**Mending Wall by Robert Frost 1914**

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,

That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,

And spills the upper boulders in the sun,

And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.

The work of hunters is another thing:

I have come after them and made repair

Where they have left not one stone on a stone,

But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,

To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,

No one has seen them made or heard them made,

But at spring mending-time we find them there.

I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;

And on a day we meet to walk the line

And set the wall between us once again.

We keep the wall between us as we go.

To each the boulders that have fallen to each.

And some are loaves and some so nearly balls

We have to use a spell to make them balance:

'Stay where you are until our backs are turned!'

We wear our fingers rough with handling them.

Oh, just another kind of out-door game,

One on a side. It comes to little more:

There where it is we do not need the wall:

He is all pine and I am apple orchard.

My apple trees will never get across

And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.

He only says, 'Good fences make good neighbors'.

Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder

If I could put a notion in his head:

'Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it

Where there are cows?

But here there are no cows.

Before I built a wall I'd ask to know

What I was walling in or walling out,

And to whom I was like to give offence.

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,

That wants it down.' I could say 'Elves' to him,

But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather

He said it for himself. I see him there

Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top

In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.

He moves in darkness as it seems to me~

Not of woods only and the shade of trees.

He will not go behind his father's saying,

And he likes having thought of it so well

He says again, "Good fences make good neighbors."

**Proof of Origin by Kevin Pierce 2005**

Though close to their hearts is the version that starts

With Adam and Eve and no clothes,

What enables their grip as the stickers they strip

Is Darwinian thumbs that oppose.

**Dog's Death by John Updike 1969**

She must have been kicked unseen or brushed by a car.

Too young to know much, she was beginning to learn

To use the newspapers spread on the kitchen floor

And to win, wetting there, the words, "Good dog! Good dog!"

We thought her shy malaise was a shot reaction.

The autopsy disclosed a rupture in her liver.

As we teased her with play, blood was filling her skin

And her heart was learning to lie down forever.

Monday morning, as the children were noisily fed

And sent to school, she crawled beneath the youngest's bed.

We found her twisted and limp but still alive.

In the car to the vet's, on my lap, she tried

To bite my hand and died. I stroked her warm fur

And my wife called in a voice imperious with tears.

Though surrounded by love that would have upheld her,

Nevertheless she sank and, stiffening, disappeared.

Back home, we found that in the night her frame,

Drawing near to dissolution, had endured the shame

Of diarrhoea and had dragged across the floor

To a newspaper carelessly left there. Good dog.

**next to of course god america i by e.e. cummings 1926**

"next to of course god america i

love you land of the pilgrims' and so forth oh

say can you see by the dawn's early my

country 'tis of centuries come and go

and are no more what of it we should worry

in every language even deafanddumb

thy sons acclaim your glorious name by gorry

by jingo by gee by gosh by gum

why talk of beauty what could be more beaut-

iful than these heroic happy dead

who rushed like lions to the roaring slaughter

they did not stop to think they died instead

then shall the voice of liberty be mute?"

He spoke. And drank rapidly a glass of water

**Bully by MartÍn Espada 1990**

In the school auditorium

the Theodore Roosevelt statue

is nostalgic

for the Spanish-American War,

each fist lonely for a saber

or the reins of anguish-eyed horses,

or a podium to clatter with speeches

glorying in the malaria of conquest.

But now the Roosevelt school

is pronounced *Hernández*.

Puerto Rico has invaded Roosevelt

with its army of Spanish-singing children

in the hallways,

brown children devouring

the stockpiles of the cafeteria,

children painting *Taíno* ancestors

that leap naked across murals.

Roosevelt is surrounded

by all the faces

he ever shoved in eugenic spite

and cursed as mongrels, skin of one race,

hair and cheekbones of another.

Once Marines tramped

from the newsreel of his imagination;

now children plot to spray graffiti

in parrot-brilliant colors

across the Victorian mustache

and monocle.

**Graded Paper by Mark Halliday 1991**

On the whole this is quite successful work:

your main argument about the poet’s ambivalence-

how he loves the very things he attacks-

is most persuasive and always engaging.

At the same time,

there are spots

where your thinking becomes, for me,

alarmingly opaque, and your syntax seems to jump

backwards through unnecessary hoops,

as on p. 2 where you speak of “precognitive awareness

not yet disestablished by the shell that encrusts

each thing that a person actually says”

or at the top of p. 5 where your discussion of

“subverbal undertow miming the subversion of self-belief

woven counter to desire’s outreach”

leaves me groping for firmer footholds.

(I’d have said it differently,

or rather, said something else.)

And when you say that women “could not fulfill themselves” (p.6)

“in that era” (only forty years ago, after all!)

are you so sure that the situation is so different today?

Also, how does Whitman bluff his way into

your penultimate paragraph? He is the

last

poet

I would have quoted in this context!

What plausible way of behaving

does the passage you quote represent? Don’t you think

literature should ultimately reveal possibilities for *action*?

Please notice how I’ve repaired your use of semicolons.

And yet, despite what may seem my cranky response,

I do admire the freshness of

your thinking and your style; there is

a vitality here; your sentences thrust themselves forward

with a confidence as impressive as it is cheeky. . . .

You are not

me, finally,

and though this is an awkward problem, involving

the inescapable fact that you are so young, so young

it is also a delightful provocation.

A -

**Naming of Parts by Henry Reed**

Today we have naming of parts. Yesterday,

We had daily cleaning. And tomorrow morning,

We shall have what to do after firing. But today,

Today we have naming of parts. Japonica

Glistens like coral in all the neighboring gardens,

And today we have naming of parts.

This is the lower sling swivel. And this

Is the upper sling swivel, whose use you will see,

When you are given your slings. And this is the piling swivel,

Which in your case you have not got. The branches

Hold in the gardens their silent, eloquent gestures,

Which in our case we have not got.

This is the safety-catch, which is always released

With an easy flick of the thumb. And please do not let me

See anyone using his finger. You can do it quite easy

If you have any strength in your thumb. The blossoms

Are fragile and motionless, never letting anyone see

Any of them using their finger.

And this you can see is the bolt. The purpose of this

Is to open the breech, as you see. We can slide it

Rapidly backwards and forwards: we call this

Easing the spring. And rapidly backwards and forwards

The early bees are assaulting and fumbling the flowers:

They call it easing the Spring.

They call it easing the Spring: it is perfectly easy

If you have any strength in your thumb: like the bolt,

And the breech, the cocking-piece, and the point of balance,

Which in our case we have not got; and the almond blossom

Silent in all of the gardens and the bees going backwards and forwards,

For today we have the naming of parts.