**MYP Year 10**

**Unit 2: Finding Our Voices – The Spoken Word**

**Poetry Bank – Student Anthology**



# Unit 2: Finding Our Voices - The Spoken Word

**Key Concept:** Communication

**Related Concepts:** Self-Expression, Style, Point of View

**Global Context:** Personal and Cultural Expression

**Statement of Inquiry** (SoI): Our Voices are the ultimate expression of our identities

**Factual Questions:** What do we mean by the spoken word? How do we use speech to communicate to others? How do we make our voices heard?

**Conceptual Questions:** What constitutes effective communication? How do we express who we are through our voices?

**Debatable Questions:** How important is the spoken word in ensuring you are heard?

# Poems

***Pair One***

***Poem A: Jilted*** - Sylvia Plath *or* ***Havisham*** - Carol Ann Duffy

***Poem B: The Laboratory*** - Robert Browning

***Pair Two***

***Poem C: Hitcher*** - Simon Armitage *or* ***Salome*** - Carol Ann Duffy

***Poem D: My Last Duchess*** - Robert Browning

***Pair Three***

***Poem E: Mother to Son*** *-* Langston Hughes *or* ***Mirror*** *-* Sylvia Plath

***Poem F: Ulysses*** - Alfred Tennyson or ***Confessions*** by Robert Browning

***Pair Four***

***Poem G: Otherwise*** - Cilla McQueen *or* ***Valentine*** - Carol Ann Duffy

***Poem H: To His Coy Mistress*** - Andrew Marvell

***Pair Five***

***Poem I: Stop the Clocks*** - W.H. Auden

***Poem J: First Love*** - John Clare

***Pair Six***

***Poem K: Purdah*** - Imitiaz Dharker

***Poem L: Cousin Kate*** - Christina Rossetti

***Pair Seven***

***Poem M: Still I Rise*** - Maya Angelou

***Poem N: The Emulation*** - Sarah Fyge *or* ***If*** - Rudyard Kipling

**Assessment: SAW December 2015 (2 hours)**

**Select one pair of poems to write on.**

**Section A:** Answer an essay question based on **both poems** in the pair.

**Section B:** Write a monologue from another character’s viewpoint in **one of the poems** in the pair.

**Poem A: Jilted - Sylvia Plath**

My thoughts are crabbed and sallow,

My tears like vinegar,

Or the bitter blinking yellow

Of an acetic star.

Tonight the caustic wind, love,

Gossips late and soon,

And I wear the wry-faced pucker of

The sour lemon moon.

While like an early summer plum,

Puny, green, and tart,

Droops upon its wizened stem

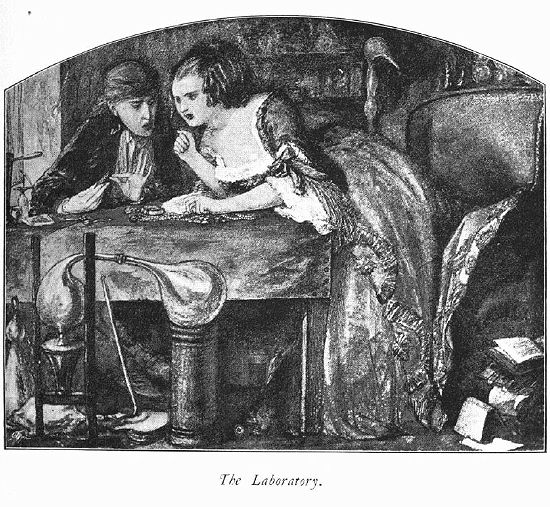
My lean, unripened heart.

## Poem A: Havisham - Carol Ann Duffy

Beloved sweetheart bastard. Not a day since then  
I haven’t wished him dead. Prayed for it  
so hard I’ve dark green pebbles for eyes,  
ropes on the back of my hands I could strangle with.  
  
Spinster. I stink and remember. Whole days  
in bed cawing Nooooo at the wall; the dress  
yellowing, trembling if I open the wardrobe;  
the slewed mirror, full-length, her, myself, who did this  
  
to me? Puce curses that are sounds not words.  
Some nights better, the lost body over me,  
my fluent tongue in its mouth in its ear  
then down till I suddenly bite awake. Love’s  
  
hate behind a white veil; a red balloon bursting  
in my face. Bang. I stabbed at a wedding cake.  
Give me a male corpse for a long slow honeymoon.  
Don’t think it’s only the heart that b-b-b-breaks.

