**Chapter Fourteen**

**Pattern**

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**These are the days when Birds come back  
Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)**

These are the days when birds come back,

A very few, a bird or two,

To take a backward look.

These are the days when skies put on

The old, old sophistries of June,--

A blue and gold mistake.

Oh, fraud that cannot cheat the bee,

Almost thy plausibility

Induces my belief,

Till ranks of seeds their witness bear,

And softly through the altered air

Hurries a timid leaf!

Oh, sacrament of summer days,

Oh, last communion in the haze,

Permit a child to join,

Thy sacred emblems to partake,

Thy consecrated bread to break,

Taste thine immortal wine!

**An epicure dining at Crewe   
Anonymous**

An ep-i-cure din-ing at Crewe  
Found a rath-er large mouse in his stew.  
 Said the wait-er, “don’t shout  
 And wave it a-bout  
Or the rest will be want-ing one too.

**On first Looking into Chapman’s Homer   
John Keats (1795 - 1821)**

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.

**That time of year   
William Shakespeare (1564-1616)**

That time of year thou mayst in me behold

When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang

Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,

Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day

As after sunset fadeth in the west,

Which by and by black night doth take away,

Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.

In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire

That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,

As the death-bed whereon it must expire,

Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,

To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

**Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night   
Dylan Thomas (1914 - 1953)**

Do not go gentle into that good night,

Old age should burn and rave at close of day;

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,

Because their words had forked no lightning they

Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright

Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,

And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,

Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight

Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on that sad height,

Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.

Do not go gentle into that good night.

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

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**A Smattering of Limericks**

A tutor who tooted the flute  
Tried to teach two young tooters to toot.  
 Said the two to the tutor,  
 “Is it harder to toot, or   
To tutor two tooters to toot?”

**Carolyn Wells (1862-1942)**

There was a young fellow named Hall  
Who fell in the spring in the fall;   
 ‘Twould have been a sad thing  
 Had he died in the spring,  
But he didn’t, he died in the fall.

**Anonymous**

A goat on a stroll near a brook   
Found an old movie film and partook,  
 “Was it good?” asked his mate.   
 Said the goat, “Second-rate!  
Not nearly as good as the book!”

**Martin Bristow Smith (b. 1916)**

The limerick’s never averse   
To expressing itself in a terse  
 Economical style  
 And yet, all while,  
The limerick’s *always* a verse.

**Laurence Perrine (1915-1996)**

**From Romeo and Juliet   
William Shakespeare (1564-1616)**

Romeo If I profane with my unworthiest hand   
 This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:  
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand   
 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Juliet Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much;   
 Which mannerly devotions shows in this;  
 For saints have hands that pilgrims’ hands do touch,   
 And palm to palm is holy palmers’ kiss.

Romeo Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Juliet Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Romeo O! then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;  
 They pray, “ Grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.”

Juliet Saints do not move, though grant for prayer’s   
 sake.

Romeo Then move not, while my prayer’s effect I take.

**Death, be not proud   
John Donne   
(1572-1631)**

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee

Mighty and dreadful, for thou are not so;

For those whom thou think’st thou dost overthrow

Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.

From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,

Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,

And soonest our best men with thee do go,

Rest of their bones, and soul’s delivery.

Thou’art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,

And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,

And poppy’or charms can make us sleep as well

And better than thy stroke; why swell’st thou then?

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,

And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

**The Story We Know   
Martha Collins   
(b. 1940)**

The way to begin is always the same. Hello,

Hello. Your hand, your name. So glad, Just fine,

and Good-bye at the end. That's every story we know,

and why pretend? But lunch tomorrow? No?

Yes? An omelette, salad, chilled white wine?

The way to begin is simple, sane, Hello,

and then it's Sunday, coffee, the Times, a slow

day by the fire, dinner at eight or nine

and Good-bye. In the end, this is a story we know

so well we don't turn the page, or look below

the picture, or follow the words to the next line:

The way to begin is always the same Hello.

But one night, through the latticed window, snow

begins to whiten the air, and the tall white pine.

Good-bye is the end of every story we know

that night, and when we close the curtains, oh,

we hold each other against that cold white sign

of the way we all begin and end. Hello,

Good-bye is the only story. We know, we know.

**Lonely Hearts   
Wendy Cope   
(b. 1945)**

Can someone make my simple wish come true?

Male biker seeks female for touring fun.

Do you live in North London? Is it you?

Gay vegetarian whose friends are few,

I'm into music, Shakespeare and the sun.

Can someone make my simple wish come true?

Executive in search of something new—

Perhaps bisexual woman, arty, young.

Do you live in North London? Is it you?

Successful, straight and solvent? I am too—

Attractive Jewish lady with a son.

Can someone make my simple wish come true?

I'm Libran, inexperienced and blue—

Need slim, non-smoker, under twenty-one.

Do you live in North London? Is it you?

Please write (with photo) to Box 152.

Who knows where it may lead once we've begun?

Can someone make my simple wish come true?

Do you live in North London? Is it you?

