

**“Long Live the Weeds” Hopkins**  
Theodore Roethke from *Open House* (1941)

Long live the weeds that overwhelm  
My narrow vegetable realm!  
The bitter rock, the barren soil  
That force the son of man to toil;  
All things unholy, marred by curse,  
The ugly of the universe.  
The rough, the wicked, and the wild  
That keep the spirit undefiled.  
With these I match my little wit  
And earn the right to stand or sit.  
Hope, love, create, or drink and die:  
These shape the creature that is I.

**Reply to Censure**  
Theodore Roethke from *Open House* (1941)

Repulse the staring eye,  
The hostile gaze of hate,  
And check the pedantry  
Of those inveterate

Defamers of the good.  
They mock the deepest thought,  
Condemn the fortitude  
Whereby true work is wrought.

Though just men are reviled  
When cravens cry them down,  
The brave keep undefiled  
A wisdom of their own.

The bold wear toughened skin  
That keeps sufficient store  
Of dignity within,  
And quiet at the core.

**Lute Song**  
Robert Lima from *Eye of the Beholder*

Joy is in the making  
of instruments that bring elation  
of music that the fingers sing

Joy is in the leaping  
through time, geography and lore  
through planes of magnitude and depth

Joy is in the sensing  
oneness with the master hand  
oneness with the inner ear

**Before You Inhabit Another Star**  
Joseph Grucci from *The Invented Will* (1962)

Man, if you should inhabit another star,  
Fell not a single tree  
That you cannot replace,  
Cultivate no acre for the ravens to destroy,  
House no one where he cannot see  
A sun-held hill beyond the greenest street.  
(But above all else  
Take nothing from a native of that star  
To make his world the less.)

Build landing strips  
For visitors from outer space;  
Make laws, if indeed you must,  
That even the wiliest cannot twist,  
But shape them to the human need.  
Against inquisitors keep inviolable  
The privacy of mind.

O man, before you inhabit another star,  
Let fall the rain  
Here, let it fall to stir  
The sleeping sand.