

번호가 붙여진 부분 (0부터 25까지 있음)을 손글씨로 영어 원문을 한 번 쓰고 그 원문에 대한 한글 해석을 쓸 것. 번호와 함께 순서대로 원문+해석을 써야 하고 빠진 부분이 있을 때엔 불합격 처리할 것임. 제출기한은 5월 31일 오후 5시까지.

— 공책은 사서 몰아서

쓰든지

A4에 쓸 것



A Checklist for Exploring Poems

The questions below can help you find your way into a poem when you are looking for useful ways to describe it. The list is taken from Chapter 4, where the terms (such as “speech acts”) are explained and discussed. To see how the questions can be applied and used to explore a sample poem, see pages 129–37.

When you are exploring a poem, consider its

1. **Meaning:** Can you paraphrase in prose the general outline of the poem?
2. **Antecedent scenario:** What has been happening before the poem begins? What has provoked the speaker into utterance? How has a previous equilibrium been unsettled? What is the speaker upset about?
3. **Division into parts:** How many are there? Where do the breaks come?
4. **Climax:** How do the other parts fall into place around it?
5. **Other parts:** What makes you divide the poem into these parts? Are there changes in person? In agency? In tense? In parts of speech?
6. **Skeleton:** What is the emotional curve on which the whole poem is strung? (It helps to draw a shape — a crescendo, perhaps, or an hourglass shape, or a sharp ascent followed by a steep decline — so you’ll know how the poem looks to you as a whole.)
7. **Games with the skeleton:** How is this emotional curve made new?
8. **Language:** What are the contexts of diction, chains of significant relation, parts of speech emphasized, tenses, and so on?
9. **Tone:** Can you name the pieces of the emotional curve — the changes in tone you can hear in the speaker’s voice as the poem goes along?
10. **Agency and its speech acts:** Who is the main agent in the poem, and does the main agent change as the poem progresses? See what the main speech act of the agent is, and whether that changes. Notice oddities about the agent and speech acts.
11. **Roads not taken:** Can you imagine the poem written in a different person or tense, with the parts rearranged, or with an additional stanza or one stanza left out? Why might the poet have wanted *these* pieces in *this* order?
12. **Genres:** What are they by content, by speech act, by outer form?
13. **Imagination:** What has it invented that is new, striking, memorable — in content, in genre, in analogies, in rhythm, in a speaker?

①

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757 – 1827)
Infant Joy

"I have no name,
I am but two days old."
"What shall I call thee?"
"I happy am,
Joy is my name."
"Sweet joy befall thee!"
"Pretty joy!
Sweet joy but two days old,
Sweet joy I call thee;
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while —
Sweet joy befall thee!"

②

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757 – 1827)
Infant Sorrow

My mother groaned, my father wept —
Into the dangerous world I leapt,
Helpless, naked, piping loud,
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.
Struggling in my father's hands,
Striving against my swaddling bands,
Bound and weary, I thought best
To sulk upon my mother's breast.

JOHN KEATS (1795 – 1821)
The Human Seasons

(3)

Four seasons fill the measure of the year;
Four seasons are there in the mind of man.
He hath his lussy spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:
He hath his summer, when luxuriously
He chews the honied cud of fair spring thoughts,
Till, in his soul dissolv'd, they come to be
Part of himself. He hath his autumn ports
And havens of repose, when his tired wings
Are folded up, and he content to look
On mists in idleness: to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He hath his winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forget his mortal nature.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(4)

Surprised by joy⁹

Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh! with whom
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—
But how could I forget thee? Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss!—That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

1813–14

(5)

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770 – 1850)

A slumber did my spirit seal

A slumber did my spirit seal;

I had no human fears;

She seemed a thing that could not feel

The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;

She neither hears nor sees;

Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course,

With rocks, and stones, and trees.

SYLVIA PLATH (1932 – 1963)

Metaphors

I'm a riddle in nine syllables,

An elephant, a ponderous house,

A melon strolling on two tendrils.

O red fruit, ivory, fine timbers!

This loaf's big with its yeasty rising.

Money's new-minted in this fat purse.

I'm a means, a stage, a cow in calf.

I've eaten a bag of green apples,

Boarded the train there's no getting off.

ELIZABETH BISHOP (1911 – 1979)
One Art

6

The art of losing isn't hard to master;
so many things seem filled with the intent
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:
places, and names, and where it was you meant
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

— Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident
the art of losing's not too hard to master
though it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster.

