

I dwell in Possibility -

by Emily Dickinson

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A fairer House than Prose -

More numerous of Windows -

Superior - for Doors -

Of Chambers as the Cedars -

Impregnable of eye -

And for an everlasting Roof -

The Gambrels of the Sky -

Of Visitors - the fairest -

For Occupation - This -

The spreading wide my narrow Hands

To gather Paradise -

The Tyger

by William Blake

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright

In the forest of the night

What immortal hand or eye

Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies

Burnt the fire of thine eyes?

On what wings dare he aspire?

What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,

Could twist the sinews of thy heart?

And when thy heart began to beat,

What dread hand? And what dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?

In what furnace was they brain?

What the anvil? what dread grasp

Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,

And watered heaven with their tears,

Did He smile his work to see?

Did He who made the lamb make thee?



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The Grandeur of God

by Gerard Manley Hopkins

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.

It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;

It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil

Crushed. Why do men then now not reckon his rod?

Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;

And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;

And wears man's smudge, and shares man's smell: the soil

Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;

There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;

And though the last lights off the black West went

Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs -

Because the Holy Ghost over the bent

World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.