

## **She Walks in Beauty**

by: George Gordon (Lord) Byron

SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

## **To Nature**

By: Samuel Taylor Coleridge

It may indeed be phantasy, when I  
Essay to draw from all created things  
Deep, heartfelt, inward joy that closely clings ;  
And trace in leaves and flowers that round me lie  
Lessons of love and earnest piety.  
So let it be ; and if the wide world rings  
In mock of this belief, it brings  
Nor fear, nor grief, nor vain perplexity.  
So will I build my altar in the fields,  
And the blue sky my fretted dome shall be,  
And the sweet fragrance that the wild flower yields  
Shall be the incense I will yield to Thee,  
Thee only God ! and thou shalt not despise  
Even me, the priest of this poor sacrifice

**To Night** - Percy Bysshe Shelley

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,  
Spirit of Night!  
Out of the misty eastern cave,  
Where, all the long and lone daylight,  
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,  
Which make thee terrible and dear—  
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,  
Star-inwrought!  
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day;  
Kiss her until she be wearied out,  
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,  
Touching all with thine opiate wand—  
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
I sighed for thee;  
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
And the weary day turned to his rest,  
Lingering like an unloved guest,  
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,  
Wouldst thou me?  
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
Murmured like a noontide bee,  
Shall I nestle near thy side?  
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,  
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,

Soon, too soon—

Sleep will come when thou art fled;

Of neither would I ask the boon

I ask of thee, beloved Night—

Swift be thine approaching flight,

Come soon, soon!

## **WILLIAM WORDSWORTH**

### **I WANDERED lonely as a cloud**

That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

## ***“Make it New” – Ezra Pound***

### **Ezra Pound - 'In a Station of the Metro' (1919)**

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;  
Petals on a wet, black bough

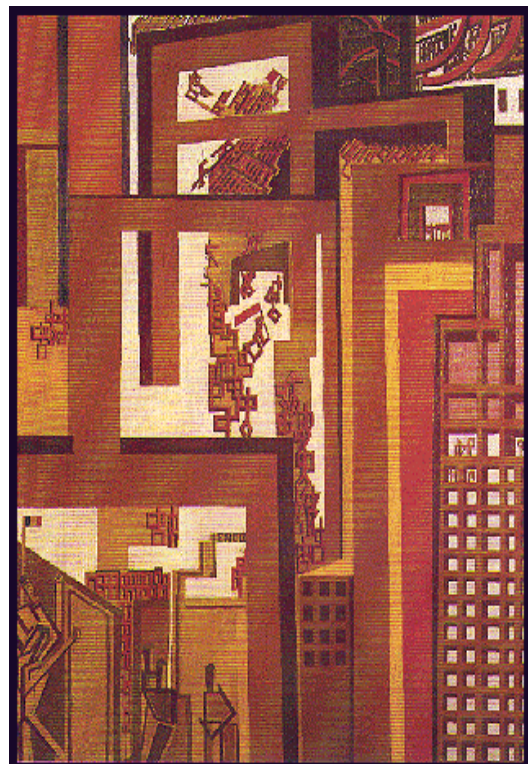
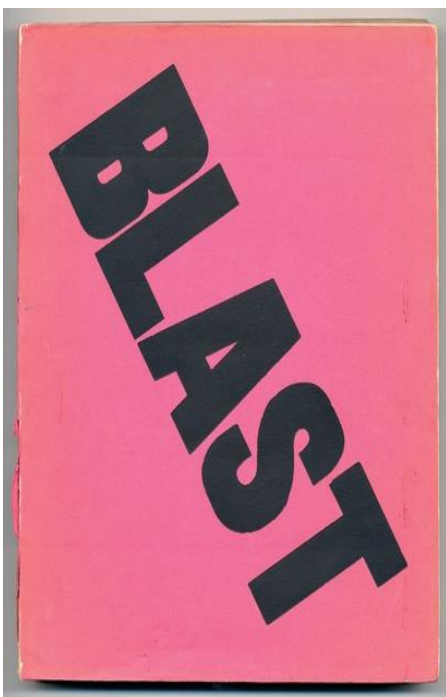
From ‘Vorticism’ by Ezra Pound, *The Fortnightly Review*, 1 September 1914.

Imagiste:

1. Direct treatment of the “thing”, whether subjunctive or objective
2. To use absolutely no word that does not contribute to the presentation.
3. As regarding rhythm: to compose in sequence of the musical phrase, not in sequence of the metronome.

THE IMAGE IS NOT an idea. It is a radiant node or cluster; it is what I can, and must perforce, call a VORTEX, from which, and through which, and into which, ideas are constantly rushing. In decency one can only call it a VORTEX. And from this necessity came the name “vorticism.”

