

6-7 классы

Drean variation, Langston Hughes

To fling my arms wide
 In some place of the sun,
 To whirl and to dance
 Till the white day is done.
 Then rest at cool evening
 Beneath a tall tree
 While night comes on gently,
 Dark like me –
 That is my dream!
 To fling my arms wide
 In the face of the sun,
 Dance! Whirl! Whirl!
 Till the quick day is done.
 Rest at pale evening...
 A tall, slim tree...
 Night comes tenderly
 Black like me.

8-9 классы

Storm Ending, Jean Toomer

Thunder blossoms gorgeously above our heads,
 Great, hollow, bell-like flowers
 Rumbling in the wind,
 Stretching clappers to strike our ears...
 Full-lipped flowers
 Bitten by the sun
 Bleeding rain
 Dripping rain like golden honey –
 And the sweet earth flying from the thunder.

10-11 классы

The shell, James Stephens

And then I pressed the shell
 Close to my ear,
 And listened well.
 And straightway, like a bell,
 Came low and clear
 The slow, sad, murmur of far distant seas...
 And in the hush of waters was the sound
 Of pebbles, rolling round;
 Forever rolling, with a hollow sound;
 And bubbling seaweeds, as the waters go,
 Swish to and fro
 Their long cold tentacles of slimy gray;
 There was no day;
 Nor ever came a night
 Setting the stars alight
 To wonder at the moon;
 Was twilight only, and the frightened croon,
 Smitten to whimpers, of the dreary wind
 And waters that journeyed blind...
 And then I loosed my ear – Oh, it was sweet
 To hear a cart go jolting down the street.