

## Lesson 10: The Human Experience

### *Time, Real and Imaginery: An Allegory* – Samuel Taylor Coleridge

ON the wide level of a mountain's head  
(I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place),  
Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,  
Two lovely children run an endless race,  
A sister and a brother!  
This far outstripp'd the other;  
Yet ever runs she with reverted face,  
And looks and listens for the boy behind:  
For he, alas! is blind!  
O'er rough and smooth with even step he pass'd,  
And knows not whether he be first or last.

### Peace – Sara Teasdale

Peace flows into me  
As the tide to the pool by the shore;  
It is mine forevermore,  
It will not ebb like the sea.

I am the pool of blue  
That worships the vivid sky;  
My hopes were heaven-high,  
They are all fulfilled in you.

I am the pool of gold  
When sunset burns and dies—  
You are my deepening skies;  
Give me your stars to hold.

## We Wear the Mask - Paul Lawrence Dunbar (1872-1906)

We wear the mask that grins and lies,  
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,—  
This debt we pay to human guile;  
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,  
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be over-wise,  
In counting all our tears and sighs?  
Nay, let them only see us, while  
We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries  
To thee from tortured souls arise.  
We sing, but oh the clay is vile  
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;  
But let the world dream otherwise,  
We wear the mask!

## The Folly of Being Comforted - William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

ONE that is ever kind said yesterday:  
 "Your well beloved's hair has threads of grey,  
 And little shadows come about her eyes;  
 Time can but make it easier to be wise,  
 Though now it's hard, till trouble is at an end; 5  
 And so be patient, be wise and patient, friend."  
 But heart, there is no comfort, not a grain;  
 Time can but make her beauty over again,  
 Because of that great nobleness of hers;  
 The fire that stirs about her, when she stirs 10  
 Burns but more clearly. O she had not these ways,  
 When all the wild Summer was in her gaze.  
 O heart! O heart! if she'd but turn her head,  
 You'd know the folly of being comforted.

The Lake Isle of Innisfree - Yeats

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Up-Hill - Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?  
Yes, to the very end.  
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?  
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?  
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.  
May not the darkness hide it from my face?  
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
Those who have gone before.  
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.