

## Selected Poems for

### Wenzao Cup English Poetry Reading Contest

#### 1. Life's Scars

BY Ella Wheeler Wilcox

They say the world is round, and yet  
I often think it square,  
So many little hurts we get  
From corners here and there.  
But one great truth in life I've found,  
While journeying to the West-  
The only folks who really wound  
Are those we love the best.

The man you thoroughly despise  
Can rouse your wrath, 'tis true;  
Annoyance in your heart will rise  
At things mere strangers do;  
But those are only passing ills;  
This rule all lives will prove;  
The rankling wound which aches and thrills  
Is dealt by hands we love.

The choicest garb, the sweetest grace,  
Are oft to strangers shown;  
The careless mien, the frowning face,  
Are given to our own.  
We flatter those we scarcely know,  
We please the fleeting guest,  
And deal full many a thoughtless blow  
To those who love us best.

Love does not grow on every tree,  
Nor true hearts yearly bloom.  
Alas for those who only see

This cut across a tomb!  
But, soon or late, the fact grows plain  
To all through sorrow's test:  
The only folks who give us pain  
Are those we love the best.

## **2. "The Stars Go over the Lonely Ocean"**

**By Robinson Jeffers**

Unhappy about some far off things  
That are not my affair, wandering  
Along the coast and up the lean ridges,  
I saw in the evening  
The stars go over the lonely ocean,  
And a black-maned wild boar  
Plowing with his snout on Mal Paso Mountain.

The old monster snuffled, "Here are sweet roots,  
Fat grubs, slick beetles and sprouted acorns.  
The best nation in Europe has fallen,  
And that is Finland,  
But the stars go over the lonely ocean,"  
The old black-bristled boar,  
Tearing the sod on Mal Paso Mountain.

"The world's in a bad way, my man,  
And bound to be worse before it mends;  
Better lie up in the mountain here  
Four or five centuries,  
While the stars go over the lonely ocean,"  
Said the old father of wild pigs,  
Plowing the fallow on Mal Paso Mountain.

"Keep clear of the dupes that talk democracy  
And the dogs that talk revolution,  
Drunk with talk, liars and believers.  
I believe in my tusks.  
Long live freedom and damn the ideologies,"

Said the gamey black-maned boar  
Tusking the turf on Mal Paso Mountain.

### **3.Winter: My Secret**

**By Christina Rossetti**

I tell my secret? No indeed, not I:  
Perhaps some day, who knows?  
But not today; it froze, and blows, and snows,  
And you're too curious: fie!  
You want to hear it? well:  
Only, my secret's mine, and I won't tell.

Or, after all, perhaps there's none:  
Suppose there is no secret after all,  
But only just my fun.

Today's a nipping day, a biting day;  
In which one wants a shawl,  
A veil, a cloak, and other wraps:  
I cannot open to everyone who taps,  
And let the draughts come whistling thro' my hall;  
Come bounding and surrounding me,  
Come buffeting, astounding me,  
Nipping and clipping thro' my wraps and all.

I wear my mask for warmth: who ever shows  
His nose to Russian snows  
To be pecked at by every wind that blows?  
You would not peck? I thank you for good will,  
Believe, but leave that truth untested still.

Spring's and expansive time: yet I don't trust  
March with its peck of dust,  
Nor April with its rainbow-crowned brief showers,  
Nor even May, whose flowers

One frost may wither thro' the sunless hours.

Perhaps some languid summer day,  
When drowsy birds sing less and less,  
And golden fruit is ripening to excess,  
If there's not too much sun nor too much cloud,  
And the warm wind is neither still nor loud,  
Perhaps my secret I may say,  
Or you may guess.

#### **4.A Miracle for Breakfast**

**By Elizabeth Bishop**

At six o'clock we were waiting for coffee,  
waiting for coffee and the charitable crumb  
that was going to be served from a certain balcony  
—like kings of old, or like a miracle.

It was still dark.

One foot of the sun  
steadied itself on a long ripple in the river.

The first ferry of the day had just crossed the river.

It was so cold we hoped that the coffee  
would be very hot, seeing that the sun  
was not going to warm us; and that the crumb  
would be a loaf each, buttered, by a miracle.

At seven a man stepped out on the balcony.

He stood for a minute alone on the balcony  
looking over our heads toward the river.

A servant handed him the makings of a miracle,  
consisting of one lone cup of coffee  
and one roll, which he proceeded to crumb,

his head, so to speak, in the clouds—along with the sun.

Was the man crazy? What under the sun  
was he trying to do, up there on his balcony!  
Each man received one rather hard crumb,  
which some flicked scornfully into the river,  
and, in a cup, one drop of the coffee.

Some of us stood around, waiting for the miracle.

I can tell what I saw next; it was not a miracle.

A beautiful villa stood in the sun  
and from its doors came the smell of hot coffee.

In front, a baroque white plaster balcony  
added by birds, who nest along the river,  
—I saw it with one eye close to the crumb—

and galleries and marble chambers.

My crumb  
my mansion, made for me by a miracle,  
through ages, by insects, birds, and the river  
working the stone.

Every day, in the sun,  
at breakfast time I sit on my balcony  
with my feet up, and drink gallons of coffee.

We licked up the crumb and swallowed the coffee.

A window across the river caught the sun  
as if the miracle were working, on the wrong balcony.

## **5.A Psalm of Life**

**By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act,— act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,

Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

## **6. Alone**

**By Maya Angelou**

Lying, thinking  
Last night  
How to find my soul a home  
Where water is not thirsty  
And bread loaf is not stone  
I came up with one thing  
And I don't believe I'm wrong  
That nobody,  
But nobody  
Can make it out here alone.

Alone, all alone  
Nobody, but nobody  
Can make it out here alone.

There are some millionaires  
With money they can't use  
Their wives run round like banshees  
Their children sing the blues  
They've got expensive doctors  
To cure their hearts of stone.  
But nobody  
No, nobody  
Can make it out here alone.

Alone, all alone  
Nobody, but nobody  
Can make it out here alone.

Now if you listen closely  
I'll tell you what I know  
Storm clouds are gathering  
The wind is gonna blow  
The race of man is suffering  
And I can hear the moan,  
'Cause nobody,  
But nobody  
Can make it out here alone.

Alone, all alone  
Nobody, but nobody  
Can make it out here alone.