

## *The Original Poems*

### **That inspired**

*I Must Go Down to the Beach  
Again*

**By Karen Jo Shapiro**

#### **My Letter from the World**

*With apologies to Emily Dickinson  
("This is My Letter to the World")*

This is my letter to the world,  
That never wrote to me,--  
The simple news that Nature told,  
With tender majesty.  
Her message is committed  
To hands I cannot see;  
For love of her, sweet countrymen,  
Judge tenderly of me!

#### **About My Baby Sister**

*With apologies to George Gordon, Lord Byron  
("She walks in Beauty")*

She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace

Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

#### **To My Brother**

*With apologies to Ben Jonson  
("Song, to Celia")*

Drink to me, only, with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,  
Doth ask a drink divine:  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.  
I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,

Not so much honouring thee,  
As giving it a hope, that there  
It could not withered be.  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent'st back to me:  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee.

### **My Mouth Closed Twice**

*With apologies to Emily Dickinson*  
(*"My Life Closed Twice Before Its Close"*)

My life closed twice before its close;  
It yet remains to see  
If Immortality unveil  
A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive,  
As these that twice befell.  
Parting is all we know of heaven,  
And all we need of hell.

### **David's Flute**

*With apologies to William Shakespeare*  
(*Henry VIII, Act III, Scene i*)

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing:  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.  
Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of he:  
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

### **Pass the Pancakes**

*With apologies to Robert Browning*  
(*"Song, from Pippa Passes"*)

The year's at the spring  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hillside's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn:  
God's in his heaven—  
All's right with the world.

### **The Sick Tummy**

*With apologies to William Blake*  
(*"The Sick Rose"*)

O Rose, thou art sick!  
The invisible worm,  
That flies in the night,  
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed  
Of crimson joy;  
And his dark secret love  
Does thy life destroy.



## **Soccer Land**

*With apologies to William Shakespeare*

*(A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II, Scene i)*

Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours:  
I must go seek some dewdrops here  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:  
Our queen and all our elves come here anon.

## **July Joy**

*With apologies to Sara Teasdale*

*("Joy")*

I am wild, I will sing to the trees,  
I will sing to the stars in the sky,  
I love, I am loved, he is mine,  
Now at last I can die!  
I am sandaled with wind and with flame,  
I have heart-fire and singing to give,  
I can tread on the grass or the stars,  
Now at last I can live!

## **I Must Go Down to the Beach Again**

*With apologies to John Masefield*

*("Sea-Fever")*

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea  
and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the  
white sail's shaking,  
And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray dawn  
breaking.  
I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the  
running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds

flying,

And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the  
sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant  
gypsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the  
wind's like a whetted knife;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-  
rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long  
trick's over.

## **Never Try to Smell a Bee**

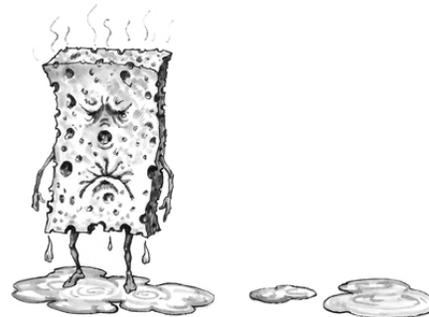
*With apologies to William Blake*

*("Love's Secret")*

Never seek to tell thy love,  
Love that never told can be;  
For the gentle wind doth move  
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,  
I told her all my heart,  
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.  
Ah! she did depart!

Soon after she was gone from me,  
A traveller came by,  
Silently, invisibly:  
He took her with a sigh.



