

國立中山大學 函

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受文者：國立暨南國際大學

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速別：普通件

密等及解密條件或保密期限：

附件：2018英文演講暨英詩朗誦競賽簡章.pdf、2018英詩朗誦競賽選詩.pdf

主旨：檢送「2018全國大專院校英文演講暨高中生英文詩歌朗誦競賽」活動簡章，敬請惠予公告及鼓勵貴校學生踴躍報名參加，請查照。

說明：

一、為培養學生英文表達組織能力、提供學生一個交流觀摩平台，本校英語文教學中心與美國在台協會高雄分處合作，於2013年起舉辦本競賽。本年度為慶祝台美關係邁向40周年，特訂主題為「美國與台灣：立穩根基·共創未來/ U.S. and Taiwan: Strong Foundation -Bright Future」，鼓勵學生探究台美關係的歷史脈絡與未來發展，以增進台美文化交流與合作情誼。

二、競賽分為大專組—非英語相關科系、大專組—英語相關科系、高中組，共三組分別進行。大專組為英文演講競賽；高中組為個人英文詩歌朗誦競賽。

三、競賽分為初賽與決賽兩階段進行：(1)第一階段(初賽)，參賽隊伍需於107年10月24日(星期三)前郵寄一段3分鐘以內的影片至本校英語文教學中心。(2)第二階段(決賽)將於107年11月16日(星

總收文 107/08/02



期五)於中山大學文學院舉行。

四、為鼓勵學生踴躍參加，除優勝者頒發獎狀及獎金外，入圍決賽者均製頒參賽證明，主辦單位亦製發感謝狀予參賽隊伍指導老師。

五、活動相關時程、報名及比賽方式請參見附件簡章或逕上活動網站查詢，網址為<https://sites.google.com/site/nsysuspeech2018/>。

六、敬請惠予公告及鼓勵學生踴躍報名參加。

七、活動聯絡人：林禹彤小姐、電子郵件：nsysuspeech+2018@gmail.com、連絡電話：(07) 525-2000 ext. 3157、3214、傳真號碼：(07) 525-3200

正本：公私立大專校院、各公私立高級中學、各公私立高級職業學校、本校各學系

副本：美國在台協會高雄分處

107/08/02
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2018 全國大專校院英文演講暨高中生英文詩歌朗誦競賽 活動簡章

一、活動目的

台美往來交流頻繁，舉凡語言、飲食、政治、教育、流行文化均有相當程度的交互影響，加上近年來國人赴美免簽政策實施，大大增進台美人民的文化交流機會。在全球化速度漸增的大環境下，學生英文能力之養成將提升學生未來在職場上的競爭力與發展，且其對於全球共通語言的熟稔亦將助益台灣及美國人民間的溝通。為培養學生英文表達組織能力、提供學生一個交流觀摩平台並增加本校能見度，本校特從 2013 年起舉辦本競賽。2013 到 2015 年以「從台灣觀點看美國/The United States of America, as Viewed from Taiwan」為題；2016 年的演講主題為「美國與台灣的文化對話/Cultural Dialogue between The United States and Taiwan」；2017 的演講主題為「文化交流：阻牆與架橋/Cultural Interchange: Walls and Bridges」。期望透過這些主題鼓勵學生探討台美文化交流的多元層面以及文化差異並相互欣賞與包容。本年度為慶祝台美關係邁向 40 周年，特訂主題為「美國與台灣：立穩根基，共創未來/U.S. and Taiwan: Strong Foundation-Bright Future」，呼應美國在台協會於 2018 年舉辦的回顧展與系列活動，鼓勵學生探究台美關係的歷史脈絡與未來發展，以增進台美文化交流與合作情誼。由於歷年舉辦之賽事皆獲得好評且報名踴躍，去年起大專組新增組別以開放英語相關科系的學生參賽，高中組則改為英文詩歌朗誦競賽。期許藉此競賽吸引更多學子親臨本校，並在競賽中培養學生國際觀，讓學生在比賽過程中練習穩定台風並增進口語表達技巧。

