



(dead poets society 1969)

THE THINGS WE SAY .COM

# POETRY

An exploration of expression as art, creativity, and emotion.

*A collection of poems by poets, both classic and contemporary, from various backgrounds, writing on timeless themes.*

**Q4, English 9B**

**Ms. Mauer**

## **(1) Because I could not stop for Death** (479)

Emily Dickinson, 1830 - 1886

Because I could not stop for Death –  
He kindly stopped for me –  
The Carriage held but just Ourselves –  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove – He knew no haste  
And I had put away  
My labor and my leisure too,  
For His Civility –

We passed the School, where Children strove  
At Recess – in the Ring –  
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –  
We passed the Setting Sun –

Or rather – He passed us –  
The Dews drew quivering and chill –  
For only Gossamer, my Gown –  
My Tippet – only Tulle –

We paused before a House that seemed  
A Swelling of the Ground –  
The Roof was scarcely visible –  
The Cornice – in the Ground –

Since then – ‘tis Centuries – and yet  
Feels shorter than the Day  
I first surmised the Horses’ Heads  
Were toward Eternity

**(2) Cloud** by Sandra Cisneros

If you are a poet, you will see clearly that there is a cloud floating in this sheet of paper. -Thich Nhat Hanh

Before you became a cloud, you were an ocean, roiled and  
murmuring like a mouth.

You were the shadows of a cloud cross-  
ing over a field of tulips.

You were the tears of a man who cried  
into a plaid handkerchief.

You were the sky without a hat.

Your

heart puffed and flowered like sheets drying on a line.

And when you were a tree, you listened to the trees and the tree  
things trees told you.

You were the wind in the wheels of a red  
bicycle.

You were the spidery Maria tattooed on the hairless arm  
of a boy in downtown Houston.

You were the rain rolling off the  
waxy leaves of a magnolia tree.

A lock of straw-colored hair  
wedged between the mottled pages of a Victor Hugo novel.

A

crescent of soap.

A spider the color of a fingernail.

The black nets

beneath the sea of olive trees.

A skein of blue wool.

A tea saucer  
wrapped in newspaper.

An empty cracker tin.

A bowl of blueber-  
ries in heavy cream.

White wine in a green-stemmed glass.

And when you opened your wings to wind, across the punched-  
tin sky above a prison courtyard, those condemned to death and  
those condemned to life watched how smooth and sweet a white  
cloud glides.

### **(3) Magician**

by Gary Miranda

What matters more than practice  
is the fact that you, my audience,  
are pulling for me, want me to pull  
it off—this next sleight\*. Now  
you see it. Something more than  
whether I succeed's at stake.

This talk is called patter. This  
is misdirection—how my left  
hand shows you nothing's in it.  
Nothing is. I count on your mistake  
of caring. In my right hand your  
undoing blooms like a cancer.

But I've shown you that already—  
empty. Most tricks are done  
before you think they've started—you  
who value space more than time.  
The balls, the cards, the coins—they go  
into the past, not into my pocket.

#### **(4) I Hear America Singing**

Walt Whitman, 1819 - 1892

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,  
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe  
and strong,  
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,  
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off  
work,  
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the  
deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,  
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing  
as he stands,  
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the  
morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,  
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at  
work, or of the girl sewing or washing,  
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,  
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young  
fellows, robust, friendly,  
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