The Tyger

WILLIAM BLAKE

7

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

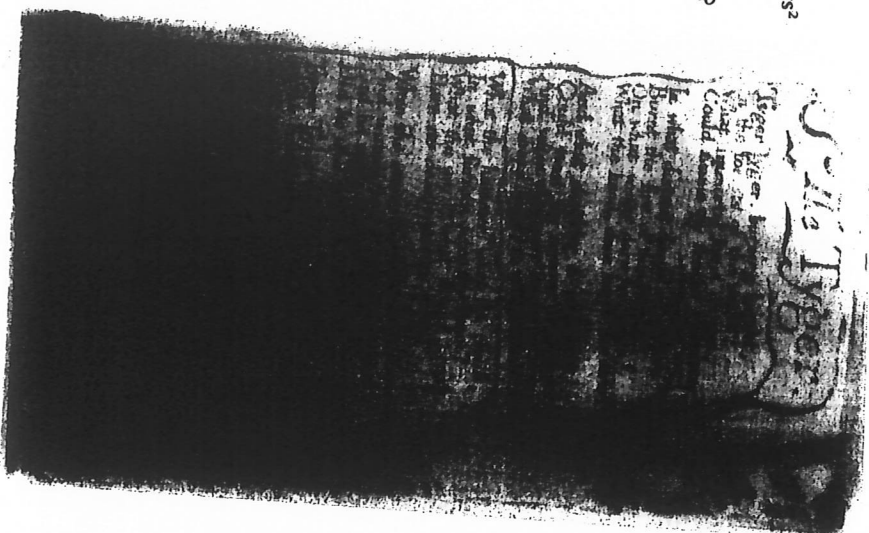
5 In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

10 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?

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

20 When the stars threw down their spears—
And water'd 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?



WALT WHITMAN (1819 – 1892)

From Song of Myself

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 loaf and invite my soul,
I lean and loaf 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.

(8)

EMILY DICKINSON (1830 – 1886)

I'm Nobody! Who are you?

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you — Nobody — Too?
Then there's a pair of us!
Don't tell! they'd advertise — you know!

How dreary — to be — Somebody!
How public — like a Frog —
To tell one's name — the livelong June —
To an admiring Bog!

(9)

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS
The Second Coming

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.²
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*³
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 Bethlehem⁴ to be born?

Jan. 1919

1920, 1921

1. Yeats's term (pronounced with a hard g) for a spiraling motion in the shape of a cone. He envisions the two-thousand-year cycle of the Christian age as spiraling toward its end and the next historical cycle as beginning after a violent reversal: "the end of an age, which always receives the revelation of the character of the next age, is represented by the coming of one gyre to its place of greatest expansion and of the other to that of its greatest contraction" (Yeats's note).
2. The poem was written in January 1919, in the aftermath of World War I and the Russian Revolution and on the eve of the Anglo-Irish War.

3. Christ's second coming is heralded by the coming of the Beast of the Apocalypse, or Antichrist (1 John 2, 18).
4. The spirit of the universe (Latin); i.e., Yeats said, "a general storehouse of images, a collective unconscious or memory, in which the human race preserves its past memories."
5. Jesus' birthplace.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS
Easter, 1916¹

I have met them at close of day
Coming with vivid faces
From counter or desk among grey
Eighteenth-century houses.
I have passed with a nod of the head
Or polite meaningless words,
Or have lingered awhile and said
Polite meaningless words,
And thought before I had done
Of a mocking tale or a gibe
To please a companion
Around the fire at the club,
Being certain that they and I
But ~~lived~~ where ~~modesty~~ is worn:
All changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

That woman's days were spent
In ignorant good-will,
Her nights in argument
Until her voice grew shrill.
What voice more sweet than hers
When, young and beautiful,
She rode to harriers?³
This man had kept a school
And rode our winged horse;⁴
This other his helper and friend⁵
Was coming into his force;
He might have won fame in the end,
So sensitive his nature seemed,
So daring and sweet his thought.
This other man I had dreamed
A drunken, vainglorious lout.⁶
He had done most bitter wrong
To some who are near my heart,
Yet I number him in the song;
He, too, has resigned his part
In the casual comedy;