## Poem B: The Laboratory -  Robert Browning

**ANCIEN REGIME**



I

Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly,

May gaze through these faint smokes curling whitely,

As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's-smithy—

Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?

II

He is with her; and they know that I know

Where they are, what they do: they believe my tears flow

While they laugh, laugh at me, at me fled to the drear

Empty church, to pray God in, for them!—I am here.

III

Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste,

Pound at thy powder,—I am not in haste!

Better sit thus, and observe thy strange things,

Than go where men wait me and dance at the King's.

IV

That in the mortar—you call it a gum?

Ah, the brave tree whence such gold oozings come!

And yonder soft phial, the exquisite blue,

Sure to taste sweetly,—is that poison too?

V

Had I but all of them, thee and thy treasures,

What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures!

To carry pure death in an earring, a casket,

A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree-basket!

VI

Soon, at the King's, a mere lozenge to give,

And Pauline should have just thirty minutes to live!

But to light a pastille, and Elise, with her head,

And her breast, and her arms, and her hands, should drop dead!

VII

Quick—is it finished? The colour's too grim!

Why not soft like the phial's, enticing and dim?

Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it and stir,

And try it and taste, ere she fix and prefer!

VIII

What a drop! She's not little, no minion like me—

That's why she ensnared him: this never will free

The soul from those strong, great eyes,—say, "No!"

To that pulse's magnificent come-and-go.

IX

For only last night, as they whispered, I brought

My own eyes to bear on her so, that I thought

Could I keep them one-half minute fixed, she would fall,

Shrivelled; she fell not; yet this does it all!

X

Not that I bid you spare her the pain!

Let death be felt and the proof remain;

Brand, burn up, bite into its grace—

He is sure to remember her dying face!

XI

Is it done? Take my mask off! Nay, be not morose,

It kills her, and this prevents seeing it close:

The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's fee—

If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt me?

XII

Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to your fill,

You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth if you will!

But brush this dust off me, lest horror it brings

Ere I know it—next moment I dance at the King's!

## Poem C: Hitcher - Simon Armitage

I'd been tired, under

the weather, but the ansaphone kept screaming.

One more sick-note. mister, and you're finished. Fired.

I thumbed a lift to where the car was parked.

A Vauxhall Astra. It was hired.

I picked him up in Leeds.

He was following the sun to west from east

with just a toothbrush and the good earth for a bed. The truth,

he said, was blowin' in the wind,

or round the next bend.

I let him have it

on the top road out of Harrogate -once

with the head, then six times with the krooklok

in the face -and didn't even swerve.

I dropped it into third

and leant across

to let him out, and saw him in the mirror

bouncing off the kerb, then disappearing down the verge.

We were the same age, give or take a week.

He'd said he liked the breeze

to run its fingers

through his hair. It was twelve noon.

The outlook for the day was moderate to fair.

Stitch that, I remember thinking,

you can walk from there.

**Poem C: Salome - Carol Ann Duffy**

I'd done it before

(and doubtless I'll do it again,

sooner or later)

woke up with a head on the pillow beside me - whose? -

what did it matter?

Good-looking, of course, dark hair, rather matted;

the reddish beard several shades lighter;

with very deep lines around the eyes,

from pain, I'd guess, maybe laughter;

and a beautiful crimson mouth that obviously knew

how to flatter...

which I kissed...

Colder than pewter.

Strange. What was his name? Peter?

Simon? Andrew? John? I knew I'd feel better

for tea, dry toast, no butter,

so rang for the maid.

And, indeed, her innocent clatter

of cups and plates,

her clearing of clutter,

her regional patter,

were just what needed -

hungover and wrecked as I was from a night on the batter.

Never again!

I needed to clean up my act,

get fitter,

cut out the booze and the fags and the sex.

Yes. And as for the latter,

it was time to turf out the blighter,

the beater or biter,

who'd come like a lamb to the slaughter

to Salome's bed.

In tile mirror, I saw my eyes glitter.

