

These, I, Singing in Spring -Walt Whitman

These, I, singing in spring, collect for lovers,
(For who but I should understand lovers, and all their
sorrow and
joy?
And who but I should be the poet of comrades?)
Collecting, I traverse the garden, the world--but soon
I pass the gates,
Now along the pond-side--now wading in a little,
fearing not the wet,
Now by the post-and-rail fences, where the old
stones thrown there,
pick'd from the fields, have accumulated,
(Wild-flowers and vines and weeds come up through
the stones, and
partly cover them--Beyond these I pass,)
Far, far in the forest, before I think where I go,
Solitary, smelling the earthy smell, stopping now and
then in the silence,
Alone I had thought--yet soon a troop gathers
around me, 10
Some walk by my side, and some behind, and some
embrace my arms or neck,
They, the spirits of dear friends, dead or alive--
thicker they come,
a great crowd, and I in the middle,
Collecting, dispensing, singing in spring, there I
wander with them,
Plucking something for tokens--tossing toward
whoever is near me;
Here! lilac, with a branch of pine,
Here, out of my pocket, some moss which I pull'd off
a live-oak in
Florida, as it hung trailing down,
Here, some pinks and laurel leaves, and a handful of
sage,
And here what I now draw from the water, wading in
the pondside,
(O here I last saw him that tenderly loves me--and
returns again,
never to separate from me,
And this, O this shall henceforth be the token of
comrades--this
Calamus-root shall,
Interchange it, youths, with each other! Let none

render it back!)

And twigs of maple, and a bunch of wild orange, and
chestnut,
And stems of currants, and plum-blows, and the
aromatic cedar:
These, I, compass'd around by a thick cloud of spirits,
Wandering, point to, or touch as I pass, or throw
them loosely from
me,
Indicating to each one what he shall have--giving
something to each;
But what I drew from the water by the pond-side,
that I reserve,
I will give of it--but only to them that love, as I myself
am capable
of loving..

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

BY ROBERT FROST

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.