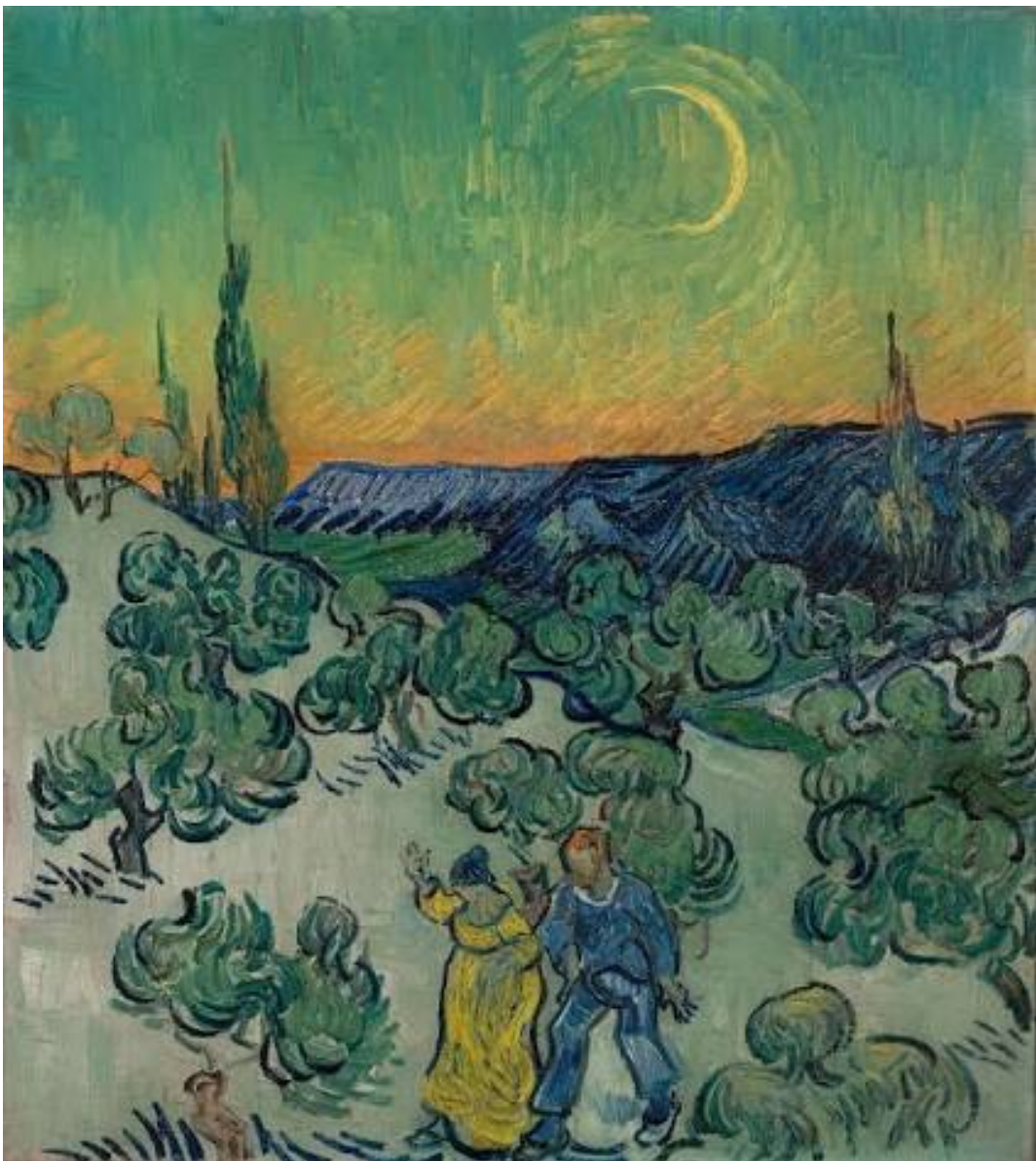


Poetry is Alive. July 2026

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Summer

A midsummer night's walk



Sonnet 18: Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

By 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 wander'st 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.

SUNSET.

("Le soleil s'est couché")

{XXXV. vi., April, 1829.}

The sun set this evening in masses of cloud,
The storm comes to-morrow, then calm be the night,
Then the Dawn in her chariot refulgent and proud,
Then more nights, and still days, steps of Time in his flight.
The days shall pass rapid as swifts on the wing.
O'er the face of the hills, o'er the face of the seas,
O'er streamlets of silver, and forests that ring
With a dirge for the dead, chanted low by the breeze;
The face of the waters, the brow of the mounts
Deep scarred but not shrivelled, and woods tufted green,
Their youth shall renew; and the rocks to the founts
Shall yield what these yielded to ocean their queen.
But day by day bending still lower my head,
Still chilled in the sunlight, soon I shall have cast,
At height of the banquet, my lot with the dead,
Unmissed by creation aye joyous and vast.

TORU DUTT.

VICTOR HUGO

STILL BE A CHILD.

("O vous que votre âge défende")

{IX., February, 1840.}

In youthful spirits wild,
Smile, for all beams on thee;
Sport, sing, be still the child,
The flower, the honey-bee.

Bring not the future near,
For Joy too soon declines—

What is man's mission here?
Toil, where no sunlight shines!

Our lot is hard, we know;
From eyes so gayly beaming,
Whence rays of beauty flow,
Salt tears most oft are streaming.

Free from emotions past,
All joy and hope possessing,
With mind in pureness cast,
Sweet ignorance confessing.

