Sonnet LXXXI. Memorial Thresholds

What place so strange,—though unrevelèd snow
With unimaginable fires arise
At the earth’s end,—what passion of surprise
Like frost-bound fire-girt scenes of long ago?
Lo! this is none but I this hour; and lo!
This is the very place which to mine eyes
Those mortal hours in vain immortalize,
’Mid hurrying crowds, with what alone I know.

City, of thine a single simple door,
By some new Power reduplicate, must be
Even yet my life-porch in eternity,
Even with one presence filled, as once of yore:
Or mocking winds whirl round a chaff-strown floor
Thee and thy years and these my words and me.

Sonnet LXXXII. Hoarded Joy

I said: “Nay, pluck not,—let the first fruit be:
Even as thou sayest, it is sweet and red,
But let it ripen still. The tree’s bent head
Sees in the stream its own fecundity
And bides the day of fulness. Shall not we
At the sun’s hour that day possess the shade,
And claim our fruit before its ripeness fade,
And eat it from the branch and praise the tree?”

I say: “Alas! our fruit hath wooed the sun
Too long,—’tis fallen and floats adown the stream.
Lo, the last clusters! Pluck them every one,
And let us sup with summer; ere the gleam
Of autumn set the year’s pent sorrow free,
And the woods wail like echoes from the sea.”

(1870)

Sonnet LXXXIII. Barren Spring

Once more the changed year’s turning wheel returns:
And as a girl sails balanced in the wind,
And now before and now again behind
Stoops as it swoops, with cheek that laughs and burns,—
So Spring comes merry towards me here, but earns
No answering smile from me, whose life is twin’d
With the dead boughs that winter still must bind,
And whom to-day the Spring no more concerns.

Behold, this crocus is a withering flame;
This snowdrop, snow; this apple-blossom’s part
To breed the fruit that breeds the serpent’s art.
Nay, for these Spring-flowers, turn thy face from them,
Nor stay till on the year’s last lily-stem
The white cup shrivels round the golden heart.

(1870)

Sonnet LXXXIV. Farewell to the Glen

Sweet stream-fed glen, why say “farewell” to thee
Who far’st so well and find’st for ever smooth
The brow of Time where man may read no ruth?
Nay, do thou rather say “farewell” to me,
Who now fare forth in bitterer fantasy
Than erst was mine where other shade might soothe
By other streams, what while in fragrant youth
The bliss of being sad made melancholy.

And yet, farewell! For better shalt thou fare
When children bathe sweet faces in thy flow
And happy lovers blend sweet shadows there
In hours to come, than when an hour ago
Thine echoes had but one man’s sighs to bear
And thy trees whispered what he feared to know.

(1870)

Sonnet LXXXV. Vain Virtues

What is the sorriest thing that enters Hell?
None of the sins,—but this and that fair deed
Which a soul’s sin at length could supersede.
These yet are virgins, whom death’s timely knell
Might once have sainted; whom the fiends compel
Together now, in snake-bound shuddering sheaves
This collection, however, is the collected poetry and prose, and needs to be considered in that light. Including much of Stevens' prose gives insights into his thinking and aesthetics that may be harder to glean, particularly given Stevens' canonical status in modernist American poetry. The Library of America addition is nice, well-edited, and a solid physical object that will probably last. The prose section includes The Necessary Angel and also a good deal of miscellaneous material. The texts have been critically edited and important material such as the celebrated lines which Stevens cut from The Man whose Pharynx was bad can be found in the notes. The presentation and binding are up to the high standards of the Library of America. Collected Poetry and Prose. EDITED BY JEROME McGANN. Copyright Date: 2003. His translations are original poetical works in their own right. Jerome McGann, a leading figure in nineteenth- and twentieth-century scholarship, presents a generous selection of Rossetti's poetry, prose, and original translations. The collection, which includes important writings unavailable in any edition of Rossetti ever printed, is accompanied by McGann's learned and critically incisive commentaries and notes. eISBN: 978-0-300-12945-8. Subjects: Language & Literature.
"Wallace Stevens: Collected Poetry and Prose" not only brings together several collections and uncompiled poems, but also selections from his journals, essays and letters. And in all of these, he showed himself to be a thoughtful, intelligent and very talented man. Over his lifetime, Stevens wrote several books of poetry, but his exquisite poems are best taken by themselves: the lush grandeur of "Sunday Morning," the hymnlike "Le Monocle De Mon Oncle," and the humid grittiness of "O Florida, Venereal Soil." Wallace Stevens is known for his exquisite, lush poetry, but the full "Collected Poetry and Prose" shows just what an intelligent, cultured man he was. A must-have.

Read more.

Poetry - Poetry - Poetry and prose: People's reason for wanting a definition is to take care of the borderline case, and this is what a definition, as if by definition, will not do. That is, if an individual asks for a definition of poetry, it will most certainly not be the case that he has never seen one of the objects called poems that are said to embody poetry; on the contrary, he is already tolerably certain what poetry in the main is, and his reason for wanting a definition is either that his certainty has been challenged by someone else or that he wants to. This will be true, surprisingly enough, even if the poem rhymes and will often be true even if the poem in its original typographical arrangement would have been familiar to them.