I flung back the sticky red sheets,

and there, like I said -and ain't life a bitch -

was his head on a platter.

## Poem D: My Last Duchess – Robert Browning



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 dropping of the daylight in the west

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!

## Poem E: Mother to Son - Langston Hughes

Well, son, I'll tell you:

Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

It's had tacks in it,

And splinters,

And boards torn up,

And places with no carpet on the floor—

Bare.

But all the time

I'se been a-climbin' on,

And reachin' landin's,

And turnin' corners,

And sometimes goin' in the dark

Where there ain't been no light.

So, boy, don't you turn back.

Don't you set down on the steps.

'Cause you finds it's kinder hard.

Don't you fall now—

For I'se still goin', honey,

I'se still climbin',

And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

## Poem E: Mirror - Sylvia Plath

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.

Whatever I see I swallow immediately

Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.

I am not cruel, only truthful ‚

The eye of a little god, four-cornered.

Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.

It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long

I think it is part of my heart. But it flickers.

Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,

Searching my reaches for what she really is.

Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.

I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.

She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.

I am important to her. She comes and goes.

Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.

In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman

Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

## Poem F: Ulysses - Lord Alfred Tennyson

It little profits that an idle king,

By this still hearth, among these barren crags,

Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole

Unequal laws unto a savage race,

That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink

Life to the lees: All times I have enjoy'd

Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those

That loved me, and alone, on shore, and when

Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades

Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;

For always roaming with a hungry heart

Much have I seen and known; cities of men

And manners, climates, councils, governments,

Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;

And drunk delight of battle with my peers,

Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.

I am a part of all that I have met;

Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'

Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades

For ever and forever when I move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,

To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!

As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life

Were all too little, and of one to me

Little remains: but every hour is saved

From that eternal silence, something more,

A bringer of new things; and vile it were

For some three suns to store and hoard myself,

And this gray spirit yearning in desire

To follow knowledge like a sinking star,

Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

        This is my son, mine own Telemachus,

To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle,—

Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil

This labour, by slow prudence to make mild

A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees

Subdue them to the useful and the good.

Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere

Of common duties, decent not to fail

In offices of tenderness, and pay

Meet adoration to my household gods,

When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

        There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:

There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,

Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took

The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed

Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;

Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;

Death closes all: but something ere the end,

Some work of noble note, may yet be done,

Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:

The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep

Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,

'T is not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order smite

The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths

Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,

And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'

We are not now that strength which in old days

Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;

One equal temper of heroic hearts,

Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

## Poem F: Confessions - Robert Browning

What is he buzzing in my ears?

     "Now that I come to die,

Do I view the world as a vale of tears?"

     Ah, reverend sir, not I!

  What I viewed there once, what I view again

     Where the physic bottles stand

On the table's edge,—is a suburb lane,

     With a wall to my bedside hand.

  That lane sloped, much as the bottles do,

     From a house you could descry

O'er the garden-wall; is the curtain blue

     Or green to a healthy eye?

  To mine, it serves for the old June weather

     Blue above lane and wall;

And that farthest bottle labelled "Ether"

     Is the house o'ertopping all.

  At a terrace, somewhere near the stopper,

     There watched for me, one June,

A girl: I know, sir, it's improper,

     My poor mind's out of tune.

  Only, there was a way... you crept

     Close by the side, to dodge

Eyes in the house, two eyes except:

     They styled their house "The Lodge."

  What right had a lounger up their lane?

     But, by creeping very close,

With the good wall's help,—their eyes might strain

     And stretch themselves to Oes,

  Yet never catch her and me together,

     As she left the attic, there,

By the rim of the bottle labelled "Ether,"

     And stole from stair to stair,

  And stood by the rose-wreathed gate. Alas,

     We loved, sir—used to meet:

How sad and bad and mad it was—

     But then, how it was sweet!

## Poem G: Otherwise - Cilla McQueen

I come

from an opposite country

to yours, where water spirals

and the moon waxes

otherwise.

my stars assemble in unfamiliar patterns and I watch often

not traffic or television

but hour by hour the huge tide

absently fingering rocks and small shells and the wet brown kelp

where fish go sliding through.

if you were with me now

on my favourite beach

we’d watch the distant seismograph

of silver peaks darkening to indigo

and walk on the breakwater

towards the harbour mouth,

disturbing the flocks of terns

that wheel up shrieking in slim wild voices to land again behind us

renewing their conference. I would slip my cold hand in your pocket,

you’d look at me and grin

and we would walk together quietly

right to the very end,

where big chained rocks hold back

the same Pacific ocean, lumbering in.

