

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.

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:
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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.