

Eighth week

I. Early poems by Emily Dickens and Walt Whitman

Oh the Earth was made for lovers, for damsel, and hopeless swain,
For sighing, and gentle whispering, and unity made of twain.

O, powerless is this struggling brain
 To pierce the mighty mystery;
In dark, uncertain awe it waits,
 The common doom—to die!

II. Drag (\leftarrow), Advance (\rightarrow), and Balance (\leftrightarrow)

III. Revising

No practice this week. Work on your mid-term poem.

Poem

As the cat
climbed over
the top of

the jamcloset
first the right
forefoot

carefully
then the hind
stepped down

into the pit of
the empty
flowerpot

Revising

The Fish Marianne Moore

Wade through black jade.
Of the crow-blue mussel-shells, one
Keeps adjusting the ash-heaps;
Opening and shutting itself like

An injured fan.
The barnacles undermine the
Side of the wave—trained to hide
There—but the submerged shafts of the

Sun, split like spun

.....

(1918)

wade

through black jade.

 Of the crow-blue mussel shells, one
 keeps
 adjusting the ash heaps;
 opening and shutting itself like

an

injured fan.

 The barnacles which encrust the
 side
 of the wave, cannot hide
 there for the submerged shafts of the

sun,

split like spun

.....

(1924)

wade

through black jade.

Of the crow-blue mussel shells, one keeps
adjusting the ash heaps;
opening and shutting itself like

an

injured fan.

The barnacles which encrust the side
of the wave, cannot hide
there for the submerged shafts of the

sun,

split like spun

.....

(1935)

Swimmer in the Rain Robert Wallace

No one but him to see
the rain begin—fine scrim
far down the bay, like smoke,
smoking and hissing its way
toward, and then up the creek
where he drifted, waited
a suit
supple, green glass
to his neck.

No one but him to see
the rain begin—a fine scrim
far down the bay, slow smoke,
smoking and hissing its way
toward, then into the marsh creek
where he swam, waited
clad in
cold, supple, thin glass
to his neck.

No one but him
seeing the rain
start—a fine scrim
far down the bay,
smoking, advancing
between two grays
till the salt-grass rustles
and the creek's mirror
In which he stands
to his neck, like clothing
cold, green, supple,
begins to ripple.

The opening lines of Richard Wilbur's "Love Calls Us to the Things of This World"

Draft 1

My eyes came open to the squeak of pulleys
My spirit, shocked from the brothel of itself

Draft 2

My eyes came open to the shriek of pulleys,
And the soul, spirited from its proper wallow,
Hung in the air as bodiless and hollow

Draft 3

My eyes came open to the pulleys' cry.
The soul, spirited from its proper wallow,
Hung in the air as bodiless and hollow
As light that frothed upon the wall opposing;
But what most caught my eyes at their unclosing
Was two gray ropes that yanked across the sky.
One after one into the window frame
. . . the hosts of laundry came

Draft 4

The eyes open to a cry of pulleys,
And the soul, so suddenly spirited from sleep,
Hangs in the air as bodiless and simple
As morning sunlight frothing on the floor,
While just outside the window
The air is solid with a dance of angels.

Draft 5

The eyes open to a cry of pulleys,
And spirited from sleep, the astounded soul
Hangs for a moment bodiless and simple
As dawn light in the moment of its breaking:
Outside the open window
The air is crowded with a

Draft 6

The eyes open to a cry of pulleys,
And spirited from sleep, the astounded soul
Hangs for a moment bodiless and simple
As false dawn.

Outside the open window,
The air is leaping with a rout of angels.
Some are in bedsheets, some are in dresses,
It does not seem to matter