1. During the Easter Rising of 1916, Irish nationalists revolted against the British government and proclaimed an Irish Republic. Nearly sixteen hundred Irish Volunteers and two hundred members of the Citizen Army seized buildings and a park in Dublin. The rebellion began on Easter Monday, April 24, 1916, and was crushed in six days. Over the next two weeks fifteen of the leaders were executed by firing squad. Yeats knew the chief nationalist leaders personally. For more on the Easter Rising, see "Imagining Ireland" at Norton Literature Online.
2. The multicolored clothes of a jester.
3. Constance Gore-Booth (1868-1927), afterward Countess Markievicz, took a prominent role in the uprising. Her death sentence was reduced to imprisonment. The other rebel leaders to whom Yeats refers were executed.
4. Pádraic Pearse (1879-1916), founder of a literary school in Dublin and poet, wrote the "winged horse," or Pegasus, the horse of the Muses.
5. Thomas MacDonagh (1878-1916), poet and dramatist.
6. Major John MacBride (1865-1916), Irish revolutionary and estranged husband of Maud.

He, too, has been changed in his turn,
Transformed utterly;
A terrible beauty is born.

40
Hearts with one purpose alone
Through summer and winter seem
Enchanted to a stone
45 To trouble the living stream.
The horse that comes from the road,
The rider, the birds that range
From cloud to tumbling cloud,
Minute by minute they change;
50 A shadow of cloud on the stream
Changes minute by minute;
A horse-hoof slides on the brim,
And a horse plashes within it;
The long-legged moor-hens dive,
55 And hens to moor-cocks call;
Minute by minute they live:
The stone's in the midst of all.

Too long a sacrifice
Can make a stone of the heart.
O, when may it suffice?
60 That is Heaven's part, our part
To murmur name upon name,
As a mother names her child
When sleep at last has come
On limbs that had run wild.
What is it but nightfall?
65 No, no, not night but death;
Was it needless death after all?
For England may keep faith
For all that is done and said.
We know their dream; enough
70 To know they dreamed and are dead;
And what if excess of love
Bewildered them till they died?
I write it out in a verse—
75 MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly's and Pearse
Now and in time to be,
Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly:
80 A terrible beauty is born.

-Sept. 1916

1916, 1920

In 1914 the English government had passed the Home Rule for Ireland into law, but because of

World War I had suspended it, promising to implement it later.
8. James Connolly (1870–1916), a trade-union organizer and military commander of the rebellion.

The Wild Swans at Coole¹

The trees are in their autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are dry,
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky;
Upon the brimming water among the stones
Are nine-and-fifty swans.

10 The nineteenth autumn has come upon me
Since I first made my count;²
I saw, before I had well finished,
All suddenly mount
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
Upon their clamorous wings.

15 I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,
And now my heart is sore.
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,
The first time on this shore,
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,
Trode with a lighter tread.

20 Unwearing still, lover by lover,
They paddle in the cold
Companionable streams or climb the air;
Their hearts have not grown old;
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
Attend upon them still.

25 But now they drift on the still water,
Mysterious, beautiful:
Among what rushes will they build,
By what lake's edge or pool
Delight men's eyes when I awake some day
To find they have flown away?

Oct. 1916

1917

1. Coole Park, in County Galway, was the estate of the Irish playwright Lady Augusta Gregory (1852–1932).

2. Yeats made his first long visit to Coole in 1897, from then on he spent summers there, often staying into the fall.

Learned in bodily lowliness
And in the heart's pride.

"A woman can be proud and stiff
When on love intent;
But Love has pitched his mansion in
The place of excrement;
For nothing can be sole or whole
That has not been rent."

Nov. 1931

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Lapis Lazuli

(For Harry Clifton)¹

I have heard that hysterical women say
They are sick of the palette and fiddle-bow,
Of poets that are always gay,
For everybody knows or else should know
That if nothing drastic is done,²
Aeroplane and Zeppelin³ will come out,
Pitch like King Billy⁴ bomb-balls in
Until the town lie beaten flat.

All perform their tragic play,
There struts Hamlet, there is Lear,
That's Ophelia, that Cordelia;
Yet they, should the last scene be there,
The great stage curtain about to drop,
If worthy their prominent part in the play,
Do not break up their lines to weep.
They know that Hamlet and Lear are gay;
Gaiety transfiguring all that dread.
All men have aimed at, feared and lost;
Black out: Heaven blazing into the head:
Tragedy wrought to its uttermost.
Though Hamlet rambles and Lear rages,
And all the drop scenes drop at once
Upon a hundred thousand stages,
It cannot grow by an inch or an ounce.

