**Wonder**

How like an Angel came I down!

How Bright are all Things here!

When first among his Works I did appear

O how their glory me did crown?

The world resembled his *Eternitie*,

In which my Soul did Walk;

And evry Thing that I did see

Did with me talk.

The Skies in their Magnificence,

The Lively, Lovely Air;

Oh how Divine, how soft, how Sweet, how fair!

The Stars did entertain my Sense,

And all the Works of god so Bright and pure,

So Rich and Great did seem,

As if they ever must endure

In my Esteem.

A Native Health and Innocence

Within my Bones did grow,

And while my god did all his Glories show,

I felt a Vigour in my Sense

That was all spirit. I within did flow

With Seas of Life, like Wine;

I nothing in the World did know

But ’twas Divine.

Harsh ragged Objects were conceald,

Oppressions Tears and Cries,

Sins, Griefs, Complaints, Dissensions, Weeping eyes,

Were hid, and only Things reveald

Which Heav’nly Spirits, and the Angels prize.

The State of Innocence

And Bliss, not Trades and Poverties,

Did fill my Sense.

The Streets were pavd with Golden Stones,

The Boys and Girles were mine,

Oh how did all their Lovely faces shine!

The Sons of Men were Holy Ones,

Joy, Beauty, Welfare did appear to me,

And evry Thing which here I found,

While like an Angel I did see,

Adornd the ground.

Rich Diamond and Pearl and Gold

In evry Place was seen;

Rare Splendors, Yellow, Blue, Red, White and Green,

Mine Eys did evrywhere behold.

Great wonders clothd with glory did appear,

Amazement was my bliss.

That and my Wealth was evry where:

No Joy to this!

Cursd and Devisd Proprieties,

With Envy, Avarice

And Fraud, those Fiends that Spoil even Paradise,

Fled from the Splendor of mine Eys,

And so did Hedges, Ditches, Limits, Bounds,

I dreamd not aught of those,

But wanderd over all mens Grounds,

And found Repose.

Proprieties themselvs were mine,

And Hedges Ornaments;

Walls, Boxes, Coffers, and their rich Contents

Did not Divide my Joys, but shine.

Clothes, Ribbans, Jewels, Laces, I esteemd

My Joys by others worn;

For me they all to wear them seemd

When I was born.

—Thomas Traherne

**The Star**

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,

How I wonder what you are!

Up above the world so high,

Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,

When he nothing shines upon,

Then you show your little light,

Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark

Thanks you for your tiny spark,

How could he see which way to go,

If you did not twinkle so?

In the dark blue sky you keep,

And often thro’ my curtains peep,

For you never shut your eye,

Till the sun is in the sky.

’Tis your bright and tiny spark

Lights the traveller in the dark:

Tho’ I know not what you are,

Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

—Jane Taylor

**[The Squirrel’s Nest]**

One day when all the woods where bare and blea

            I wandered out to take a pleasant walk

            And saw a strange formed nest on stoven tree

            Where startled piegon buzzed from bouncing hawk

            I wondered strangley what the nest could be

            And thought besure it was some foreign bird

            So up I scrambled in the highest glee

            And my heart jumpt at every thing that stirred

            Twas oval shaped strange wonder filled my breast

            I hoped to catch the old one on the nest

            When somthing bolted out I turned to see

            And a brown squirrel puttered up the tree

            Twas lined with moss and leaves compact and strong

            I sluthered down and wondering went along

—John Clare

**[‘Wonder—is not precisely Knowing’]**

Wonder—is not precisely Knowing  
And not precisely Knowing not—  
A beautiful but bleak condition  
He has not lived who has not felt—  
  
Suspense—is his maturer Sister—  
Whether Adult Delight is Pain  
Or of itself a new misgiving—  
This is the Gnat that mangles men—

—Emily Dickinson

**The Forms of Love**

Parked in the fields

All night

So many years ago,

We saw

A lake beside us

When the moon rose.

I remember

Leaving that ancient car

Together. I remember

Standing in the white grass

Beside it. We groped

Our way together

Downhill in the bright

Incredible light

Beginning to wonder

Whether it could be lake

Or fog

We saw, our heads

Ringing under the stars we walked

To where it would have wet our feet

Had it been water

—George Oppen