**THE EAGLE**

**By Alfred, Lord Tennyson**

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

1851

**Introduction to Poetry**

*Billy Collins*

**I ask them to take a poem
and hold it up to the light
like a color slide**

**or press an ear against its hive.**

**I say drop a mouse into a poem
and watch him probe his way out,**

**or walk inside the poem's room
and feel the walls for a light switch.**

**I want them to waterski
across the surface of a poem
waving at the author's name on the shore.**

**But all they want to do
is tie the poem to a chair with rope
and torture a confession out of it.**

**They begin beating it with a hose
to find out what it really means.**

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