二、主辦單位

國立中山大學外文系暨英語文教學中心

美國在台協會高雄分處

協辦單位

國立中山大學研究發展處

三、比賽時間、地點

比賽時間：107 年 11 月 16 日(星期五) 12:00~17:30

比賽地點：中山大學文學院

四、活動進行方式

比賽分為大專組-非英語相關科系、大專組-英語相關科系、高中組，共三組分別進行。**大專組競賽主題為「美國與台灣：立穩根基，共創未來/U.S. and Taiwan: Strong Foundation-Bright Future」，大專組為英文演講比賽。高中組則為個人英文詩歌朗誦比賽。**每組均聘請三位中外籍專家學者以及美國在台協會官員擔任評審，就參賽隊伍英語演講內容、英語表達能力與儀態做講評。為鼓勵各校學生踴躍參加，除優勝者頒發獎狀及獎金外，入圍決賽者均製頒參賽證明，並製發感謝函予帶隊指導教師。

(一) 競賽主題

大專組英文演講：

「美國與台灣：立穩根基，共創未來/U.S. and Taiwan: Strong Foundation-Bright Future」：主要探討焦點為美國與台灣的情誼基礎與未來展望，深究台美關係文化脈絡的種種因素。探索面向可為：文化、文學、藝術、飲食、休閒、運動、教育、科技、政治、經濟、時尚潮流、外交政策、環境生態、旅遊、電影、音樂、電視等傳播媒體等。

高中組英文詩歌朗誦：

自主辦單位所選的 10 首英文詩歌中擇一進行詩歌朗誦。在朗誦之前參賽者必須作簡短的介紹，例如選擇此詩的原因或是所選的詩歌表達的意涵為何。

(二) 參賽資格 (參賽者需同時符合下列各條件)

大專組-非英語相關科系：

- 1) 台灣各大學、科技大學、技術學院之非英語相關科系學士班在學學生。
(外語相關科系、翻譯系所、語言相關科系輔系、雙主修均不得參加)
- 2) 具有中華民國國籍，且非以英語為母語之在學學生。
- 3) 未曾在英語系國家居住超過六個月(含)以上者。
- 4) 未曾在英語系國家或英語(含雙語)學校求學(含留學、遊學及交換學生)累計就讀超過六個月(含)以上者。
- 5) **個人參賽或兩人一組組隊報名**，可經由各校承辦單位選派或自由報名(限同校)。
- 6) 主辦單位得視報名狀況提早結束或延長報名時間。
- 7) 決賽入圍隊伍以 15 組為原則，視實際情況增減隊伍。

大專組-英語相關科系：

- 1) 台灣各大學、科技大學、技術學院之英語相關科系學士班在學學生。
(包含語言學、翻譯系所)
- 2) 具有中華民國國籍，且非以英語為母語之在學學生。
- 3) 未曾在英語系國家居住超過六個月(含)以上者。
- 4) 未曾在英語系國家或英語(含雙語)學校求學(含留學、遊學及交換學生)累計就讀超過六個月(含)以上者。
- 5) **個人參賽**，可經由各校承辦單位選派或自由報名。
- 6) 主辦單位得視報名狀況提早結束或延長報名時間。
- 7) 決賽入圍以 15 名為原則，視實際情況增減名額。

高中組：

- 1) 台灣公私立高中職(含五專一年級~三年級)在學學生。
- 2) 具有中華民國國籍，且非以英語為母語之在學學生。
- 3) 未曾在英語系國家居住超過六個月(含)以上者。
- 4) 未曾在英語系國家或英語(含雙語)學校求學(含留學、遊學及交換學生)累計就讀超過六個月(含)以上者。
- 5) **個人參賽**，須經由各校承辦單位選派，各校推派至多五名學生為限。
(在家自學學生根據《高級中等教育階段辦理非學校型態實驗教育辦法》取得市政府教育局戳章與監護人同意後，可自行報名參賽。)
- 6) 主辦單位得視報名狀況提早結束或延長報名時間。
- 7) 決賽入圍以 15 名為原則，視實際情況增減名額。

(三) 競賽方式

比賽分初賽、決賽兩階段進行。

第一階段(初賽)：

參賽隊伍需於指定期限前郵寄一段 **1~3 分鐘** 的影片至本校外文系暨英語文教學中心。大專組的影片內容以本競賽主題為主，題目自訂；高中組須自主辦單位所選的 10 首詩歌中擇一朗誦。評分項目標準與決賽相同(如下)，由主辦單位聘請專

