**“Dulce et Decorum Est” – Wilfred Owen**

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,  
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,  
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs  
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.  
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots  
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;  
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots  
Of disappointed shells that dropped behind.  
  
GAS! Gas! Quick, boys! — An ecstasy of fumbling,  
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;  
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling  
And floundering like a man in fire or lime.--  
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light  
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.  
  
In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,  
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.  
  
If in some smothering dreams you too could pace  
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,  
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,  
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;  
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood  
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,  
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud  
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,--  
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest  
To children ardent for some desperate glory,  
The old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est  
Pro patria mori*.

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| **“The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock” – T.S. Eliot**   |  | | --- | |  | |  | *S’io credesse che mia risposta fosse*  *A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,* | |  | *Questa fiamma staria senza piu scosse.* | |  | *Ma perciocche giammai di questo fondo* | |  | *Non torno vivo alcun, s’i’odo il vero,* | |  | *Senza tema d’infamia ti rispondo.* | |

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| |  | | --- | |  | | LET us go then, you and I, |  | | When the evening is spread out against the sky |  | | Like a patient etherized upon a table; |  | | Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets, |  | | The muttering retreats | *5* | | 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…. | *10* | | 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, | *15* | | 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, | *20* | | 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; | *25* | | 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; | *30* | | 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 | *35* | | 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— | *40* | | (They will say: “How his hair is growing thin!”) |  | | My morning coat, my collar mounting 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 | *45* | | 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, | *50* | | 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— | *55* | | The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase, |  | | And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin, |  | | When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall, |  | | Then how should I begin |  | | To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways? | *60* | | 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 | *65* | | That makes me so digress? |  | | Arms that lie along a table, or 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 | *70* | | 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! | *75* | | 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? | *80* | | 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, | *85* | | 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, | *90* | | To have bitten off the matter with a smile, |  | | To have squeezed the universe into a ball |  | | To roll it toward some overwhelming question, |  | | To say: “I am Lazarus, come from the dead, |  | | Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all”— | *95* | | If one, settling a pillow by her head, |  | | Should say: “That is 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, | *100* | | 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: | *105* | | Would it have been worth while |  | | 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.”  .      .      .      .      .      .      .      . | *110* | | 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, | *115* | | 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 … | *120* | | 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. | *125* | |  |  | | 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 | *130* | | Till human voices wake us, and we drown. |  | |

**“The Second Coming” – William Butler Yeats**

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?

**“Let America Be America Again” – Langston Hughes**

Let America be America again.

Let it be the dream it used to be.

Let it be the pioneer on the plain

Seeking a home where he himself is free.

(America never was America to me.)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed--

Let it be that great strong land of love

Where never kings connive nor tyrants scheme

That any man be crushed by one above.

(It never was America to me.)

O, let my land be a land where Liberty

Is crowned with no false patriotic wreath,

But opportunity is real, and life is free,

Equality is in the air we breathe.

(There's never been equality for me,

Nor freedom in this "homeland of the free.")

*Say, who are you that mumbles in the dark?*

*And who are you that draws your veil across the stars?*

I am the poor white, fooled and pushed apart,

I am the Negro bearing slavery's scars.

I am the red man driven from the land,

I am the immigrant clutching the hope I seek--

And finding only the same old stupid plan

Of dog eat dog, of mighty crush the weak.

I am the young man, full of strength and hope,

Tangled in that ancient endless chain

Of profit, power, gain, of grab the land!

Of grab the gold! Of grab the ways of satisfying need!

Of work the men! Of take the pay!

Of owning everything for one's own greed!

I am the farmer, bondsman to the soil.

I am the worker sold to the machine.

I am the Negro, servant to you all.

I am the people, humble, hungry, mean--

Hungry yet today despite the dream.

Beaten yet today--O, Pioneers!

I am the man who never got ahead,

The poorest worker bartered through the years.

Yet I'm the one who dreamt our basic dream

In the Old World while still a serf of kings,

Who dreamt a dream so strong, so brave, so true,

That even yet its mighty daring sings

In every brick and stone, in every furrow turned

That's made America the land it has become.

O, I'm the man who sailed those early seas

In search of what I meant to be my home--

For I'm the one who left dark Ireland's shore,

And Poland's plain, and England's grassy lea,

And torn from Black Africa's strand I came

To build a "homeland of the free."

The free?

Who said the free? Not me?

Surely not me? The millions on relief today?

The millions shot down when we strike?

The millions who have nothing for our pay?

For all the dreams we've dreamed

And all the songs we've sung

And all the hopes we've held

And all the flags we've hung,

The millions who have nothing for our pay--

Except the dream that's almost dead today.

O, let America be America again--

The land that never has been yet--

And yet must be--the land where *every* man is free.

The land that's mine--the poor man's, Indian's, Negro's, ME--

Who made America,

Whose sweat and blood, whose faith and pain,

Whose hand at the foundry, whose plow in the rain,

Must bring back our mighty dream again.

Sure, call me any ugly name you choose--

The steel of freedom does not stain.

From those who live like leeches on the people's lives,

We must take back our land again,

America!

O, yes,

I say it plain,

America never was America to me,

And yet I swear this oath--

America will be!

Out of the rack and ruin of our gangster death,

The rape and rot of graft, and stealth, and lies,

We, the people, must redeem

The land, the mines, the plants, the rivers.

The mountains and the endless plain--

All, all the stretch of these great green states--

And make America again!