## **(5) I, Too**

**Langston Hughes, 1902 - 1967**

**I, too, sing America.**

**I am the darker brother.**

**They send me to eat in the kitchen**

**When company comes,**

**But I laugh,**

**And eat well,**

**And grow strong.**

**Tomorrow,**

**I'll be at the table**

**When company comes.**

**Nobody'll dare**

**Say to me,**

**"Eat in the kitchen,"**

**Then.**

**Besides,**

**They'll see how beautiful I am**

**And be ashamed—**

**I, too, am America.**

## **(6) Crying Poem**

by Jimmy Santiago Baca

**For the longest time,**

**I haven't been able to cry.**

**Tears start to come while I'm watching a movie tears**

**starts to come,**

**swelling my whole body a tulip starting to open under moon,**

**then the petals of my eyelids**

**stiffen**

**and something in me braces**

**and I don't cry.**

**When we crashed into a telephone pole**

**my dad yelled me not to cry,**

**I was terrified, almost killed —**

**but don't cry,**

**he said.**

**I couldn't cry because men don't cry.**

**When the dog bit me on the leg I couldn't cry,**

**when Joey died I couldn't cry —**

**how cool it would feel**

**to have a tear slide down the corner of my eye**

**on my cheek,**

**to the curve of my lip,**

**where I could taste it —**

**but I don't cry.**

**Something blocks the paths, channels**

**under my skin.**

**Tear ducts are red cracked clay,**



for thirty years,  
drought famine'd,  
since I was eight when I got a beating for crying.

My heart an open furnace oven door,  
rage seething for tears to cool it down,  
but coal hoveling men keep feeding it  
don't cry don't cry don't cry.

I want to untie my hands like a tired boxer's gloves  
and lay them down on the table, gripped in their tight  
clench of defense,  
and I want to grow new hands  
open flowers,  
moistened by my tears.

I love the color blue  
color brown.

I'd love  
to touch my chapped cheeks  
and whisper in tears  
my compassion.

But I've always had to stop it up in me, hold my breath back,  
keep my mouth shut tight  
so as not to cry.

Man, I cry,  
and it's a lie I don't.

I embrace my brother and pray shoulder to shoulder.

I kneel and kiss earth,  
and I cry — if only I could cry.

Don't translate my tears into thought,

I want to sob autumn tears on my window,  
streaking the pane blurring the world.

I want to fill every hole in my heart with glimmering tear pools,  
fill my kitchen sink with tears,  
just thinking of me not crying all these years,  
makes me want to cry,  
but I been taught not to cry —  
big people don't cry, people say,  
ain't those alligator tears boy,  
can't fool me with those tears —  
bullshit!

Fooling no one but myself not crying  
step aside —

I'm going to cry,  
until my shirt is drenched,  
and my hands shimmery wet  
with tears,  
running down my face on my arms,  
my legs and breast,  
and you have to look at me,  
because I'm drowning your manly ways in my tears,  
to get back my tears.

I'm crying until there isn't a single tear left  
crying,  
for what we been through not crying,  
how we fooled ourselves thinking men don't cry.

I'm crying on the bus, in bed, at the dinner table, on the couch,  
enough to float Noah's boat,  
let out the robin of my heart,

bringing me back my own single shoot of greening  
life again —  
and you go fuck yourself  
dry eyed days,  
here I come,  
giving you a Chicano monsoon season,  
here comes this Chicano cry baby,  
flooding prison walls,  
my childrens' bedrooms,  
splashing and tear slinging  
tears up to my ankles,  
planting rice and corn and beans  
in fields glimmering with my tears,  
and all you dry skinned nut-cracking ball whackers,

don't want to get your killer bone-breaking boots wet,  
step aside,  
because I'm bringing you rain.

Goodbyes were crying events —  
Goodbye to grandma, to my brother,  
friends, my neighborhood,  
teachers and other boys,  
and I never shed a tear,  
though I felt them coming up in me.

I bit my teeth down hard to hold the tears back,  
lowered my face and thought about something else.  
I kept hearing voices in me,  
telling me not to cry, don't cry, don't cry!

Boys don't cry,  
leave yourself open,  
become liable to get an ax in your heart by some non-crying fool,  
be a sissy,  
puto, you be hurting  
yourself if you cry.  
I hurt when I didn't cry,  
all those times when I didn't cry ashamed  
to in front of people,  
fearful others would think I'm not a man,  
fearful I'd be made fun of,  
whole groups of us heard tragic news  
and no one cries,  
because it ain't right —  
we need to weep —  
get up in the middle of the night,  
and cry, like a endurance's hips and stomach convulse during  
child birth, we need to give birth  
to that terrible convulsion of tears,  
weep for those we never wept for,  
let the legs shake and your arms embrace you  
in a junkie habit for tears,  
weep for the poor in prison  
taken from their families,  
the fieldworker's daughter  
eaten by cancer from pesticides,  
and weep,  
for all those homeless  
who couldn't meet mortgage payments,

those sleeping under bridges,  
and the hopeless,  
cry our differences into a lake,  
where we can all cleanse our goodbyes and apathy,  
papas cry for their children,  
let children cry in my arms,  
men cry in my arms,  
endurance cry in my arms,  
let us all cry,  
after lovemaking and fighting,  
make cry a prayer,  
a language made of whimpers and sniffles and sobs,  
cry out loud, louder, cry baby, cry! Cry! Cry!