**Gascoigne’s Lullaby   
George Gascoigne   
(1525?-1557)**

1 Sing lullaby, as women do,

2 Wherewith they bring their babes to rest;

3 And lullaby can I sing to,

4 As womanly as can the best.

5 With lullaby they still the child,

6 And if I be not much beguil'd,

7 Full many wanton babes have I,

8 Which must be still'd with lullaby.

9 First, lullaby my youthful years,

10 It is now time to go to bed;

11 For crooked age and hoary hairs

12 Have won the haven within my head.

13 With lullaby, then, youth be still,

14 With lullaby, content thy will,

15 Since courage quails and comes behind,

16 Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind.

17 Next, lullaby my gazing eyes,

18 Which wonted were to glance apace;

19 For every glass may now suffice

20 To show the furrows in my face.

21 With lullaby, then, wink awhile,

22 With lullaby, your looks beguile,

23 Let no fair face nor beauty bright

24 Entice you eft with vain delight.

25 And lullaby my wanton will,

26 Let reason's rule now reign thy thought,

27 Since all too late I find by skill

28 How dear I have thy fancies bought.

29 With lullaby, now take thine ease,

30 With lullaby, thy doubts appease,

31 For trust to this, if thou be still,

32 My body shall obey thy will.

33 Eke, lullaby my loving boy,

34 My little Robin, take thy rest;

35 Since age is cold and nothing coy,

36 Keep close thy coin, for so is best.

37 With lullaby, be thou content,

38 With lullaby, thy lusts relent,

39 Let others pay which have mo pence,

40 Thou art too poor for such expense.

41 Thus lullaby, my youth, mine eyes,

42 My will, my ware, and all that was!

43 I can no mo delays devise,

44 But welcome pain, let pleasure pass.

45 With lullaby, now take your leave,

46 With lullaby, your dreams deceive,

47 And when you rise with waking eye,

48 Remember Gascoigne's lullaby.

**Acquainted with the Night**

**Robert Frost**

**(1874-1963)**

I have been one acquainted with the night.

I have walked out in rain -- and back in rain.

I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.

I have passed by the watchman on his beat

And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet

When far away an interrupted cry

Came over houses from another street,

But not to call me back or say good-bye;

And further still at an unearthly height,

A luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.

I have been one acquainted with the night.

**Edward  
Anonymous**

'Why does your sword so drip with blood,

Edward, Edward?

Why does your sword so drip with blood?

And why so sad are ye, O?'

'O, I have killed my hawk so good,

Mother, mother:

O I have killed my hawk so good:

And I had no more but he, O.'

'Your hawk's blood was never so red,

Edward, Edward:

Your hawk’s blood was never so red,

My dear son I tell thee, O.'

'O, I have killed my red-roan steed,

Mother, mother:

O, I have killed my red-roan steed,

That once was so fair and free, O.'

'Your steed was old, and we have got more,

Edward, Edward:

Your steed was old, and we have got more,

Some other evil ye fear, O.'

'O, I have killed my father dear,

Mother, mother:

O, I have killed my father dear,

Alas! and woe is me, O!'

'And what penance will ye suffer for that,

Edward, Edward?

And what penance will ye suffer for that?

My dear son, now tell me, O.'

'I'll set my feet in yonder boat,

Mother, mother:

I’ll set my feet in yonder boat,

And I’ll fare over the sea, O.'

'And what will ye do with your towers and your halls,

Edward, Edward?

And what will ye do with your towers and your halls,

That were sae fair to see, O?'

'I’ll let them stand till they down fall,

Mother, mother:

I’ll let them stand till they down fall,

For here never more may I be, O.'

'And what will ye leave to your children and your wife,

Edward, Edward?

And what will ye leave to your children and your wife

When ye go over the sea, O?'

'The world is large, let them beg through life,

Mother, mother:

The world is large, let them beg throw life,

For them never more will I see, O.'

'And what will ye leave to your own mother dear,

Edward, Edward?

And what will ye leave to your own mother dear?

My dear son, now tell me, O.'

'The curse of hell from me shall you bear,

Mother, mother:

The curse of hell from me shall you bear,

Such counsels you gave to me, O.'

**Delight in Disorder   
Robert Herrick   
(1591-1674)**

A sweet disorder in the dress

Kindles in clothes a wantonness;

A lawn about the shoulders thrown

Into a fine distraction;

An erring lace, which here and there

Enthrals the crimson stomacher;

A cuff neglectful, and thereby

Ribands to flow confusedly;

A winning wave, deserving note,

In the tempestuous petticoat;

A careless shoe-string, in whose tie

I see a wild civility:

Do more bewitch me, than when art

Is too precise in every part.

**In Medias Res   
Michael McFee  
(b. 1954)**

His waist,

like the plot,

thickens, wedding

pants now breathtaking,

belt no longer the cinch

it once was, belly's cambium

expanding to match each birthday,

his body a wad of anonymous tissue

swung in the same centrifuge of years

that separates a house from its foundation,

undermining sidewalks grim with joggers

and loose-filled graves and families

and stars collapsing on themselves,

no preservation society capable

of plugging entropy's dike,

under the zipper's sneer

a belly hibernation-

soft, ready for

the kill.