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## **Audre lorde poetry**

BooksPosted byStylist TeamPublished3 years agoAdd this article to your list of favouritesJust one beautiful line of poetry can stay with you forever. So feel inspired with these quotes from poets including Rupi Kaur, Sylvia Plath and Audre Lorde. "Poetry begins with a lump in the throat." So said the late, great Robert Frost. While Frost was referring to the poet's writing process, the same can be said of poetry's ability to strike a chord. Just a few beautifully composed lines can have more power and pull than whole reams of prose. Below, we've rounded up 50 of the very best and most moving lines of poetry's ability to strike a chord. Just a few beautifully composed lines can have more power and pull than whole reams of proses. Below, we've rounded up 50 of the very best and most moving lines of poetry's ability to strike a chord. Just a few beautifully composed lines can have more power and pull than whole reams of proses. to come. Prepare to be inspired by wise words for 2020. Hope is the thing with feathers —That perches in the soul —And sings the tune without the words for 2020. Hope is the thing with feathers by Emily Dickinson my mother sacrificed her dreamsso i could dream By Rupi Kaur At any given moment in the middle of a citythere's a million epiphanies occurring, in the blurring of the world beyond the curtain From Let Them Eat Chaos by Kate Tempest Some days I am more wolfthan womanand I am still learninghow to stop apologising for my wild. Wolf and Woman by Nikita Gill Courage is the muscle we work night and dayTo get equal rights, to get equal pay From Courage is a Muscle by Salena Godden At home, by the kitchen table watch my mother's hands spin the yarnof meals and housework of duty and obligation. From Mother by Nadine Aisha Jassat The caged bird sings with a fearful trillof things unknown but longed for stilland his tune is heardon the distant hillfor the caged birdsings of freedom. From I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings by Maya Angelou Now you're a woman and that's allthey'll know, no matterwhat you carry or how faryou go, alone, in rationed light. From Lene Gammelgaard by Helen Mort I think of lovers as trees, growing to another, searching for the same light. From The Unbearable Weight of Staying by Warsan Shire Every time I travelI meet myself a little more. From coordinates by Yrsa Daley-Ward I am not cruel, just truthful —The eye of a little god, four cornered. From Mirror by Sylvia Plath Each morning I stitch a scowlover my smile. Let my eyes sassevery person standing between me& the bus stop. From Stank by Fatimah Asghar Audre LordeI have been womanfor a long timebeware my smileI am treacherous with old magicand the noon's new furywith all your wide futurespromisedI amwomanand not white. From A Woman Speaks by Audre Lorde And when wind and winter hardenAll the loveless land, It will whisper of the garden, You will understand. From To My Wife by Oscar Wilde He was my North, my South, my East and West, My working week and my Sunday rest, My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song; I thought that love would last for ever: I was wrong. From Stop All The Clocks by WH Auden I wandered lonely as a cloudThat floats on high o'er vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host, of golden daffodils From I Wandered lonely as a cloudThat floats on high o'er vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host, of golden daffodils From I Wandered lonely as a cloudThat floats on high o'er vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host, of golden daffodils From I Wandered lonely as a cloudThat floats on high o'er vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host, of golden daffodils From I wandered lonely as a cloudThat floats on high o'er vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host, of golden daffodils From I wandered lonely as a cloudThat floats on high o'er vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host, of golden daffodils From I wandered lonely as a cloudThat floats on high o'er vales and hills, when all at once I saw a crowd, A host, of golden daffodils From I wandered lonely as a cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills, when all at once I saw a crowd, A host, of golden daffodils From I wandered lonely as a cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills, when all at once I saw a crowd, a constant of the cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills, when all at once I saw a crowd, a constant of the cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills, when all at once I saw a crowd, a constant of the cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills, when all a constant of the cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills, when all a constant of the cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills and high o'er vales and hills are cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills are cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills are cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills are cloud That floats on high o'er vales and high o'er vales and h Lonely as a Cloud by William Wordsworth I can't be sorryenough. I have learnedeverything is urgent. From Nancy Meyers and My Dream of Whiteness by Morgan Parker And who, when it comes to the crunch, can livewith a heart of gold? From Mrs Midas by Carol Ann Duffy The span of my hips, The stride of my step, The curl of my lips. I'm