## **(7) Incident**

**BY NATASHA TRETHERWEY**

**We tell the story every year—  
how we peered from the windows, shades drawn—  
though nothing really happened,  
the charred grass now green again.**

**We peered from the windows, shades drawn,  
at the cross trussed like a Christmas tree,  
the charred grass still green. Then  
we darkened our rooms, lit the hurricane lamps.**

**At the cross trussed like a Christmas tree,  
a few men gathered, white as angels in their gowns.  
We darkened our rooms and lit hurricane lamps,  
the wicks trembling in their fonts of oil.**

**It seemed the angels had gathered, white men in their gowns.  
When they were done, they left quietly. No one came.  
The wicks trembled all night in their fonts of oil;  
by morning the flames had all dimmed.**

**When they were done, the men left quietly. No one came.  
Nothing really happened.  
By morning all the flames had dimmed.  
We tell the story every year.**

**(8) Buried Love** Sara Teasdale

I have come to bury Love  
Beneath a tree,  
In the forest tall and black  
Where none can see.

I shall put no flowers at his head,  
Nor stone at his feet,  
For the mouth I loved so much  
Was bittersweet.

I shall go no more to his grave,  
For the woods are cold.

I shall gather as much of joy  
As my hands can hold.

I shall stay all day in the sun  
Where the wide winds blow, --  
But oh, I shall cry at night  
When none will know.

**(9) Richard Cory** BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,  
We people on the pavement looked at him:  
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,  
Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,  
And he was always human when he talked;  
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,  
"Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich—yes, richer than a king—  
And admirably schooled in every grace:  
In fine, we thought that he was everything  
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,  
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;  
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,  
Went home and put a bullet through his head.



(10) **not an elegy for Mike Brown**

Danez Smith

I am sick of writing this poem

but bring the boy. his new name

his same old body. ordinary, black

dead thing. bring him & we will mourn

until we forget what we are mourning

& isn't that what being black is about?

not the joy of it, but the feeling

you get when you are looking

at your child, turn your head,

then, poof, no more child.

that feeling. that's black.

\\

think: once, a white girl

was kidnapped & that's the Trojan war.

later, up the block, Troy got shot

& that was Tuesday. are we not worthy

of a city of ash? of 1000 ships

launched because we are missed?

always, something deserves to be burned.

it's never the right thing now a days.

I demand a war to bring the dead boy back

no matter what his name is this time.

I at least demand a song. a song will do just fine.

\\

look at what the lord has made.

above Missouri, sweet smoke.

(11) **Purple Bathing Suit** *Louise Glück*

I like watching you garden  
with your back to me in your purple bathing suit:  
your back is my favorite part of you,  
the part furthest away from your mouth.

You might give some thought to that mouth.  
Also to the way you weed, breaking  
the grass off at ground level  
when you should pull it by the roots.

How many times do I have to tell you  
how the grass spreads, your little  
pile notwithstanding, in a dark mass which  
by smoothing over the surface you have finally  
fully obscured. Watching you

stare into space in the tidy  
rows of the vegetable garden, ostensibly  
working hard while actually  
doing the worst job possible, I think

you are a small irritating purple thing  
and I would like to see you walk off the face of the earth  
because you are all that's wrong with my life  
and I need you and I claim you.

## (12) Harlem

BY LANGSTON HUGHES

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up

like a raisin in the sun?

Or fester like a sore—

And then run?

Does it stink like rotten meat?

Or crust and sugar over—

like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags

like a heavy load.

