Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests; snug as a gun.
Seamus Heaney

I placed a jar in Tennessee,
And round it was, upon a hill.
It made the slovenly wilderness
Surround that hill.    Wallace Stevens

When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
William Wordsworth

Magnified apples appear and disappear,
Stem end and blossom end,
And every fleck of russet showing clear.
Robert Frost

Wednesday, November 2
12:30—1:50 p.m.
Rancho Campus
LA 100