"BLAST signifies something constructive and destructive. It means the blowing away of old ideas and worn-out notions. It means (according to the Anglo-Saxon interpretation) a fire or flame." Wyndham Lewis, *Daily News*, April 7th 1914



## A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste

An "Image" is that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time. I use the term "complex" rather in the technical sense employed by the newer psychologists, such as Hart, though we might not agree absolutely in our application.

It is the presentation of such a "complex" instantaneously which gives that sense of sudden liberation; that sense of freedom from time limits and space limits; that sense of sudden growth, which we experience in the presence of the greatest works of art.

It is better to present one Image in a lifetime than to produce voluminous works.

All this, however, some may consider open to debate. The immediate necessity is to tabulate A LIST OF DON'TS for those beginning to write verses. But I can not put all of them into Mosaic negative.

### **Language**

Use no superfluous word, no adjective, which does not reveal something.

Don't use such an expression as "dim lands *of peace*." It dulls the image. It mixes an abstraction with the concrete. It comes from the writer's not realizing that the natural object is always the *adequate* symbol.

Go in fear of abstractions. Don't retell in mediocre verse what has already been done in good prose. Don't think any intelligent person is going to be deceived when you try to shirk all the difficulties of the unspeakably difficult art of good prose by chopping your composition into line lengths.

What the expert is tired of today the public will be tired of tomorrow.

**1**  
**BLAST First** (from politeness) **ENGLAND**  
 CURSE ITS CLIMATE FOR ITS SINS AND INFECTIONS  
 DISMAL SYMBOL, SET round our bodies,  
 of effeminate lust within.  
 VICTORIAN VAMPIRE, the LONDON crowd sucks  
 the TOWN'S heart.  
 A 1000 MILE LONG, 2 KILOMETER Deep  
 BODY OF WATER even, is pushed against us  
 from the Florida, TO MAKE US MILD.  
 OFFICIOUS MOUNTAINS keep back DRASTIC WINDS  
 SO MUCH VAST MACHINERY TO PRODUCE

THE CURATE of "Ezra" **"Ezra"**  
 BRITANNIC AESTHETE  
 WILD NATURE CRANK  
 DOMESTICATED POLICEMAN  
 LONDON COLISEUM  
 SOCIALIST-PLAYWRIGHT  
 DALY'S MUSICAL COMEDY  
 RAIETY CHORUS GIRL  
 TUNKS

**3**  
 CURSE  
 WITH EXPLETIVE OF WHIRLWIND  
 THE BRITANNIC AESTHETE  
 CREAM OF THE SNOBBISH EARTH  
 ROSE OF SHARON OF GOD-PRIG  
 OF SIMIAN VANITY  
 SNEAK AND SWOT OF THE SCHOOL-  
 ROOM  
 IMBERB (or Berbed when in Belisle)-PEDANT

BLAST all products of phlegmatic cold  
 Life of LOOKER-ON.  
 CURSE

PRACTICAL JOKER  
 DANDY  
 CURATE

SNOBBERY  
 (disease of femininity)  
 FEAR OF RIDICULE  
 (arch vice of inactive, sleepy)  
 PLAY  
 STYLISM  
 SINS AND PLAGUES  
 of this LYMPHATIC finished  
 (we admit to every sense  
 finished)  
 VEGETABLE HUMANITY.

**6**  
 BLAST  
 years 1837 to 1900  
 Curse abysmal inexcusable middle-class  
 (also Aristocracy and Proletariat).

BLAST  
 party shadow cast by gigantic Boehm  
 (imagined at introduction of BOURGEOIS VICTORIAN  
 VISTAS).

WRING THE NECK OF all sick inventions born in  
 that progressive white wake.

BLAST their weeping whiskers—hirsute  
 RHETORIC of EUNUCH and STYLIST—  
 SENTIMENTAL HYGIENICS  
 ROUSSEAUISMS (wild Nature cranks)  
 FRATERNIZING WITH MONKEYS  
 DIABOLICS—raptures and roses  
 of the erotic bookshelves  
 culminating in  
 PURGATORY OF  
 PUTNEY.



## Sea Rose

By H. D.

Rose, harsh rose,  
marred and with stint of petals,  
meagre flower, thin,  
sparse of leaf,

more precious  
than a wet rose  
single on a stem—  
you are caught in the drift.

Stunted, with small leaf,  
you are flung on the sand,  
you are lifted  
in the crisp sand  
that drives in the wind.

Can the spice-rose  
drip such acrid fragrance  
hardened in a leaf?

