Index of First Lines

A cold coming we had of it

A FORM, as any taper, fine

A GOOD WIF was ther of biside Bathe

A misremembered lyric: a soft catch of its song

A narrow fellow in the grass

A nasty surprise in a sandwich

A thousand martyrs I have made

A voice from the dark is calling me

About suffering they were never wrong

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!

After the fair, I'd still a light heart

An age, in her embraces passed

An upper chamber in a darkened house

And then there was St Kevin and the blackbird

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care

As you came from the holy land

At news of her death

Before me lies a mass of shapeless days

Before the Roman came to Rye or out to Severn strode

Behold her, single in the field

Being moved into action, Sir Merrak met Mordred

Beyond the view of crossroads ringed with breath

Blackout is endemic to the land

Brixtan Prison

But that was nothing to what things came out

Caxtons are mechanical birds with many wings

Cold in the earth–and the deep snow piled above thee!

Come when the nights are bright with stars

Condemn'd to hope's delusive mine

Contemptuous of his home beyond

Criminal, you took a great piece of my life

Cut to the Fleet

Dearest, note how these two are alike

Dearest, the cockroaches are having babies

Drink to me only with thine eyes

Eagerly watched

Early morning over Rouen, hopeful, high, courageous morning

Ere all the world had grown so drear

Even now there are places where a thought might grow

Fine words won't turn the icing pink

For I will consider my cat Jeoffry

For no fictitious ills these numbers flow

For years afterwards the farmers found them

From harmony, from heavenly harmony

From time to time our love is like a sail

Gas-holders, russet among fields. Milldams, marlpools

Gather ye rose buds while ye may

Gold survives the fire that's hot enough Green Snake, when I hung you round my neck

Half my friends are dead

He added the final 'e'

He did not wear his scarlet coat

He sipped at a weak hock and seltzer

He was the first always: Fortune

Hello, she said, and startled me. Nice day. Nice day I agreed.

Here are two pictures from my father's head

Here they lie mottled to the ground unseen

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue

His Grace! impossible! what dead!

Hours before dawn we were woken by the quake

I am spending my time imagining the worst that could happen

I am the Smoke King

I caught a tremendous fish

I could have been a builder

I don't operate often. When I do

I found a ball of grass among the hay

I found the world's pelt

I have come to the borders of sleep

I have lived in important places, times

I have never walked on Westminster Bridge

I have walked a great while over the snow

I hear the halting footsteps of a lass

I met a traveller from an antique land

I said, Ah! what shall I write?

I syng of a mayden

I took my oath I would inquire

I was asleep in the middle of a pad

I was born a foreigner

I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I

I, being born a woman and distressed

I, too, dislike it: there are things that are important beyond all this fiddle

I'm standing here inside my skin

I've seen it all, you know. Men.

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland

In silent night when rest I took

In summer's heat and mid-time of the day

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan

Is there a solitary wretch who hies

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime

Isolated here in the South, fiddling with British Rail

It crumbles

It is 12:20 in New York a Friday

It little profits that an idle king

It was a summer evening

It was the first gift he ever gave her

It's no go the merry go round, it's no go the rickshaw

'Ithin the woodlands, flow'ry gleaded

Let the world's sharpness, like a clasping knife

Love bade me welcome. Yet my soul drew back

Love set you going like a fat gold watch.

Love, we curve downwards, we are set tonight

Mary stood in the kitchen

mony klyf he ouerclambe in contrayez straunge

My father, in a white spacesuit

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains

My mother went with no more warning

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares

My soul looked down from a vague height, with Death

My true-love hath my heart and I have his

Nautilus Island's hermit

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note

Not everyman has gentians in his house

Now in thy dazzling half-ope'd eye

Now that I've nearly done my days

'O where ha'ye been, Lord Randall, my son?

Oh I am a cat that likes to

Oh, what a lantern, what a lamp of light

On a starred night Prince Lucifer up rose

Out of the night that covers me

Pass the tambourine, let me bash out praises

Poetry? It's a hobby.

Proud Maisie is in the wood

Rose, harsh rose

Ruby and me stalking savannah

SAID the Lion to the Lioness–'When you are amber dust

Sally is gone that was so kindly

Shape the lips to an o, say a#

She picked me up

She stands and knows herself for the first time

Shut up. Shut up. There's nobody here

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone

Sleep on my love in thy cold bed

Slowly the white dream wrestle(s) to life

So oft as I her beauty do behold

So we must say Goodbye, my darling

Sometimes in the over-heated house, but not for long

Stand up straight, my son. Don't slouch

Stowed in the sea to invade

Tell me not here, it needs not saying

That van Gogh's ear, set free

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold

The boy stood on the burning deck

The buzz-saw snarled and rattled in the yard

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day

The day my father came back from the sea

The force that through the green fuse drives the flower

The hearse has stalled in the lane overlooking the river

The last sun beam

The mountain sheep are sweeter

The Polar DEW has just warned that

The rain set early in tonight

The rapid cooling of this extraordinary glass drop leaves it in a state of

The sea is calm tonight

The singing stops. Each player finds his spot

The snail pushes through a green

The whiskey on your breath

There are strange Hells within the minds War made

There have been teeth

'There is no God,' the wicked saith

There lived a wife at Usher's Well

There once was a country…I left it as a child

There was Dai Puw. He was no good.

There was no secret

There were never strawberries

There's a country at my shoulder

They flee from me that sometime did me seek

They serve revolving saucer eyes

They shut the road through the woods

This darksome burn, horse back brown

This evening we are doing Pasternak

This house has been far out at sea all night

This is where the kitten died

'This was Mr Bleaney's room. He stayed

Through the open French window the warm sun

To-day we have naming of parts. Yesterday

Top of the morning, Dogfood Family!

Turning and turning in the widening gyre

Under the parabola of a ball

We came from our own country in a red room

We met the British in the dead of winter

What on Earth deserves our trust?

What thoughts I have of you tonight, Walt Whitman, for I walked down the

Whatever the difference is, it all began

When Love with unconfined wings

When men were all asleep the snow came flying

When my mother died I was very young

When suddenly, at midnight, you hear

When that I was and a little tiny boy

When thin-strewn memory I look through

Where the mountains crumbled

Where the remote Bermudas ride

Where's Birmingham river? Sunk

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead

Who does not wish, ever to judge a right

Whose broken window is a cry of art

Why will Delia thus retire

With walking sick, with curtseys lame

Women reminded him of lilies and roses

Wondering how a good woman can murder

WHAT YOU HAVE HEARD IS TRUE. I was in his house. His wife carried

Yes, injured Woman! rise, assert thy right!

You are my secret coat. You're never dry

'You are old, Father William,' the young man said

You know that house she called home

You saw so much romance in competition