**ENGL 313: Poetry Workshop**  
Fall 2024 * TR 10-11:15 am  
Professor Mary Ann Samyn

---

West Virginia  
by William Brewer

Fall kingdom conquered first by bedlam,  
then bedlam’s hunger—hush—heavy  
in the air between the hills that crash  
like waves into each other. What is a hive  
without its queen? Thirst can rule, so can want.  
A crown of needles, a gown of clouds she parts.  
Bees in the streets below, their tongues  
like hands reaching to the sky for an offering.  
This is what want does, this and the raindrops  
becoming pills in their throats, spurring wings,  
all that fluttering the hum of a false heaven.  
And who, through that, can hear a few wings  
folding under the weight of death? It is too late.  
Like timber, like anthracite, death is a natural resource.

---

Thank You, Forgiveness  
by Bryce Berkowitz

I’ll walk off remembering this:  
I spent October alone, in that library  
too proud to seek help; an old problem.  
I slept on a couch and you sadly sung  
until the evening crept in. But first, winter;  
we crossed a frozen highway, hand in hand.  
A meditation at sunrise: *soft is my heart.*  
It’s always over before I’m willing to admit.  
So many I’ve lost count. But to marry oneself— that’s new.  
And tonight I gave a house key back.  
Redbud petals bled from a branch. A nighthawk  
on the windowsill. The piecemeal quality of memory.  
What beauty left inside; how quietly hope blooms.

---

How to Triumph Like a Girl  
by Ada Limon

I like the lady horses best,  
how they make it all look easy,  
like running 40 miles per hour  
is as fun as taking a nap, or grass.  
I like their lady horse swagger,  
after winning. Ears up, girls, ears up!  
But mainly, let’s be honest, I like  
that they’re ladies. As if this big  
dangerous animal is also part of me,  
that somewhere inside the delicate  
skin of my body, there pumps  
an 8-pound female horse heart,  
giant with power, heavy with blood.  
Don’t you want to believe it?  
Don’t you want to lift my shirt and see  
the huge beating genius machine  
that thinks, no, it knows,  
it’s going to come in first.

---

Poems like these and your poems will  
be at the center of ENGL 313. This  
class is like ENGL 213, but even  
better, more serious, more fun, the  
real deal.

Questions? Feel free to email me:  
maryann.samyn@mail.wvu.edu