25 On their own feet they came, or on shipboard,
Camel-back, horse-back, ass-back, mule-back,

1. The English writer Harry Clifton (1908-1978) gave Yeats for his seventieth birthday a piece of lapis lazuli, a deep blue stone, "carved by some Chinese sculptor into the semblance of a mountain about to climb the mountain. Ascetic, pupil, hard stone, eternal theme of the sensual east. The heroic cry in the midst of despair. But no, I am wrong: the east has its solutions always and therefore knows nothing of tragedy. It is we, not

the east, that must raise the heroic cry" (Yeats to Dorothy Wylie, July 6, 1931).
2. Because Europe was (in 1936) close to war, German zeppelins, or airships, bombed London during World War I.
3. King William III (William of Orange), who defeated the army of King James II at the Battle of the Boyne, in Ireland, in 1690. In a popular ballad, "King William he threw his bomb-balls in, / And set them on fire."

1932

(12)

Old civilisations put to the sword.
Then they and their wisdom went to rack:
No handiwork of Callimachus¹
Who handled marble as if it were bronze,
Made draperies that seemed to rise
When sea-wind swept the corner, stands;
His long lamp chimney shaped like the stem
Of a slender palm, stood but a day;
All things fall and are built again²
And those that build them again are gay.

Two Chinamen, behind them a third,
Are carved in Lapis Lazuli,
Over them flies a long-legged bird
A symbol of longevity;
The third, doubtless a serving-man,
Carries a musical instrument.

Every discolouration of the stone,
Every accidental crack or dent
Seems a water-course or an avalanche,
Or lofty slope where it still snows
Though doubtless plum or cherry-branch
Sweetens the little half-way house
Those Chinamen climb towards, and I
Delight to imagine them seated there;
There, on the mountain and the sky,
On all the tragic scene they stare.
One asks for mournful melodies;
Accompanied fingers begin to play.
Their eyes mid many wrinkles, their eyes,
Their ancient, glittering eyes, are gay.

July 1936

1938

Under Ben Bulbin¹

Swear by what the Sages spoke
Round the Mareotic Lake²
That the Witch of Atlas knew,
Spoke and set the cocks a-crow.

5. Athenian sculptor (5th century B.C.E.), supposedly the originator of the Corinthian column and of the use of the running drill to imitate folds in drapery in statues. Yeats wrote of him: "With Callimachus pure Ionic revives again . . . and upon the only example of his work known to us, a marble chisel, a Perian is represented, and may one not discover a Perian symbol in that bronze lamp, shaped like a palm . . . ? But he was an archaic workman, and those who set him to work brought back public life to an older form" (A Vision).

1. A mountain near Sligo. Yeats's grave is in sight of it, in Drumcliff churchyard.

2. Lake Mareotis, near Alexandria, Egypt, was an ancient center of Christian Neoplatonism and of neo-Pythagorean philosophy. The lake is mentioned in Percy Bysshe Shelley's poem "The Witch of Atlas." In an essay on Shelley, Yeats interprets the witch as a symbol of timeless, absolute beauty: passing in a boat by this and another lake, she "sees all human life shadowed upon its waters . . . and because she can see the reality of things she is described as journeying 'in the calm depths of the wide lake' we journey over unexplored."

he was a patient and a prisoner in St. Elizabeth's Hospital for the criminally insane in Washington, D.C. During those years he received visits, wrote letters, composed can-
tos, and continued his polemic against American society.

In 1948 the *Pisan Cantos* (LXXIV-LXXXIV) won the Library of Congress's newly
established Bollingen Prize for poetry, an event that provoked tremendous debate about
Pound's stature as a poet as well as a citizen. Ten years later the efforts of a committee
of writers succeeded in winning Pound's release; he returned to Italy, where he died at
the age of eighty-seven. He remains one of the most controversial poets of the era.

The texts of the poems included here are those of *Personae: The Collected Poems*
(rev., 1949) and *The Cantos* (1976).

To Whistler, American¹

On the loan exhibit of his paintings at the Tate Gallery.

You also, our first great
Had tried all ways;
Tested and pried and worked in many fashions,
And this much gives me heart to play the game.

Here is a part that's slight, and part gone wrong,
And much of little moment, and some few
Perfect as Dürer!²

"In the Studio" and these two portraits,³ if I had my choice!
And then these sketches in the mood of Greece?

You had your searches, your uncertainties,
And this is good to know—for us, I mean,
Who bear the brunt of our America
And try to wrench her impulse into art.

