The Stolen Child by William Butler Yeats

WHERE dips the rocky highland  
Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,  
There lies a leafy island  
Where flapping herons wake  
The drowsy water rats;  
There we've hid our faery vats,  
Full of berrys  
And of reddest stolen cherries.  
*Come away, O human child!  
To the waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand,  
For the world's more full of weeping*

*than you can understand.*  
Where the wave of moonlight glosses  
The dim gray sands with light,  
Far off by furthest Rosses  
We foot it all the night,  
Weaving olden dances  
Mingling hands and mingling glances  
Till the moon has taken flight;  
To and fro we leap  
And chase the frothy bubbles,  
While the world is full of troubles  
And anxious in its sleep.  
*Come away, O human child!  
To the waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand,  
For the world's more full of weeping*

*than you can understand.*  
Where the wandering water gushes  
From the hills above Glen-Car,  
In pools among the rushes  
That scarce could bathe a star,  
We seek for slumbering trout  
And whispering in their ears  
Give them unquiet dreams;  
Leaning softly out  
From ferns that drop their tears  
Over the young streams.  
*Come away, O human child!  
To the waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand,  
For the world's more full of weeping*

*than you can understand.*

Away with us he's going,  
The solemn-eyed:  
He'll hear no more the lowing  
Of the calves on the warm hillside  
Or the kettle on the hob  
Sing peace into his breast,  
Or see the brown mice bob  
Round and round the oatmeal chest.  
*For he comes, the human child,  
To the waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand,  
For the world's more full of weeping*

*than he can understand.*

Mushrooms by Sylvia Plath

Overnight, very

Whitely, discreetly,

Very quietly

Our toes, our noses

Take hold on the loam,

Acquire the air.

Nobody sees us,

Stops us, betrays us;

The small grains make room.

Soft fists insist on

Heaving the needles,

The leafy bedding,

Even the paving.

Our hammers, our rams,

Earless and eyeless,

Perfectly voiceless,

Widen the crannies,

Shoulder through holes. We

Diet on water,

On crumbs of shadow,

Bland-mannered, asking

Little or nothing.

So many of us!

So many of us!

We are shelves, we are

Tables, we are meek,

We are edible,

Nudgers and shovers

In spite of ourselves.

Our kind multiplies:

We shall by morning

Inherit the earth.

Our foot's in the door.

Untitled by Stephen Crane

In the desert

I saw a creature, naked, bestial,

Who squatting upon the ground,

Held his heart in his hands,

And ate of it.

I said: “Is it good, friend?”

“It is bitter—bitter,” he answered;

“But I like it

Because it is bitter,

And because it is my heart.”

The Death of the Ball Turret Gunner by Randal Jarrell

From my mother's sleep I fell into the State,

And I hunched in its belly till my wet fur froze.

Six miles from earth, loosed from its dream of life,

I woke to black flak and the nightmare fighters.

When I died they washed me out of the turret with a hose.

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening by 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 TYGER by William Blake

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright   
In the forests of the night,   
What immortal hand or eye   
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies   
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?   
On what wings dare he aspire?   
What the hand dare sieze the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art.   
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?   
And when thy heart began to beat,   
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?   
In what furnace was thy brain?   
What the anvil? what dread grasp   
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,   
And watered heaven with their tears,   
Did he smile his work to see?   
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright   
In the forests of the night,   
What immortal hand or eye   
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

*Behind Grandma’s House by* Gary Soto

At ten I wanted fame. I had a comb

and two Coke bottles, a tube of Bryl-creem.

I borrowed a dog, one with

Mismatched eyes and a happy tongue,

And wanted to prove I was tough

In the alley, kicking over trash cans,

A dull chime of tuna cans falling.

I hurled light bulbs like grenades

And men teachers held their heads

Fingers of blood lengthening

On the ground. I flicked rocks at cats,

Their goofy faces spurred with foxtails.

I kicked fences. I shooed pigeons.

I broke a branch from a flowering peach

And frightened ants with a stream of spit.

I said, “*Chale*,” “In your face,” and “No way

Daddy-O” to an imaginary priest

Until grandma came into the alley,

Her apron flapping in a breeze,

Her hair mussed, and said, “Let me help you,”  
And punched me between the eyes.