*Or does it explode?*

**(13) O Captain! My Captain!** BY WALT WHITMAN

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck,

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

## (14) Oranges

Gary Soto

The first time I walked  
With a girl, I was twelve,  
Cold, and weighted down  
With two oranges in my jacket.  
December. Frost cracking  
Beneath my steps, my breath  
Before me, then gone,  
As I walked toward Her house,  
the one whose Porch light burned yellow  
Night and day, in any weather.  
A dog barked at me,  
until She came out pulling  
At her gloves,  
face bright With rouge.  
I smiled, Touched her shoulder,  
and led Her down the street,  
across A used car lot and a line  
Of newly planted trees,  
Until we were breathing  
Before a drugstore.  
We Entered,  
the tiny bell Bringing a saleslady  
Down a narrow aisle of goods.  
I turned to the candies  
Tiered like bleachers,  
And asked what she wanted -

Light in her eyes,  
a smile Starting at the corners Of her mouth.  
I fingered A nickle in my pocket,  
And when she lifted a chocolate  
That cost a dime,  
I didn't say anything.  
I took the nickle from My pocket,  
then an orange,  
And set them quietly on The counter.  
When I looked up,  
The lady's eyes met mine,  
And held them, knowing  
Very well what it was all About.  
Outside, A few cars hissing past,  
Fog hanging like old Coats between the trees.  
I took my girl's hand In mine for two blocks,  
Then released it to let Her unwrap the chocolate.  
I peeled my orange  
That was so bright against The gray of December  
That, from some distance,  
Someone might have thought  
I was making a fire in my hands.

Emily Dickinson

**(15) ONE need not be a chamber to be haunted,**

One need not be a house;

The brain has corridors surpassing

Material place.

Far safer, of a midnight meeting      5

External ghost,

Than an interior confronting

That whiter host.

Far safer through an Abbey gallop,

The stones achase,      10

Than, moonless, one's own self encounter

In lonesome place.

Ourself, behind ourself concealed,

Should startle most;

Assassin, hid in our apartment,      15

Be horror's least.

The prudent carries a revolver,

He bolts the door,

O'erlooking a superior spectre

More near.



## **(16) Do not go gentle into that good night**

Dylan Thomas, 1914 - 1953

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

## **(17) The Rose That Grew From Concrete**

By: Tupac Shakur

Did you hear about the rose that grew  
from a crack in the concrete?  
Proving nature's law is wrong it  
learned to walk with out having feet.  
Funny it seems, but by keeping its dreams,  
it learned to breathe fresh air.  
Long live the rose that grew from concrete  
when no one else ever cared.

(18) PHENOMENAL WOMAN

by Maya Angelou

Pretty women wonder where my secret lies  
I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size  
But when I start to tell them  
They think I'm telling lies.

I say,  
It's in the reach of my arms  
The span of my hips,  
The stride of my step,  
The curl of my lips.  
I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.

I walk into a room  
Just as cool as you please,  
And to a man,  
The fellows stand or  
Fall down on their knees.

Then they swarm around me,  
A hive of honey bees.

I say,  
It's the fire in my eyes  
And the flash of my teeth,  
The swing of my waist,  
And the joy in my feet.  
I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.

Men themselves have wondered  
What they see in me.  
They try so much  
But they can't touch  
My inner mystery.  
When I try to show them,  
They say they still can't see.

I say  
It's in the arch of my back,

The sun of my smile,  
The ride of my breasts,  
The grace of my style.  
I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman, That's me.

Now you understand  
Just why my head's not bowed.  
I don't shout or jump about  
Or have to talk real loud.  
When you see me passing  
It ought to make you proud.

I say,  
It's in the click of my heels,  
The bend of my hair,  
The palm of my hand,  
The need of my care,  
'Cause I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.

**(19) Brown Girl Manifesto (Too)**

BY MARILYN CHIN

Metaphor metaphor my pestilential aesthetic

A tsunami powers through my mother's ruins

Delta delta moist loins of the republic

Succumb to the low-lying succubus do!

