

Centos of Perfection

Bright Star, would I were stedfast as thou art—
still at an unearthly height, One luminary clock
Holds in perfection but a little moment
What by your measure is the heaven of desire,
Downward to darkness, on extended wings.

From what I've tasted of desire I hold
a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detain'd me,
the far-off depth and height reflecting my own face,
The access of perfection to the page.
The seagull's wings shall dip and pivot him,

And one star, swinging, take its place, alone,
her wild hollow hoarlight hung to the height
in the winter air A white perfection
high in the air, floating with motionless wings
beyond desire. Alas, the sparrow knoweth

What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)
Sheer off, disseveral, a star, | death blots black out;
Perfection, of a kind, was what he was after,
to-day; He hath no desire nor sense,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,

desire, All mind and violence and nothing felt
with warm breast and with ah! bright wings
into glory peep. If a star were confin'd
there on the sad height, Curse, bless, me now
we love you—there is perfection in you also;

And this gray spirit yearning in desire
Gives motion to perfection more serene
It is the star to every wandering bark,
on the belfry's height A glimmer, and then a gleam
And I said, O that I had wings like a dove;

I walked—as wings—my body bore—The feet—
Bring me my Arrows of desire: Bring me
cloud In which it towers, infinite in height.
Go and catch a falling star, Get
forced to choose perfection of the life

SOURCES: John Keats, "Bright Star"; Robert Frost, "Acquainted with the Night"; William Shakespeare, Sonnet 15; Gerard Manley Hopkins, "The Wreck of the Deutschland"; Wallace Stevens, "Sunday Morning"; Robert Frost, "Fire and Ice"; Walt Whitman, "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd"; Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself"; Wallace Stevens, "The House Was Quiet and the World Was Calm"; Hart Crane, *The Bridge*, "To Brooklyn Bridge"; Hart Crane, *The Bridge*, "The Dance"; Gerard Manley Hopkins, "Spelt from Sibyl's Leaves"; W.H. Auden, "Twelve Songs"; Walt Whitman, "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry"; Mary Sidney Herbert, "Psalm 84"; Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "The Princess"; Gerard Manley Hopkins, "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the comfort of the Resurrection"; W.H. Auden, "Epitaph on a Tyrant"; John Donne, "Song: Sweetest love, I do not go"; John Keats, "Ode to a Nightingale"; Wallace Stevens, "Chaos in Motion and Not in Motion"; Gerard Manley Hopkins, "God's Grandeur"; Henry Vaughan, "They are all Gone into the World of Light"; Dylan Thomas, "Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night"; Walt Whitman, "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry"; Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "Ulysses"; Wallace Stevens, "To the One of Fictive Music"; William Shakespeare, Sonnet 116; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Paul Revere's Ride"; Psalm 55, KJV; Emily Dickinson, "It would never be Common"; William Blake, "And did those feet in ancient time"; Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Fragment 6: "The Moon, how definite its orb!"; John Donne, "Song: Go and catch a falling star"; William Butler Yeats, "The Choice"