



LIBRARIES
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

Wallace Stevens.

[s.l.]: [s.n.], [s.d.]

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/OHKDNBFZZDWHN8Q>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/InC/1.0/>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

In Battle

Death's nobility again
Beautified the simplest man.
Fallen Winkle felt the pride
Of Agamemnon
When he died.

What could London's
Work and waste
Give him --
To that salty, sacrificial taste?

What could London's
Sorrow bring --
To that short, triumphant sting?

Bowl

For what emperor
Was this bowl of Earth designed?
Here are more things
Than on any bowl of the Sungs,
Even the rarest:
Vines that take
The various obscurities of the moon,
Approaching rain,
And leaves that would be loose upon the wind;
Pears on pointed trees,
The dresses of women,
Oxen . . .
I never tire
To think of this.

Death of the Soldier

Life contracts and death is expected,
As in a season of autumn.
The soldier falls.

He does not become a three-days' personage,
Imposing his separation,
Calling for pomp.

Death is absolute and without memorial,
As in a season of autumn,
When the wind stops.

When the wind stops and, over the heavens,
The clouds go, nevertheless,
In their direction.

I am going back to the
first part, to the words
only, and the strange
in battle
I have
myself

Death's necessity again
Beautified the simplest men.
Fallen Winkle felt the pride
Of Agamemnon
When he died.

What could London's
Work and waste
Give him --
To that salty, sacrificial taste?

What could London's
Sorrow bring --
To that sharp, triumphant taste?

Bowl

For what emperor
Was this bowl of Earth designed?
Here are more things
Than any bowl of the Sun
Even the rarest:
Vines that take
The various essences of the moon,
Approaching rain,
And leaves that would be loose upon the wind;
Pearls on pointed trees,
The dresses of women,
Oxen . . .
I never tire
To think of this.

Death of the Soldier

Life contracts and death is expected,
As in a season of autumn.
The soldier falls.
He does not become a three-days' personage,
Imaging his separation,
Calling for pomp.
Death is absolute and without memorial,
As in a season of autumn,
When the wind stops.
When the wind stops and, over the heavens,
The clouds go, nevertheless,
In their direction.