

POEMS I LOVE

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I Love Thee, by Thomas Hood

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Funeral Blues, by W.H. Auden

Sonnet 130, by William Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet - Act 5, Scene 3 - By William Shakespeare

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Hamlet's Soliloquy, by William Shakespeare

To His Coy Mistress, by Andrew Marvell

Love After Love, by Derek Walcott

The Hill We Climb, by Gorman

I love thee by Thomas Hood

I love thee- i love thee!

't's all that i can say;-

It is my vision in the night,

My dreaming in the day;

The very echo of my heart,

The blessing when i pray:

I love thee- i love thee

Is all that I can say.

I love thee- i love thee!

Is ever on my tongue;

In all my proudest posey

That chorus still is sung;

It is the verdict of my eyes,

Amidst the gay and young:

I love thee- i love thee!

Thy bright hazel glance,

the mellow lute upon those lips,

Whose tender tones entrance;

But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs

That still these words enhance,

I love thee- i love thee!

Whatever by thy chance

May I Feel Said He by E. E. Cummings

may i feel said he

(i'll squeal said she

just once said he)

it's fun said she

(may i touch said he

how much said she

a lot said he)

why not said she

(let's go said he

not too far said she

what's too far said he

where you are said she)

may i stay said he

(which way said she

like this said he

if you kiss said she

may i move said he

is it love said she)

if you're willing said he

(but you're killing said she

but it's life said he

but your wife said she

now said he)

ow said she

(tiptop said he

don't stop said she

oh no said he)

go slow said she

(come? said he

ummm said she)

you're divine! said he

(you are Mine said she)

So We'll Go No More a Roving by Lord Byron

So, we'll go no more a roving

So late into the night,

Though the heart be still as loving,

And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword out wears its sheath,

And the soul wears out the breast,

And the heart must pause to breathe,

And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,

And the day returns too soon,

Yet we'll go no more a roving

By the light of the moon.

Romeo and Juliet- Act 5, scene 3 by William Shakespeare

A lightening before death! O, how may I call this a lightening? O my love, my wife! Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath, hath no power yet upon thy beauty. Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, and death's pale flag is not advanced there. Tybalt, I see thou there in thy bloody sheet? O, what more favor can I do to thee than with that hand that cut thy wound in Twain to sunder his that was thine enemy? Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet, why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe that unsubstantial death is amorous, and that the lean abhorred monster keeps thee in the dark to be his paramour? For fear of that I still will stay with thee and never from this palace of dim night depart again. Here, here will I remain with worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here will I set up my everlasting rest and shake the yoke of inauspicious stars from this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look you roam! Arms, take your last embrace! And, lips, o you the doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss a dateless bargain to engrossing death. Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide, thou desperate. Pilot, now at once run on the dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark! Here's to my love.

Sonnet 130 by William Shakespeare

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;

Coral is far more red than her lips' red;

If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;

If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

I have seen roses demasked, red and white,

But no such roses see I in her cheeks;

And in some perfumes is there more delight

Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know

That music hath a far more pleasing sound;

I grant I never saw a goddess go;

My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare

As any she belied with false compare.

Dover Beach by Matthew Arnold

The sea is calm tonight. Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;

The tide is full, the moon lies fair upon the straits; on the French coast the light and flight,

Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand, Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.

Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!

Only, from the long line of spray

Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,

Listen! you hear the grating roar

Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,

At their return, up the high strand,

Begin, and cease, and then again begin,

With tremulous cadence slow, and bring

The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago

Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought

Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow

Of human misery; we

Find also in the sound a thought,

Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith

Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore

Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.

But now I only hear

Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,

Retreating, to the breath

Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear

And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true

To one another! for the world, which seems

To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,

The Night Manager by John le Carre

Love After Love by Derek Walcott

The time will come

when, with elation

you will greet yourself arriving

at your own door, in your own mirror, and each will smile at the other's welcome,

and say, sit here. Eat.

You will love again the stranger who was yourself. Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart to itself, to

the stranger who has loved you

all your life, whom you ignored

for another, who knows you by heart. Take down the love letters on the bookshelf

the photographs, the desperate notes, peel your own images from the mirror. Sit. Feast on your life.

Sonnet 116 by William Shakespeare

Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments, love is not love, which alters when an alteration finds or bends with the remover to remove. Oh no. It is a never fixed mark that looks on tempests and is never shaken. It is the star to every wandering bark whose worth's unknown although his height be taken.

Love's not time's fool. The rosy lips and cheeks Within his bending sickle's compass come. Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks but bared it out even to the edge of doom. If this be error and upon me proves, I never writ nor no man ever loved.

