

## Dreading Memories

It is not so dreadful here [,]... (Edna St-Vincent Millay)  
But I must be leaving... (W.H. Auden)  
Across spaces of sun and cloud ... (Carl Sandburg)  
To a flat world of changing lights and noise, (T.S. Eliot)  
So as to say for certain I was here [,] (Robert Frost)

And so I dream of going back to be ... (Robert Frost)  
... [Where] skies are hanged and oceans drowned, (e.e. cummings)  
Glimmer[ing] faint rose against the pallid blue ... (Archibald Lampman)  
To express how much [they don't] want to die. (Robert Frost)  
No one has seen them made or heard them made, (Robert Frost)  
[Yet,] [t]rampled to the floor [they span.] (A.E. Housman)

My mind begins to peek and peer ... (Amy Lowell)  
[Like] a light of dawn and wonder and of valor infinite. (Stephen Vincent)  
[It] scatter[s] the milky dust of stars [,] (Amy Lowell)  
And I shall have some peace [here], for peace comes dropping... (William Butler Yeats)  
... [By] silver triangles of stars and streets. (Carl Sandburg)

Had anything been wrong, [I] should certainly have heard... (W.H. Auden)  
The starry legend of eternity [,] ... (Archibald Lampman)  
Tall as the truth [,] (E.E. Cummings)  
[Being] more deadly than [it could] believe. (James Dickey)  
[For,] [n]othing after was quite the same. (Louis MacNeice)