

*AP Literature: Summer Assignment - 2018 - Poetry Packet*

Introduction To Poetry – by Billy Collins

<p>I ask them to take a poem and hold it up to the light like a color slide</p> <p>or press an ear against its hive.</p> <p>I say drop a mouse into a poem and watch him probe his way out, or walk inside the poem's room and feel the walls for a light switch.</p>	<p>I want them to water ski across the surface of a poem waving at the author's name on the shore.</p> <p>But all they want to do is tie the poem to a chair with rope and torture a confession out of it.</p> <p>They begin beating it with a hose to find out what it really means.</p>
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“Poetry” – Pablo Neruda

<p>And it was at that age ... Poetry arrived in search of me. I don't know, I don't know       where it came from, from winter or a river.     I don't know how or when, no they were not voices, they were not       words, nor silence, but from a street I was summoned, from the branches of night, abruptly from the others,     among violent fires     or returning alone, there I was without a face     and it touched me.</p> <p>I did not know what to say, my mouth     had no way     with names,     my eyes were blind, and something started in my soul,     fever or forgotten wings,     and I made my own way,     deciphering     that fire, faint, without substance, pure     nonsense,</p>	<p>and I wrote the first faint line,     pure wisdom of someone who knows nothing,     and suddenly I saw     the heavens     unfastened     and open,     planets,     palpitating plantations,     shadow perforated,     riddled with arrows, fire and flowers, the winding night, the universe.</p> <p>And I, infinitesimal being, drunk with the great starry     void,     likeness, image of     mystery, felt myself a pure part     of the abyss, I wheeled with the stars, my heart broke loose on the wind.</p>
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“I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud” – William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

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: 10  
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, 20  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

“Saint Judas” – James Wright (1927-1980)

When I went out to kill myself, I caught  
A pack of hoodlums beating up a man.  
Running to spare his suffering, I forgot  
My name, my number, how my day began,  
How soldiers milled around the garden stone  
And sang amusing songs; how all that day  
Their javelins measured crowds; how I alone  
Bargained the proper coins, and slipped away.

Banished from heaven, I found this victim beaten,  
Stripped, kneed, and left to cry. Dropping my rope  
Aside, I ran, ignored the uniforms:  
Then I remembered bread my flesh had eaten,  
The kiss that ate my flesh. Flayed without hope,  
I held the man for nothing in my arms.

“Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening” – Robert Frost (1874-1963)

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

“The Chimney Sweeper” – William Blake (1757-1827)

When my mother died I was very young,  
And my father sold me while yet my tongue,  
Could scarcely cry weep weep weep weep,  
So your chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep.

Theres little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head  
That curled like a lambs back was shav'd, so I said.  
Hush Tom never mind it, for when your head's bare,  
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair

And so he was quiet. & that very night.  
As Tom was a sleeping he had such a sight  
That thousands of sweepers Dick, Joe, Ned, & Jack  
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black,

And by came an Angel who had a bright key  
And he open'd the coffins & set them all free.  
Then down a green plain leaping laughing they run  
And wash in a river and shine in the Sun.

Then naked & white, all their bags left behind.  
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind.  
And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,  
He'd have God for his father & never want joy.

And so Tom awoke and we rose in the dark  
And got with our bags & our brushes to work.  
Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm  
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

“Bright Star! Would I Were Steadfast as Thou Art” – John Keats (1795-1825)

BRIGHT star! would I were steadfast as thou art—  
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,  
And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
Like Nature’s patient sleepless Eremite,  
The moving waters at their priestlike task     5  
Of pure ablution round earth’s human shores,  
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask  
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—  
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,  
Pillow’d upon my fair love’s ripening breast,     10  
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,  
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

“When I Was One-and-Twenty” – A.E. Houseman (1859-1936)

WHEN I was one-and-twenty  
I heard a wise man say,  
‘Give crowns and pounds and guineas  
But not your heart away;  
Give pearls away and rubies     5  
But keep your fancy free.’  
But I was one-and-twenty,  
No use to talk to me.  
When I was one-and-twenty  
I heard him say again,     10  
‘The heart out of the bosom  
Was never given in vain;  
’Tis paid with sighs a plenty  
And sold for endless rue.’  
And I am two-and-twenty,     15  
And oh, ’tis true, ’tis true.

“Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night” – Dylan Thomas (1914-1953)

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.

“Theme for English B” – Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

The instructor said,  
Go home and write  
a page tonight.  
And let that page come out of you---  
Then, it will be true.  
I wonder if it's that simple?  
I am twenty-two, colored, born in Winston-Salem.  
I went to school there, then Durham, then here  
to this college on the hill above Harlem.  
I am the only colored student in my class.  
The steps from the hill lead down into Harlem  
through a park, then I cross St. Nicholas,  
Eighth Avenue, Seventh, and I come to the Y,  
the Harlem Branch Y, where I take the elevator  
up to my room, sit down, and write this page:

It's not easy to know what is true for you or me  
at twenty-two, my age. But I guess I'm what  
I feel and see and hear, Harlem, I hear you:  
hear you, hear me---we two---you, me, talk on this page.  
(I hear New York too.) Me---who?  
Well, I like to eat, sleep, drink, and be in love.  
I like to work, read, learn, and understand life.  
I like a pipe for a Christmas present,  
or records---Bessie, bop, or Bach.  
I guess being colored doesn't make me NOT like  
the same things other folks like who are other races.  
So will my page be colored that I write?  
Being me, it will not be white.  
But it will be  
a part of you, instructor.  
You are white---  
yet a part of me, as I am a part of you.  
That's American.  
Sometimes perhaps you don't want to be a part of me.  
Nor do I often want to be a part of you.  
But we are, that's true!  
As I learn from you,  
I guess you learn from me---  
although you're older---and white---  
and somewhat more free.

This is my page for English B.

**“O Captain! My Captain!” – Walt Whitman – (1819-1892)**

O Captain my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
But O heart! heart! heart!  
O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up--for you the flag is flung for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths for you the shores a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
Here Captain! dear father!  
This arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream that on the deck,  
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;  
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;  
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!  
But I, with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.



“Death Be Not Proud” – John Donne (1572-1631)

DEATH be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not so,  
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,  
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill me.  
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee, 5  
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,  
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,  
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.  
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell, 10  
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,  
And better then thy stroake; why swell'st thou then;  
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,  
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

“When I Have Fears That I May Cease To Be” – John Keats (1795-1825)

When I have fears that I may cease to be  
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,  
Before high-piled books, in charactery,  
Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain;  
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,  
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
And think that I may never live to trace  
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;  
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,  
That I shall never look upon thee more,  
Never have relish in the faery power  
Of unreflecting love;--then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

“Digging” – Seamus Heaney (born 1939)

Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests; as snug as a gun.

Under my window a clean rasping sound  
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:  
My father, digging. I look down

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds  
Bends low, comes up twenty years away  
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills  
Where he was digging.

The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft  
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.  
He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep  
To scatter new potatoes that we picked  
Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

By God, the old man could handle a spade,  
Just like his old man.

My grandfather could cut more turf in a day  
Than any other man on Toner's bog.  
Once I carried him milk in a bottle  
Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up  
To drink it, then fell to right away  
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods  
Over his shoulder, digging down and down  
For the good turf. Digging.

The cold smell of potato mold, the squelch and slap  
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge  
Through living roots awaken in my head.  
But I've no spade to follow men like them.

Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests.  
I'll dig with it.

**“Not Marble nor the Gilded Monuments” – William Shakespeare (1564-1616)**

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.  
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
The living record of your memory.  
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room  
Even in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lover's eyes.

**“If thou must love me” – Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861)**

If thou must love me, let it be for nought  
Except for love's sake only. Do not say  
'I love her for her smile ... her look ... her way  
Of speaking gently, ... for a trick of thought  
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought  
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day'  
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may  
Be changed, or change for thee, and love, so wrought,  
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,  
A creature might forget to weep, who bore  
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!  
But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
Thou may'st love on, through love's eternity

“The Lamb” – William Blake (1757-1827)

<p>Little Lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee? Gave thee life &amp; bid thee feed, By the stream &amp; o'er the mead; Gave thee clothing of delight, Softest clothing, woolly, bright; Gave thee such a tender voice, Making all the vales rejoice? Little Lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?</p>	<p>Little Lamb, I'll tell thee, Little Lamb, I'll tell thee: He is called by thy name, For he calls himself a Lamb. He is meek &amp; he is mild; He became a little child. I a child &amp; thou a lamb. We are called by his name. Little Lamb, God bless thee! Little Lamb, God bless thee!</p>
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*Mirror* - Sylvia Plath (1932-1963)

