***The Eagle - Alfred Lord Tennyson, 1809-1892***

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.   
  
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,   
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

**“The Journey” by Mary Oliver**

One day you finally knew  
what you had to do, and began,  
though the voices around you  
kept shouting  
their bad advice–  
though the whole house  
began to tremble  
and you felt the old tug  
at your ankles.  
“Mend my life!”  
each voice cried.  
But you didn’t stop.  
You knew what you had to do,  
though the wind pried  
with its stiff fingers  
at the very foundations,  
though their melancholy  
was terrible.  
It was already late  
enough, and a wild night,  
and the road full of fallen  
branches and stones.  
But little by little,  
as you left their voices behind,  
the stars began to burn  
through the sheets of clouds,  
and there was a new voice=  
which you slowly  
recognized as your own,  
that kept you company  
as you strode deeper and deeper  
into the world,  
determined to do  
the only thing you could do–  
determined to save  
the only life you could save.

**“At Dusk” - Natasha Tretheway**

At first I think she is calling a child,

my neighbor, leaning through her doorway

at dusk, street lamps just starting to hum

the backdrop of evening. Then I hear

the high-pitched wheedling we send out

to animals who know only sound, not

the meanings of our words–here here–

nor how they sometimes fall short.

In another yard, beyond my neighbor’s

sight, the cat lifts her ears, turns first

toward the voice, then back

to the constellation of fireflies flickering

near her head. It’s as if she can’t decide

whether to leap over the low hedge,

the neat row of flowers, and bound

onto the porch, into the steady circle

of light, or stay where she is: luminous

possibility–all that would keep her

away from home–flitting before her.

I listen as my neighbor’s voice trails off.

She’s given up calling for now, left me

to imagine her inside the house waiting,

perhaps in a chair in front of the TV,

or walking around, doing small tasks;

left me to wonder that I too might lift

my voice, sure of someone out there,

send it over the lines stitching here

to there, certain the sounds I make

are enough to call someone home.

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# **The Raven**

BY [EDGAR ALLAN POE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/edgar-allan-poe)

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—  
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating  
“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—  
This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I opened wide the door;—  
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, “Lenore?”  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, “Lenore!”—  
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.  
“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window lattice;  
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—  
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—  
’Tis the wind and nothing more!”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;  
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—  
|Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—  
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art sure no craven,  
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian shore!”  
Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—  
Till I scarcely more than muttered “Other friends have flown before—  
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before.”  
Then the bird said “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and store  
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore  
Of ‘Never—nevermore’.”

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;  
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom’s core;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o’er,  
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o’er,  
*She* shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee  
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;  
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!”  
Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—  
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—  
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—  
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”  
Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!  
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”  
Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting—  
“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”  
Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,  
And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

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# **Annabel Lee -** BY [EDGAR ALLAN POE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/edgar-allan-poe)

It was many and many a year ago,   
In a kingdom by the sea,   
That a maiden there lived whom you may know   
By the name of Annabel Lee;   
And this maiden she lived with no other thought   
Than to love and be loved by me.

*I* was a child and *she* was a child,   
In this kingdom by the sea,  
But we loved with a love that was more than love—   
I and my Annabel Lee—   
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven   
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,   
 In this kingdom by the sea, |  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling   
 My beautiful Annabel Lee;   
So that her highborn kinsmen came   
 And bore her away from me,   
To shut her up in a sepulchre   
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,   
 Went envying her and me—   
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,   
 In this kingdom by the sea)   
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,   
 Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love   
Of those who were older than we—   
Of many far wiser than we—   
And neither the angels in Heaven above   
Nor the demons down under the sea   
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul   
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams   
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;   
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes   
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;   
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side   
 Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,   
 In her sepulchre there by the sea—   
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

**“Love Is Not All” - Edna St. Vincent Millay**

Love is not all: it is not meat nor drink  
Nor slumber nor a roof against the rain;   
Nor yet a floating spar to men that sink   
And rise and sink and rise and sink again;   
Love can not fill the thickened lung with breath,   
Nor clean the blood, nor set the fractured bone;   
Yet many a man is making friends with death   
Even as I speak, for lack of love alone.   
It well may be that in a difficult hour,   
Pinned down by pain and moaning for release,   
Or nagged by want past resolution’s power,   
I might be driven to sell your love for peace,   
Or trade the memory of this night for food.   
It well may be. I do not think I would.

**“Sonnet 18: Shall I Compare Thee To A Summer’s Day” - William Shakespeare**

Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

And summer’s lease hath all too short a date;

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;

And every fair from fair sometime declines,

By chance or nature’s changing course untrimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow’st;

Nor shall death brag thou wander’st in his shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou grow’st:

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,

So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

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# **“Sonnet 130: My mistress’ eyes aturnre nothing like the sun” -** [**William Shakespeare**](https://www.poets.org/node/45492)

My mistress’ eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips’ red;  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.  
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
 As any she belied with false compare.