

# Acquainted with the Night

Robert Frost

I have been once acquainted with the night.  
I have walked out in the rain—and back in the rain.  
I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.  
I have passed by the watchman on his beat  
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet  
When far away an interrupted cry  
Came over houses from another street,

But no to call me back or say good-by;  
And further still at an unearthly height,  
One luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.  
I have been one acquainted with the night.

## True Ease in Writing Comes From Art, Not Chance

Alexander Pope

True Ease in Writing come from Art, not Chance,  
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.  
'Tis not enough no Harshness gives Offence,  
The *Sound* must seem an *Echo* to the *Sense*.  
*Soft* is the Strain wen Zephyr gently blows,  
And the *smooth Stream* in *smoother Numbers* flows;  
But when loud Surges lash the sounding Shore,  
The *hoarse, rough Verse* should like the *Torrent* roar.  
When *Ajax* strives, some Rock's vast Weight to throw,  
The Line too *labors*, and the Words move *slow*;  
Not so, when swift *Camilla* scours the Plain,  
Flies o'er th' unbending Corn, and skims along the Main.  
Hear how *Timotheus* varied Lays surprise,  
And bid Alternate Passions fall and rise!  
While, at each Change, the Son of Lybian Jove  
Now *burns* with Glory, and then *melts* with Love;  
Now his *fierce Eyes* with *sparkling Fury* glow;  
Now *Sights* steal out, and *Tears begin to flow*.  
*Persians* and *Greeks* like *Turns of Nature* found,  
And the *World's Victor* stood subdued by *Sound*!  
The *Pow'rs of Music* all our Heart allow;  
And what *Timotheus* was, is *Dryden* now.

# The Times They Are A-Changing

Bob Dylan

Come gather 'round people  
Wherever you roam  
And admit that the waters  
Around you have grown  
And accept it that soon  
You'll be drenched to the bone.  
If your time to you  
Is worth savin'  
Then you better start swimmin'  
Or you'll sink like a stone  
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come writers and critics  
Who prophesize with your pen  
And keep your eyes wide  
The chance won't come again  
And don't speak too soon  
For the wheel's still in spin  
And there's no tellin' who  
That it's namin'.  
For the loser now  
Will be later to win  
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come senators, congressmen  
Please heed the call  
Don't stand in the doorway  
Don't block up the hall  
For he that gets hurt  
Will be he who has stalled

There's a battle outside  
And it is ragin'.  
It'll soon shake your windows  
And rattle your walls  
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come mothers and fathers  
Throughout the land  
And don't criticize  
What you can't understand  
Your sons and your daughters  
Are beyond your command  
Your old road is  
Rapidly agin'.  
Please get out of the new one  
If you can't lend your hand  
For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn  
The curse it is cast  
The slow one now  
Will later be fast  
As the present now  
Will later be past  
The order is  
Rapidly fadin'.  
And the first one now  
Will later be last  
For the times they are a-changin'.

# **Fear No More the Heat O' the Sun**

Shakespeare

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke.  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak.  
The scepter, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,  
Nor th' all-dreaded thunderstone.  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finished joy and moan.  
All lover young, all lover must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

# Love Call Us to the Things of This World

Richard Wilbur

The eyes open to a cry of pulleys,  
And spirited from sleep, the astounded soul  
Hangs for a moment bodiless and simple  
As false dawn.

Outside the open window  
The morning air is all awash with angels.

Some are in bed-sheets, some are in blouses,  
Some are in smocks: but truly there they are.  
Now they are rising together in calm swells  
Of halcyon feeling, filling whatever they wear  
With the deep joy of their impersonal breathing;

Now they are flying in place, conveying  
The terrible speed of their omnipresence, moving  
And staying like white water; and now of a sudden  
They swoon down into so rapt a quiet  
That nobody seems to be there.

The soul shrinks

From all that it is about to remember,  
From the punctual rape of every blessed day,  
And cries,

“Oh, let there be nothing on earth but laundry,  
Nothing but rosy hands in the rising steam  
And clear dances done in the sight of heaven.”

Yet, as the sun acknowledges  
With a warm look the world' hunks and colors,  
The soul descends once more in bitter love  
To accept the waking body, saying now  
In a changed voice as the man yawns and rises,

“Bring them down from their ruddy gallows;  
Let there be clean linen for the backs of thieves;  
Let lovers go fresh and sweet to be undone,  
And the heaviest nuns walk in a pure floating  
Of dark habits,

keeping their difficult balance.”

# Hate Poem

Julie Sheehan

I hate you truly. Truly I do.  
Everything about me hates everything about you.  
The flick of my wrist hates you.  
The way I hold my pencil hates you.  
The sound made by my tiniest bones were they trapped in the jaws of a moray eel  
hates you.  
Each corpuscle singing in its capillary hates you.

Look out! Fore! I hate you.

