

## Three Poems: Then and Now

**William Shakespeare (1564-1616)**

**Silvia (from Shakespeare's first play, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*)**

Who is Silvia? What is she?  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness:  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness;  
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling:  
Let us to her garlands bring.

**Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)****Ozymandias**

I met a traveler from an antique land  
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
half-sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
“My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!”  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

**Catharine Savage Brosman****A Poem in the Manner of Yüan-Hung-tao****Moon Tracks**

Tonight the moon will glide along its tracks  
in cloudless skies. Do I have tracks? And can  
I trace them, or, in ignorance, or blind,  
presume to follow anyhow? My friend  
says, "Let things be," as though our acts

could not be modified. And so I wait,  
but then decide I might see better by  
the moonlight of my mind than by the sun  
and sense. What's shadow may reveal a glow,  
and contours of the landscape come alive.

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Her book, *Arm in Arm: Poems* was published this year by Mercer University Press.