**Lyric Poems -- Elegies, Odes and Sonnets**

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| **Mid-term Break -- Seamus Heaney**  I sat all morning in the college sick bay  Counting bells knelling classes to a close  At two o’clock our neighbors drove me home.  In the porch I met my father crying –  He had always taken funerals in his stride—  And Big Jim Evans saying it was a hard blow.  The baby cooed and laughed and rocked the pram  When I came in, and I was embarrassed  By old men standing up to shake my hand  And tell me there were “sorry for my trouble,”  Whispers informed strangers I was the eldest,  Away at school, as my mother held my hand  In hers and coughed out angry tearless sighs.  At ten o’clock the ambulance arrived  With the corpse, stanched and bandaged by the nurses.  Next morning I went up into the room. Snowdrops  And candles soothed the bedside; I saw him  For the first time in six weeks. Paler now,  Wearing a poppy bruise on his left temple,  He lay in the four foot box as in his cot.  No gaudy scars, the bumper knocked him clear.  A four foot box, a foot for every year. | **Ode to the Computer Mouse -- by Julie Cameron Gray**  Ergonomic, your body is a hall of mirrors  the red light inside you ricocheting, searching  for direction. My hand knows your back  your meager pair of buttons  your scrolling spine.  I've held you so much that your body  has pocks of camouflage,  rashes of hand cream.  Stark and struck dumb, I compass  your red eye around the world wide,  fold my fingers over your plastic jacket.  Waltz you all around the dance floor  of this mouse pad.  The well where my thumb rests,  the waist of your slim self.  You are the small black bird of my days. |
| **Sonnet 18 – William Shakespeare**  Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  And summer's lease hath all too short a date;  Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,  And every fair from fair sometime declines,  By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd:  But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,  Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,  When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.    So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  So long lives this, and this gives life to thee. |