

"Mending Walls" – Robert Frost

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: 5  
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, 10  
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. 15  
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. 20  
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 25  
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 30  
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, 35  
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. 40  
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." 45

"Ode to a Lemon" – Pablo Neruda

From blossoms

released

by the moonlight,

from an

aroma of exasperated  
love,  
steeped in fragrance,  
yellowness  
drifted from the lemon tree,  
and from its planetarium  
lemons descended to the earth. Tender yield!  
The coasts,  
the markets glowed  
with light, with  
unrefined gold;  
we opened  
two halves  
of a miracle,  
congealed acid  
trickled  
from the hemispheres  
of a star,  
the most intense liqueur  
of nature,  
unique, vivid,  
concentrated,  
born of the cool, fresh  
lemon,  
of its fragrant house,  
its acid, secret symmetry. Knives  
sliced a small  
cathedral  
in the lemon,  
the concealed apse, opened,

revealed acid stained glass,  
drops  
oozed topaz,  
altars,  
cool architecture. So, when you hold  
the hemisphere  
of a cut lemon  
above your plate,  
you spill  
a universe of gold,  
a  
yellow goblet  
of miracles,  
a fragrant nipple  
of the earth's breast,  
a ray of light that was made fruit,  
the minute fire of a planet.

"Saturday's Child" – Countee Cullen

Some are teathed on a silver spoon,  
With the stars strung for a rattle;  
I cut my teeth as the black racoon--  
For implements of battle.  
Some are swaddled in silk and down,  
And heralded by a star;  
They swathed my limbs in a sackcloth gown  
On a night that was black as tar.  
For some, godfather and goddame  
The opulent fairies be;  
Dame Poverty gave me my name,  
And Pain godfathered me.  
For I was born on Saturday--  
"Bad time for planting a seed,"  
Was all my father had to say,  
And, "One mouth more to feed."  
Death cut the strings that gave me life,  
And handed me to Sorrow,  
The only kind of middle wife  
My folks could beg or borrow.

"The Negro Speaks of Rivers" – Langston Hughes

I've known rivers:

I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.

I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.

I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.

I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its  
muddy bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:

Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

"Blood" – Naomi Shihab Nye

"A true Arab knows how to catch a fly in his hands,"  
my father would say. And he'd prove it,  
cupping the buzzer instantly  
while the host with the swatter stared.

In the spring our palms peeled like snakes.  
True Arabs believed watermelon could heal fifty ways.  
I changed these to fit the occasion.

Years before, a girl knocked,  
wanted to see the Arab.  
I said we didn't have one.  
After that, my father told me who he was,  
"Shihab"--"shooting star"--  
a good name, borrowed from the sky.  
Once I said, "When we die, we give it back?"  
He said that's what a true Arab would say.

Today the headlines clot in my blood.  
A little Palestinian dangles a truck on the front page.  
Homeless fig, this tragedy with a terrible root  
is too big for us. What flag can we wave?  
I wave the flag of stone and seed,  
table mat stitched in blue.

I call my father, we talk around the news.  
It is too much for him,  
neither of his two languages can reach it.  
I drive into the country to find sheep, cows,  
to plead with the air:

Who calls anyone civilized?  
Where can the crying heart graze?  
What does a true Arab do now?

"True Identity" – Kavitha Krsihnamurthy

Who am I really? What is my true identity?  
Had god blended my character in right proportion while creating me?  
Or had the characters been forged in the mold of the world?  
A set of masks suiting each show  
My true face seems missing amidst these camouflages  
A chameleon changing color to fit with the milieu  
Is it fear or for the survival?  
Is the true self a victim of destiny?  
And do I need these sheaths for the endurance?  
Is the true self getting warmth from the shielding swathes?  
And though safeguarded outside, am I dwindling inside?  
As time proceeds, would my true identity also become a faked mask?  
Muddled up with these personalities, where had my true identity gone?

"i carry your heart with me" – e.e.cummings

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in  
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere  
i go you go,my dear;and whatever is done  
by only me is your doing,my darling)

i fear

no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want  
no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)  
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant  
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows  
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud  
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows  
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)  
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)

W. H. Auden

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,  
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,  
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum  
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead  
Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead,  
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,

Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,  
My working week and my Sunday rest,  
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;  
I thought that love would last for ever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;  
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;  
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood.  
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

"My Galley Charged" – Sir Thomas Wyatt

My galley, chargèd with forgetfulness,  
Thorough sharp seas in winter nights doth pass  
'Tween rock and rock; and eke mine en'my, alas,  
That is my lord, steereth with cruelness;  
And every owre a thought in readiness,  
As though that death were light in such a case.  
An endless wind doth tear the sail apace  
Of forcèd sighs and trusty fearfulness.  
A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,  
Hath done the weared cords great hinderance;  
Wreathèd with error and eke with ignorance.  
The stars be hid that led me to this pain;  
Drownèd is Reason that should me comfort,  
And I remain despairing of the port.

**SONNET 138 – William Shakespeare**

When my love swears that she is made of truth  
I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although she knows my days are past the best,  
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue:  
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.  
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
And age in love loves not to have years told:  
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,  
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.