家學者進行評選。

※為確保公平性，初賽的參賽影片錄製須採一鏡到底，不得含剪接、配樂、旁白、字幕等後製；不得使用麥克風，因此請參賽者務必注意音量錄製是否清晰；請參賽者穿著正式服裝錄製參賽影片，且不得穿校服或系服。

第二階段(決賽)：

※ 入圍決賽者，決賽題目需與初賽題目相同(詩歌亦是)，且不可更換參賽名單。

大專組-非英語相關科系英文演講比賽

- 1) 報告時間：每組 7 分鐘、評審問答 3 分鐘。
- 2) 主題：配合本競賽主題，自行擬定題目，自由發揮演講內容。
- 3) 每位參賽者皆需上台報告，非參賽者不可參與協助比賽過程。
- 4) 比賽過程得使用簡報進行輔助，但不得攜帶講稿上台。
- 5) 若有引用文獻，請註明詳細出處及參考資料。
- 6) 初賽影片繳交格式須能以 Windows Media Player 播放。
- 7) 簡報內容格式以 PowerPoint 方式製作（請使用 Microsoft PowerPoint 可開啟之版本）並以英文發表。
- 8) 比賽當天請著正式服裝，但不得穿著學校制服或系服。

評分標準

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| 1) 語言表達能力（發音、語調、流暢度、準確性、評審問答表現等） | 40% |
| 2) 演講內容（切題度、創意性、組織結構） | 40% |
| 3) 台風（組員協調、肢體語言、服裝、儀態） | 20% |

※ 遇有同分情形時，以(1)語言表達能力(2)演講內容的得分高低順序決定名次。

大專組-英語相關科系英文演講比賽

- 1) 演講時間：每組 5 分鐘、評審問答 3 分鐘。
- 2) 主題：配合本競賽主題，自行擬定題目，自由發揮演講內容。
- 3) 比賽過程不得攜帶講稿上台。
- 4) 初賽影片繳交格式須能以 Windows Media Player 播放。
- 5) 比賽當天請著正式服裝，但不得穿著學校制服或系服。

評分標準

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| 1) 語言表達能力（發音、語調、流暢度、準確性、評審問答表現等） | 40% |
| 2) 演講內容（切題度、創意性、組織結構） | 40% |
| 3) 台風（組員協調、肢體語言、服裝、儀態） | 20% |

※ 遇有同分情形時，以(1)語言表達能力(2)演講內容的得分高低順序決定名次。

高中組英文詩歌朗誦比賽

- 1) 朗誦時間(含詩歌簡介／賞析)：每組 6 分鐘、評審問答 3 分鐘。
- 2) 主題：自主辦單位列出的 10 首詩歌擇一。
- 3) 比賽過程不得攜帶講稿上台。

- 4) 初賽影片繳交格式須能以 Windows Media Player 播放。
- 5) 比賽當天請著正式服裝，但不得穿著學校制服或系服。

評分標準

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----|
| 1) 語言表達能力（發音、語調、流暢度等） | 40% |
| 2) 理解力（表達方式、評審問答表現等） | 40% |
| 3) 台風儀態（肢體語言、服裝、儀態） | 20% |

※ 遇有同分情形時，以(1) 語言表達能力(2)詩歌理解力的得分高低順序決定名次。

(四) 優勝獎勵

參賽同學每人將頒發參賽證書乙張，賽後由專業評審評選出大專及高中組前三名、優選二名，佳作三名。

第一名 每人頒發 6000 元獎金或等值獎品一份及獎狀。

第二名 每人頒發 4000 元獎金或等值獎品一份及獎狀。

第三名 每人頒發 3000 元獎金或等值獎品一份及獎狀。

優 選 每人頒發 1000 元獎金或等值獎品一份及獎狀。

佳 作 每人頒發 300 元獎金或等值獎品一份及獎狀。

五、報名資訊

(一) 相關時程

組別	大專組(非英語相關科系)	大專組(英語相關科系)	高中組
報名及 初賽影片繳交截止日	即日起~10/24 (三)		
初賽結果公告	10/31(三)		
決賽簡報資料繳交 期限	11/12 (一)	-----	-----
決賽日期	2018 年 11 月 16 日(五) 中山大學		

