

**Five Poems by American Poets**

**Fog by Carl Sandburg**

**Harlem by Langston Hughes**

**Sandpiper by Elizabeth Bishop**

**Love Is Not All by Edna St. Vincent Millay**

**Two untitled poems by Gregory Corso**

## **Fog by Carl Sandburg**

The fog comes  
on little cat feet.  
It sits looking  
over city and harbor  
on silent haunches  
and then moves on.

## Harlem by Langston Hughes

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up  
like a raisin in the sun?  
Or fester like a sore—  
And then run?  
Does it stink like rotten meat?  
Or crust and sugar over—  
like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags  
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

## **Sandpiper by Elizabeth Bishop**

The roaring alongside he takes for granted,  
and that every so often the world is bound to shake.  
He runs, he runs to the south, finical, awkward,  
in a state of controlled panic, a student of Blake.

The beach hisses like fat. On his left, a sheet  
of interrupting water comes and goes  
and glazes over his dark and brittle feet.  
He runs, he runs straight through it, watching his toes.

Watching, rather, the spaces of sand between them  
where (no detail too small) the Atlantic drains  
rapidly backwards and downwards. As he runs,  
he stares at the dragging grains.

The world is a mist. And then the world is  
minute and vast and clear. The tide  
is higher or lower. He couldn't tell you which.  
His beak is focussed; he is preoccupied,

looking for something, something, something.  
Poor bird, he is obsessed!

The millions of grains are black, white, tan, and gray  
mixed with quartz grains, rose and amethyst.

## **Love is not all by Edna St. Vincent Millay**

Love is not all: it is not meat nor drink  
Nor slumber nor a roof against the rain,  
Nor yet a floating spar to men that sink  
And rise and sink and rise and sink again.  
Love can not fill the thickened lung with breath,  
Nor clean the blood, nor set the fractured bone;  
Yet many a man is making friends with death  
Even as I speak, for lack of love alone.  
It well may be that in a difficult hour,  
pinned down by pain and moaning for release  
Or nagged by want past resolution's power,  
I might be driven to sell your love for peace,  
Or trade the memory of this night for food.  
It well may be. I do not think I would.

## **Two untitled poems by Gregory Corso**

Standing on a street corner waiting for no one is power.

The spirit of Life  
pours thru the death of me  
like a river  
unafraid of becoming the sea—