

## Structural and Sound Poetry

### **An Echo From Willowwood by Christina Rossetti**

"O ye, all ye that walk in Willowwood." (D.G. Rossetti)

Two gazed into a pool, he gazed and she,  
Not hand in hand, yet heart in heart, I think,  
Pale and reluctant on the water's brink,  
As on the brink of parting which must be.  
Each eyed the other's aspect, she and he,  
Each felt one hungering heart leap up and sink,  
Each tasted bitterness which both must drink,  
There on the brink of life's dividing sea.  
Lilies upon the surface, deep below  
Two wistful faces craving each for each,  
Resolute and reluctant without speech: —  
A sudden ripple made the faces flow  
One moment joined, to vanish out of reach:  
So those hearts joined, and ah! were parted so.

### **The Waking by Theodore Roethke**

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.

### **l a ( a leaf falls on loneliness) by E.E. Cummings**

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### **"Easter Wings" by George Herbert**

Lord, Who createdst man in wealth and store,  
Though foolishly he lost the same,  
Decaying more and more,  
Till he became  
Most poore:

With Thee

O let me rise,

As larks, harmoniously,

And sing this day Thy victories:

Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did beginne;

And still with sicknesses and shame

Thou didst so punish sinne,

That I became

Most thinne.

With Thee

Let me combine,

And feel this day Thy victorie;

For, if I imp my wing on Thine,

Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

**Sestina: Altaforte by Ezra Pound**

Loquitur: En Bertrams de Born.

Dante Alighieri put this man in hell for that he was a  
stirrer-up of strife.

Eccovi!

Judge ye!

Have I dug him up again?

The scene in at his castle, Altaforte. "Papiols" is his  
jongleur.

"The Leopard," the device of Richard (Cúur de Lion).

I

Damn it all! all this our South stinks peace.

You whoreson dog, Papiols, come! Let's to music!

I have no life save when the swords clash.

But ah! when I see the standards gold, vair, purple,  
opposing

And the broad fields beneath them turn crimson,

Then howl I my heart nigh mad with rejoicing.

II

In hot summer have I great rejoicing

When the tempests kill the earth's foul peace,

And the lightnings from black heav'n flash crimson,

And the fierce thunders roar me their music

And the winds shriek through the clouds mad,

opposing,

And through all the riven skies God's swords clash.

III

Hell grant soon we hear again the swords clash!

And the shrill neighs of destriers in battle rejoicing,

Spiked breast to spiked breast opposing!

Better one hour's stour than a year's peace

With fat boards, bawds, wine and frail music!

Bah! there's no wine like the blood's crimson!

IV

And I love to see the sun rise blood-crimson.

And I watch his spears through the dark clash

And it fills all my heart with rejoicing

And pries wide my mouth with fast music

When I see him so scorn and defy peace,

His lone might 'gainst all darkness opposing.

V

The man who fears war and squats opposing

My words for stour, hath no blood of crimson

But is fit only to rot in womanish peace

Far from where worth's won and the swords clash

For the death of such sluts I go rejoicing;

Yea, I fill all the air with my music.

VI

Papiols, Papiols, to the music!

There's no sound like to swords swords opposing,

No cry like the battle's rejoicing

When our elbows and swords drip the crimson

And our charges 'gainst "The Leopard's" rush clash.

May God damn for ever all who cry "Peace!"

VII

And let the music of the swords make them crimson!

Hell grant soon we hear again the swords clash!

Hell blot black for always the thought "Peace!"

**During Wind and Rain by Thomas Hardy**

They sing their dearest songs--  
He, she, all of them--yea,  
Treble and tenor and bass.  
And one to play;  
With the candles mooning each face....  
Ah, no; the years O!  
How the sick leaves reel down in throngs!

They clear the creeping moss--  
Elders and juniors--aye,  
Making the pathways neat  
And the garden gay;  
And they build a shady seat....  
Ah, no; the years, the years;  
See, the white storm-birds wing across!

They are blithely breakfasting all--  
Men and maidens--yea,  
Under the summer tree,  
With a glimpse of the bay,  
While pet fowl come to the knee....  
Ah, no; the years O!  
And the rotten rose is ripped from the wall.

They change to a high new house,  
He, she, all of them--aye,  
Clocks and carpets and chairs  
On the lawn all day,  
And brightest things that are theirs....  
Ah, no; the years, the years;  
Down their carved names the raindrop plows.