**dying is fine)but Death - e. e. cummings**

dying is fine)but Death

?o  
baby  
i

wouldn’t like

Death if Death  
were  
good:for

when(instead of stopping to think)you

begin to feel of it,dying  
’s miraculous  
why?be

cause dying is

perfectly natural;perfectly  
putting  
it mildly lively(but

Death

is strictly  
scientific  
& artificial &

evil & legal)

we thank thee  
god  
almighty for dying  
(forgive us,o life!the sin of Death

**A Dream – Borys Pasternak**

I dreamt of autumn in the window's twilight,   
And you, a tipsy jesters' throng amidst. '   
And like a falcon, having stooped to slaughter,   
My heart returned to settle on your wrist.   
  
But time went on, grew old and deaf. Like thawing   
Soft ice old silk decayed on easy chairs.   
A bloated sunset from the garden painted   
The glass with bloody red September tears.   
  
But time grew old and deaf. And you, the loud one,   
Quite suddenly were still. This broke a spell.   
The dreaming ceased at once, as though in answer   
To an abruptly silenced bell.   
  
And I awakened. Dismal as the autumn   
The dawn was dark. A stronger wind arose   
To chase the racing birchtrees on the skyline,   
As from a running cart the streams of straws.

**The Nurse’s Song – William Blake**

When the voices of children are heard on the green   
And laughing is heard on the hill,   
My heart is at rest within my breast   
And every thing else is still   
  
Then come home my children, the sun is gone down   
And the dews of night arise   
Come come leave off play, and let us away   
Till the morning appears in the skies   
  
No no let us play, for it is yet day   
And we cannot go to sleep   
Besides in the sky, the little birds fly   
And the hills are all cover’d with sheep   
  
Well well go & play till the light fades away   
And then go home to bed   
The little ones leaped & shouted & laugh’d   
And all the hills ecchoed

**Bright Star – John Keats**

Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art--   
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night  
And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,

The moving waters at their priestlike task  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,  
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask  
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—

No--yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,  
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,

Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,  
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
And so live ever--or else swoon to death.

**A Red, Red Rose – Robert Burns**

O my Luve is like a red, red rose

   That’s newly sprung in June;

O my Luve is like the melody

   That’s sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,

   So deep in luve am I;

And I will luve thee still, my dear,

   Till a’ the seas gang dry.

Till a’ the seas gang dry, my dear,

   And the rocks melt wi’ the sun;

I will love thee still, my dear,

   While the sands o’ life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!

   And fare thee weel awhile!

And I will come again, my luve,

   Though it were ten thousand mile.