※ 報名截止日會視實際情形提前或延後。

(二) 報名方式

- 1) 填妥報名表後，連同初賽影片光碟於初賽報名截止日前(以郵戳為憑)掛號郵寄至：

804 高雄市鼓山區蓮海路 70 號國立中山大學外文系暨英語文教學中心 林禹彤 小姐 收

*請於光碟片上註明學校名稱、參賽學生名單(請填寫中文全名)、演講/詩歌題目。

*推派兩組者，需填寫兩份報名表，依此類推。

*同校學生光碟可燒錄在同一張光碟內(請以不同資料夾存檔)。

*大專組非英語相關科系若為不同系所學生組隊，報名表需有兩個系所戳章。

- 2) 報名表以及影片均需繳交，方完成報名手續；資料不全者，不予參賽，主辦單位不另行通知。

- 3) 大專組非英語相關科系入圍決賽者，需於指定期限內繳交相關檔案，以利彙整。

六、決賽賽程：中山大學 2018 年 11 月 16 日(五)

※ 入圍決賽隊伍請於比賽當天 12:00-13:00，攜帶學生證至指定地點報到並抽出場序。比賽時不按出場順序出場或三次叫號不到者，以自動棄權論。

時間	項目	地點
12:00~13:00	報到暨評審會議	報到-文學院小劇場 評審會議-文學院文 LA3005 會議室
13:00~13:15	主席與貴賓致詞	文學院小劇場
	比賽規則簡介	
13:20~14:40	比賽開始 第一組~第七組	各組比賽場地將於 10 月 31 日(三)與初賽結果 一併公布於競賽官網。
14:40~15:00	中場休息 茶敘	文學院小劇場外
15:00~16:30	第八組~第十五組	各組比賽場地將於 10 月 31 日(三)與初賽結果 一併公布於競賽官網。
16:30~17:00	成績計算	-----
17:00~17:30	頒獎典禮	文學院小劇場

七、注意事項

- 1) 參賽者的報名資格如有爭議，將由主辦單位全權評定。
- 2) 主辦單位保留修改活動之權利，任何變動將於競賽官網另行公布。
- 3) 參賽者須保證對其演講內容擁有完整智慧財產權，嚴禁攜帶他人作品抄襲仿冒；如有抄襲情事，主辦單位有權取消參賽者得獎資格與獎勵金。
- 4) 參賽者須擔保演講內容之合法性且未侵害他人權利，不可違背公序良俗或挑起社會對立；倘若發生爭議，須自負相關責任。
- 5) 優勝者或優勝隊伍的競賽影片將於競賽結束放至相關活動網頁上供大眾點閱，作為未來參賽者準備賽事之參考。參賽者須同意無償授權主辦單位使用競賽影片，包含公開展示、上傳數位平台及任何形式的對外推廣，以達互相觀摩、交流學習之效。
- 6) 報名資料與參賽檔案均由主辦單位留存，不予歸還，敬請參賽者先行備份。
- 7) 本競賽辦法如有不足或爭議之處，主辦單位保留解釋與刪修權利。

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1. “Church Going” *Philip Larkin*

Once I am sure there's nothing going on
I step inside, letting the door thud shut.
Another church: matting, seats, and stone,
And little books; sprawlings of flowers, cut
For Sunday, brownish now; some brass and stuff
Up at the holy end; the small neat organ;
And a tense, musty, unignorable silence,
Brewed God knows how long. Hatless, I take off
My cycle-clips in awkward reverence,

Move forward, run my hand around the font.
From where I stand the roof looks almost new—
Cleaned, or restored? Someone would know: I don't.
Mounting the lectern, I peruse a few
Hectoring large-scale verses, and pronounce
“Here endeth” much more loudly than I'd meant.
The echoes snigger briefly. Back at the door
I sign the book, donate an Irish sixpence,
Reflect the place was not worth stopping for.

Yet stop I did: in fact I often do,
And always end much at a loss like this,
Wondering what to look for; wondering, too,
When churches fall completely out of use
What we shall turn them into, if we shall keep
A few cathedrals chronically on show,
Their parchment, plate and pyx in locked cases,
And let the rest rent-free to rain and sheep.
Shall we avoid them as unlucky places?

