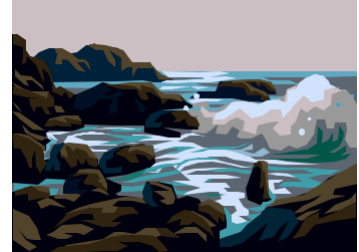


## Earth Day Poetry

### On the Sea

By John Keats


It keeps eternal whisperings  
around  
Desolate shores, and with its  
mighty swell  
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell  
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.  
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,  
That scarcely will the very smallest shell  
Be moved for days from whence it sometime fell,  
When last the winds of heaven were unbound.  
Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vexed and tired,  
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;  
Oh ye! whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,  
Or fed too much with cloying melody, -



Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood  
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs choired!

## The Wild Swans At Coole

By W B Yeats



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?

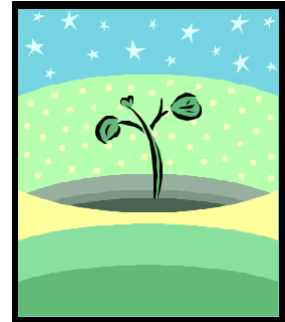
# Putting in the Seed

Robert Frost

*You come to fetch me from my work to-night  
When supper's on the table, and we'll see  
If I can leave off burying the white  
Soft petals fallen from the apple tree. (Soft petals, yes,  
but not so barren quite,*

*Mingled with these, smooth bean and wrinkled  
pea;)*

*And go along with you ere you lose sight  
Of what you came for and become like me,  
Slave to a springtime passion for the earth.  
How Love burns through the Putting in the Seed  
On through the watching for that early birth  
When, just as the soil tarnishes with weed,  
The sturdy seedling with arched body comes  
Shouldering its way and shedding the earth crumbs.*



*A White Blossom*

*By D. H. Lawrence*

A tiny moon as white and small as a  
single jasmine flower

Leans all alone above my window,  
on night's wintry bower,

Liquid as lime-tree blossom, soft as brilliant water  
or rain

She shines, the one white love of my youth, which  
all sin cannot stain.



The Lily

By William Blake



The modest Rose puts forth a thorn,  
The humble sheep a threat'ning horn:  
While the Lily white shall in love delight,

Nor a thorn nor a threat stain her beauty  
bright.

## *The Exposed Nest*

Robert Frost



*You were forever finding some new play.  
So when I saw you down on hands and knees  
In the meadow, busy with the new-cut hay,  
Trying, I thought, to set it up on end,  
I went to show you how to make it stay,  
If that was your idea, against the breeze,  
And, if you asked me, even help pretend  
To make it root again and grow afresh.  
But 'twas no make-believe with you to-day,  
Nor was the grass itself your real concern,  
Though I found your hand full of wilted fern,  
Steel-bright June-grass, and blackening heads of  
clover. 'Twas a nest full of young birds on the ground  
The cutter-bar had just gone champing over*

*(Miraculously without tasting flesh) And  
left defenseless to the heat and light. You  
wanted to restore them to their right Of  
something interposed between their sight  
And too much world at once-could means be found.  
The way the nest-full every time we stirred  
Stood up to us as to a mother-bird  
Whose coming home has been too long deferred,  
Made me ask would the mother-bird return  
And care for them in such a change of scene  
And might our meddling make her more afraid.  
That was a thing we could not wait to learn.  
We saw the risk we took in doing good,  
But dared not spare to do the best we could  
Though harm should come of it; so built the screen  
You had begun, and gave them back their shade.*

*All this to prove we cared. Why is there then  
No more to tell? We turned to other things.  
I haven't any memory-have you?-  
Of ever coming to the place again  
To see if the birds lived the first night through,  
And so at last to learn to use their wings.*

