

The Silken Tent

By Robert Frost

She is as in a field a silken tent
At midday when a sunny summer breeze
Has dried the dew and all its ropes relent,
So that in guys it gently sways at ease,
And its supporting central cedar pole,
That is its pinnacle to heavenward
And signifies the sureness of the soul,
Seems to owe naught to any single cord,
But strictly held by none, is loosely bound
By countless silken ties of love and thought
To everything on earth the compass round,
And only by one's going slightly taut,
In the capriciousness of summer air,
Is of the slightest bondage made aware.

The Soul selects her own Society

By Emily Dickinson

The Soul selects her own Society —

Then — shuts the Door —

To her divine Majority —

Present no more —

Unmoved — she notes the Chariots — pausing —

At her low Gate —

Unmoved — an Emperor be kneeling

Upon her Mat —

I've known her — from an ample nation —

Choose One —

Then — close the Valves of her attention —

Like Stone —

You are the herdsman of evening

Sappho (tr. Mary Barnard)

You are the herdsman of evening

Hesperus, you herd

homeward whatever

Dawn's light dispersed

You herd sheep – herd

goats – herd children

home to their mothers