Or, after dark, will dubious women come
To make their children touch a particular stone;
Pick simples for a cancer; or on some
Advised night see walking a dead one?
Power of some sort or other will go on
In games, in riddles, seemingly at random;
But superstition, like belief, must die,

And what remains when disbelief has gone?
Grass, weedy pavement, brambles, buttress, sky,

A shape less recognisable each week,
A purpose more obscure. I wonder who
Will be the last, the very last, to seek
This place for what it was; one of the crew
That tap and jot and know what rood-lofts were?
Some ruin-bibber, randy for antique,
Or Christmas-addict, counting on a whiff
Of grown-and-bands and organ-pipes and myrrh?
Or will he be my representative,

Bored, uninformed, knowing the ghostly silt
Dispersed, yet tending to this cross of ground
Through suburb scrub because it held unspilt
So long and equably what since is found
Only in separation—marriage, and birth,
And death, and thoughts of these—for which was built
This special shell? For though I've no idea
What this accoutered frowsty barn is worth,
It pleases me to stand in silence here;

A serious house on serious earth it is,
In whose blent air all our compulsions meet,
Are recognised, and robed as destinies.
And that much never can be obsolete,
Since someone will forever be surprising
A hunger in himself to be more serious,
And gravitating with it to this ground,
Which, he once heard, was proper to grow wise in,
If only that so many dead lie round.

2. “The Second Coming” *William Butler Yeats*

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.
Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of *Spiritus Mundi*
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

3. **“Speed Trap Town”** *Jason Isbell*

She said it's none of my business but it breaks my heart
Dropped a dozen cheap roses in my shopping cart
Made it out to the truck without breaking down
Everybody knows you in a speed trap town

Well it's a Thursday night but there's a high school game
Sneak a bottle up the bleachers and forget my name
These 5A bastards run a shallow cross
It's a boy's last dream and a man's first loss

And it never did occur to me to leave 'til tonight
And there's no one left to ask if I'm alright
I'll sleep until I'm straight enough to drive, then decide
If there's anything that can't be left behind

The doctor said Daddy wouldn't make it a year
But the holidays are over and he's still here
How long can they keep you in the ICU?
Veins through the skin like a faded tattoo

Was a tough state trooper 'til a decade back
When that girl who wasn't Mama caused his heart attack
He didn't care about us when he was walking around
Just pulling women over in a speed trap town

But it never did occur to me to leave 'til tonight
When I realized he'll never be alright
Sign my name and say my last goodbye, then decide
That there's nothing here that can't be left behind

The road got blurry when the sun came up
So I slept a couple hours in the pickup truck
Drank a cup of coffee by an Indian mound
A thousand miles away from that speed trap town

4. “To His Coy Mistress” *Andrew Marvell*

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood,
And you should, if you please refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust:
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,

And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapped pow'r.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

5. “Praise Song for the Day” *Elizabeth Alexander*

A Poem for Barack Obama’s Presidential Inauguration

Each day we go about our business,
walking past each other, catching each other’s
eyes or not, about to speak or speaking.

All about us is noise. All about us is
noise and bramble, thorn and din, each
one of our ancestors on our tongues.

Someone is stitching up a hem, darning
a hole in a uniform, patching a tire,
repairing the things in need of repair.

Someone is trying to make music somewhere,
with a pair of wooden spoons on an oil drum,
with cello, boom box, harmonica, voice.

A woman and her son wait for the bus.
A farmer considers the changing sky.
A teacher says, *Take out your pencils. Begin.*

We encounter each other in words, words
spiny or smooth, whispered or declaimed,
words to consider, reconsider.

We cross dirt roads and highways that mark
the will of some one and then others, who said
I need to see what’s on the other side.

I know there’s something better down the road.
We need to find a place where we are safe.
We walk into that which we cannot yet see.

Say it plain: that many have died for this day.
Sing the names of the dead who brought us here,
who laid the train tracks, raised the bridges,

picked the cotton and the lettuce, built
brick by brick the glittering edifices
they would then keep clean and work inside of.

Praise song for struggle, praise song for the day.
Praise song for every hand-lettered sign,
the figuring-it-out at kitchen tables.

Some live by *love thy neighbor as thyself*,
others by *first do no harm* or *take no more*
than you need. What if the mightiest word is love?

Love beyond marital, filial, national,
love that casts a widening pool of light,
love with no need to pre-empt grievance.

In today's sharp sparkle, this winter air,
any thing can be made, any sentence begun.
On the brink, on the brim, on the cusp,

praise song for walking forward in that light.

6. “To an Athlete Dying Young” *A. E. Housman*

The time you won your town the race
We chaired you through the market-place;
Man and boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder-high.

