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| **Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird** |  |
| by [Wallace Stevens](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/124) | |
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| **I**  Among twenty snowy mountains, The only moving thing Was the eye of the blackbird.  **II**  I was of three minds, Like a tree In which there are three blackbirds.  **III**  The blackbird whirled in the autumn winds. It was a small part of the pantomime.  **IV**  A man and a woman Are one. A man and a woman and a blackbird Are one.  **V**  I do not know which to prefer, The beauty of inflections Or the beauty of innuendoes, The blackbird whistling Or just after.  **VI**  Icicles filled the long window With barbaric glass. The shadow of the blackbird Crossed it, to and fro. The mood Traced in the shadow An indecipherable cause.  **VII**  O thin men of Haddam, Why do you imagine golden birds? Do you not see how the blackbird Walks around the feet Of the women about you?  **VIII**  I know noble accents And lucid, inescapable rhythms; But I know, too, That the blackbird is involved In what I know.  **IX**  When the blackbird flew out of sight, It marked the edge Of one of many circles.  **X**  At the sight of blackbirds Flying in a green light, Even the bawds of euphony Would cry out sharply.  **XI**  He rode over Connecticut In a glass coach. Once, a fear pierced him, In that he mistook The shadow of his equipage For blackbirds.  **XII**  The river is moving. The blackbird must be flying.  **XIII**  It was evening all afternoon. It was snowing And it was going to snow. The blackbird sat In the cedar-limbs. |  |

Directions: Read and annotate the poem for thoughtful creative writing ideas and inspiration…