for all.