**Poem G: Valentine - Carol Ann Duffy**

Not a red rose or a satin heart.

I give you an onion.

It is a moon wrapped in brown paper.

It promises light

Like the careful undressing of love.

Here. It will blind you with tears

like a lover.

It will make your reflection

a wobbling photo of grief.

I am trying to be truthful.

Not a cute card or a kissogram.

I give you an onion.

Its fierce kiss will stay on your lips,

possessive and faithful

as we are,

for as long as we are.

Take it.

Its platinum loops shrink to a wedding-ring,

if you like.

Lethal.

Its scent will cling to your fingers,

cling to your knife.

## Poem H: To His Coy Mistress - Andrew Marvell

Had we but world enough and time,

This coyness, lady, were no crime.

We would sit down, and think which way

To walk, and pass our long love’s day.

Thou by the Indian Ganges’ side

Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide

Of Humber would complain. I would

Love you ten years before the flood,

And you should, if you please, refuse

Till the conversion of the Jews.

My vegetable love should grow

Vaster than empires and more slow;

An hundred years should go to praise

Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;

Two hundred to adore each breast,

But thirty thousand to the rest;

An age at least to every part,

And the last age should show your heart.

For, lady, you deserve this state,

Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear

Time’s wingèd chariot hurrying near;

And yonder all before us lie

Deserts of vast eternity.

Thy beauty shall no more be found;

Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound

My echoing song; then worms shall try

That long-preserved virginity,

And your quaint honour turn to dust,

And into ashes all my lust;

The grave’s a fine and private place,

But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue

Sits on thy skin like morning dew,

And while thy willing soul transpires

At every pore with instant fires,

Now let us sport us while we may,

And now, like amorous birds of prey,

Rather at once our time devour

Than languish in his slow-chapped power.

Let us roll all our strength and all

Our sweetness up into one ball,

And tear our pleasures with rough strife

Through the iron gates of life:

Thus, though we cannot make our sun

Stand still, yet we will make him run.

## Poem I: Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone - W. H. Auden

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,

Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,

Silence the pianos and with muffled drum

Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead

Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead,

Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,

Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,

My working week and my Sunday rest,

My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;

I thought that love would last for ever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;

Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;

Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood.

For nothing now can ever come to any good.

## Poem J: First Love - John Clare

I ne’er was struck before that hour

  With love so sudden and so sweet,

Her face it bloomed like a sweet flower

  And stole my heart away complete.

My face turned pale as deadly pale,

  My legs refused to walk away,

And when she looked, what could I ail?

  My life and all seemed turned to clay.

And then my blood rushed to my face

  And took my eyesight quite away,

The trees and bushes round the place

  Seemed midnight at noonday.

I could not see a single thing,

  Words from my eyes did start—

They spoke as chords do from the string,

  And blood burnt round my heart.

Are flowers the winter’s choice?

  Is love’s bed always snow?

She seemed to hear my silent voice,

  Not love's appeals to know.

I never saw so sweet a face

  As that I stood before.

My heart has left its dwelling-place

  And can return no more.

## Poem K: Purdah - Imtiaz Dharker

One day they said

she was old enough to learn some shame.

She found it came quite naturally.

Purdah is a kind of safety.

The body finds a place to hide.

The cloth fans out against the skin

much like the earth that falls

on coffins after they put dead men in.

People she has known

stand up, sit down as they have always done.

But they make different angles

in the light, their eyes aslant,

a little sly.

She half-remembers things

from someone else’s life,

perhaps from yours, or mine –

carefully carrying what we do not own:

between the thighs a sense of sin.

We sit still, letting the cloth grow

a little closer to our skin.

A light filters inward

through our bodies’ walls.

Voices speak inside us,

echoing in the places we have just left.

She stands outside herself,

sometimes in all four corners of a room.

Wherever she goes, she is always

inching past herself,

as if she were a clod of earth

and the roots as well,

scratching for a hold

between the first and second rib.

