*Lyric poetry is a form of poetry which expresses personal emotions or feelings, typically spoken in the first person (Wikipedia)*

**Wisdom (1916)**

It was a night of early spring,

The winter-sleep was scarcely broken;

Around us shadows and the wind

Listened for what was never spoken.

Though half a score of years are gone,

Spring comes as sharply now as then-

But if we had it all to do

It would be done the same again.

It was a spring that never came;

But we have lived enough to know

That what we never have remains;

It is the things we have that go.

~Sara Teasdale

**Escritura (1962-68)**

I draw these letters

as the day draws its images

and blows over them

and does not return.

~Octavio Paz, Mexico

**Day in Autumn (late 18th)**

After the summer's yield, Lord, it is time

to let your shadow lengthen on the sundials

and in the pastures let the rough winds fly.

As for the final fruits, coax them to roundness.

Direct on them two days of warmer light

to hale them golden toward their term, and harry

the last few drops of sweetness through the wine.

Whoever's homeless now, will build no shelter;

who lives alone will live indefinitely so,

waking up to read a little, draft long letters,

and, along the city's avenues,

fitfully wander, when the wild leaves loosen.

~Rainer Maria Rilke, Austria