You were not always sure, not always set
To hiding night or tuning "symphonies";⁴
Had not one style from birth, but tried and pried
And stretched and tampered with the media.

You and Abe Lincoln from that mass of dolts
Show us there's chance at least of winning through.

EZRA POUND

1912, 1949

Portrait d'une Femme¹

Your mind and you are our Sargasso Sea,²
London has swept about you this score years

1. James Abbott McNeill Whistler (1834–1903),
sympathetic American painter.

2. Albrecht Dürer (1471–1528), German painter
and engraver.

3. "Thrown and Cold—de Race," "Grenat et Or—
de Petit (caillou)" ("Garnet and Gold—The Little
Preciousness" "Gemstone" "Trinket" and subjects of
jewelry).

the portraits.

4. Whistler painted many night scenes and titled
many paintings "symphonies."

1. Portrait of a lady (French).

2. Sea in the North Atlantic where boats were
becalmed; named for its large masses of floating
seaweed.

And bright ships left you this or that in fee:
Ideas, old gossip, oddments of all things,
Strange spars of knowledge and dimmed wares of price.
Great minds have sought you—lacking someone else.
You have been second always. Tragical?
No. You preferred it to the usual thing:
One dull man, dulling and uxorious,
One average mind—with one thought less, each year.
Oh, you are patient, I have seen you sit
Hours, where something might have floated up.
And now you pay one. Yes, you richly pay.
You are a person of some interest, one comes to you
And takes strange gain away:
Trophies fished up; some curious suggestion;
Fact that leads nowhere; and a tale or two,
Pregnant with mandrakes,³ or with something else
That might prove useful and yet never proves,
That never fits a corner or shows use,
Or finds its hour upon the loom of days:
The tarnished, gaudy, wonderful old work;
Idols and ambergris and rare inlays,
These are your riches, your great store; and yet
For all this sea-board of deciduous things,
Strange woods half sodden, and new brighter stuff:
In the slow float of differing light and deep,
No! there is nothing! In the whole and all,
Nothing that's quite your own.
Yet this is you.

1912

A Virginal¹

No, no! Go from me. I have left her lately,
I will not spoil my sheath with lesser brightness,
For my surrounding air hath a new lightness;
Slight are her arms, yet they have bound me straitly
And left me cloaked as with a gauze of æther;
As with sweet leaves; as with subtle clearness.
Oh, I have picked up magic in her nearness
To sheathe me half in half the things that sheathe her.
No, no! Go from me. I have still the flavour,
Soft as spring wind that's come from birchen bowers.
Green come the shoots, aye April in the branches,
As winter's wound with her sleight hand she staunches,

10

5

3. Herb used as a cathartic; believed in legend to
have human properties, to shriek when pulled from
the ground, and to promote pregnancy.

1. A small portable instrument popular in the
16th and 17th centuries.

Hath of the trees a likeness of the savour:
As white their bark, so white this lady's hours.

1912

EZRA POUND
A Pact

I make a pact with you, Walt Whitman—
I have detested you long enough.
I come to you as a grown child
Who has had a pig-headed father;
I am old enough now to make friends.
It was you that broke the new wood,
Now is a time for carving.
We have one sap and one root—
Let there be commerce between us.

1913, 1916

EZRA POUND
The Rest

O helpless few in my country,
O remnant enslaved!
Artists broken against her,
A-stray, lost in the villages,
Mistrusted, spoken-against,
Lovers of beauty, starved,
Thwarted with systems,
Helpless against the control;

You who can not wear yourselves out
By persisting to successes,
You who can only speak,
Who can not steel yourselves into reiteration;

You of the finer sense,
Broken against false knowledge,
You who can know at first hand,
Hated, shut in, mistrusted:

Take thought:
I have weathered the storm,
I have beaten out my exile.

1913, 1916

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

1913, 1916

The River-Merchant's Wife: A Letter¹

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead
I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.
You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse,
You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.
And we went on living in the village of Chōkan:
Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.

At fourteen I married My Lord you.
I never laughed, being bashful.
Lowering my head, I looked at the wall.
Called to, a thousand times, I never looked back.

At fifteen I stopped scowling,
I desired my dust to be mingled with yours
Forever and forever and forever.
Why should I climb the look out?

At sixteen you departed,
You went into far Ku-tō-en, by the river of swirling eddies,
And you have been gone five months.
The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead.

