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RICHARD WILBUR

She

What was her beauty in our first estate When Adam's will was whole,³ and the least thing Appeared the gift and creature of his king, How should we guess? Resemblance had to wait

For separation, and in such a place She so partook of water, light, and trees As not to look like any one of these. He woke and gazed into her naked face.

But then she changed, and coming down amid The flocks of Abel and the fields of Cain, Clothed in their wish, her Eden graces hid, A shape of plenty with a mop of grain,

She broke upon the world, in time took on The look of every labor and its fruits. Columnar in a robe of pleated lawn She cupped her patient hand for attributes,

Was radiant captive of the farthest tower And shed her honor on the fields of war, Walked in her garden at the evening hour, Her shadow like a dark ogival⁴ door,

Breasted the seas for all the westward ships And, come to virgin country, changed again— A moonlike being truest in eclipse, And subject goddess of the dreams of men.

Tree, temple, valley, prow, gazelle, machine, More named and nameless than the morning star, Lovely in every shape, in all unseen, We dare not wish to find you as you are,

Whose apparition, biding time until Desire decay and bring the latter age, Shall flourish in the ruins of our will And deck⁵ the broken stones like saxifrage.⁸

NANCY SULLIVAN

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1961

The Deat

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ROBERT FROST

Never Again Woo

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^{3.} Before the Fall.
4. In the form of a pointed (Gothic) arch.

Adorn.
 A tufted plant with bright flowers, often rooted in the clefts of rocks.