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.  
Whatever I see, I swallow immediately.  
Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike  
I am not cruel, only truthful –  
The eye of a little god, four-cornered.  
Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.  
It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long  
I think it is a part of my heart. But it flickers.  
Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me.  
Searching my reaches for what she really is.  
Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.  
I see her back, and reflect it faithfully  
She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.  
I am important to her. She comes and goes.  
Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.  
In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman  
Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

Living in Sin – by Adrienne Rich (Born 1929)

She had thought the studio would keep itself;  
no dust upon the furniture of love.  
Half heresy, to wish the taps less vocal,  
the panes relieved of grime. A plate of pears,  
a piano with a Persian shawl, a cat  
stalking the picturesque amusing mouse  
had risen at his urging.  
Not that at five each separate stair would writhe  
under the milkman's tramp; that morning light  
so coldly would delineate the scraps  
of last night's cheese and three sepulchral bottles;  
that on the kitchen shelf among the saucers  
a pair of beetle-eyes would fix her own  
envoy from some village in the moldings . . .  
Meanwhile, he, with a yawn,  
sounded a dozen notes upon the keyboard,  
declared it out of tune, shrugged at the mirror,  
rubbed at his beard, went out for cigarettes;  
while she, jeered by the minor demons,  
pulled back the sheets and made the bed and found  
a towel to dust the table-top,  
and let the coffee-pot boil over on the stove.  
By evening she was back in love again,  
though not so wholly but throughout the night  
she woke sometimes to feel the daylight coming  
like a relentless milkman up the stairs.

When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer – Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,  
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,  
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them,  
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-  
room,  
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,  
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,  
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,  
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS – John Donne (1572-1631)

SINCE I am coming to that Holy room,  
Where, with Thy choir of saints for evermore,  
I shall be made Thy music ; as I come  
I tune the instrument here at the door,  
And what I must do then, think here before ;

Whilst my physicians by their love are grown  
Cosmographers, and I their map, who lie  
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown  
That this is my south-west discovery,  
*Per fretum febris*, by these straits to die ;

I joy, that in these straits I see my west ;  
For, though those currents yield return to none,  
What shall my west hurt me ? As west and east  
In all flat maps—and I am one—are one,  
So death doth touch the resurrection.

Is the Pacific sea my home ? Or are  
The eastern riches ? Is Jerusalem ?  
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar ?  
All straits, and none but straits, are ways to them  
Whether where Japhet dwelt, or Cham, or Shem.

We think that Paradise and Calvary,  
Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place ;  
Look, Lord, and find both Adams met in me ;  
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,  
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So, in His purple wrapp'd, receive me, Lord ;  
By these His thorns, give me His other crown ;  
And as to others' souls I preach'd Thy word,  
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own,  
“Therefore that He may raise, the Lord throws down.”

The Waking – Theodore Roethke ( 1908- 1963)

I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.  
I feel my fate in what I cannot fear.  
I learn by going where I have to go.

We think by feeling. What is there to know?  
I hear my being dance from ear to ear.  
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Of those so close beside me, which are you?  
God bless the Ground! I shall walk softly there,  
And learn by going where I have to go.

Light takes the Tree; but who can tell us how?  
The lowly worm climbs up a winding stair;  
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Great Nature has another thing to do  
To you and me; so take the lively air,  
And, lovely, learn by going where to go.

This shaking keeps me steady. I should know.  
What falls away is always. And is near.  
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.  
I learn by going where I have to go.

We Wear the Mask – Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906)

We wear the mask that grins and lies,  
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,—  
    This debt we pay to human guile;  
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,  
    And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be over-wise,  
In counting all our tears and sighs?  
    Nay, let them only see us, while  
    We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries  
    To thee from tortured souls arise.  
    We sing, but oh the clay is vile  
    Beneath our feet, and long the mile;  
But let the world dream otherwise,  
    We wear the mask!

To the Virgins, to make much of time – Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
    Old Time is still a-flying;  
And this same flower that smiles today  
    Tomorrow 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 forever tarry.