



## MOONLIGHT AT THE PORT OF BOULOGNE

by Édouard Manet

# O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

**O Captain! my Captain!** our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

**But O heart! heart! heart!**

**O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.**

**O Captain! my Captain!** rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

**Here Captain! dear father!**

**This arm beneath your head!**

**It is some dream that on the deck,  
You've fallen cold and dead.**

**My Captain** does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

**Exult O shores, and ring O bells!**

**But I with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.**

*Walt Whitman*

# DOG AROUND THE BLOCK

**Dog around the block, sniff,**  
Hydrant sniffing, corner, grating,  
Sniffing, always, starting forward,  
Backward, dragging, sniffing backward,  
Leash at taut, leash at dangle,  
Leash in people's feet entangle—  
Sniffing dog, apprised of smellings,  
Love of life, and fronts of dwellings,  
Meeting enemies,  
Loving old acquaintance, sniff,  
Sniffing hydrant for reminders,  
Leg against the wall, raise,  
Leaving grating, corner greeting,  
Chance for meeting, sniff, meeting,  
Meeting, telling, news of smelling,  
Nose to tail, tail to nose,  
Rigid, careful, pose,  
Liking, partly liking, hating,  
Then another hydrant, grating,  
Leash at taut, leash at dangle,  
Tangle, sniff, untangle,  
**Dog around the block, sniff.**

*E. B. White*

**A SLEEPING DOG BESIDE A TERRA-  
COTTA JUG, A BASKET, A PAIR OF CLOGS,  
AND A PILE OF KINDLING WOOD**

by Gerrit Dou





# THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE

The trees are in their autumn beauty,  
The woodland paths are dry,  
Under the October twilight the water  
Mirrors a still sky;  
Upon the brimming water among the stones  
Are nine-and-fifty swans.

The nineteenth autumn has come upon me  
Since I first made my count;  
I saw, before I had well finished,  
All suddenly mount  
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings  
Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,  
And now my heart is sore.  
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,  
The first time on this shore,  
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,  
Trod with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,  
They paddle in the cold  
Companionable streams or climb the air;  
Their hearts have not grown old;  
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,  
Attend upon them still.

But now they drift on the still water,  
Mysterious, beautiful;  
Among what rushes will they build,  
By what lake's edge or pool  
Delight men's eyes when I awake some day  
To find they have flown away?

*William Butler Yeats*



## SWANS IN THE REEDS

by Caspar David Friedrich

# SCAREDY-CATS

**B**runo cannot sleep. Bruno does not want to sleep.

“One more story,” he pleads.

“No,” says Lisi. “I have read so many already. And in any case, I still have to learn French and draw a picture for Miss Kallisch.”

Nonetheless, she still reads him a story.

Bruno, however, still cannot get to sleep. He doesn’t want to sleep.

“Just one more st...” says Bruno, but before he can finish with “...ory,” his big sister has already given him a kiss and pulled the thick blanket right up to his chin.

“You mustn’t go out, Lisi,” whines Bruno, and explains why: “Fear always comes at nighttime.”

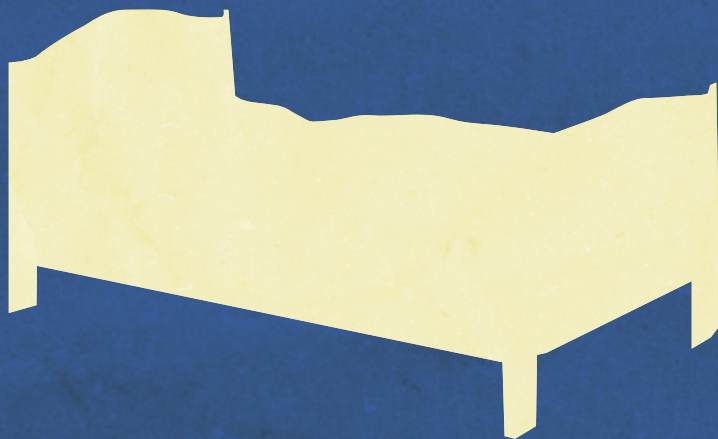
Lisi takes a good look around the room, even under the bed. There is no room under there, thinks Bruno, only the big box with the costumes in it.

