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# The Norton Anthology of Poetry

#### SHORTER FIFTH EDITION

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maj, w main 11 straight

[1] [11] S.Shirkhandi, H. Miller, and A. Miller, and M. Miller,

and in Young Lands Tells I. and the house it was a more than



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a lot said he) why not said she

(let's go said he not too far said she what's too far said he where you are said she)

may i stay said he (which way said she like this said he

15 like this said he if you kiss said she

may i move said he is it love said she) if you're willing said he 20 (but you're killing said she

but it's life said he but your wife said she now said he) ow said she

25 (tiptop said he don't stop said she oh no said he) go slow said she

(cccome?said he ummm said she) you're divine!said he (you are Mine said she)

1935

anyone lived in a pretty how town anyone lived in a pretty how town (with up so floating many bells down) spring summer autumn winter he sang his didn't he danced his did.

5 Women and men(both little and small) cared for anyone not at all they sowed their isn't they reaped their same sun moon stars rain

children guessed(but only a few and down they forgot as up they grew autumn winter spring summer) that noone loved him more by more when by now and tree by leaf she laughed his joy she cried his grief bird by snow and stir by still anyone's any was all to her

someones married their everyones laughed their cryings and did their dance (sleep wake hope and then)they said their nevers they slept their dream

stars rain sun moon (and only the snow can begin to explain how children are apt to forget to remember with up so floating many bells down)

one day anyone died i guess (and noone stooped to kiss his face) busy folk buried them side by side little by little and was by was

20

all by all and deep by deep

and more by more they dream their sleep
noone and anyone earth by april
wish by spirit and if by yes.

Women and men(both dong and ding) summer autumn winter spring reaped their sowing and went their came sun moon stars rain

1940

### who are you,little i

### who are you,little i

(five or six years old) peering from some high

window;at the gold

5 of november sunset

(and feeling:that if day has to become night

#### this is a beautiful way)

## 1963