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### “ Faithful to the end" Amended”

Emily Dickinson

"Faithful to the end" Amended

From the Heavenly Clause—

Constancy with a Proviso

Constancy abhors—

"Crowns of Life" are servile Prizes

To the stately Heart,

Given for the Giving, solely,

No Emolument.

--

"Faithful to the end" Amended

From the Heavenly clause—

Lucrative indeed the offer

But the Heart withdraws—

"I will give" the base Proviso—

Spare Your "Crown of Life"—

Those it fits, too fair to wear it—

Try it on Yourself—

### Heaven" has different Signs—to me

Emily Dickinson

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"Heaven" has different Signs—to me—

Sometimes, I think that Noon

Is but a symbol of the Place—

And when again, at Dawn,

A mighty look runs round the World

And settles in the Hills—

An Awe if it should be like that

Upon the Ignorance steals—

The Orchard, when the Sun is on—

The Triumph of the Birds

When they together Victory make—

Some Carnivals of Clouds—

The Rapture of a finished Day—

Returning to the West—

All these—remind us of the place

That Men call "paradise"—

Itself be fairer—we suppose—

But how Ourself, shall be

Adorned, for a Superior Grace—

Not yet, our eyes can see—

I love you sweetheart

Thaomas Lux

A man risked his life to write the words.

A man hung upside down (an idiot friend

holding his legs?) with spray paint

to write the words on a girder fifty feet above

a highway. And his beloved,

the next morning driving to work...?

His words are not (meant to be) so unique.

Does she recognize his handwriting?

Did he hint to her at her doorstep the night before

of "something special, darling, tomorrow"?

And did he call her at work

expecting her to faint with delight

at his celebration of her, his passion, his risk?

She will know I love her now,

the world will know my love for her!

A man risked his life to write the world.

Love is like this at the bone, we hope, love

is like this, Sweatheart, all sore and dumb

and dangerous, ignited, blessed--always,

regardless, no exceptions,

always in blazing matters like these: blessed.

### "Arcturus" is his other name”

### Emily Dickinson

"Arcturus" is his other name—

I'd rather call him "Star."

It's very mean of Science

To go and interfere!

I slew a worm the other day—

A "Savant" passing by

Murmured "Resurgam"—"Centipede"!

"Oh Lord—how frail are we"!

I pull a flower from the woods—

A monster with a glass

Computes the stamens in a breath—

And has her in a "class"!

Whereas I took the Butterfly

Aforetime in my hat—

He sits erect in "Cabinets"—

The Clover bells forgot.

What once was "Heaven"

Is "Zenith" now—

Where I proposed to go

When Time's brief masquerade was done

Is mapped and charted too.

What if the poles should frisk about

And stand upon their heads!

I hope I'm ready for "the worst"—

Whatever prank betides!

Perhaps the "Kingdom of Heaven's" changed—

I hope the "Children" there Won't be "new fashioned" when I come—

And laugh at me—and stare—

I hope the Father in the skies

Will lift his little girl—

Old fashioned—naught—everything—

Over the stile of "Pearl."

### "In White": Frost's Early Version Of Design”

### Robert frost

A dented spider like a snow drop white

On a white Heal-all, holding up a moth

Like a white piece of lifeless satin cloth -

Saw ever curious eye so strange a sight? -

Portent in little, assorted death and blight

Like the ingredients of a witches' broth? -

The beady spider, the flower like a froth,

And the moth carried like a paper kite.

What had that flower to do with being white,

The blue prunella every child's delight.

What brought the kindred spider to that height?

(Make we no thesis of the miller's plight.)

What but design of darkness and of night?

Design, design! Do I use the word aright?