*Four Poems*

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  | [Gerard Manley Hopkins](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/gerard-manley-hopkins) |
|  | No worst, there is none |
|  | No worst, there is none. Pitched past pitch of grief, |
|  | More pangs will, schooled at forepangs, wilder wring. |
|  | Comforter, where, where is your comforting? |
|  | Mary, mother of us, where is your relief? |
| *5* | My cries heave, herds-long; huddle in a main, a chief |
|  | Woe, wórld-sorrow; on an áge-old anvil wince and sing — |
|  | Then lull, then leave off. Fury had shrieked ‘No ling- |
|  | ering! Let me be fell: force I must be brief.‘ |
|  | O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall |
| *10* | Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap |
|  | May who ne’er hung there. Nor does long our small |
|  | Durance deal with that steep or deep. Here! creep, |
|  | Wretch, under a comfort serves in a whirlwind: all |
|  | Life death does end and each day dies with sleep. |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  | Seamus Heaney |
|  | The Forge |
|  | All I know is a door into the dark |
|  | Outside, old axles and iron hoops rusting; |
|  | Inside, the hammered anvil’s short-pitched ring, |
|  | The unpredictable fantail of sparks |
| *5* | Or hiss when a new shoe toughens in water. |
|  | The anvil must be somewhere in the centre, |
|  | Horned as a unicorn, at one end square, |
|  | Set there immovable: an altar |
|  | Where he expends himself in shape and music. |
| *10* | Sometimes, leather-aproned, hairs in his nose, |
|  | He leans out on the jamb, recalls a clatter |
|  | Of hoofs where traffic is flashing in rows; |
|  | Then grunts and goes in, with a slam and flick |
|  | To beat real iron out, to work the bellows. |
|  | Lucille Clifton |
|  | *Island Mary* |
|  | after the all been done and i |
|  | one old creature carried on |
|  | another creature’s back, I wonder |
|  | could I have fought these thing? |
| *5* | surrounded by no son of mine save |
|  | old men calling Mother like in the tale |
|  | the astrologer tell, I wonder |
|  | could I have walk away when voices |
|  | singing in my sleep? I one old woman. |
| *10* | always I seem to worrying now for |
|  | another young girl asleep |
|  | in the plain evening. |
|  | what song around her ear? |
|  | what star still choosing? |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  | William Butler Yeats |
|  | When You Are Old |
|  | When you are old and grey and full of sleep, |
|  | And nodding by the fire, take down this book, |
|  | And slowly read, and dream of the soft look |
|  | Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep; |
| *5* | How many loved your moments of glad grace, |
|  | And loved your beauty with love false or true, |
|  | But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you, |
|  | And loved the sorrows of your changing face; |
|  | And bending down beside the glowing bars, |
| *10* | Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled |
|  | And paced upon the mountains overhead |
|  | And hid his face amid a crowd of stars. |