


TESTERS

1. And danced the sky on laughter-silvered wings
2. I am becoming sunlight
3. You can't fight city hall
4. The staff at the museum are very knowledgeable
5. My love is like a red, red rose
6. I know I will like my job
7. Machine guns chuckled
8. My soul has grown deep like the river
9. I chuckled at the joke
10. The sea is a hungry dog
11. Death, be not proud
12. The sea is choppy and dangerous
13. Kate, like the hazel twig, is straight and slender
14. His hands were rough and chapped
15. His axe hewn face
16. O, Canada, our home and native land
17. It's hard to earn a dollar today
18. It's tough finding a good job these days
19. The wind stood up and gave a shout

Fire and Ice by Robert Frost

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favour fire.
But if I had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

 PRAXIS

SHARON THISEN

Unable to imagine a future,
imagine a future better
than now, us creatures
weeping *in the abattoir*
only make noise & do
not transform a single fact.
So stop crying. Get up. Go out. Leap
the mossy garden wall
the steel fence or whatever
the case may be & crash
through painted arcadias,
fragments of bliss & roses
decorating your fists.

English II Poetry

1

WITH AGE, WISDOM

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

At twenty, stooping round about,
I thought the world a miserable place,
Truth a trick, faith in doubt,
Little beauty, less grace.

Now at sixty what I see,
Although the world is worse by far,
Stops my heart in ecstasy.
God, the wonders that there are!

93

Indian Summer

In youth, it was a way I had
To do my best to please,
And change, with every passing lad,
To suit his theories.

But now I know the things I know,
And do the things I do;
And if you do not like me so,
To hell, my love, with you!

DOROTHY PARKER

www.gutenberg.org/files/10000/10000-h/10000-h.htm

(2)

31

Sonnet XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And every fair from fair some time declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
 Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

from THE PROPHET

KAHLIL GIBRAN

Love one another, but make not a bond
 of love;
 Let it rather be a moving sea, between
 the shores of your souls.
 Fill each other's cup, but drink not from
 one cup.
 Give one another of your bread, but eat
 not from the same loaf.
 Sing and dance together and be joyous,
 but let each one of you be alone,
 Even as the strings of a lute are alone,
 though they quiver with the same music.
 Give your hearts, but not into each
 other's keeping.
 For only the hand of Life, can contain
 your hearts.
 And stand together, yet not too near
 together.
 For the pillars of the temple stand apart,
 And the oak tree and the cypress, grow
 not in each other's shadow.

UNION

FR. SCOTT

Come to me
 Not as a river willingly downward falls
 To be lost in a wide ocean
 But come to me
 As flood-tide comes to shore-line
 Filling empty bays
 With a white stillness
 Mating earth and sea.
 Union
 Exact and complete
 Of still separate identities.

40 — LOVE

ROGER McGOUGH

middle	aged
couple	playing
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4

from *A* CONTINUAL INTEREST
IN THE SUN AND SEA

KEITH GUNDERSON

A GAME CALLED
TRYING TO DISCERN

THE INDIVIDUAL JOURNEY: or try to keep your eye on
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70



WHERE THERE'S A WALL

JOY KOGAWA

Where there's a wall
 there's a way through a
 gate or door. There's even
 a ladder perhaps and a
 sentinel who sometimes sleeps.
 There are secret passwords you
 can overhear. There are methods
 of torture for extracting clues
 to maps of underground passages.
 There are zeppelins, helicopters,
 rockets, bombs, battering rams,
 armies with trumpets whose
 all at once blast shatters
 the foundations.

Where there's a wall there are
 words to whisper by loose bricks,
 wailing prayers to utter, birds
 to carry messages taped to their feet.
 There are letters to be written—
 poems even.

Faint as in a dream
 is the voice that calls
 from the belly
 of the wall.

(b)

122

What Do I Remember of the Evacuation?

What do I remember of the evacuation?
 I remember my father telling Tim and me
 About the mountains and the train
 And the excitement of going on a trip.
 What do I remember of the evacuation?
 I remember my mother wrapping
 A blanket around me and
 My pretending to fall asleep so she would be happy
 Though I was so excited I couldn't sleep
 (I hear there were people herded
 Into the Hastings Park like cattle.
 Families were made to move in two hours
 Abandoning everything, leaving pets
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 I hear families were broken up
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 It whispered late at night
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 I remember Miss Foster and Miss Tucker
 Who still live in Vancouver
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 And loved the children and who gave me
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 Six years old and I swear I saw a giant
 Gulliver of Gulliver's Travels scanning the horizon
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[204]

And I remember how careful my parents were
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 And I remember the puzzle of Lorraine Life
 Who said 'Don't insult me' when I
 Proudly wrote my name in Japanese
 And Tim flew the Union Jack
 When the war was over but Lorraine
 And her friends spat on us anyway
 And I prayed to the God who loves
 All the children in his sight
 That I might be white.

