

## **Alchemy**

Sara Teasdale

I lift my heart as spring lifts up  
A yellow daisy to the rain;  
My heart will be a lovely cup  
Altho' it holds but pain.

For I shall learn from flower and leaf  
That color every drop they hold,  
To change the lifeless wine of grief  
To living gold.

## The Example

William Henry Davies (1871~1940)

Here's an example from  
A Butterfly;  
That on a rough, hard rock  
Happy can lie;  
Friendless and all alone  
On this unsweetened stone.

Now let my bed be hard  
No care take I;  
I'll make my joy like this  
Small Butterfly;  
Whose happy heart has power  
To make a stone a flower.

## The Night Has a Thousand Eyes

Francis William Bourdillon (1852 – 1921)

THE NIGHT has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.

## Annabel Lee

Edgar Allan Poe. 1809–1849

IT was many and many a year ago,  
    In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
    By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought         5  
    Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
    In this kingdom by the sea,  
But we loved with a love that was more than love,  
    I and my Annabel Lee;         10  
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven  
    Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
    In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling         15  
    My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her highborn kinsmen came  
    And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
    In this kingdom by the sea.         20

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
    Went envying her and me;  
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,  
    In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,         25  
    Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
    Of those who were older than we,  
    Of many far wiser than we;  
And neither the angels in heaven above,         30  
    Nor the demons down under the sea,

Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee; 35

And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
In her sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

## Youth

Samuel Ullman (1840-1924)

Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind; it is not a matter of rosy cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a matter of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is the freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity of the appetite, for adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of sixty more than a boy of twenty. Nobody grows old merely by a number of years. We grow old by deserting our ideals.

Years may wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, fear, self-distrust bows the heart and turns the spirit back to dust.

Whether sixty or sixteen, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the unfailing child-like appetite of what's next, and the joy of the game of living. In the center of your heart and my heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage and power from men and from the infinite, so long are you young.

When the aerials are down, and your spirit is covered with snows of cynicism and the ice of pessimism, then you are grown old, even at twenty, but as long as your aerials are up, to catch the waves of optimism, there is hope you may die young at eighty.

## Life's Mirror

Madeline Bridges (1844–1920)

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,  
There are souls that are pure and true;  
Then give to the world the best that you have,  
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,  
A strength in your utmost need;  
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show  
Their faith in your work and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,  
And honor will honor meet;  
And the smile which is sweet will surely find  
A smile that is just as sweet.

Give sorrow and pity to those who mourn;  
You will gather in flowers again  
The scattered seeds from your thought outborne  
Though the sowing seemed but vain.  
For life is the mirror of king and slave,  
'Tis just what we are and do;  
Then give to the world the best that you have  
And the best will come back to you.

## On Marriage

Kahlil Gibran

You were born together, and together you shall be forever more.  
You shall be together when the white wings of death scatter your days.  
Ay, you shall be together even in the silent memory of God.  
But let there be spaces in your togetherness,  
And let the winds of the heavens dance between you.

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.

## After a while

Veronica A. Shoffstall (1946 - )

After a while you learn  
the subtle difference between  
holding a hand and chaining a soul  
and you learn  
that love doesn't mean leaning  
And company doesn't always mean security.  
And you begin to learn  
that kisses aren't contracts  
and presents aren't promises  
and you begin to accept your defeats  
with your head up and your eyes ahead  
with the grace of woman, not the grief of a child  
and you learn  
to build all your roads on today  
because tomorrow's ground is  
too uncertain for plans  
and futures have a way of falling down  
in mid-flight.  
After a while you learn  
that even sunshine burns  
if you get too much  
so you plant your own garden  
and decorate your own soul  
instead of waiting for someone  
to bring you flowers.  
And you learn that you really can endure  
you really are strong  
you really do have worth  
and you learn  
and you learn  
with every goodbye, you learn...

## The Road Not Taken

Robert Frost - 1874-1963

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

## Crossing the Bar

Alfred Lord Tennyson - 1809-1892

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have cross'd the bar.

## Splendor in The Grass

William Wordsworth

What though the radiance which was once so bright  
Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind;  
In the primal sympathy  
Which having been must ever be;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering;  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.