

Chapter 1 : Best Famous Acrostic Poems | Famous Poems

(From the French of Alfred de Musset) The Muse Come, take thy lute and kiss me, poet mine. Green are the bursting buds of eglantine, Spring blooms tonight, and conscious of the Spring And the warm promise that the breezes bring The birds perch silent, till the morning shine.

Every pulse of being panting With a bliss it fain would share, Still there seemed a presence wanting, Still some lost ideal haunting All the lone and lustrous air. Though beautiful on all the hills The summer noonlight lay, Far in the west a single cloud Lay folded like a fleecy shroud, Ready to veil its ray. And over all a purple pall Seemed waiting for the day. Near me pressed a vassal throng, Slaves to custom, serfs to wrong "Hollow-hearted, vain and cold, Minions of the earthly mold; Holding in supreme derision Memories of the life Elysian, Reckless of the birthright lost, Heedless of the heavenly host, Traitors to the Holy Ghost! Haunted by a nameless terror "Thrilled by a foreboding breath, As the aspen wildly trembles When the winds are still as death "I sought amid the sadness drear Some loved familiar face to cheer The solitude "some lingering tone Of love ere love and hope had flown. I heard a low voice breathe my name: So near, its music seemed to me The music of my heart to be. Still I heard it, nearer, clearer, When all other songs had flown, Floating round me till it bound me In a wild world of its own. A shudder through the silence crept And death athwart the noonlight swept. Then came the pall, the dirge, the knell, As, dust to dust, the earth-clods fell, Down crumbling on a coffin lid, Within whose narrow casket hid "Shut from the cheerful light of day "Buried, yet quick, my own heart lay. Graves closed round my path of life, The beautiful had fled; Pale shadows wandered by my side, And whispered of the dead. In the long noon-tide of my sorrow, I questioned of the eternal morrow; I gazed in sullen awe Far through the illimitable gloom Down deepening like the swift maelstrom, The doubting soul to draw Into eternal solitudes, Around the throne of Law. I questioned the dim chronicle Of ages gone before "I listened for the triumph songs That range from shore to shore, Where the heroes and the conquerors wrought The mighty deeds of yore "Where the footprints of the martyrs Had bathed the earth in gore, And the war-horns of the warriors Were heard from shore to shore. Still, through the storied past, I sought An answer to my sleepless thought; In the cloisters old and hoary Of the mediaeval time "In the rude ancestral story Of the ancient Runic rhyme. I paused on Grecian plains, to trace Some remnant of a mightier race, Serene in sorrow and in strife, Calm conquerors of Death and Life, Types of the god-like forms that shone Upon the sculptured Parthenon. But still, as when Prometheus bare From heaven the fiery dart, I saw the "vulture passions" tear The proud Caucasian heart "The war of destiny with will Still conquered, yet conflicting still. I lingered by the stream that flowed "Fast by the oracle of God" "I bowed, its sacred wave to sip "Its waters fled my thirsting lip. The serpent trail was over all Its borders "and its palms that threw Aloft their waving coronal, Were blistered by a poison dew. The mystic burden of a woe Whose dark enigma none may know; The primal curse "the primal throe. Nature shuddered at the cry Of that ancient agony! No tongue shall tell their wondrous tale, No hand shall lift the Isis veil; The mighty pyramids that rise So drear along the morning skies, Guard well the secrets of the dead, Nor break the sleep of ages fled. I saw the mighty altars of the Sun "Before whose fires, the star-gods, one by one, Paled like thin ghosts "in lurid splendors rife; I heard the Persian hail him Lord of Life! I saw his altar flames rise wild and high, Veiling the glory of the noon-day sky, Hiding the holy heavens with their ensanguined dye. Half wakened from the brooding sleep Of Nature ere she felt the leap Of sentient life, the Hindoo seemed Sad as the faith his fathers dreamed; Like his own rock-hewn temples, wrought From some obscure and shadowy thought Of ancient days "some formless dread, In the gray dawn of ages bred "Prone on his native earth reclined, To endless reveries resigned, His dull song lapsing on the Lethean stream, Lost in the dim world of a lotus dream. Still, still the eternal mystery The shadow of the poison-tree Of Good and Evil haunted me. Is there, I asked, a living woe In all those burning orbs that glow Through the blue ether? In their vast orbits do they fly From some avenging destiny "And shall their wild eyes pale beneath The dread anathema of Death? I languished for the dew of death My fevered heart to steep "The heavy, honey-dews of death, The calm and dreamless sleep. She pressed her balmy lips to mine, She bathed me in her sylvan springs; And still,

by many a rural shrine, She taught me sweet and holy things. I felt her breath my temples fan, I learned her temperate laws to scan, My soul, of hers, became a conscious part; Her beauty melted through my inmost heart. Still I languished for the word Her sweet lips had never spoken, Still, from the pale shadow-land, There came nor voice nor token; No accent of the Holy Ghost Whispered of the loved and lost; No bright wanderer came to tell If, in worlds beyond the grave, Life, love, and beauty dwell. Epiphanius thinks that this invocation related to the mother of mankind; but I am inclined to believe that it was the word Epha or Opha, rendered by the Greeks, Ophis, serpent. I take Abbadon to have been the name of the same ophite God whose worship has so long infected the world. The learned Heinsius makes Abbadon the same as the serpent Python. That voice that is contagion to the world.