JOY K'

[205]

8

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

JOHN DONNE

No man is an island, entire of itself
Every man is a piece of the continent,
A part of the main.
If a clod be washed away by the sea,
Europe is the less,
As well as if a promontory were,
As well as if a manor of thy friend
Or of thine own, were.
Any man's death diminishes me,
Because I am involved in mankind;
And, therefore, never send to know
For whom the bell tolls:
It tolls for thee.

THE MAN HE KILLED

THOMAS HARDY

Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin!

But ranged as infantry,
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place.


I shot him dead because—
Because he was my foe,
Just so: my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough, although

He thought he'd 'list, perhaps
Off-hand-like—just as I—
Was out of work—had sold his traps—
No other reason why.

Yes; quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat if met where any bar is,
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 As well as if a promontory were,
 As well as if a manor of thy friend
 Or of thine own, were.
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 We should have sat us down to wet
 Right many a nipperkin!

But ranged as infantry,
 And staring face to face,
 I shot at him as he at me,
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I shot him dead because—
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He thought he'd list, perhaps
 Off-hand-like—just as I—
 Was out of work—had sold his traps—
 No other reason why.

Yes; quaint and curious war is!
 You shoot a fellow down
 You'd treat if met where any bar is,
 Or help to half-a-crown.

9

PIANO MAN

BILLY JOEL

It's nine o'clock on a Saturday,
The regular crowd shuffles in.
There's an old man sitting next to me
Making love to his tonic and gin.

He says, son, can you play me a memory,
I'm not really sure how it goes,
But it's sad and it's sweet
And I knew it complete
When I wore a younger man's clothes.

Sing us a song, you're the piano man,
Sing us a song tonight.
Well, we're all in the mood for a melody,
And you've got us feeling all right.

Now, John at the bar is a friend of mine,
He gives me my drinks for free,
And he's quick with a joke
Or to light up a smoke,
But there's some place that he'd rather be.

He says, Bill, I believe this is killing me,
As a smile ran away from his face,
But I'm sure that I could be a movie star
If I could get out of this place.

Now, Paul is a real estate novelist
Who never had time for a wife,
And he's talking with David
Who's still in the navy
And probably will be for life.

And the waitress is practicing politics
As the businessmen slowly get stoned.
Yes, they're sharing a drink they call loneliness,
But it's better than drinking alone.

Sing us a song, you're the piano man,
Sing us a song tonight.
Well, we're all in the mood for a melody,
And you've got us feeling all right.

It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday,
And the manager gives me a smile
Cause he knows that it's me
That they've been coming to see
To forget about life for a while.

And the piano sounds like a carnival,
And the microphone smells like beer,
And they sit at the bar
And put bread in my jar
And say, man, what are you doing here?

Sing us a song, you're the piano man,
Sing us a song tonight.
Well, we're all in the mood for a melody,
And you've got us feeling all right.

Billy Collins - On Turning Ten

(10)

On Turning Ten

The whole idea of it makes me feel
like I'm coming down with something,
something worse than any stomach ache
or the headaches I get from reading in bad
light--
a kind of measles of the spirit,
a mumps of the psyche,
a disfiguring chicken pox of the soul.

You tell me it is too early to be looking back,
but that is because you have forgotten
the perfect simplicity of being one
and the beautiful complexity introduced by
two.

But I can lie on my bed and remember every
digit.

At four I was an Arabian wizard.
I could make myself invisible
by drinking a glass of milk a certain way.
At seven I was a soldier, at nine a prince.

But now I am mostly at the window
watching the late afternoon light.
Back then it never fell so solemnly
against the side of my tree house,
and my bicycle never leaned against the
garage
as it does today,
all the dark blue speed drained out of it.

This is the beginning of sadness, I say to
myself,
as I walk through the universe in my
sneakers.
It is time to say good-bye to my imaginary
friends,
time to turn the first big number.

It seems only yesterday I used to believe
there was nothing under my skin but light.
If you cut me I could shine.
But now when I fall upon the sidewalks of
life,
I skin my knees. I bleed.

Billy Collins

(11)

Mending by Luci Shaw

Here I am, a needle in time,
a sharpness glinting through some poor
torn paisley of fabric, pulling the swift nerve of my suture
behind me through invisibility, then flashing
back out, eager for the next stitch and the next,
a hopeful mending of what will never be
a seamless garment.

As the fabric of seasons shrinks,
shreds again – fibers of old cloth
wearing thin, needing to be rewoven –
my failed needle waits for a spool of fresh, glowing
thread,
keeping itself steel bright and its point
quick and its eye open
for the next rip.