A Poetry Collection ENG 10 CSI

“It is not the brains that matter most, but that which guides them – the character, the heart, generous qualities, progressive ideas.” -Dostoyevsky

***The World is Too Much with Us***

By William Wordsworth

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.--Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan [suckled in a creed outworn; (1)](http://www.wsu.edu:8080/~wldciv/world_civ_reader/world_civ_reader_2/wordsworth.html#1)
So might I, standing on this pleasant [lea, (2)](http://www.wsu.edu:8080/~wldciv/world_civ_reader/world_civ_reader_2/wordsworth.html#2)
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of [Proteus (3)](http://www.wsu.edu:8080/~wldciv/world_civ_reader/world_civ_reader_2/wordsworth.html#3) rising from the sea;
Or hear old [Triton (4)](http://www.wsu.edu:8080/~wldciv/world_civ_reader/world_civ_reader_2/wordsworth.html#4) blow his wreathed horn.

-1807

*(1) Brought up in an outdated religion.*

*(2) Meadow.*

*(3) Greek sea god capable of taking many shapes.*

*(4) Another sea god, often depicted as trumpeting on a shell.*

*In the early 19th century, Wordsworth wrote several sonnets blasting what he perceived as "the decadent material cynicism of the time." "The world is too much with us" is one of those works. It reflects his philosophy that humanity must get in touch with nature in order to progress spiritually. The rhyme scheme of this poem is abbaabbacdcdcd. This Petrarchan sonnet uses the last six lines (sestet) to answer the first eight lines (octave).*

*He was an inspiration to both Emerson and Thoreau*

***To The Virgins, To Make Much Of Time***
by Robert Herrick

|  |
| --- |
| GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,     Old time is still a-flying: And this same flower that smiles to-day     To-morrow will be dying.The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,     The higher he's a-getting,The sooner will his race be run,     And nearer he's to setting.That age is best which is the first,     When youth and blood are warmer; But being spent, the worse, and worst     Times still succeed the former.Then be not coy, but use your time,     And while ye may go marry: For having lost but once your prime     You may for ever tarry. |

-1648

*tarry – to delay, to linger, to stay*

***To His Coy Mistress***

by Andrew Marvell (1621–1678)

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day;
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood;
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long preserv'd virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapp'd power.
Let us roll all our strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one ball;
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

***Time***
By Nick Mason, Roger Waters, Richard Wright, David Gilmour

Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day
You fritter and waste the hours in an offhand way.
Kicking around on a piece of ground in your home town
Waiting for someone or something to show you the way.

Tired of lying in the sunshine staying home to watch the rain.
You are young and life is long and there is time to kill today.
And then one day you find ten years have got behind you.
No one told you when to run, you missed the starting gun.

So you run and you run to catch up with the sun but it's sinking
Racing around to come up behind you again.
The sun is the same in a relative way but you're older,
Shorter of breath and one day closer to death.

Every year is getting shorter never seem to find the time.
Plans that either come to naught or half a page of scribbled lines
Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way
The time is gone, the song is over,
Thought I'd something more to say.

-1973

***Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night***

By 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 that 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.