Chapter 2 : Poem: The May Night by Alfred de Musset

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John Keats , - Book I A thing of beauty is a joy for ever: Its loveliness increases; it will never Pass into nothingness; but still will keep A bower quiet for us, and a sleep Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing. And such too is the grandeur of the dooms We have imagined for the mighty dead; All lovely tales that we have heard or read: The very music of the name has gone Into my being, and each pleasant scene Is growing fresh before me as the green Of our own vallies: O may no wintry season, bare and hoary, See it half finished: And now at once, adventuresome, I send My herald thought into a wilderness: There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress My uncertain path with green, that I may speed Easily onward, thorough flowers and weed. Paths there were many, Winding through palmy fern, and rushes fenny, And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly To a wide lawn, whence one could only see Stems thronging all around between the swell Of turf and slanting branches: Full in the middle of this pleasantness There stood a marble altar, with a tress Of flowers budded newly; and the dew Had taken fairy phantasies to strew Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve, And so the dawned light in pomp receive. Now while the silent workings of the dawn Were busiest, into that self-same lawn All suddenly, with joyful cries, there sped A troop of little children garlanded; Who gathering round the altar, seemed to pry Earnestly round as wishing to espy Some folk of holiday: Within a little space again it gave Its airy swellings, with a gentle wave, To light-hung leaves, in smoothest echoes breaking Through copse-clad vallies,â€™ere their death, oer-taking The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea. But let a portion of ethereal dew Fall on my head, and presently unmew My soul; that I may dare, in wayfaring, To stammer where old Chaucer used to sing. Some idly trailed their sheep-hooks on the ground, And some kept up a shrilly mellow sound With ebon-tipped flutes: From his right hand there swung a vase, milk-white, Of mingled wine, out-sparkling generous light; And in his left he held a basket full Of all sweet herbs that searching eye could cull: Then came another crowd Of shepherds, lifting in due time aloud Their share of the ditty. Who stood therein did seem of great renown Among the throng. But there were some who feelingly could scan A lurking trouble in his nether lip, And see that oftentimes the reins would slip Through his forgotten hands: Endymion too, without a forest peer, Stood, wan, and pale, and with an awed face, Among his brothers of the mountain chase. In midst of all, the venerable priest Eyed them with joy from greatest to the least, And, after lifting up his aged hands, Thus spake he: Whose care it is to guard a thousand flocks: Yea, every one attend! Are not our lowing heifers sleeker than Night-swollen mushrooms? Are not our wide plains Speckled with countless fleeces? No howling sad Sickens our fearful ewes; and we have had Great bounty from Endymion our lord. The earth is glad: By all the trembling mazes that she ran, Hear us, great Pan! Winder of the horn, When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn Anger our huntsman: Breather round our farms, To keep off mildews, and all weather harms: Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds, That come a swooning over hollow grounds, And wither drearily on barren moors: Dread opener of the mysterious doors Leading to universal knowledgeâ€™see, Great son of Dryope, The many that are come to pay their vows With leaves about their brows! Be still the unimaginable lodge For solitary thinkings; such as dodge Conception to the very bourne of heaven, Then leave the naked brain: Be still a symbol of immensity; A firmament reflected in a sea; An element filling the space between; An unknownâ€™but no more: Even while they brought the burden to a close, A shout from the whole multitude arose, That lingered in the air like dying rolls Of abrupt thunder, when Ionian shoals Of dolphins bob their noses through the brine. Meantime, on shady levels, mossy fine, Young companies nimbly began dancing To the swift treble pipe, and humming string. Aye, those fair living forms swam heavenly To tunes forgottenâ€™out of memory: Or they might watch the quoit-pitchers, intent On either side; pitying the sad death Of Hyacinthus, when the cruel breath Of Zephyr slew him,â€™Zephyr penitent, Who now, ere Phoebus mounts the firmament, Fondles the flower amid the sobbing rain. Perhaps, the trembling knee And frantic gape of lonely Niobe, Poor, lonely Niobe! Who, suddenly,

