

Option 5 Examples – Wallace Stevens wrote, “The poet is the priest of the invisible.” Write a poem in which you make visible or knowable a point-of-view or voice that is otherwise “invisible,” unknowable, or “unheard” by most people.

Mark Doty (b.1953)

Golden Retrievals

Fetch? Balls and sticks capture my attention
seconds at a time. Catch? I don't think so.
Bunny, tumbling leaf, a squirrel who's—oh
joy—actually scared. Sniff the wind, then

I'm off again: muck, pond, ditch, residue
of any thrillingly dead thing. And you?
Either you're sunk in the past, half our walk,
thinking of what you never can bring back,

or else you're off in some fog concerning
—tomorrow, is that what you call it? My work:
to unsnare time's warp (and woof!), retrieving,
my haze-headed friend, you. This shining bark,

a Zen master's bronzy gong, calls you here,
entirely, now: bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow.

Ted Hughes (1930-1998)

Hawk Roosting

I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed.
Inaction, no falsifying dream
Between my hooked head and hooked feet:
Or in sleep rehearse perfect kills and eat.

The convenience of the high trees!
The air's buoyancy and the sun's ray
Are of advantage to me;
And the earth's face upward for my inspection.

My feet are locked upon the rough bark.
It took the whole of Creation
To produce my foot, my each feather:
Now I hold Creation in my foot

Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly -
I kill where I please because it is all mine.
There is no sophistry in my body:
My manners are tearing off heads -

The allotment of death.
For the one path of my flight is direct
Through the bones of the living.
No arguments assert my right:

The sun is behind me.
Nothing has changed since I began.
My eye has permitted no change.
I am going to keep things like this.

Glen Phillips (b.1970)

Rings

Are you the plane
That shapes the board,
Part of a history
Smoothed and worn?

And oh, the windy weather...
Dry spells
Brush fire

Isn't it strange
To see my life?
You must cut me down
To look inside.

And oh, the simple pleasures...
This ring tells of rain
And this one summer
Good years
Nightmares

How is it I remember
Knowing that I would live forever?
Isn't it strange
How truth can change?

And oh, the windy weather...
This ring tells of rain
This one, summers
Dry spells
Brush fire

(This song is from the CD *Coil* by Toad the Wet Sprocket, released in 1997.)