

the little horse is newLY

Born)he knows nothing,and feels
everything;all around whom is

perfectly a strange
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light and of fragrance and of

Singing)is ev
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a world.and in

this world lies:smoothbeautifUL
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thing a gro

Wing)silence,who;
is:somE

oNe.

--e. e. cummings

The Tide Rises, The Tide Falls

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown
The traveler hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.
Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in darkness calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.
The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveler to the shore.
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

--Henry Wadsworth Longfellow