

## Stanza Practice

### *To Spring*



O THOU with dewy locks, who lookest down  
Through the clear windows of the morning, turn  
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,  
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell one another, and the listening  
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turn'd  
Up to thy bright pavilions: issue forth  
And let thy holy feet visit our clime! 5

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds  
Kiss thy perfumed garments; let us taste  
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls  
Upon our lovesick land that mourns for thee. 10

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour  
Thy soft kisses on her bosom; and put  
Thy golden crown upon her languish'd head,  
Whose modest tresses are bound up for thee. 15

Stanza's = \_\_\_\_\_ Stanza Breaks = \_\_\_\_\_

How many lines does this poem have? \_\_\_\_\_

### Returning, We Hear The Larks

Sombre the night is:  
And, though we have our lives, we know  
What sinister threat lurks there.

Dragging these anguished limbs, we only know  
This poison-blasted track opens on our camp -  
On a little safe sleep.

But hark! Joy - joy - strange joy.  
Lo! Heights of night ringing with unseen larks:  
Music showering on our upturned listening faces.

Death could drop from the dark  
As easily as song -  
But song only dropped,  
Like a blind man's dreams on the sand  
By dangerous tides:  
Like a girl's dark hair for she dreams no ruin lies there,  
Or her kisses where a serpent hides.



Stanza's = \_\_\_\_\_ Stanza Breaks = \_\_\_\_\_

## "The Trail"

Slippery the trail is.  
And though my tires are fat, I know  
The danger of the narrow track.

Pumping my straining legs, I only know  
This devil-hellish trail must lead somewhere good-  
To a place of ease.

But pain! ruts-ruts-strange ruts.  
No! trickish grooves tampering in my path.  
Slippery holes luring me in to painful death.

Mires could evolve from sure ground  
As could death traps-  
And evolve they did,  
Like ruthless spider from tunnel unaware  
Upon innocent victims.  
The path slick, the trail rutted, the way treacherous,  
But I would not trade it for the world.



**Stanza's** = \_\_\_\_\_ **Stanza Breaks** = \_\_\_\_\_