**“The Red Wheelbarrow” – William Carlos Williams**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| so much depends  upon  a red wheel  barrow  glazed with rain  water  beside the white  chickens. | |
|  |  |

**“This Is Just to Say” – William Carlos Williams**

I have eaten

the plums

that were in

the icebox

and which

you were probably

saving

for breakfast

Forgive me

they were delicious

so sweet

and so cold

**“Poetry” – Marianne Moore**

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 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 twitching his skin like a horse

that feels a flea, the base-

ball fan, the statistician--

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 poets 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,

the raw material of poetry in

all its rawness and

that which is on the other hand

genuine, you are interested in poetry.

**“somewhere i have never traveled, gladly beyond” – e.e. cummings**

somewhere i have never travelled, gladly beyond

any experience, your eyes have their silence:

in your most frail gesture are things which enclose me,

or which i cannot touch because they are too near

your slightest look easily will unclose me

though i have closed myself as fingers,

you open always petal by petal myself as Spring opens

(touching skillfully, mysteriously) her first rose

or if your wish be to close me, i and

my life will shut very beautifully, suddenly,

as when the heart of this flower imagines

the snow carefully everywhere descending;

nothing which we are to perceive in this world equals

the power of your intense fragility: whose texture

compels me with the color of its countries,

rendering death and forever with each breathing

(i do not know what it is about you that closes

and opens; only something in me understands

the voice of your eyes is deeper than all roses)

nobody, not even the rain, has such small hands

**“Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night” – Dylan Thomas**

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  
  
Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
  
Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  
  
Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
  
Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,   
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  
  
And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

**“September 1st, 1939” – W.H. Auden**

I sit in one of the dives

On Fifty-second Street

Uncertain and afraid

As the clever hopes expire

Of a low dishonest decade:

Waves of anger and fear

Circulate over the bright

And darkened lands of the earth,

Obsessing our private lives;

The unmentionable odour of death

Offends the September night.

Accurate scholarship can

Unearth the whole offence

From Luther until now

That has driven a culture mad,

Find what occurred at Linz,

What huge imago made

A psychopathic god:

I and the public know

What all schoolchildren learn,

Those to whom evil is done

Do evil in return.

Exiled Thucydides knew

All that a speech can say

About Democracy,

And what dictators do,

The elderly rubbish they talk

To an apathetic grave;

Analysed all in his book,

The enlightenment driven away,

The habit-forming pain,

Mismanagement and grief:

We must suffer them all again.

Into this neutral air

Where blind skyscrapers use

Their full height to proclaim

The strength of Collective Man,

Each language pours its vain

Competitive excuse:

But who can live for long

In an euphoric dream;

Out of the mirror they stare,

Imperialism's face

And the international wrong.

Faces along the bar

Cling to their average day:

The lights must never go out,

The music must always play,

All the conventions conspire

To make this fort assume

The furniture of home;

Lest we should see where we are,

Lost in a haunted wood,

Children afraid of the night

Who have never been happy or good.

The windiest militant trash

Important Persons shout

Is not so crude as our wish:

What mad Nijinsky wrote

About Diaghilev

Is true of the normal heart;

For the error bred in the bone

Of each woman and each man

Craves what it cannot have,

Not universal love

But to be loved alone.

From the conservative dark

Into the ethical life

The dense commuters come,

Repeating their morning vow;

"I will be true to the wife,

I'll concentrate more on my work,"

And helpless governors wake

To resume their compulsory game:

Who can release them now,

Who can reach the deaf,

Who can speak for the dumb?

All I have is a voice

To undo the folded lie,

The romantic lie in the brain

Of the sensual man-in-the-street

And the lie of Authority

Whose buildings grope the sky:

There is no such thing as the State

And no one exists alone;

Hunger allows no choice

To the citizen or the police;

We must love one another or die.

Defenceless under the night

Our world in stupor lies;

Yet, dotted everywhere,

Ironic points of light

Flash out wherever the Just

Exchange their messages:

May I, composed like them

Of Eros and of dust,

Beleaguered by the same

Negation and despair,

Show an affirming flame.

**“Susie Asado” – Gertrude Stein**

Sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet tea.

       Susie Asado.

Sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet tea.

       Susie Asado.

Susie Asado which is a told tray sure.

A lean on the shoe this means slips slips hers.

When the ancient light grey is clean it is yellow, it is a silver seller.

This is a please this is a please there are the saids to jelly. These are the wets these say the sets to leave a crown to Incy.

Incy is short for incubus.

A pot. A pot is a beginning of a rare bit of trees. Trees tremble, the old vats are in bobbles, bobbles which shade and shove and render clean, render clean must.

       Drink pups.

Drink pups drink pups lease a sash hold, see it shine and a bobolink has pins. It shows a nail.

What is a nail. A nail is unison.

Sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet tea.

**“In Between” – Gertrude Stein**

IN between a place and candy is a narrow foot-path that shows more mounting than anything, so much really that a calling meaning a bolster measured a whole thing with that. A virgin a whole virgin is judged made and so between curves and outlines and real seasons and more out glasses and a perfectly unprecedented arrangement between old ladies and mild colds there is no satin wood shining.

**“A Long Dress” – Gertrude Stein**

WHAT is the current that makes machinery, that makes it crackle, what is the current that presents a long line and a necessary waist. What is this current.

What is the wind, what is it.

Where is the serene length, it is there and a dark place is not a dark place, only a white and red are black, only a yellow and green are blue, a pink is scarlet, a bow is every color. A line distinguishes it. A line just distinguishes it.