should stoop through the smooth wind, And with the balmiest leaves his temples bind; And, ever after, through those regions be His messenger, his little Mercury. But in the self-same fixed trance he kept, Like one who on the earth had never stept. Aye, even as dead-still as a marble man, Frozen in that old tale Arabian. Who whispers him so pantingly and close? Peona, his sweet sister: Her eloquence did breathe away the curse: She led him, like some midnight spirit nurse Of happy changes in emphatic dreams, Along a path between two little streams,â€” Guarding his forehead, with her round elbow, From low-grown branches, and his footsteps slow From stumbling over stumps and hillocks small; Until they came to where these streamlets fall, With mingled bubblings and a gentle rush, Into a river, clear, brimful, and flush With crystal mocking of the trees and sky. Soon was he quieted to slumbrous rest: And as a willow keeps A patient watch over the stream that creeps Windingly by it, so the quiet maid Held her in peace: Opening his eyelids with a healthier brain, He said: Can I want Aught else, aught nearer heaven, than such tears? Yet dry them up, in bidding hence all fears That, any longer, I will pass my days Alone and sad. No, I will once more raise My voice upon the mountain-heights; once more Make my horn parley from their foreheads hoar: Again my trooping hounds their tongues shall loll Around the breathed boar: So be thou cheered sweet, And, if thy lute is here, softly intreat My soul to keep in its resolved course. But soon she came, with sudden burst, upon Her self-possessionâ€”swung the lute aside, And earnestly said: Caught A Paphian dove upon a message sent? Thy deathful bow against some deer-herd bent, Sacred to Dian? Haply, thou hast seen Her naked limbs among the alders green; And that, alas! No, I can trace Something more high perplexing in thy face! Tell me thine ailment: What indeed more strange? Or more complete to overwhelm surmise? Ambition is no sluggard: So all have set my heavier grief above These things which happen. Rightly have they done: And in that nook, the very pride of June, Had I been used to pass my weary eves; The rather for the sun unwilling leaves So dear a picture of his sovereign power, And I could witness his most kingly hour, When he doth lighten up the golden reins, And paces leisurely down amber plains His snorting four. At which I wondered greatly, knowing well That but one night had wrought this flowery spell; And, sitting down close by, began to muse What it might mean. Perhaps, thought I, Morpheus, In passing here, his owlet pinions shook; Or, it may be, ere matron Night uptook Her ebon urn, young Mercury, by stealth, Had dipt his rod in it: Thus on I thought, Until my head was dizzy and distraught. And then I fell asleep. Ah, can I tell The enchantment that afterwards befel? Yet it was but a dream: So kept me stedfast in that airy trance, Spreading imaginary pinions wide. When, presently, the stars began to glide, And faint away, before my eager view: Whence that completed form of all completeness? Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness? Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O Where Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair? Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun; Notâ€”thy soft hand, fair sister! Unto what awful power shall I call? To what high fane? There was store Of newest joys upon that alp. Why not see, Far off, the shadows of his pinions dark, And stare them from me? But no, like a spark That needs must die, although its little beam Reflects upon a diamond, my sweet dream Fell into nothingâ€”into stupid sleep. And so it was, until a gentle creep, A careful moving caught my waking ears, And up I started: Therefore I eager followed, and did curse The disappointment. Now, thank gentle heaven! These things, with all their comfortings, are given To my down-sunken hours, and with thee, Sweet sister, help to stem the ebbing sea Of weary life. She weeps, And wonders; struggles to devise some blame; To put on such a look as would say, Shame On this poor weakness! At length, to break the pause, She said with trembling chance: Yet it is strange, and sad, alas! How a ring-dove Let fall a sprig of yew tree in his path; And how he died: Then wherefore sully the entrusted gem Of high and noble life with thoughts so sick? Why pierce high-fronted honour to the quick For nothing but a dream? Behold The clear religion of heaven! Feel we these things? But there are Richer entanglements, enthralmments far More self-destroying, leading, by degrees, To the chief intensity: All its more ponderous and bulky worth Is friendship, whence there ever issues forth A steady splendour; but at the tip-top, There hangs by unseen film, an orb'd drop Of light, and that is love: And, truly, I would rather be struck dumb, Than speak against this ardent listlessness: What I know not: Beyond the matron-temple of Latona, Which we should see but for these darkening boughs, Lies a deep hollow, from whose ragged brows Bushes and trees do lean all round athwart, And meet so nearly, that with wings outraught, And spreaded tail, a vulture could not glide Past them, but he must brush on every side. Oft have I

brought thee flowers, on their stalks set Like vestal primroses, but dark velvet Edges them round, and they have golden pits:

The Night in May Robertson, William John (-) Original Text: 1 Take thy lute, poet, kiss my lips and sing; 2 The wild-rose feels her buds begin to swell.

This aged prince now flourishing in peace, And blest with issue of a large increase, Worn out with business, did at length debate To settle the succession of the State: Shadwell alone my perfect image bears, Mature in dullness from his tender years. The rest to some faint meaning make pretence, But Shadwell never deviates into sense. Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain, And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign. Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee, Thou last great prophet of tautology: Even I, a dunce of more renown than they, Was sent before but to prepare thy way; And coarsely clad in Norwich druggert came To teach the nations in thy greater name. Methinks I see the new Arion sail, The lute still trembling underneath thy nail. About thy boat the little fishes throng, As at the morning toast, that floats along. Here stopt the good old sire; and wept for joy In silent raptures of the hopeful boy. All arguments, but most his plays, persuade, That for anointed dullness he was made. A watch tower once; but now, so fate ordains, Of all the pile an empty name remains. From its old ruins brothel-houses rise, Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys. Pure clinches, the suburban muse affords; And Panton waging harmless war with words. To whom true dullness should some Psyches owe, But worlds of Misers from his pen should flow; Humorists and hypocrites it should produce, Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce. From dusty shops neglected authors come, Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum. The king himself the sacred unction made, As king by office, and as priest by trade: Just at that point of time, if fame not lie, On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly. The sire then shook the honours of his head, And from his brows damps of oblivion shed Full on the filial dullness: Success let other teach, learn thou from me Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry. Let Virtuosos in five years be writ; Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit. That they to future ages may be known, Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own. Nay let thy men of wit too be the same, All full of thee, and differing but in name; But let no alien Sedley interpose To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose. Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill, And does thy Northern Dedications fill. Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part; What share have we in Nature or in Art? Where did his wit on learning fix a brand, And rail at arts he did not understand? This is thy province, this thy wondrous way, New humours to invent for each new play: Like mine thy gentle numbers feebly creep, Thy Tragic Muse gives smiles, thy Comic sleep. In thy felonious heart, though venom lies, It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies. Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame In keen iambics, but mild anagram: Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command Some peaceful province in acrostic land. Sinking he left his druggert robe behind, Born upwards by a subterranean wind.

Chapter 4 : Poets' Corner - Edgar Allan Poe - Selected Works

On - On - Poet by Aleister Crowley..I to the open road You to the hunchbacked street Which of us two Shall the earlier rue That day we chanced to meet I with a heart thats sound You with.

