

1. In a Station of the Metro

by Ezra Pound (1885-1972)

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;
Petals on a wet, black bough.

2. The Red Wheelbarrow

by William Carlos Williams (1883-1963)

so much depends
upon

a red wheel
barrow

glazed with rain
water 5

beside the white
chickens.

3. The Great Figure

by William Carlos Williams

Among the rain
and lights

I saw the figure 5
in gold 5

on a red
firetruck

moving
tense

unheeded
to gong clangs 10

siren howls
and wheels rumbling

through the dark city.

4. Heat

by H. D. (Hilda Doolittle 1886-1961)

O wind, rend open the heat,
cut apart the heat,
rend it to tatters.

Fruit cannot drop
through this thick air-- 5

fruit cannot fall into heat
that presses up and blunts
the points of pears
and rounds the grapes.

Cut the heat-- 10

plough through it,
turning it on either side
of your path.

5. Oread by H. D.

Whirl up, sea—

Whirl your pointed pines.

Splash your great pines

On our rocks.

Hurl your green over us— 5

Cover us with your pools of fir.

6. The Fisherman's Wife

by Amy Lowell (1874-1925)

When I am alone,
The wind in the pine trees
Is like the shuffling of waves
Upon the wooden sides of a boat.

7. A London Thoroughfare. 2 A.M.

by Amy Lowell (1874-1925)

They have watered the street,
It shines in the glare of lamps,
Cold, white lamps,
And lies

Like a slow-moving river, 5

Barred with silver and black.

Cabs go down it,
One,

And then another, 10

Between them I hear the shuffling of feet.

Tramps doze on the window-ledges,
Night-walkers pass along the sidewalks.

The city is squalid and sinister,
With the silver-barred street in the midst,
Slow-moving, 15

A river leading nowhere.

Opposite my window,
The moon cuts,

Clear and round, 20

Through the plum-coloured night.

She cannot light the city:

It is too bright.

It has white lamps,

And glitters coldly.

I stand in the window and watch the moon. 25

She is thin and lustreless,

But I love her.

I know the moon,

And this is an alien city.