

Ways of Looking; Ways of Seeing

The Establishment

~Norman Nathan

physics taught us
heat, light, and matter
compete for energy
our youth was all heat
and when light came
we iced ourselves
in matter

Perspective

~Edsel Ford

At twenty-one
I was pursued
By a wall of flame
In a scarlet wood;
But I escaped
Now I inquire
at every door"
"A LITTLE FIRE?"

Autobiography

~Alastair Reid

A boy, I was content to cling to silence.
The first years found me unprepared for spring.
April spoke quickly with quick excitement.
My sudden voice was too surprised to sing.
Year followed year, the faithful falling seasons.
My voice was never confident for long.
Now autumn haunts me with the fear of losing
anticipation, and the power of song.

Amnesia

~William DeBolt

When I was young as dreams I knew
Exactly what I'd be.
And now I don't know where to find
Blueprints I made of me.

Forgotten Language

~Shel Silverstein

Once I spoke the language of the flowers
Once I understood each word the caterpillar said.
Once I smiled in secret at the gossip of the starlings
And shared a conversation with the housefly in my bed
Once I heard and answered all the questions of the
crickets
And joined the crying of each falling, dying flake of snow
Once I spoke the language of the flowers...
How did it go?
How did it go?

When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer

~Walt Whitman

When I heard the learn'd astronomer
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns
before me,
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add,
divide, and measure them
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured
with much applause in the lecture room
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

After English Class

I used to like "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening."
I liked the coming darkness,
The jingle of harness bells, breaking—and adding to the
stillness
The gentle drift of snow...
But today, the teacher told us what everything stood for
The woods, the horse, the miles to go, the sleep—
They all have "hidden meanings."
It's grown so complicated now that,
Next time I drive by,
I don't think I'll bother to stop.