

from John Keats, "Ode on a Grecian Urn"  
Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter...

"Ode to a Nightingale":  
... the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is fam'd, to do, deceiving elf.

from "Caedmon's Hymn":  
He aereſt ſceop      ielda bearnum  
heofron to hrafe      halig Scyppend...  
(He first created      for men's sons  
heaven as a roof,      holy Creator...)

"Foweles in the frith":  
Foweles in the frith,  
The fiſſes in the flod,  
And I mon waxe wod:  
Mulch ſorw I walke with  
For beſte of bon and blod.  
(Birds in the wood,  
The fiſh in the river,  
And I muſt go mad:  
Much ſorrow I walk with  
For the beſt of bone and blood.)

from Geoffrey Chaucer, "General Prologue" to *The Canterbury Tales*:  
Whan that April with his ſhowres ſoote  
The droughte of March hath perced to the roote,  
And bathed every veine is ſwich licour,  
Of which vertu engendred is the flowr...  
(When April with his ſweet ſhowers  
The drought of March has pierced to the root,  
And bathed every vein in ſuch liquid  
By virtue of which is created the flower...)

from Sir Thomas Wyatt, "Whoso list to hunt":  
Who liſt her hunt, I put him out of doubt,  
As well as I may ſpend his time in vain:  
And, graven with diamonds, in letters plain  
There is written her fair neck round about:  
*Noli me tangere*, for Caesar's I am;  
And wild for to hold, though I ſeem tame.

Dennis Haskell, "Letter to Rhonda":

Four thousand kilometres apart  
our bodies can speak  
only the language of silence. I start  
to reach for you and meet

words spinning their racketty thread  
as I run endlessly  
with you inside my head  
a conversational soliloquy.

Strange to spin out words that care  
what affections become  
and discover that the deepest meanings are  
as silent as the sun.

Take my absence not as silence  
but as speech so clear  
it is desire tuning a string that tense  
just you and I can hear.

Because the heart sings in a remote key  
only love can pursue  
silent, where words fail completely,  
there I am closest to you.

from Alfred Lord Tennyson, "The Lady of Shallott":

On either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;  
And through the field the road runs by  
To many towered Camelot...

from "In Memoriam":

He is not here; but far away  
The noise of life begins again,  
And ghastly through the drizzling rain  
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

from W B Yeats, "In Memory of Major Robert Gregory":

Now that we're almost settled in our house  
I'll name the friends who cannot sup with us  
Beside a fire of turf in th' ancient tower,  
And having talked to some late hour  
Climb up the narrow winding stair to bed:  
Discoverers of forgotten truth  
Or mere companions of my youth,  
All, all are in my thoughts to-night being dead.

from T S Eliot, "The Love Song of J Alfred Prufrock":

And would it have been worth it, after all,  
Would it have been worth while,  
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,  
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor –  
And this, and so much more? –  
It is impossible to say just what I mean!  
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:  
Would it have been worth while  
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,  
And turning toward the window, should say:  
"That is not it at all,  
That is not what I meant at all."