You dragged your feet when you went out.
By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different mosses,
Too deep to clear them away!
The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.

The palred butterflies are already yellow with August
Over the grass in the West garden;
They hurt me. I grow older.
If you are coming down through the narrows of the river Kiang,
Please let me know beforehand,
And I will come out to meet you
As far as Chō-fa-Sa.

By Rihaku
1915

1. Paris subway.
1. Adaptation from the Chinese of Li Po (701-762), named Hsüeh-shan in Japanese; from the papers

of Ernest Fenollon, an American scholar whose widow gave his papers on Japan and China to Pound.

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 outdoor 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 offense.
 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."

1914

30

ROBERT FROST

Desert Places

Snow falling and night falling fast, oh, fast
 In a field I looked into going past,
 And the ground almost covered smooth in snow,
 But a few weeds and stubble showing last.
 The woods around it have it—it is theirs.
 All animals are smothered in their lairs.
 I am too absent-spirited to count;
 The loneliness includes me unawares.
 And lonely as it is, that loneliness
 Will be more lonely ere it will be less—
 A blanker whiteness of benighted snow
 With no expression, nothing to express.
 They cannot scare me with their empty spaces
 Between stars—on stars where no human race is.
 I have it in me so much nearer home
 To scare myself with my own desert places.

1936

Design

I found a dimpled spider, fat and white,
 On a white heal-all,¹ holding up a moth
 Like a white piece of rigid satin cloth—
 Assorted characters of death and blight
 Mixed ready to begin the morning right,
 Like the ingredients of a witches' broth—
 A snow-drop spider, a flower like a froth,
 And dead wings carried like a paper kite.
 What had that flower to do with being white,
 The wayside blue and innocent heal-all?
 What brought the kindred spider to that height,
 Then steered the white moth thither in the night?
 What but design of darkness to appall?—
 If design govern in a thing so small.

1922, 1936

1. Common wildflower whose blossoms are usually white or blue.

ROBERT FROST
Fire and Ice

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

ROBERT FROST

Nothing Gold Can Stay

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

ROBERT FROST

Birches

When I see birches bend to left and right
Across the lines of straighter darker trees,
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay
As ice storms do. Often you must have seen them
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
After a rain. They click upon themselves
As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells
Shattering and avalanching on the snow crust—
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.

18

19

20

31

They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,
And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed
So low for long, they never right themselves:

You may see their trunks arching in the woods
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.

But I was going to say when Truth broke in
With all her matter of fact about the ice storm,
I should prefer to have some boy bend them

As he went out and in to fetch the cows—
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
Whose only play was what he found himself,
Summer or winter, and could play alone.

One by one he subdued his father's trees
By riding them down over and over again
Until he took the stiffness out of them,
And not one but hung limp, not one was left
For him to conquer. He learned all there was
To learn about not launching out too soon

And so not carrying the tree away
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise

To the top branches, climbing carefully
With the same pains you use to fill a cup
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.

Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.
So was I once myself a swinger of birches.

And so I dream of going back to be.

It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless wood
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
From a twig's having lashed across it open.

I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over.
May no fate willfully misunderstand me
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:

I don't know where it's likely to go better.
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
But dipped its top and set me down again.

That would be good both going and coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

Mother to Son

Well, son, I'll tell you:

Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.
It's had tacks in it,

And splinters,

And boards torn up,

And places with no carpet on the floor—
Bare.

But all the time

I've been a-climbin' on,

And reachin' landin's,

And turnin' corners,

And sometimes goin' in the dark
Where there ain't been no light.

So boy, don't you turn back.
Don't you set down on the steps

'Cause you finds it's kinder hard.
Don't you fall now—

For I've still goin', honey,
I've still climbin',

And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

1922, 1926

LANGSTON HUGHES

I, Too

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.

They send me to eat in the kitchen

When company comes,

But I laugh,

And eat well,

And grow strong.

Tomorrow,

I'll be at the table

When company comes.

Nobody'll dare

Say to me,

"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

Besides,

They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed—

I, too, am America.

1925, 1959

24

22

The Weary Blues

Droning a drowsy syncopated tune,
Rocking back and forth to a mellow croon,
I heard a Negro play.

Down on Lenox Avenue the other night
By the pale dull pallor of an old gas light
He did a lazy sway. . . .

He did a lazy sway. . . .
To the tune o' those Weary Blues.

With his ebony hands on each ivory key.
He made that poor piano moan with melody.

