

Poems chosen by the students
of S4WL for National Poetry Day

1 October 2020

Theme

Vision

Vision

I have not walked on common ground,
Nor drunk of earthly streams;
A shining figure, mailed and crowned,
Moves softly through my dreams.

He makes the air so keen and strange,
The stars so fiercely bright;
The rocks of time, the tides of change,

Are nothing in his sight.

Death lays no shadow on his smile;
Life is a race fore-run;
Look in his face a little while,
And life and death are one.

Marjorie Lowry Christie Pickthall



Poem by Shirley Bell

Tunnel vision:
this blind worm
has many eyes.
What flashes
by is fluxed,
and frozen:

cars
and people
wait to cross
the line. Here
are a man
and woman
standing
with a pram.
She cries.
He moves
his mouth.

Now a poster tears that crazy face in two.

Sheep bleat. Cows moo.

Detaching
horses start to trot.

Little houses
packed like
sugar cubes

A vision Poem by Oscar Wilde

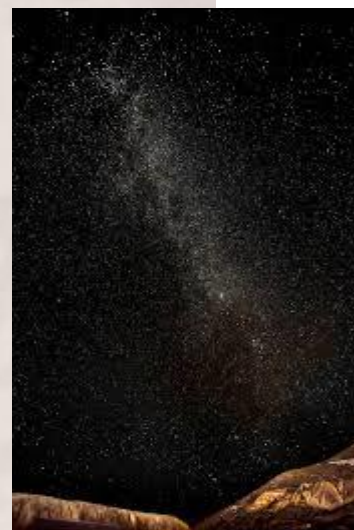
Two crowned Kings, and One that stood alone
With no green weight of laurels round his head,
But with sad eyes as one uncomforted,
And wearied with man's never-ceasing moan
For sins no bleating victim can atone,
And sweet long lips with tears and kisses fed.....



**There is an hour at night full of an awesome wonder,
When universal silence o'er the whole world lies
And when the cosmic chariot rolls, wakening no thunder
Into the sanctuary of the skies.**

**The dark of chaos comes, land, sky and water merging;
Sleep Atlas-like treads earth, its weight like lead;
The gods with dreams prophetic fire the virgin**

Soul of the Muse; all else is dead.

