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## Five Poems

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POETRY  
FIVE POEMS

1

ASH WEDNESDAY

Ponder the flesh dispersed  
Which now in narrow bound enshelled  
Is comforted in thirst  
And humored in desire, impelled  
By its own brevity beheld.

And pity not its fate.  
But in this season glorify  
Thy bodiless estate:  
What forms shall from thy ruins fly  
When they with rocks and waters lie.

2

Beware the hill, nor wander up alone.  
Nothing of good, only the brush and bee  
Inhabit there, only the wind and stone—  
Nothing for love, nothing for memory.  
Beware the hill, nor wander there alone.

3

Though not predestined by the god  
As was Achilles to be slain  
By Paris on the Trojan sod,  
Or as Aeneas was to reign,

Yet when the future has attained  
The present past, I then shall know  
The glories destined to be gained,  
The regions where I could not go.

Ambition roves without command  
Above the highest power to act  
But suddenly shall cease and stand  
In terror of the future fact.

4

BOOKPLATE

Lend time to me,  
And I to thee  
Give of my power.  
Unsheath my lines,  
Now mute designs;  
If read, they flower.  
They strain patiently  
And here wait for thee.

5

THE FLIGHT

When I shall pass thee, Jupiter,  
My soul in outward flight,  
Seeing the constellations burn  
Across the dawnless night,

Will look upon the dragon coiled  
About the polar star and stare  
Unharmed where valiant Perseus holds  
Medusa by her coiling hair.<sup>29</sup>

Far in the east the morning star,  
Bold Hermes, brightens as it nears  
And grows and glistens like the moon,  
Then blinding like the sun appears.

My soul unjoined in Hermes' flame  
The last bare universe shall see  
Ere in an instant from the earth  
It sinks into infinity.

ANN. STANFORD