

(wait)



**POETRY FOUNDATION**

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## **The Charge of the Light Brigade**

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

### **I**

Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
    Rode the six hundred.  
“Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!” he said.  
Into the valley of Death  
    Rode the six hundred.

### **II**

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”  
Was there a man dismayed?  
Not though the soldier knew  
    Someone had blundered.  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die.  
Into the valley of Death  
    Rode the six hundred.

### **III**

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them

Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of hell  
Rode the six hundred.

#### IV

Flashed all their sabres bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wondered.  
Plunged in the battery-smoke  
Right through the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reeled from the sabre stroke  
Shattered and sundered.  
Then they rode back, but not  
Not the six hundred.

#### V

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell.  
They that had fought so well  
Came through the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of hell,  
All that was left of them,

Left of six hundred.

## VI

When can their glory fade?

O the wild charge they made!

All the world wondered.

Honour the charge they made!

Honour the Light Brigade,

Noble six hundred!

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# URSONATE de Kurt Schwitters

## Introducción:

Fümms bö wö tää zää Uu,

pögiff,

kwii Ee.

1

Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo,

6

dll rrrrr beeeee bö

dll rrrrr beeeee bö fümms bö,

(A)

rrrrr beeeee bö fümms bö wö,

beeeee bö fümms bö wö tää,

bö fümms bö wö tää zää,

fümms bö wö tää zää Uu:

5

## primera parte:

### tema 1:

Fümms bö wö tää zää Uu,

pögiff,

Kwii Ee.

1

### tema 2:

Dedesnn nn rrrrr,

li Ee,

mpiff tillff too,

tillll,

Jüü Kaa?

2

### tema 3:

Rinnzekete bee bee nnz krr müü?

ziiuu ennze, ziiuu rinnzkrrmüü,

3

rakete bee bee,

3a

### tema 4

Rrummpff tillff toooo?

4

## exposición:

Ziiuu ennze ziiuu nnzkrrmüü,

Ziiuu ennze ziiuu rinnzkrrmüü

ü3

rakete bee bee? rakete bee zee.

ü3a

## desarrollo:

Fümms bö wö tää zää Uu,

Uu zee tee wee bee fümms.

ü1

rakete rinnzekete

ü3+  
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rakete rinnzekete  
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kwiiEe.

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pögiff,  
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kwiiee.

Dedesnn nn rrrrr,

(E)

2

li Ee,

mpiff tillff toooo,

Dedesnn nn rrrrr,

desnn nn rrrrr

nn nn rrrrr

nn rrrrr

liiii

Eeeee

m

mpe

mpff

mpiffte

mpiff till

mpiff tillff

mpiff tillff toooo,

Dedesnn nn rrrrr, li Ee, mpiff tillff toooo,

Dedesnn nn rrrrr li Ee mpiff tillff toooo tillll



(wait)

## **I Do Not Know the Spelling of Money**

I go to the railroad tracks  
And follow them to the station of my enemies

A cobalt-toothed man pitches pennies at my mugshot negative

All over the united states, there are  
toddlers in the rock

I see why everyone out here got in the big cosmic basket  
And why blood agreements mean a lot  
And why I get shot back at

I understand the psycho-spiritual refusal to write white history  
or take the glass freeway

White skin tattooed on my right forearm  
Ricochet sewage near where I collapsed  
into a rat-infested manhood

My new existence as living graffiti

In the kitchen with  
a lot of gun cylinders to hack up  
House of God in part  
No cops in part

My body brings down the Christmas

The new bullets pray over blankets made from old bullets

Pray over the 28th hour's next beauty mark

Extrajudicial confederate statue restoration

The waistband before the next protest poster

By the way,  
Time is not an illusion, your honor  
I will save your desk for last  
You are witty, your honor  
You're moving money again, your honor

It is only raining one thing: non-white cops

And prison guard shadows  
Reminding me of  
Spoiled milk floating on an oil spill

A neighborhood making a lot of fuss over its demise

A new lake for a Black Panther Party

Malcom X's ballroom jacket slung over my son's shoulders

The figment of village

A noon noose to a new white preacher

— all in an abstract painting of a president

Bought slavers some time, didn't it?  
The tantric screeches of military bolts and Election-Tuesday cars

A cold-blooded study in leg irons

Proof that some white people have actually fondled nooses  
That sundown couples  
made their vows of love over  
opaque peach plastic  
and bolt-action audiences

The Medgar Evers Second is definitely my favorite law of science

Fondled news clippings and primitive Methodists

My arm changes imperialisms  
Simple policing vs. Structural frenzies  
Elementary school script vs. Even whiter white spectrums

Artless bleeding and  
the challenge of watching civilians think

“Terrible rituals they have around the corner.  
They let their elders beg for public mercy”

“I am going to go ahead and sharpen these kids' heads into  
arrows myself and see how much gravy spills out of family  
crests.”