-1951

***Song of Myself***

By Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

1

              1 I celebrate myself, and sing myself,

              2 And what I assume you shall assume,

              3 For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

              4 I loafe and invite my soul,

              5 I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

              6 My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,

              7 Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their parents the same,

              8 I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,

              9 Hoping to cease not till death.

            10 Creeds and schools in abeyance,

            11 Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,

            12 I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,

            13 Nature without check with original energy.

2

            14 Houses and rooms are full of perfumes, the shelves are crowded with perfumes,

            15 I breathe the fragrance myself and know it and like it,

            16 The distillation would intoxicate me also, but I shall not let it.

            17 The atmosphere is not a perfume, it has no taste of the distillation, it is odorless,

            18 It is for my mouth forever, I am in love with it,

            19 I will go to the bank by the wood and become undisguised and naked,

            20 I am mad for it to be in contact with me.

            21 The smoke of my own breath,

            22 Echoes, ripples, buzz'd whispers, love-root, silk-thread, crotch and vine,

            23 My respiration and inspiration, the beating of my heart, the passing of blood and air through my lungs,

24 The sniff of green leaves and dry leaves, and of the shore and dark-color'd sea-rocks, and of hay in the barn,

            25 The sound of the belch'd words of my voice loos'd to the eddies of the wind,

            26 A few light kisses, a few embraces, a reaching around of arms,

            27 The play of shine and shade on the trees as the supple boughs wag,

            28 The delight alone or in the rush of the streets, or along the fields and hill-sides,

            29 The feeling of health, the full-noon trill, the song of me rising from bed and meeting the sun.

            30 Have you reckon'd a thousand acres much? have you reckon'd the earth much?

            31 Have you practis'd so long to learn to read?

            32 Have you felt so proud to get at the meaning of poems?

            33 Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of all poems,

            34 You shall possess the good of the earth and sun, (there are millions of suns left,)

            35 You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres in books,

            36 You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me,

            37 You shall listen to all sides and filter them from your self.

6

            99 A child said *What is the grass?* fetching it to me with full hands;

          100 How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.

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

          102 Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,

          103 A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,

          104 Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark, and say *Whose?*

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

          106 Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,

          107 And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,

          108 Growing among black folks as among white,

[109](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/2288.html#109) Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the same, I receive them the same.

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

          111 Tenderly will I use you curling grass,

          112 It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men,

          113 It may be if I had known them I would have loved them,

          114 It may be you are from old people, or from offspring taken soon out of their mothers' laps,

          115 And here you are the mothers' laps.

          116 This grass is very dark to be from the white heads of old mothers,

          117 Darker than the colorless beards of old men,

          118 Dark to come from under the faint red roofs of mouths.

          119 O I perceive after all so many uttering tongues,

          120 And I perceive they do not come from the roofs of mouths for nothing.

          121 I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young men and women,

          122 And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken soon out of their laps.

          123 What do you think has become of the young and old men?

          124 And what do you think has become of the women and children?

          125 They are alive and well somewhere,

          126 The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,

          127 And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest it,

          128 And ceas'd the moment life appear'd.

          129 All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,

          130 And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.

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1331 The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me, he complains of my gab and my loitering.

        1332 I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untranslatable,

        1333 I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.

        1334 The last scud of day holds back for me,

        1335 It flings my likeness after the rest and true as any on the shadow'd wilds,

        1336 It coaxes me to the vapor and the dusk.

        1337 I depart as air, I shake my white locks at the runaway sun,

        1338 I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags.

        1339 I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love,

        1340 If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles.

        1341 You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,

        1342 But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,

        1343 And filter and fibre your blood.

        1344 Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,

        1345 Missing me one place search another,

        1346 I stop somewhere waiting for you.

***Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening***

Robert Frost (1874-1963)

              1 Whose woods these are I think I know.

              2 His house is in the village though;

              3 He will not see me stopping here

              4 To watch his woods fill up with snow.

              5 My little horse must think it queer

              6 To stop without a farmhouse near

              7 Between the woods and frozen lake

              8 The darkest evening of the year.

              9 He gives his harness bells a shake

            10 To ask if there is some mistake.

            11 The only other sound's the sweep

            12 Of easy wind and downy flake.

[13](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/856.html#13) The woods are lovely, dark and deep.

            14 But I have promises to keep,

            15 And miles to go before I sleep,

            16 And miles to go before I sleep.

-1922

***The Road Not Taken***

By Robert Frost

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 travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.

-1916

"To laugh often and much, to win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children, ... to appreciate beauty, to find the best in others, to leave the world a little better; whether by a healthy child or a garden patch ... to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived. This is success." -- Ralph Waldo Emerson