

The Red Wheelbarrow

so much depends
upon

a red wheel
barrow

glazed with rain
water

beside the white
chickens.

— William Carlos Williams (1923)

Next Time Ask More Questions

Before jumping, remember
the span of time is long and gracious.

No one perches dangerously on any
cliff
till you reply. Is there a pouch of rain

desperately thirsty people wait to
drink from
when you say yes or no? I don't think
so.

Hold that thought. Hold everything.
When they say "crucial"—well, may-
be for them?

Hold your horses and your minutes
and
your Hong Kong dollar coins in your
pocket,

you are not a corner or a critical turn-
ing page.
Wait. I'll think about it.

This pressure you share is a mis-
placed hinge, a fantasy.
I am exactly where I wanted to be.

— Naomi Shihab Nye (2015)

The Tyger

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread
feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their
spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make
thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

—William Blake (1794)



El Poema / The Poem

A Octavio Paz

El poema gira sobre la cabeza de un
hombre
en círculos ya próximos ya alejados

El hombre al descubrirlo trata de
poseerlo
pero el poema desaparece

Con lo que el hombre puede asir
hace el poema

Lo que se le escapa
pertenece a los hombres futuros

*

For Octavio Paz

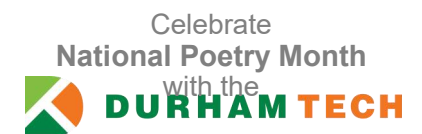
The poem spins over the head of a
man
in circles close now now far

The man discovers it tries to possess
it
but the poem disappears

The man makes his poem
from whatever he can grasp

That which escapes
will belong to future men

— Homero Aridjis (2001),
translated by Eliot Weinberger



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