

Notes on the Art of Poetry by Dylan Thomas

I could never have dreamt that there were such goings-on
in the world between the covers of books,
such sandstorms and ice blasts of words,
such staggering peace, such enormous laughter,
such and so many blinding bright lights,
splashing all over the pages
in a million bits and pieces
all of which were words, words, words,
and each of which were alive forever
in its own delight and glory and oddity and light.

The Secret by Denise Levertov

Two girls discover
the secret of life in a
sudden line of poetry.

I who don't know the
secret wrote the line.
They told me

(through a third person)
they had found it
but not what it was not even

what line it was. No doubt
by now, more than a week
later, they have forgotten the secret,

the line, the name of
the poem. I love them
for finding what I can't find,

and for loving me
for the line I wrote,
and for forgetting it so that

a thousand times, till death
finds them, they may
discover it again, in other lines
in other happenings. And for
wanting to know it, for

assuming there is
such a secret, yes, for that
most of all.