Today, the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsmen of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay,
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut
Cannot see the record cut,
And silence sounds no worse than cheers
After earth has stopped the ears.

Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honours out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up
The still-defended challenge-cup.

And round that early-laurelled head
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's.

7. “*You too? Me too?—Why not?*” Robert Hollander

I.am
look
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the.Co
caCola
bottle
which.is
green.wi
th.ridges
just-like
C....C....C
O.....O.....O
l.....l.....l
u.....u.....u
m.....m.....m
n.....n.....n
S.....S.....S
and..on..itself..it..says

COCA-COLA
reg.u.s.pat.off.

exactly..like..an..art..pop
statue...of..that..kind..of
bottle..but..not..so..green
that...the...juice...inside
gives..other..than..the.co-
lor..it..has..when..I..pour
it.out..in..a..clear..glass
glass..on..this..table..top
(It's..making...me..thirsty
all...this...winking....and
beading.....of...Hippocrene
please.let.me.pause..drink-
ing....the....fluid.....in)
ah!.it.is.enticing.how.each
color.....is....the....same
brown...in...green...bottle
brown...in..uplifted..glass
making...each...utensil..on
the...table..laid..a..brown
fork..in..a...brown...shade
making..me..long..to..watch
them..harvesting..the..crop
which..makes..the.deep-aged
rich.brown.wine.of..America
that.is.to.say..which.makes
soda.....pop

8. "Punishment" *Seamus Heaney*

I can feel the tug
of the halter at the nape
of her neck, the wind
on her naked front.

It blows her nipples
to amber beads,
it shakes the frail rigging
of her ribs.

I can see her drowned
body in the bog,
the weighing stone,
the floating rods and boughs.

Under which at first
she was a barked sapling
that is dug up
oak-bone, brain-firkin:

her shaved head
like a stubble of black corn,
her blindfold a soiled bandage,
her noose a ring

to store
the memories of love.
Little adulteress,
before they punished you

you were flaxen-haired,
undernourished, and your
tar-black face was beautiful.
My poor scapegoat,

I almost love you
but would have cast, I know,
the stones of silence.
I am the artful voyeur

of your brain's exposed
and darkened combs,
your muscles' webbing
and all your numbered bones:

I who have stood dumb
when your betraying sisters,
cauled in tar,
wept by the railings,

who would connive
in civilized outrage
yet understand the exact
and tribal, intimate revenge.

9. “The River-Merchant’s Wife: A Letter” *Ezra Pound*

(after Li Po)

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead
I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.
You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse,
You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.
And we went on living in the village of Chōkan:
Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.

At fourteen I married My Lord you.
I never laughed, being bashful.
Lowering my head, I looked at the wall.
Called to, a thousand times, I never looked back.

At fifteen I stopped scowling,
I desired my dust to be mingled with yours
For ever and for ever, and for ever.
Why should I climb the look out?

At sixteen you departed,
You went into far Ku-tō-yen, by the river of swirling eddies,
And you have been gone five months.
The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead.

You dragged your feet when you went out.
By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different mosses,
Too deep to clear them away!

The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.
The paired butterflies are already yellow with August
Over the grass in the West garden;
They hurt me. I grow older.
If you are coming down through the narrows of the river Kiang,
Please let me know beforehand,
And I will come out to meet you
As far as Chō-fū-Sa.

10. “Phenomenal Woman” *Maya Angelou*

Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.
I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size
But when I start to tell them,
They think I'm telling lies.
I say,
It's in the reach of my arms,
The span of my hips,
The stride of my step,
The curl of my lips.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

I walk into a room
Just as cool as you please,
And to a man,
The fellows stand or
Fall down on their knees.
Then they swarm around me,
A hive of honey bees.
I say,
It's the fire in my eyes,
And the flash of my teeth,
The swing in my waist,
And the joy in my feet.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.

Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

Men themselves have wondered
What they see in me.
They try so much
But they can't touch
My inner mystery.

When I try to show them,
They say they still can't see.
I say,
It's in the arch of my back,
The sun of my smile,
The ride of my breasts,
The grace of my style.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

Now you understand
Just why my head's not bowed.
I don't shout or jump about
Or have to talk real loud.
When you see me passing,
It ought to make you proud.
I say,
It's in the click of my heels,
The bend of my hair,
The palm of my hand,
The need for my care.
'Cause I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.