

INTO THE RUINS. POEMS.

Ray Elizabeth Hayslip

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This charming archaeologist, with her spade, Surveys my ruins,
measures the daisied mound, Three mouldering plinths, one
column still erect. Her twenty.

in the ruins by Mark Conway - Poems | Academy of American Poets

we drank in the remains of ruined buildings and we sat in a
cave or wrecked houses on farms given back to the bank
listening to men who'd been raised in ways.

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Love among the Ruins. By Robert Browning. Where the
quiet-coloured end of evening smiles,. Miles and miles. On the
solitary pastures where our sheep.

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measures the daisied mound, Three mouldering plinths, one
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When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand. English
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many-tinkling fleece. SamanthaRoseSchaeferAug1. The King's
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will she raise his golden mask, Touch with warm lips that face
of crumbling bone, Or will its hollow sockets not refract
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a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced. In war the
process is accelerated, made starker and generally stripped of
any sense of comforting nostalgia.