## **The Smells**

*With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe*

*("The Bells")*

I  
Hear the sledges with the bells -  
Silver bells!  
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
In the icy air of night!  
While the stars that oversprinkle  
All the heavens seem to twinkle  
With a crystalline delight;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells -  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II  
Hear the mellow wedding bells -  
Golden bells!  
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!  
Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight!  
From the molten-golden notes,  
And all in tune,  
What a liquid ditty floats  
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
On the moon!  
Oh, from out the sounding cells  
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
How it swells!  
How it dwells  
On the Future! -how it tells  
Of the rapture that impels  
To the swinging and the ringing  
Of the bells, bells, bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells -  
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III  
Hear the loud alarum bells -  
Brazen bells!  
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!  
In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright!  
Too much horrified to speak,  
They can only shriek, shriek,  
Out of tune,  
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,  
Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
With a desperate desire,  
And a resolute endeavor  
Now -now to sit or never,  
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
What a tale their terror tells  
Of despair!  
How they clang, and clash, and roar!  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air!  
Yet the ear it fully knows,  
By the twanging  
And the clanging,  
How the danger ebbs and flows;  
Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
In the jangling  
And the wrangling,  
How the danger sinks and swells,  
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells  
-  
Of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells -  
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV  
Hear the tolling of the bells -  
Iron bells!  
What a world of solemn thought their monody com-  
pels!  
In the silence of the night,  
How we shiver with affright  
At the melancholy menace of their tone!  
For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats  
Is a groan.  
And the people -ah, the people -  
They that dwell up in the steeple,  
All alone,  
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,  
In that muffled monotone,  
Feel a glory in so rolling  
On the human heart a stone -  
They are neither man nor woman -  
They are neither brute nor human -  
They are Ghouls:  
And their king it is who tolls;  
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,  
Rolls  
A paean from the bells!  
And his merry bosom swells  
With the paean of the bells!  
And he dances, and he yells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the paeon of the bells,  
Of the bells -  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the throbbing of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells -  
To the sobbing of the bells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
As he knells, knells, knells,  
In a happy Runic rhyme,  
To the rolling of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells -  
To the tolling of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells -  
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

### **This Rotten, Lousy Flu**

*With apologies to George Gordon, Lord Byron*  
(*"So We'll Go No More A-Roving"*)

So, we'll go no more a roving  
So late into the night,  
Though the heart be still as loving,  
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,  
And the soul wears out the breast,  
And the heart must pause to breathe,  
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,  
And the day returns too soon,  
Yet we'll go no more a roving  
By the light of the moon.

### **Don't Let the Toast Burn**

*With apologies to Richard Brinsley Sheridan*  
(*"Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen"*)

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;  
Here's to the widow of fifty;  
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,  
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Chorus

Let the toast pass,--  
Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;  
Now to the maid who has none, sir:  
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,  
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

Chorus

Let the toast pass,--  
Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;  
Now to her that's as brown as a berry:  
Here's to the wife with her face full of woe,  
And now to the damsel that's merry.

Chorus

Let the toast pass,--  
Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,  
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;  
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,  
And let us e'en toast them together.

Chorus

Let the toast pass,--  
Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.



## Up-Hill

*With apologies to Christina Rossetti*

("Up-Hill")

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.

## Norman's Fancy

*With apologies to John Masefield*

("Captain Stratton's Fancy")

OH some are fond of red wine, and some are fond of white,

And some are all for dancing by the pale moonlight;

But rum alone's the tippie, and the heart's delight

Of the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of Spanish wine, and some are fond of French,

And some'll swallow tay and stuff fit only for a wench;

But I'm for right Jamaica till I roll beneath the bench,

Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are for the lily, and some are for the rose,

But I am for the sugar-cane that in Jamaica grows;

For it's that that makes the bonny drink to warm my copper nose,

Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of fiddles, and a song well sung,

And some are all for music for to lilt upon the

tongue;

But mouths were made for tankards, and for sucking at the bung,

Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of dancing, and some are fond of dice,

And some are all for red lips, and pretty lasses' eyes;

But a right Jamaica puncheon is a finer prize

To the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some that's good and godly ones they hold that it's a sin

To troll the jolly bowl around, and let the dollars spin;

But I'm for toleration and for drinking at an inn,

Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are sad and wretched folk that go in silken suits,

And there's a mort of wicked rogues that live in good reputes;

So I'm for drinking honestly, and dying in my boots,

Like an old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

## My Last Marker

*With apologies to Robert Browning*

("My Last Duchess")

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,

Looking as if she were alive. I call

That piece a wonder, now: Fra Pandolf's hands

Worked busily a day, and there she stands.