The blue-green jewel of sock lint I'm digging from under my third toenail,  
left foot, hates you.  
The history of this keychain hates you.  
My sigh in the background as you explain relational databases hates you.  
The goldfish of my genius hates you.  
My aorta hates you. Also my ancestors.

A closed window is both a closed window and an obvious symbol of how I hate you.

My voice curt and a hairshirt: hate.  
My hesitation when you invite me for a drive: hate.  
My pleasant "good morning": hate.  
You know how when I'm sleepy I nuzzle my head under your arm? Hate.

The whites of my target-eyes articulate hate. My wit practices it.  
My breasts relaxing in their holster from morning to night hate you.  
Layers of hate, a parfait.  
Hours after our latest row, brandishing the sharp glee of hate,  
I dissect you cell by cell, so that I might hate each one individually and at leisure.  
My lungs, duplicitous twins, expand with the utter validity of my hate,  
which can never have enough of you,  
breathlessly, like two idealists in a broken submarine.

# **I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud**

William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils,  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee;  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company;  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

# No Coward Soul is Mine

Emily Bronte

NO coward soul is mine,  
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere;  
I see Heaven's glories shine,  
And Faith shines equal, arming me from fear.  
O God within my breast,  
Almighty, ever-present Deity!  
Life--that in me has rest,  
As I--undying Life--have power in Thee!  
Vain are the thousand creeds  
That move men's hearts--unutterably vain;  
Worthless as withered weeds,  
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,  
To waken doubt in one  
Holding so fast by Thine infinity;  
So surely anchored on  
The steadfast rock of immortality.  
With wide-embracing love  
Thy spirit animates eternal years  
Pervades and broods above,  
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.  
Though earth and man were gone,  
And suns and universes ceased to be,  
And Thou were left alone,  
Every existence would exist in Thee.  
There is not room for Death,  
Nor atom that his might could render void;  
Thou--Thou art Being and Breath,  
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.



## Emily Dickinson 249

Wild Nights—Wild Nights!  
Were I with thee  
Wild nights should be  
Our luxury!

Futile—the Winds—  
To a heart in port—  
Done with the Compass—  
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden—  
Ah, the Sea!  
Might I but moor—Tonight—  
In Thee!

## Emily Dickinson 288

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!

Emily Dickinson 1129

Tell all the Truth but tell it slant—  
Success in Circuit lies  
Too bright for our infirm Delight  
The Truth's superb surprise

As Lightning to the Children eased  
With explanation kind  
The Truth must dazzle gradually  
Or every man be blind—

Emily Dickinson 1737

Rearrange a "Wife's" affection!  
When they dislocate my Brain!  
Amputate my freckled Bosom!  
Make me bearded like a man!

Blush, my spirit, in thy Fastness—  
Blush, my unacknowledged clay—  
Seven years of troth have taught thee  
More than Wifehood ever may!

Love that never leaped its socket—  
Trust entrenched in narrow pain—  
Constancy thro fire—awarded—  
Anguish—bare of anodyne!

Burden—borne so far triumphant—  
None suspect me of the crown,  
For I wear the "Thorns" till *Sunset*—  
Then—my Diadem put on.

Big my Secret but it's *bandaged*—  
It will never get away  
Till the Day it's Weary Keeper  
Leads it through the Grave to thee.

## **I Find No Peace**

Sir Thomas Wyatt

I find no peace, and all my war is done,  
    I fear and hope, I burn and freeze like ice;  
    I fly above the wind yet can I not arise;  
    And naught I have and all the world I season.  
That looseth not locketh holdeth me in prison,  
    And holdeth me not, yet I can scape nowise;  
    Not letteth me live nor die at my devise,  
    And yet of death it giveth none occasion.  
Without eyen I see, and without tongue I plain;  
    I desire to perish, and yet I ask health;  
    I love another, and thus I hate myself;  
I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.  
    Likewise displeaseth me both death and life  
    And my delight is causer of this strife.

5—"that...prison" that which neither lets me go nor contains me holds me in prison—at the time of Wyatt, -eth was used for the third person singular present tense.

9—plain—express desires about love

13—"likewise...life" it is displeasing to me, in the same way, both death and life—both death and life are equally distasteful to me

## **There Will Come Soft Rains**

Sara Teasdale

There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,  
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pools singing at night,  
And wild plum trees in tremulous white;

Robins will wear their feathery fire,  
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;

And not one will know of the war, not one  
Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,  
If mankind perished utterly;

And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn  
Would scarcely know that we were gone.

**Directions:**

Match the poem to one of the main characters, Montag, Clarisse, Mildred, Beatty, or Faber. Some characters may have more than one poem since their character changes throughout the course of the novel. Use textual evidence from the novel as well as the poem to support your pairing.

Montag

Clarisse

Mildred

Beatty

Faber

