

1 Assignment:

- 2 • Read and interpret each stanza. Write on a separate piece of paper your  
3 interpretations for each stanza. **(Due Tuesday, 1/24/12)**  
4
- 5 • Choose one stanza and illustrate how the stanza's meaning applies to colonial Latin  
6 America. **(Due Thursday, 1/26/12)**
- 7 • Write a paragraph response explaining how the stanza is reflected in your visual  
8 depiction **(Due Tuesday, 1/26/12)**

9 A sincere man am I  
10 From the land where palm trees grow,  
11 And I want before I die  
12 My soul's verses to bestow.

13 I'm a traveller to all parts,  
14 And a newcomer to none:  
15 I am art among the arts,  
16 With the mountains I am one.

17 I know how to name and class  
18 All the strange flowers that grow;  
19 I know every blade of grass,  
20 Fatal lie and sublime woe.

21 I have seen through dead of night  
22 Upon my head softly fall,  
23 Rays formed of the purest light  
24 From beauty celestial.

25 I have seen wings that were surging  
26 From beautiful women's shoulders,  
27 And seen butterflies emerging  
28 From the refuse heap that moulders.

29 I have known a man to live  
30 With a dagger at his side,  
31 And never once the name give  
32 Of she by whose hand he died.

33 Twice, for an instant, did I  
34 My soul's reflection espy:  
35 Twice: when my poor father died  
36 And when she bade me good-bye.

37 I trembled once, when I flung  
38 The vineyard gate, and to my dread,

39 The wicked hornet had stung  
40 My little girl on the forehead.

41 I rejoiced once and felt lucky  
42 The day that my jailer came  
43 To read the death warrant to me  
44 That bore his tears and my name.

45 I hear a sigh across the earth,  
46 I hear a sigh over the deep:  
47 It is no sign reaching my hearth,  
48 But my son waking from sleep.

49 If they say I have obtained  
50 The pick of the jeweller's trove,  
51 A good friend is what I've gained  
52 And I have put aside love.

53 I have seen across the skies  
54 A wounded eagle still flying;  
55 I know the cubby where lies  
56 The snake of its venom dying.

57 I know that the world is weak  
58 And must soon fall to the ground,  
59 Then the gentle brook will speak  
60 Above the quiet profound.

61 While trembling with joy and dread,  
62 I have touched with hand so bold  
63 A once-bright star that fell dead  
64 From heaven at my threshold.

65 On my brave heart is engraved  
66 The sorrow hidden from all eyes:  
67 The son of a land enslaved,  
68 Lives for it, suffers and dies.

69 All is beautiful and right,  
70 All is as music and reason;  
71 And all, like diamonds, is light  
72 That was coal before its season.

73 I know when fools are laid to rest  
74 Honor and tears will abound,  
75 And that of all fruits, the best  
76 Is left to rot in holy ground.

77 Without a word, the pompous muse  
78 I've set aside, and understood:  
79 From a withered branch, I choose  
80 To hang my doctoral hood.