*Sara Teasdale*

**Moonlight**

It will not hurt me when I am old,

 A running tide where moonlight burned

 Will not sting me like silver snakes;

The years will make me sad and cold,

 It is the happy heart that breaks.

The heart asks more than life can give,

 When that is learned, then all is learned;

 The waves break fold on jewelled fold

But beauty itself is fugitive,

 It will not hurt me when I am old.

*Adrienne Rich*

**Prospective immigrants please note**

Either you will

go through this door

or you will not go through.

If you go through

there is always the risk

of remembering your name.

Things look at you doubly

and you must look back

and let them happen.

If you do not go through

it is possible

to live worthily

to maintain your attitudes

to hold your position

to die bravely

but much will blind you,

much will evade you,

at what cost who knows?

The door itself

makes no promises.

It is only a door.