“I cannot see anyone,” Lisi says. “And I cannot hear or smell anything either.”

Then she stands up and smiles at Bruno.

“If this fear should call out for you, I will send it to the Sea Cucumber,” Lisi says as she leaves the room.

Sea Cucumber is what Bruno and Lisi call the neighbor who refuses to return their ball. The ball had only gone over the fence a couple of times by accident. Nonetheless, the Sea Cucumber became very green with anger and screamed furiously.  
Very scary!





Bruno stares at the wall. Lisi has been going to school for so long now. Doesn't she know she can't send the fear to the Sea Cucumber? And she seems to need glasses. Can't she see what's happening? Can't she hear the faint squeaking? Does she have a cold? Doesn't she notice the moldy smell?

The fear has long been there. Even Bruno missed it because the stories were so funny. It must have crept in while Lisi was reading. Not through the door. No. The fear crept in through the walls.

And now it is crouching in the corner, by the wall where Bruno likes to build his knight's castle during the day. Now he can't move. He can only glare toward the fear. The fear glares right back at him. It is scratching at the plaster with its fingernails. Bruno knows that it will scratch him too.

That is why he has to keep his eyes pealed open so that it does not come out from the corner. With every blink, the fear could move a little bit more away from the wall. And crawl closer to his bed. Bruno continues to stare at the fear.

**KNOCK ... KNOCK, KNOCK.** The sound is coming from above, from the skylight. It sounds as though a bony finger is tapping. Has the fear asked for a relative to come help? How can Bruno stare at two fears at the same time so that they do not move? His eyes cannot squint that far apart. **KNOCK, KNOCK.** That noise is back again. It does, however, sound like a bird pecking with its beak at the windowpane. Bruno just wants to take a quick look.



# IN MRS TILSCHER'S CLASS

You could travel up the Blue Nile  
with your finger, tracing the route  
while Mrs Tilscher chanted the scenery.  
Tana. Ethiopia. Khartoum. Aswân.  
That for an hour, then a skittle of milk  
and the chalky Pyramids rubbed into dust.  
A window opened with a long pole.  
The laugh of a bell swung by a running child.

This was better than home. Enthralling books.  
The classroom glowed like a sweet shop.  
Sugar paper. Coloured shapes. Brady and Hindley  
faded, like the faint, uneasy smudge of a mistake.  
Mrs Tilscher loved you. Some mornings, you found  
she'd left a good gold star by your name.  
The scent of a pencil slowly, carefully, shaved.  
A xylophone's nonsense heard from another form.

Over the Easter term, the inky tadpoles changed  
from commas into exclamation marks. Three frogs  
hopped in the playground, freed by a dunce,  
followed by a line of kids, jumping and croaking  
away from the lunch queue. A rough boy  
told you how you were born. You kicked him, but stared  
at your parents, appalled, when you got back home.

That feverish July, the air tasted of electricity.  
A tangible alarm made you always untidy, hot,  
fractious under the heavy, sexy sky. You asked her  
how you were born and Mrs Tilscher smiled,  
then turned away. Reports were handed out.  
You ran through the gates, impatient to be grown,  
as the sky split open into a thunderstorm.

*Carol Ann Duffy*





# IN THE OLD AGE OF THE SOUL

**I do not choose to dream; there cometh on me  
Some strange old lust for deeds.**

As to the nerveless hand of some old warrior  
The sword-hilt or the war-worn wonted helmet  
Brings momentary life and long-fled cunning,  
So to my soul grown old—  
Grown old with many a jousting, many a foray,  
Grown old with many a hither-coming and hence-going—  
Till now they send him dreams and no more deed;  
So doth he flame again with might for action,  
Forgetful of the council of elders,  
Forgetful that who rules doth no more battle,  
**Forgetful that such might no more cleaves to him  
So doth he flame again toward valiant doing.**

*Ezra Pound*

