

## WIERSZE OBOWIĄZKOWE (WYBRAĆ JEDEN)

### The Waking (1953)

I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.  
I feel my fate in what I cannot fear.  
I learn by going where I have to go.

We think by feeling. What is there to know?  
I hear my being dance from ear to ear.  
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Of those so close beside me, which are you?  
God bless the Ground! I shall walk softly there,  
And learn by going where I have to go.

Light takes the Tree; but who can tell us how?  
The lowly worm climbs up a winding stair;  
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Great Nature has another thing to do  
To you and me, so take the lively air,  
And, lovely, learn by going where to go.

This shaking keeps me steady. I should know.  
What falls away is always. And is near.  
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.  
I learn by going where I have to go.

*Theodore Roethke*

### My Papa's Waltz

The whiskey on your breath  
Could make a small boy dizzy;  
But I hung on like death:  
Such waltzing was not easy.

We romped until the pans  
Slid from the kitchen shelf;  
My mother's countenance  
Could not unfrown itself.

The hand that held my wrist  
Was battered on one knuckle;  
At every step you missed  
My right ear scraped a buckle.

You beat time on my head  
With a palm caked hard by dirt,  
Then waltzed me off to bed  
Still clinging to your shirt.

*Theodore Roethke*

## **Elegy For Jane**

*(My student, thrown by a horse)*

I remember the neckcurls, limp and damp as tendrils;  
And her quick look, a sidelong pickerel smile;  
And how, once started into talk, the light syllables leaped for her.  
And she balanced in the delight of her thought,  
A wren, happy, tail into the wind,  
Her song trembling the twigs and small branches.  
The shade sang with her;  
The leaves, their whispers turned to kissing,  
And the mould sang in the bleached valleys under the rose.

Oh, when she was sad, she cast herself down into such a pure depth,  
Even a father could not find her:  
Scraping her cheek against straw,  
Stirring the clearest water.  
My sparrow, you are not here,  
Waiting like a fern, making a spiney shadow.  
The sides of wet stones cannot console me,  
Nor the moss, wound with the last light.

If only I could nudge you from this sleep,  
My maimed darling, my skittery pigeon.  
Over this damp grave I speak the words of my love:  
I, with no rights in this matter,  
Neither father nor lover.

*Theodore Roethke*

## **WIERSZE DO WYBORU (\*wybrać jeden)**

**in time of daffodils by E. E. Cummings**

in time of daffodils(who know  
the goal of living is to grow)  
forgetting why,remember how

in time of lilacs who proclaim  
the aim of waking is to dream,  
remember so(forgetting seem)

in time of roses(who amaze  
our now and here with paradise)  
forgetting if,remember yes

in time of all sweet things beyond  
whatever mind may comprehend,  
remember seek(forgetting find)

and in a mystery to be  
(when time from time shall set us free)  
forgetting me,remember me

## **This is Just to Say**

I have eaten  
the plums  
that were in  
the icebox

and which  
you were probably  
saving  
for breakfast

Forgive me  
they were delicious  
so sweet  
and so cold

*William Carlos Williams*

## **To A Poor Old Woman**

munching a plum on  
the street a paper bag  
of them in her hand

They taste good to her  
They taste good  
to her. They taste  
good to her

You can see it by  
the way she gives herself  
to the one half  
sucked out in her hand

Comforted

a solace of ripe plums  
seeming to fill the air  
They taste good to her

*William Carlos Williams*

## **The Young Housewife**

At ten AM the young housewife  
moves about in negligee behind  
the wooden walls of her husband's house.  
I pass solitary in my car.

Then again she comes to the curb  
to call the ice-man, fish-man, and stands  
shy, uncorseted, tucking in  
stray ends of hair, and I compare her  
to a fallen leaf.

The noiseless wheels of my car  
rush with a crackling sound over  
dried leaves as I bow and pass smiling.

*William Carlos Williams*

## **I Am in Need of Music**

I am in need of music that would flow  
Over my fretful, feeling fingertips,  
Over my bitter-tainted, trembling lips,  
With melody, deep, clear, and liquid-slow.  
Oh, for the healing swaying, old and low,  
Of some song sung to rest the tired dead,  
A song to fall like water on my head,  
And over quivering limbs, dream flushed to glow!

There is a magic made by melody:  
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool  
Heart, that sinks through fading colors deep  
To the subaqueous stillness of the sea,  
And floats forever in a moon-green pool,  
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.

*Elizabeth Bishop*

## Conversation

The tumult in the heart  
keeps asking questions.  
And then it stops and undertakes to answer  
in the same tone of voice.  
No one could tell the difference.

Uninnocent, these conversations start,  
and then engage the senses,  
only half-meaning to.  
And then there is no choice,  
and then there is no sense;

until a name  
and all its connotation are the same.

## I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings

The free bird leaps  
on the back of the wind  
and floats downstream  
till the current ends  
and dips his wings  
in the orange sun rays  
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks  
down his narrow cage  
can seldom see through  
his bars of rage  
his wings are clipped and  
his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings  
with fearful trill  
of the things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill for the caged bird  
sings of freedom

The free bird thinks of another breeze  
an the trade winds soft through the sighing trees  
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright lawn  
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams

his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream  
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing

The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.

*Maya Angelou*

## **"Heaven" has different Signs — to me**

"Heaven" has different Signs—to me—  
Sometimes, I think that Noon  
Is but a symbol of the Place—  
And when again, at Dawn,

A mighty look runs round the World  
And settles in the Hills—  
An Awe if it should be like that  
Upon the Ignorance steals—

The Orchard, when the Sun is on—  
The Triumph of the Birds  
When they together Victory make—  
Some Carnivals of Clouds—

The Rapture of a finished Day—  
Returning to the West—  
All these—remind us of the place  
That Men call "paradise"—

Itself be fairer—we suppose—  
But how Ourselves, shall be  
Adorned, for a Superior Grace—  
Not yet, our eyes can see—

*Emily Dickinson*

## **The Road Not Taken**

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 marked 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.

*Robert Frost*

## **A Dream Within A Dream**

Take this kiss upon the brow!  
And, in parting from you now,  
Thus much let me avow-  
You are not wrong, who deem  
That my days have been a dream;  
Yet if hope has flown away  
In a night, or in a day,  
In a vision, or in none,  
Is it therefore the less gone?  
All that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand-  
How few! yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the deep,  
While I weep- while I weep!  
O God! can I not grasp  
Them with a tighter clasp?  
O God! can I not save  
One from the pitiless wave?  
Is all that we see or seem  
But a dream within a dream?

*Edgar Allan Poe*

## **Alone With Everybody**

the flesh covers the bone  
and they put a mind  
in there and  
sometimes a soul,  
and the women break  
vases against the walls  
and the men drink too  
much  
and nobody finds the  
one  
but keep  
looking  
crawling in and out  
of beds.  
flesh covers  
the bone and the  
flesh searches  
for more than  
flesh.

there's no chance  
at all:  
we are all trapped  
by a singular  
fate.

nobody ever finds  
the one.

the city dumps fill  
the junkyards fill  
the madhouses fill  
the hospitals fill  
the graveyards fill

nothing else  
fills.

*Charles Bukowski*