

**Option 2 Examples** – Write a poem either that *responds to a poem or story* by a major writer or that is *inspired by a poem or story* by a major writer. Make sure that your original poem *displays a close reading and understanding of the original work*.

Pair 1: Marvell and MacLeish

**Andrew Marvell (1621-1678)**

**To His Coy Mistress**

**Had we** but world enough and time,  
This coyness, lady, were no crime.  
We would sit down, and think which way  
To walk, and pass our long love's day.  
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side  
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide  
Of Humber would complain. I would  
Love you ten years before the flood,  
And you should, if you please, refuse  
Till the conversion of the Jews.  
My vegetable love should grow  
Vaster than empires and more slow;  
An hundred years should go to praise  
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;  
Two hundred to adore each breast,  
But thirty thousand to the rest;  
An age at least to every part,  
And the last age should show your heart.  
For, lady, you deserve this state,  
Nor would I love at lower rate.

**But** at my back I always hear  
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near;  
And yonder all before us lie  
Deserts of vast eternity.  
Thy beauty shall no more be found;  
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound  
My echoing song; then worms shall try  
That long-preserved virginity,  
And your quaint honour turn to dust,  
And into ashes all my lust;  
The grave's a fine and private place,  
But none, I think, do there embrace.

**Now therefore**, while the youthful hue  
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,  
And while thy willing soul transpires  
At every pore with instant fires,  
Now let us sport us while we may,  
And now, like amorous birds of prey,  
Rather at once our time devour  
Than languish in his slow-chapped power.  
Let us roll all our strength and all  
Our sweetness up into one ball,  
And tear our pleasures with rough strife  
Through the iron gates of life:  
Thus, though we cannot make our sun  
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

The following poem is a *response* to Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress."

**Archibald Macleish (1892-1982)**

**You, Andrew Marvell**

And here face down beneath the sun  
And here upon earth's noonward height  
To feel the always coming on  
The always rising of the night:

To feel creep up the curving east  
The earthy chill of dusk and slow  
Upon those under lands the vast  
And ever climbing shadow grow

And strange at Ecbatan the trees  
Take leaf by leaf the evening strange  
The flooding dark about their knees  
The mountains over Persia change

And now at Kermanshah the gate  
Dark empty and the withered grass  
And through the twilight now the late  
Few travelers in the westward pass

And Baghdad darken and the bridge  
Across the silent river gone  
And through Arabia the edge  
Of evening widen and steal on

And deepen on Palmyra's street  
The wheel rut in the ruined stone  
And Lebanon fade out and Crete  
High through the clouds and overblown

And over Sicily the air  
Still flashing with the landward gulls  
And loom and slowly disappear  
The sails above the shadowy hulls

And Spain go under and the shore  
Of Africa the gilded sand  
And evening vanish and no more  
The low pale light across that land

Nor now the long light on the sea:

And here face downward in the sun  
To feel how swift how secretly  
The shadow of the night comes on ...

Pair 2: Shakespeare and MacLeish

**William Shakespeare (1564-1616)**

**Sonnet 55**

Not marble nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme,  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone besmeared with sluttish time.  
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
The living record of your memory.  
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room  
Even in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
So, till the Judgement that yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

The following poem is a *response* to Shakespeare's Sonnet 55.

**Archibald Macleish (1892-1982)**

**“Not Marble, Nor the Gilded Monuments”**

The praisers of women in their proud and beautiful poems,  
Naming the grave mouth and the hair and the eyes,  
Boasted those they loved should be forever remembered:  
These were lies.

The words sound but the face in the Istrian sun is forgotten.  
The poet speaks but to her dead ears no more.  
The sleek throat is gone -- and the breast that was troubled to listen:  
Shadow from door.

Therefore I will not praise your knees nor your fine walking  
Telling you men shall remember your name as long  
As lips move or breath is spent or the iron of English  
Rings from a tongue.

I shall say you were young, and your arms straight, and your mouth scarlet:  
I shall say you will die and none will remember you:  
Your arms change, and none remember the swish of your garments,  
Nor the click of your shoe.

Not with my hand's strength, not with difficult labor  
Springing the obstinate words to the bones of your breast

And the stubborn line to your young stride and the breath to your breathing  
And the beat to your haste  
Shall I prevail on the hearts of unborn men to remember.

(What is a dead girl but a shadowy ghost  
Or a dead man's voice but a distant and vain affirmation  
Like dream words most)

Therefore I will not speak of the undying glory of women.  
I will say you were young and straight and your skin fair  
And you stood in the door and the sun was a shadow of leaves on your shoulders  
And a leaf on your hair --

I will not speak of the famous beauty of dead women:  
I will say the shape of a leaf lay once on your hair.  
Till the world ends and the eyes are out and the mouths broken  
Look! It is there!

### Pair 3: Marlowe and Raleigh

#### **Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593)** **The Passionate Shepherd to His Love**

Come live with me and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove,  
That Valleys, groves, hills, and fields,  
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the Rocks,  
Seeing the Shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow Rivers to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of Roses  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroidered all with leaves of Myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool  
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull;  
Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and Ivy buds,  
With Coral clasps and Amber studs:  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my love.

The Shepherds' Swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May-morning:  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

The following poem is a *response* to "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love."

**Sir Walter Raleigh (1554-1618)**

**The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd**

If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every Shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move,  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,  
When Rivers rage and Rocks grow cold,  
And *Philomel* becometh dumb,  
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields,  
To wayward winter reckoning yields,  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of Roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten:  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and Ivy buds,  
The Coral clasps and amber studs,  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, nor age no need,  
Then these delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.