O Blues!

Swaying to and fro on his rickety stool
He played that sad raggy tune like a musical fool.

Sweet Blues!

Coming from a black man's soul.

O Blues!

In a deep song voice with a melancholy tone
I heard that Negro sing, that old piano moan—

"Ain't got nobody in all this world,
Ain't got nobody but ma self.

I's gwine to quit ma frownin'
And put ma troubles on de shelf."

Thump, thump, thump, went his foot on the floor.
He played a few chords then he sang some more—

"I got de Weary Blues
And I can't be satisfied.

Got de Weary Blues
And can't be satisfied—

I ain't happy no mo'
And I wish that I had died."

And far into the night he crooned that tune.
The stars went out and so did the moon.

The singer stopped playing and went to bed.
While the Weary Blues echoes through his head

He slept like a rock or a man that's dead.

1925

Mulatto

I am your son, white man!

Georgia dusk

And the turpentine woods.

One of the pillars of the temple fell.

You are my son!

Like hell!

5

65

Far from being mere symptoms in a personal pathology, Plath's poems are works of great aesthetic accomplishment and psychological insight. She transmutes experiences both everyday and extreme with imaginative daring. In "Carrion" the mundane becomes of accidentally cutting the tip of her thumb instead of an onion undergoes an astonishing series of metamorphoses. A household event becomes the occasion for an imaginative outpouring, the poem mimicking the intensified consciousness of the body in pain by leaping from one increasingly extravagant image to the next. In "The Applicant," a salesman's arrival at the door turns into a savage meditation on the objectification of women in traditional marriage. In "Fever 103°," Plath transforms a high temperature into a meditation on death, lust, fire, and imaginative liberation of the female body from dependence on men. The movement of a horse in "Ariel" becomes the ecstatic drive of the poetic "I" to fuse with the sublime "eye" of Being.

Plath's final style represents a major achievement, especially compared with the overwrought, highly formal artifice of her early poems, written in the arch, New Critical style of the 1950s. Even so, a poem such as "The Colossus" begins to hint at the eruption of something less smooth and deliberate, especially in its juxtapositions of the formal with the colloquial, the mythic with the mundane ("A blue sky out of the Oresteia" but also "pails of Lyso! and the contemptuous remark 'It's worse than a banyard!'). The poems written in Plath's last year are wildly heterogeneous, yoking together extremes of Gothicism and gaiety, rage and tenderness. They leap from one metaphor to the next without explicit connections, riding the relentless velocity of short, incantatory, free verse lines. She said they were written, unlike earlier ones, "to be read aloud" (BBC interview). The persona in these poems is volcanic in energy, mercurial in affect, by turns mournful, sardonic, aggressive, visionary, and ruthlessly self-mocking.

The emotional ambivalence of Plath's poetry widened the affective range of lyric poetry in English. Here, motherhood is not all sugar and sweetness, but includes the "stink of fat and baby crap" ("Lesbos"). A grieving daughter can adore her father, but also rage at him: "Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through." A husband may be a "vampire." Nor does the poet spare herself the same tumultuous mix of emotions. Plath even scorns her own supposedly confessional hawking of her inner emotional life for money: "There is a charge," proclaims Lady Lazarus, "For the eyeing of my scars."

Plath's example was not lost on a poet such as John Berryman, one of whose Dream Songs has him splitting open his father's casket and tearing apart his grave clothes. But for a host of women poets, including the Americans Sexton, Adrienne Rich, Maxine Kumin, and Sharon Olds, as well as the Irish Eavan Boland, the British Carol Ann Duffy, and the Indian Eunice de Souza, Plath's example has been fundamental, as evidenced by their poems of fury against fathers and mothers, of suicidal longing and triumphant rebirth, of ferocious self-definition and self-assertion. Plath created a style equal to her keen awareness of her psychic life. Venting repressed feeling, examining it with an icy calm, Plath delivered to us our inner tumult, conflict, but also power.

SYLVIA PLATH

Morning Song

Love set you going like a fat gold watch.
The midwife slapped your footsoles, and your bald cry
Took its place among the elements.

Our voices echo, magnifying your arrival. New statue.
In a drafty museum, your nakedness
Shadows our safety. We stand round blankly as walls.

I'm no more your mother
Than the cloud that distills a mirror to reflect its own slow
Effacement at the wind's hand.

All night your moth-breath
Flickers among the flat pink roses. I wake to listen:
A far sea moves in my ear.