Plant, safe from winds and showers,
Heart with soft visions glowing,
In childhood's happy hours
A mother's rapture showing.

Loved by each anxious friend,
No carking care within—
When summer gambols end,
My winter sports begin.

Sweet poesy from heaven
Around thy form is placed,
A mother's beauty given,
By father's thought is graced!

Seize, then, each blissful second,
Live, for joy sinks in night,
And those whose tale is reckoned,
Have had their days of light.

Then, oh! before we part,
The poet's blessing take,
Ere bleeds that aged heart,
Or child the woman make.

Dublin University Magazine.

The Poet's Simple Faith.

*You say, "Where goest thou?" I cannot tell,
And still go on. If but the way be straight,
It cannot go amiss! before me lies
Dawn and the Day; the Night behind me; that
Suffices me; I break the bounds; I see,
And nothing more; believe, and nothing less.
My future is not one of my concerns.*

PROF. E. DOWDEN.

Meditation

Charles Boudlaire

*Take it easy, Sadness. Settle down.
You asked for evening. Now, it's come. It's here.
A choking fog has blanketed the town,
infecting some with calm, the rest with fear.

While the squalid throng of mortals feels the sting*

*of heartless pleasure swinging its barbed knout
and finds remorse in slavish partying,
take my hand, Sorrow. I will lead you out,*

*away from them. Look as the dead years lurch,
in tattered clothes, from heaven's balconies.
From the depths, regret emerges with a grin.*

*The spent sun passes out beneath an arch,
and, shroudlike, stretched from the antipodes,
—hear it, O hear, love!—soft night marches in.*

Recueillement

*Sois sage, ô ma Douleur, et tiens-toi plus tranquille.
Tu réclamaïs le Soir; il descend; le voici:
Une atmosphère obscure enveloppe la ville,
Aux uns portant la paix, aux autres le souci.*

*Pendant que des mortels la multitude vile,
Sous le fouet du Plaisir, ce bourreau sans merci,
Va cueillir des remords dans la fête servile,
Ma Douleur, donne-moi la main; viens par ici,*

*Loin d'eux. Vois se pencher les défuntes Années,
Sur les balcons du ciel, en robes surannées;
Surgir du fond des eaux le Regret souriant;*

*Le soleil moribond s'endormir sous une arche,
Et, comme un long linceul traînant à l'Orient,
Entends, ma chère, entends la douce Nuit qui marche.*

L'Invitation au voyage

*Mon enfant, ma soeur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.*

*Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.*

*Des meubles luisants,
Polis par les ans,
Décoreraient notre chambre;
Les plus rares fleurs
Mêlant leurs odeurs
Aux vagues senteurs de l'ambre,
Les riches plafonds,
Les miroirs profonds,
La splendeur orientale,
Tout y parlerait
À l'âme en secret
Sa douce langue natale.*

*Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.*

*Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux*

*Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
— Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.*

*Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.*

— Charles Baudelaire

Invitation to the Voyage

*My child, my sister,
Think of the rapture
Of living together there!
Of loving at will,
Of loving till death,
In the land that is like you!
The misty sunlight
Of those cloudy skies
Has for my spirit the charms,
So mysterious,
Of your treacherous eyes,
Shining brightly through their tears.*

*There all is order and beauty,
Luxury, peace, and pleasure.*

*Gleaming furniture,
Polished by the years,
Will ornament our bedroom;
The rarest flowers
Mingling their fragrance
With the faint scent of amber,*

*The ornate ceilings,
The limpid mirrors,
The oriental splendor,
All would whisper there
Secretly to the soul
In its soft, native language.*

*There all is order and beauty,
Luxury, peace, and pleasure.*

*See on the canals
Those vessels sleeping.
Their mood is adventurous;
It's to satisfy
Your slightest desire
That they come from the ends of the earth.
— The setting suns
Adorn the fields,
The canals, the whole city,
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm glow of light.*

*There all is order and beauty,
Luxury, peace, and pleasure.*

*— William Aggeler, *The Flowers of Evil* (Fresno, CA: Academy Library Guild, 1954)*

THE ROSE AND THE GRAVE.

("La tombe dit à la rose.")

{XXXI., June 3, 1837}

The Grave said to the rose

*"What of the dews of dawn,
Love's flower, what end is theirs?"*

*"And what of spirits flown,
The souls whereon doth close
The tomb's mouth unawares?"*

The Rose said to the Grave.

*The Rose said: "In the shade
From the dawn's tears is made
A perfume faint and strange,
Amber and honey sweet."*

*"And all the spirits fleet
Do suffer a sky-change,
More strangely than the dew,
To God's own angels new,"
The Grave said to the Rose.*

A. LANG.

La tombe dit à la rose

La tombe dit à la rose :

- Des pleurs dont l'aube t'arrose

Que fais-tu, fleur des amours ?

La rose dit à la tombe :

- Que fais-tu de ce qui tombe

Dans ton gouffre ouvert toujours ?

La rose dit : - Tombeau sombre,

De ces pleurs je fais dans l'ombre

Un parfum d'ambre et de miel.

La tombe dit : - Fleur plaintive,

De chaque âme qui m'arrive

Je fais un ange du ciel !

LET'S WRITE TOGETHER

Write 5 things you see.

Write 5 things you hear.

Write 5 things you feel.

What are the first three words that come to your mind when you think of this city?

If you would say something to this city, what would it be?

If this city would say something to you, what would it be?

If you were to write a hello and goodbye message for a stranger from here, what would they look like?

Fold the paper, and pass yours to the circle. Read a random paper from our circle. You can take a picture if you wish.