Flagpole flagpole my father's polemics

A bouquet of \*\*\*\*-u-bastard flowers

Fist me embrace me with your phantom limbs

Slay me with your slumlord panegyrics

Flip over so I can see your pastoral mounts

Your sword slightly parting from the scabbard

Girl skulls piled like fresh-baked loaves

A foul wind scours my mother's cadaver

Ornamental Oriental techno impresarios

I am your parlor rug your chamber bauble

Love me stone me I am all yours

Pound Pound my father's Ezra

Freedom freedom flageolet-tooting girls

Dancing on the roof of the maquiladoras

## (20) Orlando

BY ANDREA GIBSON

When the first responders entered the Pulse Nightclub after the massacre in Orlando, they walked through the horrific scene of bodies and called out, "If you were alive, raise your hands." I was sleeping in a hotel in the Midwest at the time, but I imagine in that exact moment, my hand twitched in my sleep. Some unconscious part of me, aware that I had a pulse that I was alive. The next day, I woke to the news that an assault rifle had fired 202 bullets to a gay bar in one of the worst massacres in US history. The massacre of people who did not lead the dance floor when they heard gunshots because they thought they were the beats of a song. Everyone around me spent that day grieving and every tear tasted like someone's dance sweat drying in the morgue. Later that night, I was performing for an audience that had spent two hours in line waiting to get to the bag checks and metal detectors. On stage, I couldn't keep my hand from covering my heart. I kept scouring the club for the fastest route to every exit. I knew the person working security within the text war and wasn't keeping his eyes on the door. I knew there was a man in the fifth row picking at the seams of a duffel bag. Every few seconds, I died. The balcony for the glint of whatever might aim to tear the bodies of the spirits of the boys holding hands or the girls with hair cut short as my temper when rage as decimal I can actually get to. When I not just grieve, sick and ruined, watching history not be history, but in the music not be music. Knowing someone having the best night of her whole life said, "This is my favorite song," and then a rifle lifted over a bathroom stall and emptied a magazine into the kidneys of a grown man texting, "Mommy I'm going to die," his hand prints in blood on the wall reaching for people dying in the fetal position. People covered in their friend's blood, sobbing too hard to hide from their own deaths. People outside pushing bandannas into bullet wounds. It's true, what they say about the gays being so fashionable. Their ghosts never go out of style. Even life, it's like funeral practice. Half of us are already dead to our families before we die. Half of us on our knees trying to crawl into the family photo that night on stage. I kept remembering being fifteen at Disneyland, wearing my best friend's hoodie like it was my boyfriend's class ring. How many years it took me to just touch her face. How many years I spent praying my heart could play dead to the threat was gone to the world changed till history was history, but history just keeps coming for the high, shooting up bodies, kids drumming up reasons to have metal detectors at poetry readings with the poems. They're just unanswered calls to people who claim their God, their apathy, is unwilling to accept the charges. Dear God, how broke do you have to be to not buy people, time to get out the fucking door when the song goes to hell, when this world drunk on hate decides blood is wine and drinks its fill in the only place they ever thought was safe and the only place they thought they did not have to hide in, the only place they were wanted because, because of who they loved and how they loved and how they loved till someone walked to the bodies and asked who was still alive. And hardly anyone put their hand up.

**(21) I Am in Need of Music**

BY ELIZABETH BISHOP

I am in need of music that would flow  
Over my fretful, feeling fingertips,  
Over my bitter-tainted, trembling lips,  
With melody, deep, clear, and liquid-slow.  
Oh, for the healing swaying, old and low,  
Of some song sung to rest the tired dead,  
A song to fall like water on my head,  
And over quivering limbs, dream flushed to glow!