Green are the bursting buds of eglantine, Spring blooms tonight, and conscious of the Spring And the warm promise that the breezes bring The birds perch silent, till the morning shine. Come, take thy lute and kiss me, poet mine. The Poet How dark it is in wood and dale! Methought to see, with windy veil, A phantom cross the forest weird. Athwart the fields it seemed to pass, Its foot scarce touched the daisied grass. A luckless fantasy it was That faded fast and disappeared. The Muse Come, take thy lute. Night in her fragrant veil Is by the dreamful zephyr rocked to rest. The virgin rose, within her chalice pale Prisons the bee, with too much sweet oppressed. List, all is mute. What night for love is this! All Nature blooms tonight, and field and grove Murmur like happy novices of love Their fragrant vows in sweet prophetic moan. The Poet Why this quick beating of the heart? What inward promptings flare and start And fill me with this strange affright? Was that a knocking at my door? My fitful lamp scarce flickers more. Why am I dazzled by its light? My limbs all tremble. Come, take thy lute. The wine of young desire Makes riot in immortal veins tonight. The feverous winds have set my lips on fire I sink in languor, panting for delight. Ah, thriftless boy, behold me, I am fair. It cannot be thou hast forgot the day I took thee to my breast in thy despair And spread my wing and kissed thy tears away. Dying of love at dawn of love wast thou; I was thy solace in that bitter sorrow; So be thou mine. I die of longing now. And needs must pray, or never see the morrow. The Poet Is the voice that calls me thine? Hapless spirit, is it thou? Only one true heart divine Unpolluted loves me now. Ah, something ails thee, love; some stifled pang Lies restless in thy heart with grief unspent, Since love, like mortal love, within it sprang, A counterfeit of joy, a shadow of content. Sing as to God, sing thine unuttered groan Thy pleasure past, thy winged sorrow flown. Some pensive seraph at the break of dawn Did haply bending over thee appear, And shaking lilacs in his robe of lawn, Whispered the loves he dreamt of in thine ear. Come, shall we sing of hope, or joy, or woe? The mailed legions shall we bathe in gore? Or to the winds the foam of coursers throw? Or tell how silken ladders lovers bore? Or shall we sing what hand doth night and day Feed the unnumbered lamps that burn above With holy oil of life and of eternal love? Or cry to Tarquin: Or shall we paint a red-cheeked maiden bound To mass, and followed by a tripping page? Or shall we bid the chivalry of France With buckled armour mount embattled walls, Reveal their prowess in a quaint romance And summon back the minstrels to their halls? Shall he of Waterloo rehearse his life And count the victims slaughtered by his knife, Till, on his hillock by the wing oppressed Of the swift angel of eternal night, He crossed his hands upon his iron breast? Or shall we dress soft elegies in white? Take thy lute, take thy lute! The laden breezes from the earth will tear me, My wing will on the breath of Spring upbear me: A tear from thee; God hearkens; it is late. The Poet If thou wishest, sister dear, From my friendly eye a tear, From my loving lip a kiss, Gladly, love, they will be given To remind thee of our bliss When again thou art in heaven. But of hope I cannot sing, Nor of happiness nor glory, Nor, alas! Poet, that kiss, I give it thee at last. Thy leisure is the blossom I would fain Have gathered here, to God belongs thy pain. Nought like great sorrow makes a mortal great. Deem not the ravage of that heavenly fire Should hush thy singing or benumb thy lyre. The sweetest song with wildest sorrow throbs And human music is but woven sobs. He, gaining with slow steps a lofty rock, With drooping wing makes shelter for his brood And, melancholy fisher, scans the skies. Nought but his heart he bringeth them for food; The blood drips slowly from his open side. In vain he probed the depths of ocean wide, Ocean was waste and earth a solitude. He totters in his feast of death and faints, As from his breast the bloody milk they draw, Drunken with anguish, tenderness, and awe: But sometimes, mid that blessed agony, When, waiting long for death long lingering, He dreads his young may leave him ere he die, He starts, and spreading to the night his wing, Strikes his bare bosom. Then a savage cry Rends with so woeful an adieu the air, The sea birds from the haunted beaches fly, And the lone traveller belated there Feels death pass by, and says a hurried prayer. Thus, poet, poets do. When thus they speak of broken hopes deplored, Of sadness and oblivion, love and pain, The baffled heart grows heavy at the strain. Their wordy passion is a flashing sword That traces dazzling circles in

the air, And yet some drop of blood is ever clinging there. The Poet Muse, enough! Too grievous grows Thine insatiable demand. Men write nothing on the sand When the cruel north wind blows. I have known another spring When my youth was like a bird Ready ceaselessly to sing.

Chapter 5 : Poem On - On - Poet Lyrics " calendrierdelascience.com

> *Poetry What is the meaning of the following poem by Thomas Randolph? Music, thou queen of souls, get up and string Thy powerful lute, and some sad requiem sing, Till rocks requite thy echo with a.*