a womanPhenomenally. Phenomenal woman, That's me. From Phenomenal Woman by Maya Angelou If you can fill the unforgiving minuteWith sixty seconds' worth of distance run, Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it, And — which is more — you'll be a Man, my son! From If by Rudyard Kipling Allen Ginsberg I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked, dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix, angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night From Howl by Allan Ginsberg Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —I took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference. From The Road Not Taken by Robert Frost here is the deepest secret nobody knows(here is the root of the root and the bud of the budand the sky of a tree called life; which growshigher than soul can hope or mind can hide) and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart From i carry your heart with me by EE Cummings When I am an old woman I shall wear purpleWith a red hat which doesn't suit me. And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves And satin sandals, and say we've no money for butter. From Warning by Jenny Joseph How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love thee to the depth and breadth and heightMy soul can reach, when feeling out of sightFor the ends of being and ideal grace. From How Do I Love Thee? by Elizabeth Barrett Browning these hips have never been enslaved, they go where they want to gothey do what the their memory, without mercy under glow of everything that makes you who you are. From You Are Hope In A Human Being by Nikita Gill Talent is what they sayyou have after the novelis published and favorablyreviewed. Beforehand whatyou have is a tediousdelusion, a hobby like knitting. From For the young who want to by Marge Piercy Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun; Conspiring with him how to load and blessWith fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run From To Autumn by John Keats Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more levely and more temperate From Sonnet 18 by William Shakespeare I wish I could walk for a day and a night, And find me at dawn in a desolate place, With never the rut of a road in sight, Or the roof of a house, or the eyes of a face. From Departure by Edna St. Vincent Millay A fool I was to sleep at noon, And wake when night is chilly Beneath the comfortless cold moon; A fool to pluck my rose too soon, A fool to snap my lily. From A Daughter of Eve by Christina Rossetti The woods are lovely, dark and deep, But I have promises to keep, And miles to go before I sleep, And miles to go before I sleep. From Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening by Robert Frost Butif each day, each hour, you feel that you are destined for mewith implacable sweetness, if each day a flowerclimbs up to your lips to seek me, ah my love, ah my own, in me all that fire is repeated From If You Forget Me by Pablo Neruda Langston HughesI am the poor white, fooled and pushed apart, I am the hope I seek—And finding only the same old stupid planOf dog eat dog, of mighty crush the weak. From Let America Be America Again by Langston Hughes Heart, we will forget him! You and I, to-night! You may forget the warmth he gave, I will forget the THINKS HE CAN!" From If You Think You are Beaten by Walter D. Wintle they have no idea what it's like to lose home at the risk of never finding home again From If You Think You are Beaten by Walter D. 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Wintle they have no idea what it's lik this book, And slowly read, and dream of the soft lookYour eyes had once, and of their shadows deep From When You are Old by WB Yeats Scarcely a tear to shed; Hardly a word to say; The end of a summer day; Sweet Love dead. From An Evening by Gwendolyn Brooks There are moments that cry out to be fulfilled. Like, telling someone you love them.Or giving your money away, all of it. From Moments by Mary Oliver Our whisper woke no clocks, We kissed and I was gladAt everything you did, Indifferent to those Who sat with hostile eyesIn pairs on every bed, Arms round each other's neck, Inert and vaguely sad. From Dear, Though the Night Is Gone by WH Auden Do not go gentle into that good night, Old age should burn and rave at close of day; Rage, rage against the dying of the light. From Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night by Dylan Thomas Tree you are, And all this is folly to the world. From A Girl by Ezra Pound Happiness. It comes on unexpectedly. And goes beyond, really, any early morning talk about it. From Happiness by Raymond Carver Darkness settles on roofs and walls, But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls, The little waves, with their soft, white hands, Efface the footprints in the sands, And the tide rises, the tide falls. From The Tide Rises, The Tide Falls by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow O my Luve is like a red, red roseThat's newly sprung in June; O my Luve is like the melodyThat's sweetly played in tune. From A Red, Red Rose by Robert Burns Between the day's occupations, That is known as the Children's Hour. From The Children's Hour by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow When we two partedIn silence and tears, Half broken-heartedTo sever for years, Pale grew thy cheek and cold, Colder thy kiss; Truly that hour foretoldSorrow to this. From When We Two Parted by George (Lord) Byron By entering my email I agree to Stylist's Privacy Policy