She Walks in Beauty by Lord. Byron

She walks in beauty like the night of cloudless dimples and starry skies, and all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspects and her eyes, thus mellowed to that tender light Which heaven to gaudy day denies. One
shade the more, one ray the less, it half impaired the nameless grace Which waves in every raven dress or
softly lightens oh her face, Where thoughts serenely sweet express How pure, how dear their dwelling place.
And on that cheek and on that brow, So soft, so calm, yet eloquent. The smiles that win the tints that glow,
the tell of days in goodness spent, a mind of peace with all below. A heart whose love is innocent.

The Hill We Climb

When day comes we ask ourselves,
'Where can we find the light in this never-ending shade,'
The loss we carry
A sea we must wade?
We've braved the belly of the beast
We've learned that quiet isn't always peace,
And the norms and notions
Of what just is
Isn't what just-ice
And yet the dawn is ours
Before we knew it,
Before we do it.
Somehow we've weathered and witnessed
A nation that isn't broken
But simply unfinished.
We, the successors of a country and a time
Where a skinny Black girl
Descended from slaves and raised by a a single mother
Can dream of becoming president
Only to find herself reciting for one.
And yes, we are far from polished,
Far from pristine,
But that doesn't mean we are
Striving to form a union with purpose,
To compose a country committed to all cultures, colors, characters, and
conditions of man.
And so we life our gazes not to what stands between us
But what stands before us.
We close the divide because we know, to put our future first,
We must first put our differences aside.
We lay down our arms
So we can reach out our arms

To one another.

We seek harm to none and harmony for all.

Let the globe, if nothing else, say this is true;

That even as we grieved, we grew;

That even as we hurt, we hoped;

That even as we tired, we tried;

That we'll forever be tied together, victorious,

Not because we will never again know defeat

But because we will never again sow division.

Scripture tells us to envision

That everyone shall sit under their own vine and fig tree

And no one shall make them afraid. If we're to live up to our own time

Then victory won't lie in the blade

But in all the bridges we've made.

That is the promise to glade,

The hill we climb

If only we dare it,

Because being American is more than a pride we inherit-

It's the past we step into

And how we repair it.

We've seen a force that would shatter our nation

Rather than share it

Would destroy our country if it meant delaying democracy.

And this effort very nearly succeeded.

But while democracy can be periodically delayed,

It can never be permanently defeated.

In this truth,

In this faith we trust,

For while we have our eyes on the future,

History has its eyes on us.

This is the era of just redemption

We feared at its inception.

We did not feel prepared to be heirs

Of such a terrifying hour

But within it we found the power

To author a new chapter,

To offer hope and laughter to ourselves.

So while once we asked,

'How could we possibly prevail over catastrophe,'

Now we assert,

'How could catastrophe possibly prevail over us?'

We will not March back to what was

But move to what shall be:

A country that is bruised but whole,

Benevolent but bold,

Fierce, and free.

We will not be turned around

Or interrupted by intimidation

Because we know our action and inertia

Will be the inheritance of the next generation.

Our blunders become their burdens.

But one thing is certain:

If we merge mercy with might,

And might with right,

Then love becomes our legacy

And change our children's birthright.

So let us leave behind a country

Better than the one we were left with.

Every breath from my bronze-pounded chest,

We will raise this wounded world into a wonderful one.

We will rise from the gold-lined hill of the west,

We will rise from the windswept northeast

Where our forefathers first realized revolution,

We will rise from the lake-rimmed cities of the midwestern states,

We will rise from the sun-baked south.

We will rebuild, reconcile, and recover

In every known nook of our nation and

Every corner called our country,

Our people diverse and beautiful will emerge,

Battered and beautiful.

When day comes we step out of the shade,

Aflame and unafraid.

The new dawn blooms as we free it.

For there is always light,

If only we're brave enough to see it,

If only we're brave enough to be it.

May i feel said she redo by Sahara La Voie

may i feel said she

i'll squeal said them

just once said she

it's fun said them

may i touch said she

how much said them

a lot said she

why not said them

let's go said she

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How does it feel to be a heart

Once a young woman said of me,

How does it feel to be a man?

And I replied

I'm not so sure

And then she said

Well, aren't you a man?

And this time I responded

I view gender as a beautiful animal

That people often take for a walk

On a leash

And might enter into some odd contest

In hopes of winning some strange prize

My dear, a better question for Hafiz would have been

How does it feel to be a heart?

For all I know is love

And now I find my heart infinite

And everywhere