All human things are subject to decay, And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey: This aged prince now flourishing in peace, And blest with issue of a large increase, Worn out with business, did at length debate To settle the succession of the State: Shadwell alone my perfect image bears, Mature in dullness from his tender years. The rest to some faint meaning make pretence, But Shadwell never deviates into sense. Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain, And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign. Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee, Thou last great prophet of tautology: Even I, a dunce of more renown than they, Was sent before but to prepare thy way; And coarsely clad in Norwich druggot came To teach the nations in thy greater name. Methinks I see the new Arion sail, The lute still trembling underneath thy nail. About thy boat the little fishes throng, As at the morning toast, that floats along. Here stopt the good old sire; and wept for joy In silent raptures of the hopeful boy. All arguments, but most his plays, persuade, That for anointed dullness he was made. A watch tower once; but now, so fate ordains, Of all the pile an empty name remains. From its old ruins brothel-houses rise, Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys. Pure clinches, the suburban muse affords; And Panton waging harmless war with words. To whom true dullness should some Psyches owe, But worlds of Misers from his pen should flow; Humorists and hypocrites it should produce, Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce. From dusty shops neglected authors come, Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum. The king himself the sacred unction made, As king by office, and as priest by trade: Just at that point of time, if fame not lie, On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly. The sire then shook the honours of his head, And from his brows damps of oblivion shed Full on the filial dullness: Success let other teach, learn thou from me Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry. Let Virtuosos in five years be writ; Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit. That they to future ages may be known, Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own. Nay let thy men of wit too be the same, All full of thee, and differing but in name; But let no alien Sedley interpose To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose. Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill, And does thy Northern Dedications fill. Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part; What share have we in Nature or in Art? Where did his wit on learning fix a brand, And rail at arts he did not understand? This is thy province, this thy wondrous way, New humours to invent for each new play: Like mine thy gentle numbers feebly creep, Thy Tragic Muse gives smiles, thy Comic sleep. In thy felonious heart, though venom lies, It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies. Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame In keen iambics, but mild anagram: Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command Some peaceful province in acrostic land. Sinking he left his druggot robe behind, Born upwards by a subterranean wind. The first edition of Mac Flecknoe appeared in but the poor quality of the text makes it unlikely that it was authorized by Dryden. Consequently, the present text follows that of the "authorized edition" first published in "Miscellany Poems", Dryden also pilloried Shadwell in the second part of Absalom and Achitophel. Dryden imagined Flecknoe, the monarch of the "Realms of Non-sense," immediately before death, appointing Shadwell as his worthy successor. Flecknoe had lived in Lisbon for some years and been patronized by King John. In Greek legend the poet and lyrist Arion was carried across the sea on the backs of dolphins.

Chapter 6 : Orpheus Poem by William Shakespeare - Poem Hunter

L. Sing, Laura, sing, whilst silent are the spears, And all the eyes of Heaven are turn'd to ears. V. Touch thy dead wood, and make each living tree Unchain its feet, take arms, and follow thee.

A Lute of Jade: The life of such a man would seem to be one sure progress from honour to honour. Certainly the music is the most haunting, suggestive of many-coloured moods, with an undertone of sadness, and that motive of sympathy between the artist-exiles of the universe which calls the song from the singer and tears from the heart of the man. In China it has always been possible for the artist to live away from the capital. Provincial governor and high official send for him; all compete for the honour of his presence. Respect, which is the first word of Chinese wisdom according to Confucius, is paid to him. But his Celestial Majesty hears of the simple life at Hsiang-shan and becomes jealous for his servant. The burden of ruling must once more be laid on not too willing shoulders. Po Chu-i is recalled and promoted from province to province, till eventually, five years before his death, he is made President of the Board of War. Po Chu-i is almost nearer to the Western idea of a poet than any other Chinese writer. He had the right perspective, being not too near and yet able to see clearly. He had, moreover, the feeling for romance which is so ill-defined in other poets of his country, though strongly evident in Chinese legend and story. He is an example of that higher patriotism rarely met with in Chinese official life which recognises a duty to the Emperor as Father of the national family – a duty too often forgotten in the obligation to the clan and the desire to use power for personal advantage. Passionately devoted to literature, he might, like Li Po and Tu Fu, have set down the seals of office and lived for art alone by the mountain-side of his beloved Hsiang-shan. But no one knew better than Po Chu-i that from him that hath much, much shall be expected. The poet ennobled political life, the broader outlook of affairs enriched his poetry and humanised it. And when some short holiday brought him across the frontier, and the sunlight, breaking out after a noon of rain over the dappled valleys of China, called him home, who shall blame him for lingering awhile amid his forest dreams with his fishing and the chase. Yet solitude and the picturesque cannot hold him for long, nor even the ardours of the chase. Po Chu-i is above all the poet of human love and sorrow, and beyond all the consoler. Those who profess to find pessimism in the Chinese character must leave him alone. It was there that I heard, seated in my boat at midnight, the faint tones of a lute. It seemed as though I was listening to the tones of the gongs in the Palace of the Capital. On asking an old man, I learnt that it was the performance of a woman who for many years had cultivated the two talents of music and singing to good effect. The wine ran out and the songs ceased. My grief was such that I made a few short poems to set to music for singing. But now perturbed, engulfed, distressed, worn out, I move about the river and lake at my leisure. This evening I feel that I have dismissed all the reproachful thoughts I harboured, and in consequence have made a long poem which I intend to present to the court. The host, dismounting, sped
The parting guest whose boat rocked under him,
And when the circling stirrup-cup went round,
No light guitar, no lute, was heard again;
But on the heart aglow with wine there fell
Beneath the cold bright moon the cold adieu
Of fading friends – when suddenly beyond
The cradled waters stole the lullaby
Of some faint lute; then host forgot to go,
Guest lingered on: Then a boat shot forth
To bring the shy musician to the shore.
Cups were refilled and lanterns trimmed again,
And so the festival went on. At last, Slow yielding to their prayers, the stranger came,
Hiding her burning face behind her lute;
And twice her hand essayed the strings,
and twice She faltered in her task; then tenderly,
As for an old sad tale of hopeless years,
With drooping head and fingers deft she poured
Her soul forth into melodies. Now slow
The plectrum led to prayer the cloistered chords,
Now loudly with the crash of falling rain,
Now soft as the leaf whispering of words,
Now loud and soft together as the long Patter of pearls and seed-pearls on a dish
Of marble; liquid now as from the bush
Warbles the mango bird; meandering
Now as the streamlet seawards; voiceless now
As the wild torrent in the strangling arms
Of her ice-lover, lying motionless,
Lulled in a passion far too deep for sound. Then as the water from the broken vase
Gushes, or on the mailed horseman falls
The anvil din of steel, as on the silk
The slash of rending, so upon the strings
Her plectrum fell. No sound broke the charmed air. A girl of twelve, I learnt
The magic of the lute, the passionate Blending of lute and voice that drew the souls
Of the great masters