Passing constantly out of her own hands,

into the corner of someone else’s eyes . . .

while the doors keep opening

inward and again

inward.

## Poem L: Cousin Kate - Christina Rossetti

I was a cottage maiden

Hardened by sun and air,

Contented with my cottage mates,

Not mindful I was fair.

Why did a great lord find me out,

And praise my flaxen hair?

Why did a great lord find me out

To fill my heart with care?

He lured me to his palace home--

Woe's me for joy thereof--

To lead a shameless shameful life,

His plaything and his love.

He wore me like a silken knot,

He changed me like a glove;

So now I moan, an unclean thing,

Who might have been a dove.

O Lady Kate, my cousin Kate,

You grew more fair than I:

He saw you at your father's gate,

Chose you, and cast me by.

He watched your steps along the lane,

Your work among the rye;

He lifted you from mean estate

To sit with him on high.

Because you were so good and pure

He bound you with his ring:

The neighbours call you good and pure,

Call me an outcast thing.

Even so I sit and howl in dust,

You sit in gold and sing:

Now which of us has tenderer heart?

You had the stronger wing.

O cousin Kate, my love was true,

Your love was writ in sand:

If he had fooled not me but you,

If you stood where I stand,

He'd not have won me with his love

Nor bought me with his land;

I would have spit into his face

And not have taken his hand.

Yet I've a gift you have not got,

And seem not like to get:

For all your clothes and wedding-ring

I've little doubt you fret.

My fair-haired son, my shame, my pride,

Cling closer, closer yet:

Your father would give lands for one

To wear his coronet.

## Poem M: Still I Rise - Maya Angelou

You may write me down in history

With your bitter, twisted lies,

You may tread me in the very dirt

But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?

Why are you beset with gloom?

'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells

Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,

With the certainty of tides,

Just like hopes springing high,

Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?

Bowed head and lowered eyes?

Shoulders falling down like teardrops.

Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?

Don't you take it awful hard

'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines

Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words,

You may cut me with your eyes,

You may kill me with your hatefulness,

But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?

Does it come as a surprise

That I dance like I've got diamonds

At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame

I rise

Up from a past that's rooted in pain

I rise

I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,

Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear

I rise

Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear

I rise

Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,

I am the dream and the hope of the slave.

I rise

I rise

I rise.

## Poem N: The Emulation - Sarah Fyge

Say, Tyrant Custom, why must we obey

The impositions of thy haughty Sway;

From the first dawn of Life, unto the Grave,

Poor Womankind's in every State, a Slave.

The Nurse, the Mistress, Parent and the Swain,

For Love she must, there's none escape that Pain;

Then comes the last, the fatal Slavery,

The Husband with insulting Tyranny

Can have ill Manners justify'd by Law;

For Men all join to keep the Wife in awe.

Moses who first our Freedom did rebuke,

Was Marry'd when he writ the Pentateuch;

They're Wise to keep us Slaves, for well they know,

If we were loose, we soon should make them so.

We yield like vanquish'd Kings whom Fetters bind,

When chance of War is to Usurpers kind;

Submit in Form; but they'd our Thoughts control,

And lay restraints on the impassive Soul:

They fear we should excel their sluggish parts,

Should we attempt the Sciences and Arts;

Pretend they were design'd for them alone,

So keep us Fools to raise their own Renown;

Thus Priests of old their Grandeur to maintain,

Cry'd vulgar Eyes would sacred Laws Profane.

So kept the Mysteries behind a Screen,

There Homage and the Name were lost had they been seen:

But in this blessed Age, such Freedom's given,

That every Man explains the Will of Heaven;

And shall we Women now sit tamely by,

Make no excursions in Philosophy,

Or grace our Thoughts in tuneful Poetry?

We will our Rights in Learning's World maintain,

Wit's Empire, now, shall know a Female Reign,

Come all ye Fair, the great Attempt improve,

Divinely imitate the Realms above:

There's ten celestial Females govern Wit,

And but two Gods that dare pretend to it;

And shall these finite Males reverse their Rules,

No, we'll be Wits, and then Men must be Fools.

## Poem N: If- Rudyard Kipling

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 impostors 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 worn-out 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 breathe 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!