

## **Song on The End of The World**

By Czeslaw Milosz

On the day the world ends  
A bee circles a clover,  
A Fisherman mends a glimmering net.  
Happy porpoises jump in the sea,  
By the rainspout young sparrows are playing  
And the snake is gold-skinned as it it should always be.

On the day the world ends  
Women walk through fields under their umbrellas  
A drunkard grows sleepy at the edge of a lawn,  
Vegetable peddlers shout in the street  
And a yellow-sailed boat comes nearer the island,  
The voice of a violin lasts in the air  
And leads into a starry night.

And those who expected lightning and thunder  
Are disappointed.  
And those who expected signs and archangels' trumps  
Do not believe it is happening now.  
As long as the sun and the moon are above,  
As long as the bumblebee visits a rose  
As long as rosy infants are born  
No one believes it is happening now.

Only a white-haired old man, who would be a prophet,  
Yet is not a prophet, for he's much too busy,  
Repeats while he binds his tomatoes:  
No other end of the world there will be,  
No other end of the world there will be.

## **The End of the World**

By Dana Gioia

“We're going,” they said, “to the end of the world.”  
So they stopped the car where the river curled,  
And we scrambled down beneath the bridge  
On the gravel track of a narrow ridge.

We tramped for miles on a wooded walk  
Where dog-hobble grew on its twisted stalk.  
Then we stopped to rest on the pine-needle floor  
While two ospreys watched from an oak by the shore.

We came to a bend, where the river grew wide  
And green mountains rose on the opposite side.  
My guides moved back. I stood alone,  
As the current streaked over smooth flat stone.

Shelf by stone shelf the river fell.  
The white water goosetailed with eddying swell.  
Faster and louder the current dropped  
Till it reached a cliff, and the trail stopped.

I stood at the edge where the mist ascended,  
My journey done where the world ended.  
I looked downstream. There was nothing but sky,  
The sound of the water, and the water's reply.

## **Fire and Ice**

By Robert Frost

Some say the world will end in fire,  
Some say in ice.  
From what I've tasted of desire  
I hold with those who favor fire.  
But if it had to perish twice,  
I think I know enough of hate  
To say that for destruction ice  
Is also great  
And would suffice.

## **There Will Come Soft Rains**

By Sarah Teasdale

There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,  
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pools singing at night,  
And wild plum trees in tremulous white;

Robins will wear their feathery fire,  
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;

And not one will know of the war, not one  
Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,  
If mankind perished utterly;

And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn  
Would scarcely know that we were gone.

