

Extra Credit for 7th Grade English

Memorize one of the following poems, and then be prepared to recite it in class before February 24. When you recite the poem, it should be recited loud enough for all to hear and announced well enough for all to understand. Use your tone of voice to keep our interest as we listen.

The Sun

by *Mary Oliver*

Have you ever seen
anything
in your life
more wonderful

than the way the sun,
every evening,
relaxed and easy,
floats toward the horizon

and into the clouds or the hills,
or the rumpled sea,
and is gone -
and how it slides again

out of the blackness,
every morning,
on the other side of the world,
like a red flower

streaming upward on its heavenly oils,
say, on a morning early in summer,
at its perfect imperial distance -
and have you ever felt for anything

such wild love -
do you think there is anywhere, in any language,
a word billowing enough
for the pleasure

that fills you,
as the sun
reaches out,
as it warms you . . .

as you stand there,
empty handed -
or have you too
turned from this world –

or have you too
gone crazy
for power,
for things?

Love Song

by *John R. Nash*

This, that I carry like a butterfly,
prisoner in my cupped and outstretched hands,
is, of all things, small,
but great in its demands
and bears within itself a world of power.

I close my hand upon it like a wall.

For this there can be neither time nor season
and of all things upon the earth
it has the least to do with reason.

(I open my hand, finger from palm. Look!)

This holds within it life, death, and birth;
used wrong, there is not harm it cannot do.

Look long, look carefully; this is for you.

Romance 1

by *Edgar Allan Poe*

Romance who loves to nod and sing
with drowsy head and folded wing
Among the green leaves as they shake
Far down within some shadowy lake
To me a painted parakeet
Hath been – a most familiar bird -
Taught me my alphabet to say -
To lisp my very earliest word
While in the wild wood I did lie
A child – with a most knowing eye.

A Time to Talk

by *Robert Frost*

When a friend calls to me from the road
And slows his horse to a meaning walk,
I don't stand still and look around
On all the hills I haven't hoed,
And shout from where I am, "What is it?"
No, not as there is a time to talk.
I thrust my hoe in the mellow ground,
Blade-end up and five feet tall,
And plod: I go up to the stone wall
For a friendly visit.

My Star

by *Robert Browning*

All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furred:
They must solace themselves with the Saturn
above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

Friendship

by *Emily Bronte*

Love is like the wild rose- briar,
Friendship like the holly-tree -
The holly is dark when the rose-briar blooms
But which will bloom most constantly.

The wild rose briar is sweet in the spring,
Its summer blossoms scent the air;
Yet wait till winter comes again
And who will call the wild-briar fair?

Then scorn the silly rose-wreath now
And deck thee with the holly's sheen,
That when December blights thy brow
He may still leave thy garland green.