

## EARTHQUAKE

such great stretches of dreamscape  
such lines of all too familiar lines  
        staved in  
caved in so the filthy wake resounds with the notion  
of the pair of us? What of the pair of us?  
Pretty much the tale of the family surviving disaster:  
"In the ancient serpent stink of our blood we got clear  
of the valley; the village loosed stone lions roaring at our heels."  
Sleep, troubled sleep, the troubled waking of the heart  
yours on top of mine chipped dishes stacked in the pitching sink  
of noontides.  
What then of words? Grinding them together to summon up the void  
as night insects grind their crazed wing cases?  
Caught caught caught unequivocally caught  
caught caught caught  
        head over heels into the abyss  
        for no good reason  
except for the sudden faint steadfastness  
of our own true names, our own amazing names  
that had hitherto been consigned to a realm of forgetfulness  
itself quite tumbledown.

Aimé Césaire

Paul Muldoon, trans.

### **This Is Just to Say**

I have eaten  
the plums  
that were in  
the icebox  
  
and which  
you were probably  
saving  
for breakfast  
  
Forgive me  
they were delicious  
so sweet  
and so cold

- William Carlos Williams

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I'm Nobody! Who are you?  
Are you — Nobody — Too?  
Then there's a pair of us!  
Don't tell! they'd advertise — you know!  
  
How dreary — to be — Somebody!  
How public — like a Frog —  
To tell one's name — the livelong June —  
To an admiring Bog!

- Emily Dickinson

### **Gypsy Melodies**

Songs that break  
And scatter  
Out of the moon:  
Rockets of joy  
Dimmed too soon.

- Langston Hughes

### THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:  
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

- W.B. Yeats

## THE GOOD-MORROW

I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I  
 Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then?  
 But suck'd on countrey pleasures, childishly?  
 Or snorted we in the seaven sleepers den?  
 T'was so; But this, all pleasures fancies bee  
 If ever any beauty I did see,  
 Which I desir'd, and got, t'was but a dreame of thee.

And now good morrow to our waking soules,  
 Which watch not one another out of feare;  
 For love, all love of other sights controules,  
 And makes one little roome, an every where.  
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,  
 Let Maps to other, worlds on worlds have showne,  
 Let us possesse one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares,  
 And true plaine hearts doe in the faces rest,  
 Where can we finde two better hemispheares  
 Without sharpe North, without declining West?  
 What ever dyes, was not mixt equally;  
 If our two loves be one, or, thou and I  
 Love so alike, that none doe slacken, none can die.

- John Donne

i like my body when it is with your  
 body. It is so quite new a thing.  
 Muscles better and nerves more.  
 i like your body. i like what it does,  
 i like its hows. i like to feel the spine  
 of your body and its bones, and the trembling  
 -firm-smooth ness and which i will  
 again and again and again  
 kiss, i like kissing this and that of you,  
 i like, slowly stroking the, shocking fuzz  
 of your electric fur, and what-is-it comes  
 over parting flesh.... And eyes big love-crumbs,

and possibly i like the thrill

of under me you so quite new

- e.e. cummings

*Wild Geese*

You do not have to be good.  
 You do not have to walk on your knees  
 for a hundred miles through the desert, repenting.  
 You only have to let the soft animal of your body  
 love what it loves.  
 Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.  
 Meanwhile the world goes on.  
 Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain  
 are moving across the landscapes,  
 over the prairies and the deep trees,  
 the mountains and the rivers.  
 Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,  
 are heading home again.  
 Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,  
 the world offers itself to your imagination,  
 calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting—  
 over and over announcing your place  
 in the family of things.

- Mary Oliver