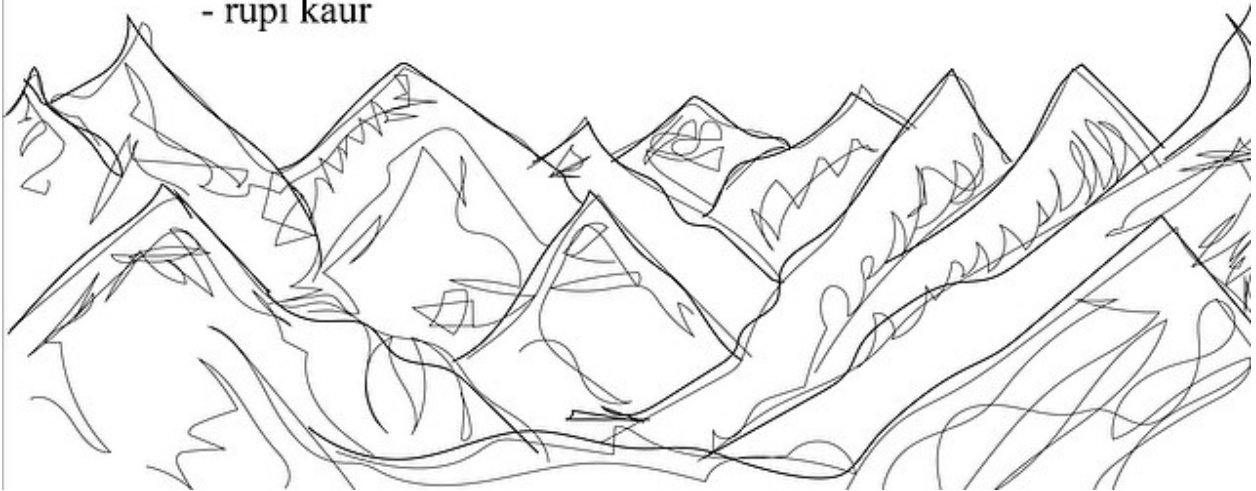
There is a magic made by melody:  
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool  
Heart, that sinks through fading colors deep  
To the subaqueous stillness of the sea,  
And floats forever in a moon-green pool,  
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.

(22) You are more than beautiful

BY RUPI KAUR

i want to apologize to all the women  
i have called pretty.  
before i've called them intelligent or brave.  
i am sorry i made it sound as though  
something as simple as what you're born with  
is the most you have to be proud of  
when your spirit has crushed mountains  
from now on i will say things like, *you are resilient*  
or, *you are extraordinary*.  
not because i don't think you're pretty.  
but because you are so much more than that

- rupi kaur



**(23) Acquainted with the Night**

BY ROBERT FROST

**I have been one acquainted with the night.**

**I have walked out in rain—and back in rain.**

**I have outwalked the furthest city light.**

**I have looked down the saddest city lane.**

**I have passed by the watchman on his beat**

**And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.**

**I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet**

**When far away an interrupted cry**

**Came over houses from another street,**

**But not to call me back or say good-bye;**

**And further still at an unearthly height,**

**One luminary clock against the sky**

**Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.**

**I have been one acquainted with the night.**



## **(24) Victory**

Sherman Alexie, 1966

When I was twelve, I shoplifted a pair  
Of basketball shoes. We could not afford  
Them otherwise. But when I tied them on,  
I found that I couldn't hit a shot.

When the ball clanked off the rim, I felt  
Only guilt, guilt, guilt. O, immoral shoes!  
O, kicks made of paranoia and rue!  
Distraught but unwilling to get caught

Or confess, I threw those cursed Nikes  
Into the river and hoped that was good  
Enough for God. I played that season  
In supermarket tennis shoes that felt

The same as playing in bare feet.  
O, torn skin! O, bloody heels and toes!  
O, twisted ankles! O, blisters the size  
Of dimes and quarters! Finally, after

I couldn't take the pain anymore, I told  
My father what I had done. He wasn't angry.  
He wept out of shame. Then he cradled  
And rocked me and called me his Little

Basketball Jesus. He told me that every cry  
Of pain was part of the hoops sonata.  
Then he laughed and bandaged my wounds—  
My Indian Boy Poverty Basketball Stigmata.

**(25) Annabel Lee**

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
But we loved with a love that was more than love—  
I and my Annabel Lee—  
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her highborn kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,  
Went envying her and me—

Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in Heaven above  
Nor the demons down under the sea  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
In her sepulchre there by the sea—  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.