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| Success is Counted Sweetest by Emily Dickinson  SUCCESS is counted sweetest |
| By those who ne’er succeed. |
| To comprehend a nectar |
| Requires sorest need. |
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| Not one of all the purple host |
| Who took the flag to-day |
| Can tell the definition, |
| So clear, of victory, |
|  |
| As he, defeated, dying, |
| On whose forbidden ear |
| The distant strains of triumph |
| Break, agonized and clear. |

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| **Suburban** |  |
| by [Michael Blumenthal](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/1793) | |
|  | |
| Conformity caught here, nobody catches it,  Lawns groomed in prose, with hardly a stutter.  Lloyd hits the ball, and Lorraine fetches it.  Mom hangs the laundry, Fred, Jr., watches it,  Shirts in the clichéd air, all aflutter.  Conformity caught here, nobody catches it.  A dog drops a bone, another dog snatches it.  I dreamed of this life once, Now I shudder  As Lloyd hits the ball and Lorraine fetches it.  A doldrum of leaky roofs, a roofer who patches it,  Lloyd prowls the streets, still clutching his putter.  Conformity caught here, nobody catches it.  The tediumed rake, the retiree who matches it,  The fall air gone dead with the pure drone of motors  While Lloyd hits the ball, and Lorraine just fetches it.  The door is ajar, then somebody latches it.  Through the hissing of barbecues poets mutter  Of conformity caught here, where nobody catches it.  Lloyd hits the ball. And damned Lorraine fetches it. |  |

Sonnet 116 by William Shakespeare

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments, love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove.  
O no, it is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come,  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Ifby Rudyard Kipling

Rudyard Kipli

If you can keep your head when all about you

    Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,

    But make allowance for their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,

    Or being lied about, don’t deal in lies,

Or being hated, don’t give way to hating,

    And yet don’t look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;

    If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster

    And treat those two impostors just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you’ve spoken

    Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,

    And stoop and build ’em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings

    And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,

And lose, and start again at your beginnings

    And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew

    To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you

    Except the Will which says to them: ‘Hold on!’

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,

    Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,

    If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute

    With sixty seconds’ worth of distance run,

Yours is the Earth and everything that’s in it,

    And—which is more—you’ll be a Man, my son!

Digging by Seamus Heaney

Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests; as snug as a gun.  
  
Under my window a clean rasping sound  
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:  
My father, digging. I look down  
  
Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds  
Bends low, comes up twenty years away  
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills  
Where he was digging.  
  
The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft  
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.  
He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep  
To scatter new potatoes that we picked  
Loving their cool hardness in our hands.  
  
By God, the old man could handle a spade,  
Just like his old man.  
  
My grandfather could cut more turf in a day  
Than any other man on Toner's bog.  
Once I carried him milk in a bottle  
Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up  
To drink it, then fell to right away  
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods  
Over his shoulder, digging down and down  
For the good turf. Digging.  
  
The cold smell of potato mold, the squelch and slap  
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge  
Through living roots awaken in my head.  
But I've no spade to follow men like them.  
  
Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests.  
I'll dig with it.

The History Teacher by Billy Collins

Trying to protect his students' innocence  
he told them the Ice Age was really just  
the Chilly Age, a period of a million years  
when everyone had to wear sweaters.

And the Stone Age became the Gravel Age,  
named after the long driveways of the time.

The Spanish Inquisition was nothing more  
than an outbreak of questions such as  
"How far is it from here to Madrid?"  
"What do you call the matador's hat?"

The War of the Roses took place in a garden,  
and the Enola Gay dropped one tiny atom on Japan.

The children would leave his classroom  
for the playground to torment the weak and the smart,  
mussing up their hair and breaking their glasses,

while he gathered up his notes and walked home  
past flower beds and white picket fences,  
wondering if they would believe that soldiers  
in the Boer War told long, rambling stories  
designed to make the enemy nod off.

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| The Unknown Citizen by W.H. Auden |  |
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| *(To JS/07 M 378. This Marble Monument Is Erected by the State)*  He was found by the Bureau of Statistics to be  One against whom there was no official complaint,  And all the reports on his conduct agree  That, in the modern sense of an old-fashioned word, he was a saint,  For in everything he did he served the Greater Community.  Except for the War till the day he retired  He worked in a factory and never got fired,  But satisfied his employers, Fudge Motors Inc.  Yet he wasn't a scab or odd in his views,  For his Union reports that he paid his dues,  (Our report on his Union shows it was sound)  And our Social Psychology workers found  That he was popular with his mates and liked a drink.  The Press are convinced that he bought a paper every day  And that his reactions to advertisements were normal in every way.  Policies taken out in his name prove that he was fully insured,  And his Health-card shows he was once in hospital but left it cured.  Both Producers Research and High-Grade Living declare  He was fully sensible to the advantages of the Instalment Plan  And had everything necessary to the Modern Man,  A phonograph, a radio, a car and a frigidaire.  Our researchers into Public Opinion are content  That he held the proper opinions for the time of year;  When there was peace, he was for peace: when there was war, he went.  He was married and added five children to the population,  Which our Eugenist says was the right number for a parent of his generation.  And our teachers report that he never interfered with their education.  Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:  Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have heard. |  |