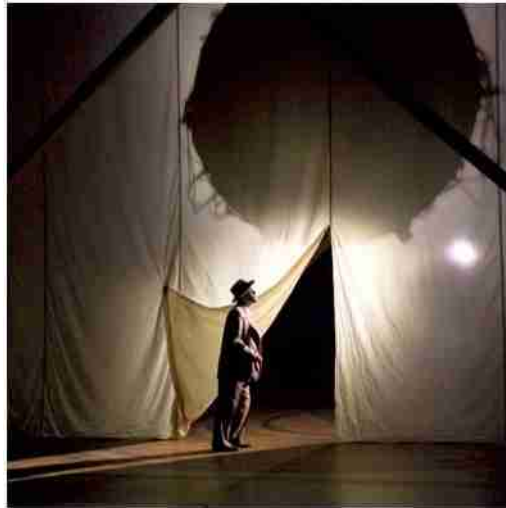


Texas Christian University

2017 APSI for English

“Batter my heart”: the (meta)physical
poets



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<p><i>To Waken an Old Lady</i> William Carlos Williams</p> <p>Old age is a flight of small cheeping birds skimming bare trees above a snow glaze. Gaining and failing they are buffeted by a dark wind -- But what? On harsh weedstalks the flock has rested -- the snow is covered with broken see husks and the wind tempered with a shrill piping of plenty</p>	<p>My Notes</p>
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<p><i>I Am In Need Of Music</i> Elizabeth Bishop</p> <p>I am in need of music that would flow Over my fretful, feeling fingertips, Over my bitter-tainted, trembling lips, With melody, deep, clear, and liquid-slow. Oh, for the healing swaying, old and low, Of some song sung to rest the tired dead, A song to fall like water on my head, And over quivering limbs, dream flushed to glow!</p> <p>There is a magic made by melody: A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool Heart, that sinks through fading colors deep To the subaqueous stillness of the sea, And floats forever in a moon-green pool, Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.</p>	<p>My Notes</p>
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