

Whitney Sullivan

Poetry for Discussion:

Song by T.S. Eliot

When we came home across the hill

 No leaves were fallen from the trees;

 The gentle fingers of the breeze

Had torn no quivering cobweb down.

The hedgerow bloomed with flowers still,

 No withered petals lay beneath;

 But the wild roses in your wreath

Were faded, and the leaves were brown.

by Pablo Neruda

Body of a woman, white hills, white thighs,
when you surrender, you stretch out like the world.
My body, savage and peasant, undermines you
and makes a son leap in the bottom of the earth.

I was lonely as a tunnel. Birds flew from me.
And night invaded me with her powerful army.
To survive I forged you like a weapon,
like an arrow for my bow, or a stone for my sling.

But now the hour of revenge falls, and I love you.
Body of skin, of moss, of firm and thirsty milk!
And the cups of your breasts! And your eyes full of absence!
And the roses of your mound! And your voice slow and sad!

Body of my woman, I will live on through your marvelousness.
My thirst, my desire without end, my wavering road!
Dark river beds down which the eternal thirst is flowing,
and the fatigue is flowing, and the grief without shore.

Mr. Darcy by Victoria Chang

Then we are in the back seat of a car kissing
not the light kind but one where our
hands are on each other's cheeks holding
each other's heads as if they will fall

off why does so much love come at the beginning
then disappear then once again at the moment
before death why can't the same kind exist
in between in the breaths in the

afternoon in the sitting room in a place of costumes
little girls dress like princesses one pink one
blue ones yellow they wear plastic heels because
they still think they will never fall