to acknowledgment; And lovely women, envious of my face, Bowed at the shrine in secret. One brief song Brought many costly bales. Gold ornaments And silver pins were smashed and trodden down, And blood-red silken skirts were stained with wine In oft-times echoing applause. And so I laughed my life away from year to year While the spring breezes and the autumn moon Caressed my careless head. Then on a day My brother sought the battles in Kansuh; My mother died: Since the tenth moon was full my husband went To where the tea-fields ripen. Already the sweet sorrows of her lute Had moved my soul to pity; now these words Pierced me the heart. By marshy bank Girt with tall yellow reeds and dwarf bamboos I dwell. Hill songs I have, And village pipes with their discordant twang. But now I listen to thy lute methinks The gods were parents to thy music. Sit And sing to us again, while I engrave Thy story on my tablets! Then all her hearers wept In sorrow unrestrained; and I the more, Weeping until the pale chrysanthemums Upon my darkened robe were starred with dew. In order that the events which led up to her tragic death may be understood, I have given in front of the poem a short extract from the old Chinese annals translated into French by the Jesuit Father Joseph de Mailla in So the bald narrative resumes: As the Emperor was followed by a numerous suite, and because time was lacking, the arrangements for so long a journey were found to be insufficient. On their arrival at Ma-wei both officers and men murmured loudly against Yang Kuo-chung 11 , accusing him of having brought all the present evils upon them. The ambassador of the King of Tibet, followed by twenty retainers, seeing the Prime Minister pass, stopped him, and asked for provisions. Then the soldiers cried out that Yang was conspiring with the strangers, and throwing themselves upon him, they cut off his head, which they exposed on a stake to the public gaze. The Emperor, becoming aware of this violence, did not, however, dare to exact punishment. He sent an officer to the chief of those who had slain the Prime Minister, to find out the reason for their deed; he replied that they had done so because Yang was on the point of rebellion. His envoy, however, urged him that it was politic, after the events he had witnessed, to sacrifice her, innocent as she was, if he wished to escape from the dangers of another revolution. The Emperor, yielding to political necessity, gave her into the hands of the envoy with the order that she should be strangled. Never more affairs of State Wake them in the early morn. Wine-stained moments on the wing, Moonlit hours go luting by, She who leads the flight of Spring Leads the midnight revelry. Goddess in a golden hall, Fairest maids around her gleam, Wine-fumes of the festival Daily waft her into dream. Smiles she, and her sires are lords, Noble rank her brothers win: Ah, the ominous awards Showered upon her kith and kin! In the gorgeous palaces, Piercing the grey skies above, Music on the languid breeze Draws the dreaming world to love. Song and dance and hands that sway The passion of a thousand lyres Ever through the live-long day, And the monarch never tires. Death is drumming at the door. Flight Clouds upon clouds of dust enveloping The lofty gates of the proud capital. On, on, to the south-west, a living wall, Ten thousand battle-chariots on the wing. Feathers and jewels flashing through the cloud Onwards, and then an halt. The legions wait A hundred li beyond the western gate; The great walls loom behind them wrapt in cloud. No further stirs the sullen soldiery, Naught but the last dread office can avail, Till she of the dark moth-eyebrows, lily pale, Shines through tall avenues of spears to die. The king has sought the darkness of his hands, Veiling the eyes that looked for help in vain, And as he turns to gaze upon the slain, His tears, her blood, are mingled on the sands. Exile Across great plains of yellow sand, Where the whistling winds are blown, Over the cloud-topped mountain peaks, They wend their way alone. The brightness of the foreign moon Saddens his lonely heart; And a sound of a bell in the evening rain Doth rend his soul apart. Return The days go by, and once again, Among the shadows of his pain, He lingers at the well-known place That holds the memory of her face. But from the clouds of earth that lie Beneath the foot of tall Ma-wei No signs of her dim form appear, Only the place of death is here. Home There is the pool, the flowers as of old, There the hibiscus at the gates of gold, And there the willows round the palace rise. In the hibiscus flower he sees her face, Her eyebrows in the willow he can trace, And silken pansies thrill him with her eyes. South of the western palace many trees Shower their dead leaves upon the terraces, And not a hand to stir their crimson pall. Ye minstrels of the Garden of the Pear, 13 Grief with the touch of age has blanched your hair. Ye guardians of the Pepper Chamber, 14 now No longer young to him, the firefly flits Through the black hall where, lost to love, he sits, Folding the veil of sorrows round his brow, Alone, and one by one the lanterns die, Sleep with the lily hands has passed him by, Slowly the watches of the night are gone, For now, alas! Parted