One cry, and I stumble from bed, cow-heavy and floral
In my Victorian nightgown.
Your mouth opens clean as a cat's. The window square

Whitens and swallows its dull stars. And now you try
Your handful of notes;
The clear vowels rise like balloons.

February 19, 1961

7. Like the acanthus leaf used atop ornate, Corinthian columns.

23

67

Rich was born, "white and middle-class," the elder of two sisters, in Baltimore, Maryland, on May 16, 1929. She graduated from Radcliffe College in 1951, the same year W. H. Auden chose her first volume, *A Change of World*, for the Yale Series of Younger Poets. In his preface, Auden wrote, with condescending approval: "The poems a reader will encounter in this book are neatly and modestly dressed, speak quietly but do not mumble, respect their elders but are not cowed by them, and do not tell fibs." Rich was writing under the influence of male poets—by her reckoning, "Frost, Dylan Thomas, Donne, Auden, MacNeice, Stevens, Yeats"—and in the impersonal, formally tight, exacting style fostered by the New Criticism. But even an early poem such as "Aunt Jennifer's Tigers" evokes the stirrings of gender critique, as Rich suggests in her outline of her early development in the influential essay "When We Dead Awaken: Writing as Re-Vision." Determined to prove that she could be a poet and "have what was then defined as a 'full' woman's life," she married in her twenties and had three sons before she was thirty. Under these circumstances, the 1950s were desperate years for her, in which she began "to feel that politics was not something 'out there' but something 'in here' and of the essence of my condition." Then, in the late 1950s, she "was able to write, for the first time, directly about experiencing myself as a woman," in the poem "Snapshots of a Daughter-in-Law." Later, in "Planetarium," written in 1968, she reached a further synthesis, as in it "at last the woman in the poem and the woman writing the poem become the same person."

In the late 1960s, when Rich's husband accepted a teaching post at the City College of New York, they both became involved in radical politics, especially in opposition to the Vietnam War. Staying on in New York after their separation and his death by suicide in 1970, Rich also taught inner-city, minority young people. These new concerns entered the poems of *Diving into the Wreck* and *A Will to Change*. The language in these books became more urgent and fragmented, the images starker, the prosody more jagged. Punctuation is relinquished, lines are heavily enjambed and cut up by blank spaces, initial letters are infrequently capitalized, rhymes are used sparingly, and speech rhythms are more urgent. Poems often reach to become letters, throwaway leaflets, photographs, shooting scripts. Moreover, ever since "Snapshots," Rich has been dating her poems, as if to underline their provisional or journal-entry nature. Her later poetry, while still committed to a radical feminist and lesbian vision, has expanded its range of concerns, encompassing global, historical, and ecological issues. It has also, perhaps surprisingly, become increasingly lyrical—"the music always ran ahead of the words" ("Late Chazal"). Rich's recent poetry is compressed, imagistic, and intensely self-questioning. "Fox," for example, is a self-lacerating apostrophe to a preternatural, instinctual, animal self. The title of Rich's 1971 collection, *The Will to Change*, is taken from Charles Olson's declaration in "The Kingfishers": "What does not change / is the will to change." Indeed, the will to change both herself and her world is the constant in Rich's extraordinary career.

Rich has been signally honored for her poetry. In 1974, she won the National Book Award. In 1986, she was the first winner of the Ruth Lilly Poetry Prize; since then, she has also won the Lenore Marshall Prize (1992), a MacArthur Fellowship (1994), and the Tanning Prize (1996). She has taught at many universities and colleges, including Stanford University (1986–93).

ADRIENNE RICH

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.

25

ADRIENNE RICH

Power

90

We are, I am, you are
by cowardice or courage
the one who find our way
back to this scene
carrying a knife, a camera
a book of myths
in which
our names do not appear.

1972

1973

Living in the earth-deposits of our history

Today a backhoe divulged out of a crumbling flank of earth
one bottle amber perfect a hundred-year old
cure for fever or melancholy a tonic
for living on this earth in the winters of this climate

Today I was reading about Marie Curie:¹

she must have known she suffered from radiation sickness
her body bombarded for years by the element
she had purified

It seems she denied to the end
the source of the cataracts on her eyes
the cracked and suppurating² skin of her finger-ends
till she could no longer hold a test-tube or a pencil

She died a famous woman denying
her wounds
denying
her wounds came from the same source as her power

1974

1975

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