Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;

Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport.

Both grace and faults are loved of more and less:

Thou mak’st faults graces that to thee resort.

As on the finger of a thronèd queen

The basest jewel will be well esteemed,

So are those errors that in thee are seen

To truths translated, and for true things deemed.

How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,

If like a lamb he could his looks translate?

How many gazers mightst thou lead away,

If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state?

 But do not so; I love thee in such sort,

 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

—William Shakespeare

It dropped so low – in my Regard –

I heard it hit the Ground –

And go to pieces on the Stones

At bottom of my Mind –

Yet blamed the Fate that flung it – *less*

Than I denounced Myself,

For entertaining Plated Wares

Upon My Silver Shelf –

—Emily Dickinson

**Jungle Knot**

One morning Beebe

 found on a bank of the Amazon

an owl and snake

 dead in a coiled embrace:

 the vine prints its coil too deep into the tree

and leaved fire shoots greens of tender flame

 rising among the branches,

drawing behind a hardening, wooden clasp:

the tree does not

 generally escape

though it may live thralled for years,

 succumbing finally rather than at once,

 in the vine’s victory

the casting of its eventual death,

 though it may live years

on the skeletal trunk,

termites rising, the rain softening,

 a limb in storm

falling, the vine air-free at last, structureless as death:

 the owl,

 Beebe says, underestimated

the anaconda’s size: hunger had deformed

 sight or caution, or

anaconda, come out in moonlight on the river bank,

had left half his length in shade: (you

 sometimes tackle

more than just what the light shows):

 the owl struck talons

 back of the anaconda’s head

but weight grounded him in surprise: the anaconda

 coiled, embracing heaving wings

and cry, and the talons, squeezed in, sank

killing snake and owl in tightened pain:

 errors of vision, errors of self-defense!

errors of wisdom, errors of desire!

 the vulture dives, unlocks four eyes.

—A. R. Ammons

**Errata**

For ‘Antrim’ read ‘Armagh’.

For ‘mother’ read ‘other’.

For ‘harm’ read ‘farm’.

For ‘feather’ read ‘father’.

For ‘Moncrieff’ read ‘Monteith’.

For ‘*Béal Fierste*’ read ‘*Béal Feirste* ‘.

For ‘brave’ read ‘grave’.

For ‘revered’ read ‘reversed’.

For ‘married’ read ‘marred’.

For ‘pull’ read ‘pall’.

For ‘ban’ read ‘bar’.

For ‘smell’ read ‘small’.

For ‘spike’ read ‘spoke’.

For ‘lost’ read ‘last’.

For ‘Steinbeck’ read ‘Steenbeck’.

For ‘ludic’ read ‘lucid’.

For ‘religion’ read ‘region’.

For ‘ode’ read ‘code’.

For ‘Jane’ read ‘Jean’.

For ‘rod’ read ‘road’.

For ‘pharoah’ read ‘pharaoh’.

For ‘*Fíor-Gael*’ read ‘*Fíor-Ghael* .’

For ‘Jeffrey’ read ‘Jeffery’.

For ‘vigil’ read ‘Virgil’.

For ‘flageolet’ read ‘fava’.

For ‘veto’ read ‘vote’.

For ‘Aiofe’ read ‘Aoife’.

For ‘anecdote’ read ‘antidote’.

For ‘Rosemont’ read ‘Mount Rose’.

For ‘plump’ read ‘plumb’.

For ‘hearse’ read ‘hears’.

For ‘loom’ read ‘bloom’.

—Paul Muldoon