**William Carlos Williams**

**from: SPRING AND ALL (1923)**

The rose is obsolete  
but each petal ends in  
an edge, the double facet  
cementing the grooved  
columns of air--The edge  
cuts without cutting  
meets--nothing--renews  
itself in metal or porcelain--  
whither? It ends--  
But if it ends  
the start is begun  
so that to engage roses  
becomes a geometry--  
Sharper, neater, more cutting  
figured in majolica--  
the broken plate  
glazed with a rose  
Somewhere the sense  
makes copper roses  
steel roses--  
The rose carried weight of love  
but love is at an end--of roses  
It is at the edge of the  
petal that love waits

Crisp, worked to defeat

laboredness--fragile

plucked, moist, half-raised

cold, precise, touching

What

The place between the petal's

edge and the

From the petal's edge a line starts

that being of steel

infinitely fine, infinitely

rigid penetrates

the Milky Way

without contact--lifting

from it--neither hanging

nor pushing--

The fragility of the flower

unbruised

penetrates space

**Gertude Stein – from *Sacred Emily***

That is a word.

That is a word careless.

Paper peaches.

Paper peaches are tears.

Rest in grapes.

Thoroughly needed.

Thoroughly needed signs.

All but.

Relieving relieving.

Argonauts.

That is plenty.

Cunning saxon symbol.

Symbol of beauty.

Thimble of everything.

Cunning clover thimble.

Cunning of everything.

Cunning of thimble.

Cunning cunning.

Place in pets.

Night town.

Night town a glass.

Color mahogany.

Color mahogany center.

Rose is a rose is a rose is a rose.

Loveliness extreme.

Extra gaiters.

Loveliness extreme.

Sweetest ice-cream.

Page ages page ages page ages.

Wiped Wiped wire wire.

Sweeter than peaches and pears and cream.

Wiped wire wiped wire.

Extra extreme.

Put measure treasure.

Measure treasure.

Tables track.

Nursed.

Dough.

That will do.

# ***The Waste Land* T.S. Eliot**

## **I. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD**

APRIL is the cruellest month, breeding  
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing  
Memory and desire, stirring  
Dull roots with spring rain.  
Winter kept us warm, covering 5  
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding  
A little life with dried tubers.  
Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee  
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,  
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten, 10  
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.  
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.  
And when we were children, staying at the archduke's,  
My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,  
And I was frightened. He said, Marie, 15  
Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.  
In the mountains, there you feel free.  
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow  
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man, 20  
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only  
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,  
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,  
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only  
There is shadow under this red rock, 25  
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),  
And I will show you something different from either  
Your shadow at morning striding behind you  
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;  
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.  
Unreal City, 60  
Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,  
A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,  
I had not thought death had undone so many.  
Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,  
And each man fixed his eyes before his feet. 65  
Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,  
To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours  
With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.  
There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying "Stetson!  
You who were with me in the ships at Mylae! 70  
That corpse you planted last year in your garden,  
Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?  
Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?  
Oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,  
Or with his nails he'll dig it up again! 75  
You! *hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable,—mon frère!*"

## **II. A GAME OF CHESS**

When Lil's husband got demobbed, I said,  
I didn't mince my words, I said to her myself, 140  
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME  
Now Albert's coming back, make yourself a bit smart.  
He'll want to know what you done with that money he gave you  
To get yourself some teeth. He did, I was there.

You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set, 145  
 He said, I swear, I can't bear to look at you.  
 And no more can't I, I said, and think of poor Albert,  
 He's been in the army four years, he wants a good time,  
 And if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.  
 Oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said. 150  
 Then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.  
 HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME  
 If you don't like it you can get on with it, I said,  
 Others can pick and choose if you can't.  
 But if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of telling. 155  
 You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so antique.  
 (And her only thirty-one.)  
 I can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,  
 It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.  
 (She's had five already, and nearly died of young George.) 160  
 The chemist said it would be alright, but I've never been the same.  
 You *are* a proper fool, I said.  
 Well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,  
 What you get married for if you don't want children?  
 HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME 165  
 Well, that Sunday Albert was home, they had a hot gammon,  
 And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of it hot—  
 HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME  
 HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME  
 Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight. 170  
 Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.  
 Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

### III. THE FIRE SERMON

Unreal City  
 Under the brown fog of a winter noon  
 Mr Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant  
 Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants 210  
 C. i. f. London: documents at sight,  
 Asked me in demotic French  
 To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel  
 Followed by a week-end at the Metropole.

The river sweats  
 Oil and tar  
 The barges drift  
 With the turning tide  
 Red sails 270  
 Wide  
 To leeward, swing on the heavy spar.  
 The barges wash  
 Drifting logs  
 Down Greenwich reach 275  
 Past the Isle of Dogs.  
     Weialala leia  
     Wallala leialala  
 Elizabeth and Leicester  
 Beating oars 280  
 The stern was formed  
 A gilded shell  
 Red and gold  
 The brisk swell  
 Rippled both shores 285

