

**The Tyger** (from *Songs of Experience*), William Blake (1757-1827)

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
In the forests 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, & what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp,  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears:  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,  
In the forests of the night:  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

**I love my love with a v** , Gertrude Stein, 1874-1946

I love my love with a v  
Because it is like that  
I love my love with a b  
Because I am beside that  
A king.  
I love my love with an a  
Because she is a queen  
I love my love and a a is the best of them  
Think well and be a king,  
Think more and think again  
I love my love with a dress and a hat  
I love my love and not with this or with that  
I love my love with a y because she is my bride  
I love her with a d because she is my love beside  
Thank you for being there  
Nobody has to care  
Thank you for being here  
Because you are not there

And with and without me which is and without she she can be late and then  
and how and all around we think and found that it is time to cry she and I.

from *Before the Flowers of Friendship Faded Faded*

**Bluebird**, Charles Buckowski  
(1920-1994)

There's a bluebird in my heart that  
wants to get out  
but I'm too tough for him,  
I say, stay in there, I'm not going  
to let anybody see  
you.

there's a bluebird in my heart that  
wants to get out  
but I pour whiskey on him and  
inhale  
cigarette smoke  
and the whores and the bartenders  
and the grocery clerks  
never know that  
he's  
in there.

there's a bluebird in my heart that  
wants to get out  
but I'm too tough for him,  
I say,  
stay down, do you want to mess  
me up?  
you want to screw up the  
works?

you want to blow my book sales  
in  
Europe?  
there's a bluebird in my heart that  
wants to get out  
but I'm too clever, I only let him  
out  
at night sometimes  
when everybody's asleep.  
I say, I know that you're there,  
so don't be  
sad.  
then I put him back,  
but he's singing a little  
in there, I haven't quite let him  
die  
and we sleep together like  
that  
with our  
secret pact  
and it's nice enough to  
make a man  
weep, but I don't  
weep, do  
you?

**CXXIII**, Emily Dickinson (1830–86).

OUR lives are Swiss,—  
So still, so cool,  
Till, some odd afternoon,  
The Alps neglect their curtains,  
And we look farther on.           5

Italy stands the other side,  
While, like a guard between,  
The solemn Alps,  
The siren Alps,  
Forever intervene!       10

*Complete Poems.* 1924