[The Naked And The Nude](http://hellopoetry.com/poem/70066/the-naked-and-the-nude/)

For me, the naked and the nude   
(By lexicographers construed   
As synonyms that should express   
The same deficiency of dress   
Or shelter) stand as wide apart   
As love from lies, or truth from art.   
  
Lovers without reproach will gaze   
On bodies naked and ablaze;   
The Hippocratic eye will see   
In nakedness, anatomy;   
And naked shines the Goddess when   
She mounts her lion among men.   
  
The nude are bold, the nude are sly   
To hold each treasonable eye.   
While draping by a showman's trick   
Their dishabille in rhetoric,   
They grin a mock-religious grin   
Of scorn at those of naked skin.   
  
The naked, therefore, who compete   
Against the nude may know defeat;   
Yet when they both together tread   
The briary pastures of the dead,   
By Gorgons with long whips pursued,   
How naked go the sometime nude!

A Far Cry from Africa

Derek Walcott, 1930

A wind is ruffling the tawny pelt

Of Africa. Kikuyu, quick as flies,

Batten upon the bloodstreams of the veldt.

Corpses are scattered through a paradise.

Only the worm, colonel of carrion, cries:

“Waste no compassion on these separate dead!”

Statistics justify and scholars seize

The salients of colonial policy.

What is that to the white child hacked in bed?

To savages, expendable as Jews?

Threshed out by beaters, the long rushes break

In a white dust of ibises whose cries

Have wheeled since civilization’s dawn

From the parched river or beast-teeming plain.

The violence of beast on beast is read

As natural law, but upright man

Seeks his divinity by inflicting pain.

Delirious as these worried beasts, his wars

Dance to the tightened carcass of a drum,

While he calls courage still that native dread

Of the white peace contracted by the dead.

Again brutish necessity wipes its hands

Upon the napkin of a dirty cause, again

A waste of our compassion, as with Spain,

The gorilla wrestles with the superman.

I who am poisoned with the blood of both,

Where shall I turn, divided to the vein?

I who have cursed

The drunken officer of British rule, how choose

Between this Africa and the English tongue I love?

Betray them both, or give back what they give?

How can I face such slaughter and be cool?

How can I turn from Africa and live?

# My mistress’ eyes are nothing like the sun (Sonnet 130)

## William Shakespeare, 1564 - 1616

My mistress’ eyes are nothing like the sun;

Coral is far more red than her lips’ red;

If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;

If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

I have seen roses damasked, red and white,

But no such roses see I in her cheeks;

And in some perfumes is there more delight

Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know

That music hath a far more pleasing sound;

I grant I never saw a goddess go;

My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare

As any she belied with false compare.

She Walks in Beauty

BY [LORD BYRON (GEORGE GORDON)](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/lord-byron)

She walks in beauty, like the night

   Of cloudless climes and starry skies;

And all that’s best of dark and bright

   Meet in her aspect and her eyes;

Thus mellowed to that tender light

   Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,

   Had half impaired the nameless grace

Which waves in every raven tress,

   Or softly lightens o’er her face;

Where thoughts serenely sweet express,

   How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o’er that brow,

   So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,

The smiles that win, the tints that glow,

   But tell of days in goodness spent,

A mind at peace with all below,

   A heart whose love is innocent!