by life and death; the ebb and flow Of night and day over his spirit go; He hunts her face in dreams, and finds despair. So to relieve The sorrows of his king, the man of Tao Receives an urgent summons. Borne aloft Upon the clouds, on ether charioted, He flies with speed of lightning. High to heaven, Low down to earth, he, seeking everywhere, Floats on the far empyrean, and below The yellow springs; but nowhere in great space Can he find aught of her. At length he hears An old-world tale: Among them there is one whose name Sounds upon lips as Eternal. By the bloom Of her white skin and flower-like face he knows That this is she. Knocking at the jade door At the western gate of the golden house, he bids A fair maid breathe his name to one more fair Than all. She, hearing of this embassy Sent by the Son of Heaven, starts from her dreams Among the tapestry curtains. Gathering Her robes around her, letting the pillow fall, She, risen in haste, begins to deck herself With pearls and gems. Her cloud-like hair, dishevelled, Betrays the nearness of her sleep. And with the droop Of her flowery plumes in disarray, she floats Light through the hall. The sleeves of her divine Raiment the breezes fill. As once again To the Rainbow Skirt and Feather Jacket air She seems to dance, her face is fixed and calm, Though many tear-drops on an almond bough Fall, and recall the rains of spring. Subdued Her wild emotions and restrained her grief, She tenders thanks unto his Majesty, Saying how since they parted she has missed His form and voice; how, though their love had reached Too soon its earthly limit, yet among The blest a multitude of mellow noons Remain ungathered. Turning now, she leans Toward the land of the living, and in vain Would find the Imperial city, lost in the dust And haze. Then raising from their lacquered gloom Old keepsakes, tokens of undying love, A golden hair-pin, an enamel brooch, She bids him bear them to her lord. One-half The hair-pin still she keeps, one-half the brooch, Breaking with her dim hands the yellow gold, Sundering the enamel. Heaven and earth shall fall, Long lasting as they are. But this great wrong Shall stretch from end to end the universe, And shine beyond the ruin of the stars.

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Poet prend ton lute -Je disparaire, No more together we'll enter the Enchanted garden of make-believe, Nor my sad soul listen while thine deceive. No more you'll be the God of Sacrifice, Nor I the crucified.

Arner Music constitutes a recurring image in George Herbert because it is a part of his sacred and secular world and communicates to everyone. It expresses sincere emotions and longings. The image of music accomodates feelings of earthly sorrow and divine elation. During his life music had a Renaissance, in England called the Elizabethan Age, and not just among royalty. Madrigal singing became very fashionable at the end of the century, so much so that, as Morley relates, if a man was unable to sing a madrigal part by sight it was accounted a sign of poor education. They used 4-part music books for home gatherings. They made up a melody to an appropriate poem to charm their loved one or impress a friend. Therefore music was a natural image in his poetry and spoke to his readers. Herbert participated in the musical life of his time. He played the lute and sang his own poems. According to Isaak Walton, Herbert regularly walked to Salisbury Cathedral to play music in consort with his friends. Herbert may even have devised the 2-part poem based on popular songs of his time. Music in general, like Church-musick and Aaron third line of each stanza , activates a spiritual resonance. Church music transports and aids the soul to heaven. It is the image and vision of God, and it confirms the harmony between God and man Easter-wings. Music, with light, is an attribute of God Man. His affliction hammers out songs to be sung as complaints and prayers. Later in The Temple he learns his grief is tempered by the image of Christ and tuned by God. At other times the poet offers songs as his gift. His failure to write poems are " window-songs " unsung. Then we will sing, shine all our own day, And one another pay: The lute played love songs, complaints, worldly sorrows and other expressions of the heart. It approximates the human condition, singing in sorrow and prayer. Oh take thy lute, and tune it to a strain, Which may with thee All day complain. There can no discord but in ceasing be. Marbles can weep; and surely strings More bowels have, then such hard things. But grones are quick, and full of wings, And all their motions upward be; And ever as they mount, like larks they sing; The note is sad, yet musick for a King. For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time. Yet take thy way; for sure thy way is best: Stretch or contract me, thy poore debter: This is but tuning of my breast, To make the musick better. My God, so temper joy and wo, That thy bright beams may tame thy bow. The bell, in contrast, represents the union of God with His creature. It shows a unity of effort, a harmony of purpose toward one objective. In "Aaron" Herbert calls them "Harmonious bells. So doth thy nearenesse bear the bell, Making two one. The image of the bell concludes the development of the poem. Two different beings, God and man paralleled by the bell and the clapper or gong. Uniting the two, forms an entity different from either. The coming together of God and man makes a longed-for, satisfying relationship; the meeting of bell and gong create the expectant, etherial sound; making the two, one. This is the mystical union. The greater the distance and the harder the journey the louder the sound. The two united in harmony. Music is a gift, a grace. Through the lute we return the gift, even in affliction. Our promise and goal is the bell, the image of the perfect relationship with God.

Chapter 8 : On - On - Poet Poem by Aleister Crowley

Born in Kent, England, Sir Thomas Wyatt was an ambassador to France and Italy for King Henry VIII. Wyatt's travels abroad exposed him to different forms of poetry, which he adapted for the English language – most notably, the sonnet.