Modern fans of war

What with their T-shirt poems

And T-shirt guilt

And me, with the cheapest pair of shoes on the bus,

I have no choice but to read the city walls for signs of my life





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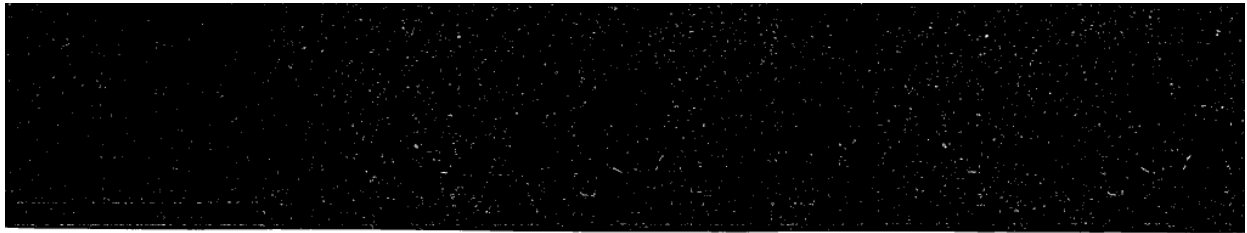
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I remember the summer before my sister Jerusha's death,

making some

and I was leaning over the south fence and thinking in this manner, that I was never likely to do better and where should I go etc.

[To Marie Hodge. The date is written in another hand, perhaps by the Boston University archivist, by the original collector of the letter, or by Marie Hodge herself. ALS. BU.]

The Bungalow  
Beaconsfield  
Bucks  
England  
[July 3, 1913]

My dear Mrs Hodge:

I must thank you for liking my book. If it keeps for me a few old friends and gains a few new ones, that is as much as I can ask of it. It pleases me that some of the girls care enough to want to own it. And it's good of you to take the trouble to take their orders. Could you send me their names with their home addresses and forty cents apiece for the books and postage? Their school addresses will be out of date almost before you get this. If you should get it in time will you say the right thing from me to the class of 1913 about their graduation. I hope they will have as good a time teaching others as I had teaching them. I have thought of you and them and a few others in Plymouth a good many times this year. Some of you may feel an interest in the review I am enclosing.

Sincerely yours,  
Robert Frost

[To John Bartlett. In a sequence of letters to Bartlett of which this is the first, RF provides an early and definitive statement of his poetics. Above the salutation, RF appended a note: "Maybe you'll keep this discourse on the sound of sense till I can say more on it." ALS. UVA.]

The Bungs  
Beaks  
Bucks  
Fourth-of-July, 1913

Dear John:—

Those initials you quote from T. P.'s belong to a fellow named Buckley and the explanation of Buckley is this that he has recently issued a book with David Nutt, but at his own expense, whereas in my case David Nutt assumed



the risks.<sup>122</sup> And those other people Buckley reviewed are his personal friends or friends of his friends or if not that simply examples of the kind of wrong horse most fools put their money on. You will be sorry to hear me say so but they are not even craftsmen. Of course there are two ways of using that word the good and the bad one. To be on the safe side it is best to call such dubs mechanics. To be perfectly frank with you I am one of the most notable craftsmen of my time. That will transpire presently. I am possibly the only person going who works on any but a worn out theory\* of versification. You see the great successes in recent poetry have been made on the assumption that the music of words was a matter of harmonized vowels and consonants. Both Swinburne and Tennyson aimed largely at effects in assonation. But they were on the wrong track or at any rate on a short track. They went the length of it. Anyone else who goes that way must go after them. And that's where most are going. I alone of English writers have consciously set myself to make music out of what I may call the sound of sense. Now it is possible to have sense without the sound of sense (as in much prose that is supposed to pass muster but makes very dull reading) and the sound of sense without sense (as in *Alice in Wonderland* which makes anything but dull reading). The best place to get the abstract sound of sense is from voices behind a door that cuts off the words. Ask yourself how these sentences would sound without the words in which they are embodied:

*You mean to tell me you can't read?*

*I said no such thing.*

*Well read then.*

*You're not my teacher.*

---

*He says it's too late.*

*Oh, say!*

*Damn an Ingersoll watch anyway.*

---

*One—two—three——go!*

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122. In 1912 David Nutt published Reginald R. Buckley's *St. Francis: A Troubadour of the Spirit*, comprised of two parts: an essay devoted to "The Franciscan Ideal," and a twenty-page poem titled "St. Francis of Assisi." Buckley also regularly published reviews and books of criticism.

*No good! Come back—come back.*

*Haslam go down there and make those kids get out of the track.*

Those sounds are summoned by the audile imagination and they must be positive, strong, and definitely and unmistakably [*sic*] indicated by the context. The reader must be at no loss to give his voice the posture proper to the sentences. The simple declarative sentence used in making a plain statement is one sound. But Lord love ye it mustn't be worked to death. It is against the law of nature that whole poems should be written in it. If they are written they won't be read. The sound of sense, then. You get that. It is the abstract vitality of our speech. It is pure sound—pure form. One who concerns himself with it more than the subject is an artist. But remember we are still talking merely of the raw material of poetry. An ear and an appetite for these sounds of sense is the first qualification of a writer, be it of prose or verse. But if one is to be a poet he must learn to get cadences by skillfully breaking the sounds of sense with all their irregularity of accent across the regular beat of the metre. Verse in which there is nothing but the beat of the metre furnished by the accents of the polysyllabic [*sic*] words we call doggerel. Verse is not that. Neither is it the sound of sense alone. It is a resultant from those two. There are only two or three metres that are worth anything. We depend for variety on the infinite play of accents in the sound of sense. The high possibility of emotional expression all lies in this mingling of sense-sound and word-accent. A curious thing. And all this has its bearing on your prose me boy. Never if you can help it write down a sentence in which the voice will not know how to posture specially.

That letterhead shows how far we have come since we left Pink. Editorial correspondent of the Montreal Star sounds to me [*sic*]. Gad, we get little mail from you.

Affectionately

R. F.

\*Principle I had better say.