

**Wiersze dodatkowe** - propozycje (proszę wybrać jeden ):

**My Papa's Waltz by Theodore Roethke**

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

**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 by William Carlos Williams**

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

**To A Poor Old Woman by William Carlos Williams**

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

**The Young Housewife by William Carlos Williams**

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.

**I Am in Need of Music by Elizabeth Bishop**

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.

**Conversation by Elizabeth Bishop**

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.

**"Heaven" has different Signs—to me by Emily Dickinson**  
**575**

"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—

**The Road Not Taken by Robert Frost**

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.

#### **A Dream Within A Dream by Edgar Allan Poe**

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?

#### **Alone With Everybody by Charles Bukowski**

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.

### **The Waking (1953) by Theodore Roethke**

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.

### **One Art by Elizabeth Bishop**

The art of losing isn't hard to master;  
so many things seem filled with the intent  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster,

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster  
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:  
places, and names, and where it was you meant  
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or  
next-to-last, of three beloved houses went.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,  
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.  
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

-- Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture  
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident  
the art of losing's not too hard to master  
though it may look like (Write it!) a disaster.

### **Lullaby For the Cat by Elizabeth Bishop**

Minnow, go to sleep and dream,  
Close your great big eyes;  
Round your bed Events prepare  
The pleasantest surprise.

Darling Minnow, drop that frown,  
Just cooperate,  
Not a kitten shall be drowned  
In the Marxist State.

Joy and Love will both be yours,  
Minnow, don't be glum.  
Happy days are coming soon --  
Sleep, and let them come...