**Chapter Eleven**

**Musical Devices**

**The Turtle**

**That night when joy began**

**The Walking**

**God’s Grandeur**

**We Real Cool**

**Blackberry Sweet**

**Woman Work**

**The Snowstorm**

**As imperceptibly as Grief**

**Traveling through the dark**

**Autumnus**

**Nothing Gold Can Stay**

**The Turtle
Ogden Nash
1902-1971**

The turtle lives twixt plated decks

Which practically conceal its sex.

 I think it clever of the turtle

In such a fix to be so fertile.

**That night when joy began
W. H. Auden
1908-1963**

That night when joy began

Our narrowest veins to flush,

We waited for the flash

Of morning's levelled gun.

But morning let us pass,

And day by day relief

Outgrows his nervous laugh,

Grown credulous of peace,

As mile by mile is seen

No trespasser's reproach,

And love's best glasses reach

No fields but are his own.

**The Walking
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.

**God’s Grandeur
Gerard Manley Hopkins
1844-1889**

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.

 It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;

 It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil

Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?

Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;

 And all is seared with trade; Bleared, smeared with toil;

 And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil

Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;

 There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;

And though the last lights off the black West went

 Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs —

Because the Holy Ghost over the bent

 World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

**We Real Cool
Gwendolyn Brooks
b. 1917**

*The Pool Players.*

*Seven at the Golden Shovel.*

We real cool. We

Left school. We

Lurk late. We

Strike straight. We

Sing sin. We

Thin gin. We

Jazz June. We

Die soon.

**Blackberry Sweet
Dudley Randall
b. 1914**

Black girl black girl
lips as curved as cherries
full as grape bunches
sweet as blackberries

Black girl black girl
when you walk you are
magic as a rising bird
or a fallen star

Black girl black girl
what’s your spell to make
the heart in my breast
jump stop shake

**Woman Work
Maya Angelou
b. 1928**

I've got the children to tend

The clothes to mend

The floor to mop

The food to shop

Then the chicken to fry

The baby to dry

I got company to feed

The garden to weed

I've got shirts to press

The tots to dress

The can to be cut

I gotta clean up this hut

Then see about the sick

And the cotton to pick.

Shine on me, sunshine

Rain on me, rain

Fall softly, dewdrops

And cool my brow again.

Storm, blow me from here

With your fiercest wind

Let me float across the sky

'Til I can rest again.

Fall gently, snowflakes

Cover me with white

Cold icy kisses and

Let me rest tonight.

Sun, rain, curving sky

Mountain, oceans, leaf and stone

Star shine, moon glow

You're all that I can call my own.

**The Snowstorm
Ralph Waldo Emerson
1803—1882**

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,

Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,

Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air

Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,

And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.

The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet

Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit

Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed

In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.

Out of an unseen quarry evermore

Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer

Curves his white bastions with projected roof

Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.

Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work

So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he

For number or proportion. Mockingly,

On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;

A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;

Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,

Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,

A tapering turret overtops the work.

And when his hours are numbered, and the world

Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,

Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art

To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,

Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,

The frolic architecture of the snow.

**As imperceptibly as Grief
Emily Dickinson
1830-1886**

As imperceptibly as Grief

The Summer lapsed away—

Too imperceptible at last

To seem like Perfidy—

A Quietness distilled

As Twilight long begun,

Or Nature spending with herself

Sequestered Afternoon—

The Dusk drew earlier in—

The Morning foreign shone—

A courteous, yet harrowing Grace,

As Guest, that would be gone—

And thus, without a Wing

Or service of a Keel

Our Summer made her light escape

Into the Beautiful.

**Traveling through the dark
William Stafford
1914-1993**

Traveling through the dark I found a deer

dead on the edge of the Wilson River road.

It is usually best to roll them into the canyon:

that road is narrow; to swerve might make more dead.

By glow of the tail-light I stumbled back of the car

 and stood by the heap, a doe, a recent killing;

 she had stiffened already, almost cold.

I dragged her off; she was large in the belly.

My fingers touching her side brought me the reason—

her side was warm; her fawn lay there waiting,

 alive, still, never to be born.

Beside that mountain road I hesitated.

The car aimed ahead its lowered parking lights;

 under the hood purred the steady engine.

I stood in the glare of the warm exhaust turning red;

 around our group I could hear the wilderness listen.

I thought hard for us all—my only swerving—,

 then pushed her over the edge into the river.

**Autumnus
Joshua Sylvester
1563-1618**

When the leaves in autumn wither,
 With a tawny tanned face,
Warped and wrinkled- up together,
 The year’s late beauty to disgrace:
There thy life’s glass may’st thou find thee,
 Green now, gray now, gone anon;
 Leaving (worlding) of thine own,
Neither fruit, nor leaf behind thee.

**Nothing Gold Can Stay
Robert Frost
1874-1963**

Nature's first green is gold,

Her hardest hue to hold.

Her early leaf's a flower;

But only so an hour.

Then leaf subsides to leaf,

So Eden sank to grief,

So dawn goes down to day

Nothing gold can stay.