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Part 3

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WORDSWORTH "The World Is Too Much with Us" (1807)

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;—
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

KEATS "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" (1816)

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

LAZARUS "The New Colossus" (1883)

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glow world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"



SPENSER "Amoretti 75: One Day I Wrote Her Name" (1595)

One day I wrote her name upon the strand
But came the waves and washed it away:
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
"Vain man," said she, "that dost in vain assay,
A mortal thing so to immortalize;
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewise."
"Not so," (quod I) "let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name:
Where whenas death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

SHAKESPEARE "Sonnet 30: My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun" (1609)

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.

KEATS "When I Have Fears That I May Cease to Be" (1818; pub. 1848)

When I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
 Before high-piled books, in character,
 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.

McKAY "If We Must Die" (1919)

If we must die, let it not be like hogs
 Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,
 While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,
 Making their mock at our accursèd lot.
 If we must die, O let us nobly die,
 So that our precious blood may not be shed
 In vain; then even the monsters we defy
 Shall be constrained to honor us though dead!
 O kinsmen! we must meet the common foe!
 Though far outnumbered let us show us brave,
 And for their thousand blows deal one death-blow!
 What though before us lies the open grave?
 Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack,
 Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back.

MacRAE "Library Lovers" (2009)

She devours Steel, and he L'Amour.
 She leads him to the fiction, where they part
 for different shelves. He's eager to explore
 the tough ol' west, and she the tough ol' heart.
 They meet me at the desk with separate piles.
 Unthinkingly, I mix the books together.
 I sense his wave of nervousness. She smiles
 and quickly sorts the titles out. "Nice weather
 today," she says. He slides his pile away,
 averts his eyes, and waits for her to pull
 out bags. "Let's eat at Lou's," I hear her say.
 She grabs his arm and leads him, tote bag full
 of cowboy stories swinging at his heel,
 his sidearm holstered by her whim of steel.

DAVIS

"November" (2017)

The golden days of late October fade
As bleak November's iron skies descend.
When tresses, like the leaden clouds, have grayed,
We see our fruitful time's approaching end.

The sunlight that besieged us with its heat
Now leans against the south walls, cold and tired.
There is no empire time will not defeat;
Each Golden Age that flared has soon expired.

Byzantium lies silent under steel,
Persepolis has crumbled back to dust.
Despite the wistful longing we might feel,
All times of summer fade, as fade they must.

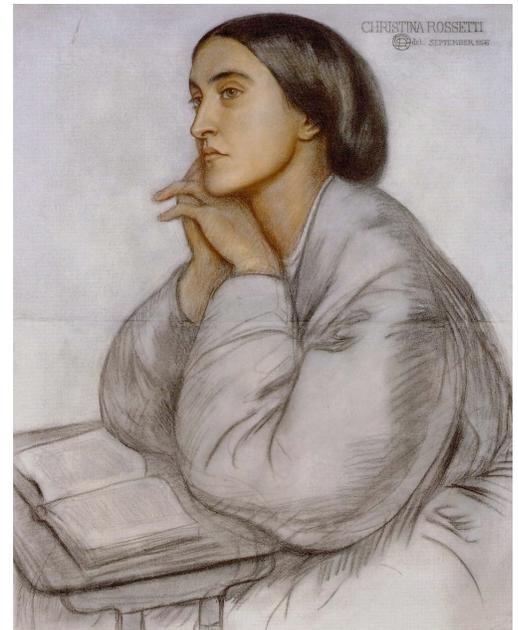
Embrace what time remains; it will not last.
Your autumn, too, will soon be ancient past.

SHELLEY "Ozymandias" (1818)

I met a traveller from an antique land
 Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away."

ROSSETTI "In an Artist's Studio" (1856)

One face looks out from all his canvases,
 One selfsame figure sits or walks or leans;
 We found her hidden just behind those screens,
 That mirror gave back all her loveliness.
 A queen in opal or in ruby dress,
 A nameless girl in freshest summer greens,
 A saint, an angel;—every canvas means
 The same one meaning, neither more nor less.
 He feeds upon her face by day and night,
 And she with true kind eyes looks back on him
 Fair as the moon and joyful as the light:
 Not wan with waiting, not with sorrow dim;
 Not as she is, but was when hope shone bright;
 Not as she is, but as she fills his dream.



ANONYMOUS "Tell Me of Your Anger in Whispers" (2012)

Should you be moved to speak in anger, love,
I ask that first you test your words alone.
You'll want to be assured your meaning's clear.
If meaning's very clear, then is it fair?
Is it essential now that blame be found?
Perhaps, the words should simply disappear
for now, until your anger can abate.
If blunders I have made have caused upset
I'll be contrite and wanting to amend.
Let's lie together in our bed tonight
and you in dulcet tones will make me know
whatever actions I should contemplate.
I'll listen, think, and I will understand.
Speak whispers to me love, I'll make it right.



THE END