*“Poetry is above all a concentration of the power of language.”* —Adrienne Rich

**1/** Flew home with Hamp

Shuffled in Dexter’s Deck -Jayne Cortez, from “Jazz Fan Looks Back”

**2/** And kisses are a better fate —E. E. Cummings, from “since feeling is first”

**3/** So long lives this, and this gives life to thee. —William Shakespeare, from “Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer’s Day?”

**4/** Why is it no one ever sent me yet a

One perfect limousine, do you suppose? b

Ah no, it’s always just my luck to get a

One perfect rose. B —Dorothy Parker, from “One Perfect Rose”

If I had loved you less or played you slyly a

I might have held you for a summer more, b

But at the cost of words I value highly, a

And no such summer as the one before. B —Edna St. Vincent Millay, from “Well, I Have Lost You; and I Lost You Fairly”

**5/** O Captain! My Captain! by Walt Whitman

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;

The ship has weather’d every rack, the prize we sought is won;

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

Stanza (lines 1–4)

Speaker (lines 5–8)

(lines 3 and 6)

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**6/** O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;

Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon’d wreaths —for you the shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head;

It is some dream that on the deck,

You’ve fallen cold and dead.

(line 9) (lines 10–11)

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**7/** My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;

The ship is anchor’d safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;

From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

(lines 17–18) (lines 21–24)

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**8/** No one lived there

but silence, a pale china gleam ***—***Rita Dove, **from “Parlor”**

In this metaphor, the speaker is comparing silence to a soft glimmer of light.

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**9/** Nor shall Death brag thou wand’rest in his shade

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**10/** Haply (by chance) I think on thee, and then my state,

Like to the lark (singing bird) at break of day arising

From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven’s gate,

**11/** I was angry with my foe;

I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears,

Night and morning with my tears;

And I sunnèd1 it with smiles,

And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,

10 Till it bore an apple bright.

And my foe beheld it shine,

And he knew that it was mine, (William Blake: A Poison Tree).