

All out of doors looked darkly in at him
Through the thin frost, almost in separate stars,
That gath'ers on the pane in empty rooms,
What kept his eyes from giving back the gaze
Was the lamp tilted near them in his hand.
What kept him from remembering what it was
That brought him to that creaking room was age.
He stood with barrels round him -- at a loss,
And having scared the cellar under him
In clomping there, he scared it once again
In clomping off: -- and scared the outer night,
Which has its sounds familiar, like the roar
Of trees and crack of branches, common things,
But nothing so like beathing on a box.
A light he was to no one but himself
Where now he sat, concerned with he knew what,
A quiet light, and then not even that.
He consigned to the moon, such as she was,
So late-arriving, to the broken moon
As better than the sun in any case
For such a change, his snow upon the roof,
His icicles along the wall to keep;
And slept. The fog that shifted with a jolt
Once in the stove, disturbed him and he shifted,
And eased his heavy breathing, but still slept.
One aged man -- one man -- can't keep a house,
A farm, a countryside, or if he can,
It's thus he does it of a winter night.

Nicene Creed

passus, et sepultus est,
et resurrexit tertia die,
secundum Scripturas,
et ascendit in caelum, sedet
ad dexteram Patris,
et iterum venturus est cum
visibilibus omnium et
invisibilibus.
Et in unum Dominum
Iesum Christum,
cuius regni non erit finis.
Et in Spiritum Sanctum,
qui ex Patre Filioque
procedit,
qui cum Patre et Filio
simul adoratur et
conglorificatur:
qui locutus est per
prophetas.
Et unam, sanctam,
catholicam et apostolicam
ecclesiam.
Qui propter nos homines
et propter nostram salutem
descendit de caelis:
Et incarnatus est de Spiritu
Sancto
ex Maria Virgine, et homo
factus est.
Crucifixus etiam pro nobis
sub Ponto Pilato,
Amen.

The Author to Her Book
Anne Bradstreet

Thou ill-formed offspring of my feeble brain,
Who after birth did'st by my side remain,
Till snatcht from thence by friends, less wise than true,
Who thee abroad exposed to public view,
Made thee in rags, halting to th' press to trudge,
Where errors were not lessened (all may judge).
At thy return my blushing was not small,
My rambling brat (in print) should mother call.
I cast thee by as one unfit for light,
The visage was so irksome in my sight,
Yet being mine own, at length affection would
Thy blemishes amend, if so I could.
I washed thy face, but more defects I saw,
And rubbing off a spot, still made a flaw.
I stretcht thy joints to make thee even feet,
Yet still thou run'st more hobbling than is meet.
In better dress to trim thee was my mind,
But nought save home-spun cloth, i' th' house I find.
In this array, 'mongst vulgars may'st thou roam.
In critic's hands, beware thou dost not come,
And take thy way where yet thou art not known.
If for thy father askt, say, thou hadst none;
And for thy mother, she alas is poor,
Which caused her thus to send thee out of door.

The Rear-Guard

days he's had no sleep.)
"Get up and guide me
through this stinking place."
Grooping along the tunnel,
step by step,
And flashed his prying torch
with patching glare
From side to side, and
sniffed the unwholesome
air.
Tins, boxes, bottles, shapes
And fists of fingers
clutched a blackening
wound.
Alone he staggered on until
he found
Dawn's ghost that filtered
down a shafted stair
The rosy gloom of battle
And he, exploring fifty feet
below
The dazed, muttering
overhead.
Tripping, he grabbed the
wall: saw someone he
Humped at his feet, half-
hidden by a rug,
And stopped to give the
in his hair,
He climbed through
darkness to the twilight air,
"I'm looking for
headquarters." "No reply:
"God blast your neck!" (For
step by step.

The Lamb
William Blake

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

A Word is Dead
Emily Dickinson

A word is dead
When it is said,
Some say.

I say it just
Begins to live
That day.

Hope
Emily Dickinson

Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune--without the words,
And never stops at all,
And sweetest in the gale is heard;
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm.
I've heard it in the chilliest land,
And on the strangest sea;
Yet, never, in extremity,
It asked a crumb of me.