

ESWHICHFAILTOLIVE
INISTERINGTWOANG
THEDREADFUL**OUTER**
ENREMEMBRANCERE
WITHGRIEFINHEART
THY**SONG**STOINTERF
SWEET**NETS**WHICHSW

ELLIOT COLE

1

Thunder: the flesh quails, and the soul bows down.
Night: east, west, south, and **northward**, very night.
Star upon **struggling** star strives into sight,
Star after **shuddering** star the deep storms drown.
The very throne of night, her very crown,
A man lays hand on, and usurps her right.
Song from the highest of heaven's imperious height
Shoots, as a fire to smite some towering town.
Rage, anguish, harrowing fear, heart-crazing crime,
Make monstrous all the murderous face of Time
Shown in the spheral orbit of a glass
Revolving. Earth **cries out from** all her graves.
Frail, on **frail rafts**, across wide-wallowing waves,
Shapes here and there of child and mother pass.

(Swinburne)

On these white cliffs, that calm above the flood
Uprear their shadowing heads, and at their feet
Hear not the surge that has for ages beat
How many a lonely wanderer has stood!
And, whilst the **lifted** murmur met his ear,
And o'er **the distant billows** the still eve
Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
Tomorrow, of the friends he loved most dear,
Of social scenes, from which he wept to part!
Oh, if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts **that** would full fain the past recall,
Soon would he **quell the** risings of his heart,
And brave the **wild winds**, and unhearing tide --
The world his country, and his God his guide.

(Bowles)

3

My heart is like **a ship** on Neptune's back;
Thy beauty **is the sea** where my ship saileth;
Thy frowns the surges are that threat my wrack,
Thy smiles the winds that on my sails soft galeth.
Long tossed betwixt fair hope and foul despair,
My sea-sick heart, arrivéd on thy shore--
Thy love, I mean--begs that he may repair
His broken vessel with thy bounteous store.
Dido relieved Aeneas **in distress**,
And lent him love, and gave to him her heart;
If half such bounty thou to me express,
From thy fair shore I never will depart,
But thank kind fortune that my course did sort
To suffer shipwreck on so sweet a port.

(E.C.)

My galley, charged with forgetfulness,
Thorough sharp seas in winter nights doth pass
‘Tween rock and rock; and eke my foe, alas,
That is my lord, steereth with cruelness;
And every hour, a thought in readiness,
As though that death were light in such a case;
An endless wind doth tear the sail apace
Of forced sighs, and trusty fearfulness;
A rain of tears, **a cloud** of dark disdain,
Hath done the **wearied** cords great hinderance;
Wreathed with **error** and eke with ignorance,
The stars be hid that led me to this pain.
Drowned is reason that should me comfort,
and I remain, despairing of the port.

(Wyatt)

5

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consumest thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die.
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in **the world** doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world **enjoys it**;
But beauty's waste hath in **the world** an end,
And kept unused, the user so **destroys it**.
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

(Shakespeare)

6

Methought **I saw** the grave where Laura lay,
Within **that Temple** where the vestal flame
Was wont to **burn**; and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair love, and fairer virtue kept,
All suddenly **I saw** the Fairy Queene:
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen;
For they this Queen attended, in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
Hereat **the hardest stones** were seen to **bleed**,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce:
Where Homer's sprite did **tremble** all for grief,
And cursed th' access of that celestial thief.

(Raleigh)

7

With tourist groups in countries **I have known**
I've felt, in famous **vacant settlements**,
while feigning interest in some monument,
the arid wall of language not my own.
It's so seductive to believe in secrets!
Something at the end of all this searching --
Rivers pouring from the Golden Fleece's
Grail in Pharaoh's Tomb! But one thing's certain:
What looms behind the **paper tenements**
of home will always make the greater part
of those illuminations we might chart,
not by Questing, but by accident.
The flood I seek is immanent, not remote --
the preparation is to build **an ark**
that cannot float.

8

If poisonous minerals, and if that tree
Whose fruit threw death on else immortal us,
If lecherous **goats**, if serpents envious
Cannot **be damned**, alas, why should I be?
Why should intent or reason, born in me,
Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous?
And mercy being easy, and glorious
To God, in his stern wrath why threatens he?
But who am I, **that dare dispute with thee**,
O God? Oh, of thine only worthy blood
And my tears, make a **heavenly** Lethean flood,
And drown in it my sins' black **memory**.
That thou remember them, some claim as debt;
I think it mercy, if thou wilt forget.

(Donne)

9

Why in her absence doth the world appear
As void of her, **a vacant** wilderness?
E'en while thou sighest the **shiver of** her dress
Makes blessèd **music** in each happier ear
About her home. Why feed on gloom and fear
As earth were empty of her loveliness?
Set rather all thy loving mind to guess?
Her sweet seclusion, as when thou art near.
Still thy belovèd rises every morn,
And in the holy stillness of her room
Dresses her dainty beauty at the glass;
And, while thy tear **divides the** night forlorn,
Her soft light **heart-beats** in the breathing gloom
Record the maiden moments **as they pass.**

(Douglas)

Three Silences there are; the first of speech,
The second of **desire**, the third of thought;
This is the lore a Spanish monk, distraught
With dreams and visions, was the first to teach.
These **Silences**, commingling each with each,
Made up **the perfect Silence** that he sought
And prayed for, and wherein at times he caught
Mysterious sounds from realms beyond our reach.
O thou, whose daily life anticipates
The life **to come**, and in whose thought and word
The spiritual world preponderates,
Hermit of Amesbury! thou too hast heard
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred!

(Longfellow)

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round **many** western islands have I been
Which **bards** in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I **never** breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman **speak** out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific - and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise -
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

(Keats)

Let others sing of Knights and Paladines
In agèd accents and untimely words,
Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wit records:
But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes
Authentic shall my verse in time to come;
When yet th' unborn shall say, Lo, where she lies!
Whose beauty made him speak, that else was dumb!
These are the **arks**, the trophies I erect,
That **fortify** thy name against old age;
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against **the Dark**, and Time's consuming rage.
Though th' error of my youth in them appear,
Suffice, they show I lived, and loved thee dear.

(Daniel)

Beloved, in the noisy city here,
The thought of thee can make all turmoil cease;
Around my spirit, folds thy spirit clear
Its still, soft arms, and circles it with peace;
There is **no room** for any doubt or fear
In souls so overfilled with love's increase,
There is **no memory** of the bygone year
But growth in heart's and spirit's perfect ease:
How hath our love, half nebulous at first,
Rounded itself into a full-orbed sun!
How have our lives and wills (as haply erst
They were, ere this forgetfulness begun)
Through all their earthly distances outburst,
And melted, like **two rays of light** in one!

(Lowell)

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,
Wisely hath shun'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the Hill of heav'nly Truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth,
Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
And at thy growing vertues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixt and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when **the Bridegroom** with his feastfull friends
Passes to bliss **at the mid hour of night**,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

(Milton)