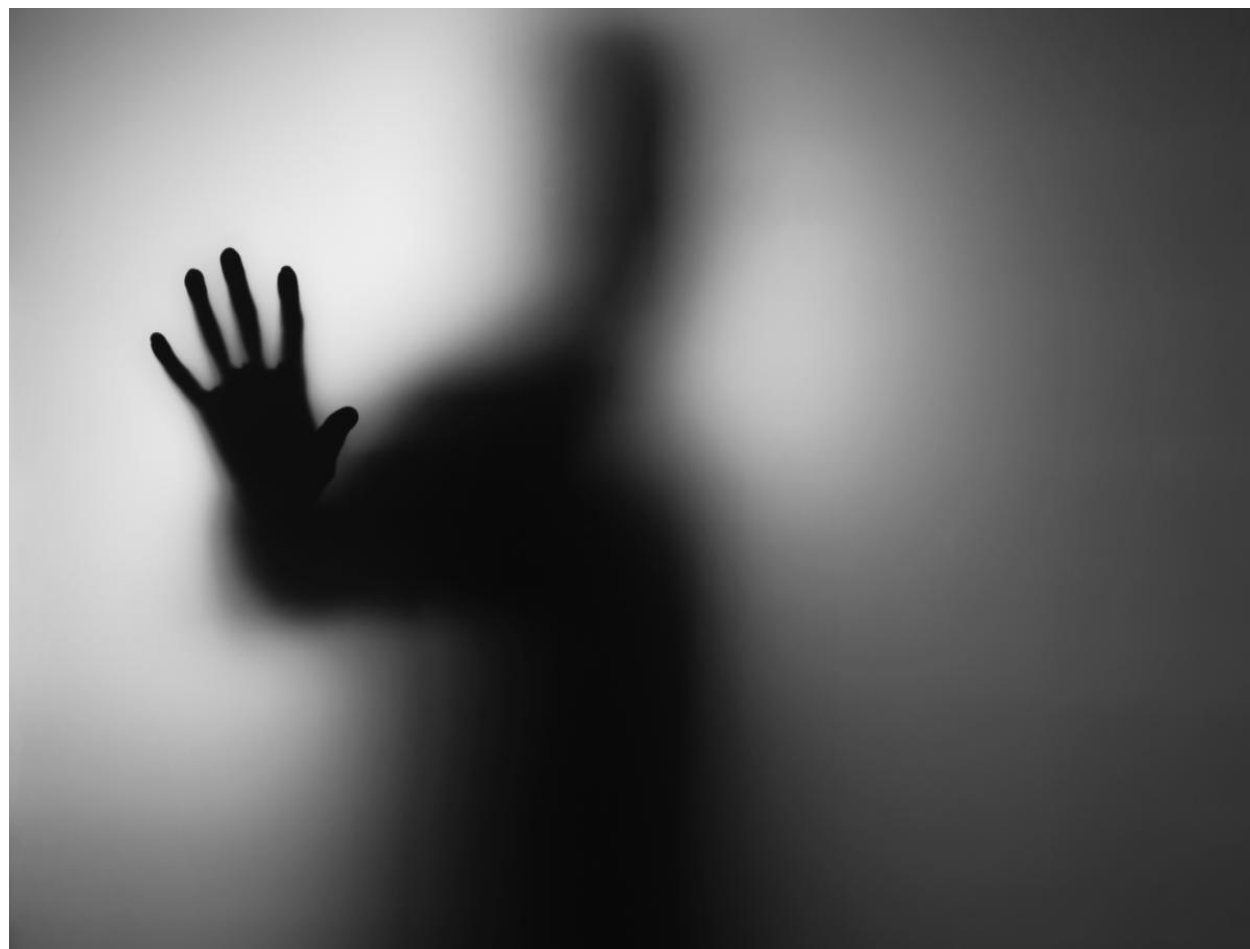


Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev

vision

my eyes have grown
to see nuance in the dark
my body becomes shadows
my heartbeat a whisper
when I am the night
I am freer than I've ever been
in someone else's daylight.

Ciel Sainte-Marie



from "When Great Trees Fall"
by Maya Angelou

And when great souls die,
after a period peace blooms,
slowly and always
irregularly. Spaces fill
with a kind of
soothing electric vibration.
Our senses, restored, never
to be the same, whisper to us.
They existed. They existed.
We can be. Be and be
better. For they existed.

Maya Angelou
1928-2014



Poem by Meirav Malter age 8

*Oh, eyes, you are forever there,
Right above my nose,
Right below my eyebrows.
You are still very special,
Even if you don't see very well.
Eyes, I am glad I have you,
Glad that you let me see the world.
And all the things in it.*



Beautiful Scene Vantage Point

I see what I saw as I saw what I seen;

Reality vision horizontally is it real;

Is it in the distance is it in the fields;

The verizon pictorial so discreet I see;

The distance and it's free;

Open vision imagery it's so real;

As I look upon the canvas kaleidoscope of the beauty;

Beauty of the fields and lands open spaces flowers and trees;

And braces this is the view that I saw as;

I see what I saw the beauty of it all;

Written words by James Edward Lee Sr





My Vision of God

**I see a circle wider than time
No beginning and yet no end
How can we ever know the measure of it?
We cannot, for it is forever and perfect
How would we CROSS it?
Where would we begin?**

**Inside the circle is infinite potential
Fragmenting down into a singularity of light
Diverging outwards and reflecting back from the boundary
Creating an eternal holographic vacuum
It is everything and nothing
How can we ever know it exists?**

**Because as it exists
Its energy is expressed as a tone
The tone vibrates and becomes form
Form sings itself into shape
Where time and space converge
The convergence becomes a bridge**

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