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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 thingWas the eye of the blackbird. **II**I was of three minds,Like a treeIn 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 womanAre one.A man and a woman and a blackbirdAre one.**V**I do not know which to prefer,The beauty of inflectionsOr the beauty of innuendoes,The blackbird whistlingOr just after.**VI**Icicles filled the long windowWith barbaric glass.The shadow of the blackbirdCrossed it, to and fro.The moodTraced in the shadowAn indecipherable cause.**VII**O thin men of Haddam,Why do you imagine golden birds?Do you not see how the blackbirdWalks around the feetOf the women about you?**VIII**I know noble accentsAnd lucid, inescapable rhythms;But I know, too,That the blackbird is involvedIn what I know.**IX**When the blackbird flew out of sight,It marked the edgeOf one of many circles.**X**At the sight of blackbirdsFlying in a green light,Even the bawds of euphonyWould cry out sharply.**XI**He rode over ConnecticutIn a glass coach.Once, a fear pierced him,In that he mistookThe shadow of his equipageFor blackbirds.**XII**The river is moving.The blackbird must be flying.**XIII**It was evening all afternoon.It was snowingAnd it was going to snow.The blackbird satIn the cedar-limbs. |  |

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