Will 't please you to sit and look at her? I said

"Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read

Strangers like you that pictured countenance,

The depth and passion of its earnest glance,

But to my self they turned (since none puts by

The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)

And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,

How such a glance came there; so, not the first

Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 't was not

Her husband's presence only, called that spot

Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps

Fra Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps

Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint

Must never hope to reproduce the faint

Half-flush that dies along her throat:" such stuff

Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough

For calling up that spot of joy. She had

A heart--how shall I say?--too soon made glad,  
Too easily impressed: she liked whate'er  
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.  
Sir, 't was all one! My favor at her breast,  
The bough of cherries some officious fool  
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule  
She rode with round the terrace--all and each  
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,  
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,--good! but thanked  
Somehow,--I know not how--as if she ranked  
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name  
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame  
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill  
In speech--(which I have not)--to make your will  
Quite clear to such an one, and say, ``Just this  
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,  
Or there exceed the mark"--and if she let  
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set  
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,  
--E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose  
Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,  
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without  
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;  
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands  
As if alive. Will 't please you rise? We'll meet  
The company below, then. I repeat,  
The Count your master's known munificence  
Is ample warrant that no just pretence  
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;  
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed  
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go  
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,  
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,  
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

### **The Train Comes, The Train Goes**

*With apologies to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*  
(*"The Tide Rises, The Tide Falls"*)

The tide rises, the tide falls,  
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;  
Along the sea-sands damp and brown  
The traveler hastens toward the town,  
And the tide rises, the tide falls.  
Darkness settles on roofs and walls,  
But the sea, the sea in darkness calls;  
The little waves, with their soft, white hands  
Efface the footprints in the sands,  
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls  
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;  
The day returns, but nevermore  
Returns the traveler to the shore.  
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

### **One Day I Took a Chance and Wrote a Poem**

*With apologies to Edmund Spenser*

(*"Amoretti LXXV: One Day I Wrote Her Name Upon the Strand"*)

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,  
But came the waves and washed it away:  
Again I wrote it with a second hand,  
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.  
Vain man, said she, that doest in vain assay,  
A mortal thing so to immortalize,  
For I myself shall like to this decay,  
And eek my name be wiped out likewise.

No so, (quod I) let baser things devise  
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:  
My verse, your virtues rare shall eternize,  
And in the heavens write your glorious name.

Where whenas death shall all the world subdue,  
Out love shall live, and later life renew.

### **If**

*With apologies to Rudyard Kipling*

(*"If"*)

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with triumph and disaster  
And treat those two imposters just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breath a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on";

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with kings - nor lose the common touch;  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run -  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And - which is more - you'll be a Man my son!

### **There is No Cleanup Like a Bath**

*With apologies to Emily Dickinson*  
(*"There Is No Frigate Like a Book"*)

There is no Frigate like a Book  
To take us Lands away  
Nor any Coursers like a Page  
Of prancing Poetry—  
This Traverse may the poorest take  
Without oppress of Toll—  
How frugal is the Chariot  
That bears the Human soul.

### **Bubbles**

*With apologies to William Shakespeare*  
(*Macbeth, Act IV, scene i*)

First Witch:  
Round about the cauldron go;  
In the poison'd entrails throw.  
Toad, that under cold stone  
Days and nights has thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

ALL:  
Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch:  
Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL:  
Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch:  
Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,  
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew  
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,  
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab:  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL:  
Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.



Second Witch:  
Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

### **Glad Rest**

*With apologies to Robert Louis Stevenson*  
(*"Requiem"*)

Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This is the verse you grave for me:  
'Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Here is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.'