

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF

# POETRY

SIXTH EDITION

Margaret Ferguson  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, DAVIS

Tim Kendall  
UNIVERSITY OF EXETER

Mary Jo Salter  
THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY



W · W · NORTON & COMPANY  
NEW YORK · LONDON

2018

50 And farms, farm animals, butterflies, mothers, fathers  
 Who survived in crayon until in pen and ink  
 They turned into guards at executions and funerals  
 Torturing and hanging even these stick figures.  
 There were drawings of barracks and latrines as well  
 55 And the only windows were the windows they drew.

1991

### The Stairwell

for Lucy McDiarmid<sup>1</sup>

I have been thinking about the music for my funeral—  
 Liszt's transcription of that Schumann song, for instance,  
 "Dedication"<sup>2</sup>—inwardness meets the poetry of excess—  
 When you lead me out of your apartment to demonstrate  
 5 In the Halloween-decorated lobby the perfect acoustic  
 Of the stairwell, and stand among pumpkins, cobwebby  
 Skulls, dancing skeletons, and blow kisses at the ceiling,  
 Whistling Great War<sup>3</sup> numbers—"Over There," "It's a Long,  
 Long Way," "Keep the Home Fires Burning" (the refrain)—  
 10 As though for my father who could also whistle them,  
 Trench memories, your eyes closed, your head tilted back,  
 Your cheeks filling up with air and melody and laughter.  
 I hold the banister. I touch your arm. Listen, Lucy,  
 There are songbirds circling high up in the stairwell.

2011

1. An American literary scholar.

2. The song by Robert Schumann is "Widmung" ("Dedication"). The Hungarian composer Franz

Liszt (1811–1886) arranged it for solo piano.

3. I.e., World War I. The "numbers" that follow are the titles of well-known songs from the period.

## MARGARET ATWOOD

b. 1939

### This Is a Photograph of Me

It was taken some time ago.  
 At first it seems to be  
 a smeared  
 print: blurred lines and gray flecks  
 5 blended with the paper;  
  
 then, as you scan  
 it, you see in the left-hand corner

a thing that is like a branch: part of a tree  
(balsam or spruce) emerging  
10 and, to the right, halfway up  
what ought to be a gentle  
slope, a small frame house.

In the background there is a lake,  
and beyond that, some low hills.  
15 (The photograph was taken  
the day after I drowned.

I am in the lake, in the center  
of the picture, just under the surface.

It is difficult to say where  
20 precisely, or to say  
how large or small I am:

the effect of water  
on light is a distortion

but if you look long enough,  
25 eventually  
you will be able to see me.)

1966

### At the Tourist Center in Boston

There is my country under glass,  
a white relief-  
map with red dots for the cities,  
reduced to the size of a wall

5 and beside it 10 blownup snapshots  
one for each province,  
in purple-browns and odd reds,  
the green of the trees dulled;  
all blues however  
10 of an assertive purity.

Mountains and lakes and more lakes  
(though Quebec is a restaurant and Ontario the empty  
interior of the parliament buildings),  
with nobody climbing the trails and hauling out  
15 the fish and splashing in the water

but arrangements of grinning tourists—  
look here, Saskatchewan  
is a flat lake, some convenient rocks