On this particular March day in , Theodore Facepaint, who was nine years old, agreed to do a parody. With hand balanced on hip and the left leg slightly in front of the right, my newly found friend positioned himself on Sand Hill before turning to face the hazy afternoon sun. This was a pose we had become familiar with: When I projected the image of the color 35 mm slide onto the wall last week I remembered the sense of mirth in which it was taken. Yet somewhere slightly north of where we were clowning around, Grandmother was uprooting medicinal roots from the sandy soil and placing them inside her flower-patterned apron pockets to thaw out. Twenty-nine years later, if I look long enough, existential symbols are almost detectable. The direction of the fiery sun in descent, for example, is considered the Black Eagle Child Hereafter. Could I be seeing too much? Past the west and into the Grandfather World? When I look closely at the background of the Indian Dam below—the horizontal line of water that runs through the trees and behind Ted—I also know that Liquid Lake with its boxcar-hopping light is nearby. For Ted and his Well-Off Man Church, the comets landed on the crescent-shaped beach and lined themselves up for a ritualistic presentation. For Jane Ribbon, a mute healer, a seal haunted this area. But further upriver is where the ancient deer hunter was offered immortality by three goddesses. While the latter story of our geographic genesis is fragmented, obscuring and revealing itself as a verisimilitude, it is important. Ted and I often debated what we would have done had we been whisked through a mystical doorway to a subterranean enclave. Ted, unlike the ancient hunter who turned down paradise, would have accepted—and the tribe never would have flexed its newborn spotted wings. But the question being asked today is, Have we kept anything? Our history, like the earth with its abundant medicines, Grandmother used to say, is unfused with ethereality. In me, in Ted, and everyone. Stories then, like people, are subject to change. More so under adverse conditions. They are also indicators of our faithfulness. She was also attuned to the fact that for generations our grandparents had wept unexpectedly for those of us caught in the blinding stars of the future. Mythology, in any tribal-oriented society, is a crucial element. Without it, all else is jeopardized with becoming untrue. Most fabled among the warnings is the one that forecasts the advent of our land-keeping failures. Many felt this began last summer when a whirlwind abruptly ended a tribal celebration. From the north in the shape of an angry seagull it swept up dust. At the last second the whirlwind changed direction, going toward the tribal recreation complex. Imperiled, the people within the circus tent- like structure could only watch as the panels flapped crazily. A week later, my family said the destruction was attributable to the gambling hall, which was the actual point of weakness of the tribe itself. Which is to say the hill where a bronze-eyed Ted once stood is under threat of impermanence. By allowing people who were not created by the Holy Grandfather to lead us we may cease to own what Ted saw on the long-ago day. They have forgotten that their own grandparents arrived here under a Sacred Chieftain. This geography is theirs nonetheless. In spite of everything that we are not, this crown of hills resembles lone islands amid an ocean of corn, soybean fields, and low-lying fog. It is on this road where Ted and I walked. It is on this road where Ted met a pack of predators. Ted and I were fourth graders at Weeping Willow Elementary. Nine years later, in , a passenger train took us to Southern California for college. It proved to be a lonely place where winter appeared high atop the San Gabriel Mountains on clear days. Spanish-influenced building styles, upper-middle- class proclivities, and the arid climate had a subtle asphyxiating effect. My supper would consist of tamales and cold shrimp salad instead of boiled squirrel with flour dumplings. In a wide valley where a smoke- and smog-darkened night came early, the family album possessed its own shimmery light. A visual record of family and childhood friends. Ted and I transforming, separating. During the first Christmas break in which we headed back to the Black Eagle Child Settlement, Ted froze me in celluloid: Ted and I, like statues, are held captive in photographic moments. As the earth spins, however, the concrete mold disintegrates, foundation of who we are not. Ray Young Bear featured essay.

Chapter 9 : Poem: On - On - Poet by Aleister Crowley

The lute still trembling underneath thy nail. Mac Flecknoe By John Dryden John Dryden was the greatest English poet of the seventeenth century. After William.

She thought herself endured to much pain: The stormy blasts her cave so sore did souse That when the furrows swimm'd with the rain She must lie cold and wet in sorry plight, And, worse than that, bare meat there did remain To comfort her when she her house had dight: Sometime a barleycorn, sometime a bean, For which she labored hard both day and night In harvest time, whilst she might go and glean. Then was she fain to take, instead of food, Sleep if she might, her hunger to beguile. In cold and storm she lieth warm and dry In bed of down, and dirt doth not defile Her tender foot, she laboreth not as I. By sea, by land, of the delicates the most Her cater seeks and spareth for no peril. She feedeth on boiled, baken meat, and roast, And hath thereof neither charge nor travail. And, when she list, the liquor of the grape Doth goad her heart till that her belly swell. So forth she goeth, trusting of all this wealth With her sister her part so far to shape That, if she might keep herself in health, To live a lady while her life doth last. And to the door now is she come by stealth, And with her foot anon she scrapeth full fast. The other for fear durst not well scarce appear, Of every noise so was the wretch aghast. For as she looks, askance, Under a stool she spied two steaming eyes In a round head with sharp ears. In France was never mouse so feared, for though the unwise Had not yseen such a beast before, Yet had nature taught her after her guise To know her foe and dread him evermore. The town mouse fled; she knew whither to go. The other had no shift, but wondrous sore Feared of her life, at home she wished her, though. Alas, my Poynz, how men do seek the best And find the worst, by error as they stray. And no marvel, when sight is so opprest And blind the guide. Anon out of the way Goeth guide and all in seeking quiet life. O wretched minds, there is no gold that may Grant that ye seek, no war, no peace, no strife, No, no, although thy head was hoopt with gold, Sergeant with mace, haubert, sword, nor knife Cannot repulse the care that follow should. Each kind of life hath with him his disease: Live in delight even as thy lust would, And thou shalt find when lust doth most thee please It irketh strait and by itself doth fade. A small thing it is that may thy mind appease. None of ye all there is that is so mad To seek grapes upon brambles or breers, Not none I trow that hath his wit so bad To set his hay for conies over rivers, Ne ye set not a drag net for an hare. And yet the thing that most is your desire Ye do misseek with more travail and care. Thyself content with that is thee assigned, And use it well that is to thee allotted, Then seek no more out of thyself to find The thing that thou hast sought so long before, For thou shalt find it sitting in thy mind. Mad, if ye list to continue your sore, Let present pass, and gape on time to come, And deep yourself in travail more and more. Henceforth, my Poynz, this shall be all and some: These wretched fools shall have nought else of me. But to the great God and to His high doom None other pain pray I for them to be But, when the rage doth lead them from the right, That, looking backward, Virtue they may see Even as She is, so goodly fair and bright. And whilst they clasp their lusts in arms across Grant them, good Lord, as Thou mayst of Thy might, To fret inward for losing such a loss.