



## ***CANDIDE***

**Tuesday (10/13) Poems**

**Thursday – Chaps 1-8**

**Monday (10/19) – Chaps 9-14**

**Weds – Chaps 15-24**

**Thursday Chaps 25-26**

**Monday (10/26) The Entire Book**

### **WRITE in Your Books**

Connections to earlier works, questions,  
Ideas, Truth, search for a better place,  
Gardens, Green, ships moving, satire

Keep your poems for *Candide*  
handy in the book folded...

The Next Book is  
*The Things They Carried*  
By Tim O'Brien

*Continue working on your Illuminated  
Texts – remember you can use poems  
before Candide as well- if you have any  
questions email me.*

***Illuminated Texts Due – Monday 11/02***



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### **“To You” by Kenneth Koch**

I love you as a sheriff searches for a walnut / That  
will solve a murder case unsolved for years

### **“Eldorado” by Edgar Allen Poe**

“Where can it be-- / This land of Eldorado?” /  
“Over the Mountains / Of the Moon, / Down the  
Valley of the Shadow

### **“Lines Indicted with Poverty” Ogden Nash**

...if you’re not rich you can spend in one evening  
your salary for the year...

### **Travel by Edna St. Vincent Milay**

there isn’t a train I’d rather take,  
No matter where it’s going.

### **Pompeii by Charles Bernstein**

The fishmonger / Sees the dread on the faces of the  
trout / And mackerel laid out at the market / Stall on  
quickly melting ice.

### **Cocoa Beans by Freda Dennis Cooper**

Little chocolate hands in a vast chocolate land, a  
world of lovers inexcusably oblivious, can’t taste  
baby’s blood mixed in

### **A Burnt Ship by John Donne**

So all were lost, which in the ship were found / They in  
sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship drown’d

#### **From the last page of The Great Gatsby by F. Scott Fitzgerald**

Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights  
except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the  
moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I  
became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors’ eyes —  
a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made  
way for Gatsby’s house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of  
all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his  
breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation  
he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with  
something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby’s  
wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy’s dock. He  
had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close  
that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind  
him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields  
of the republic rolled on under the night.

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes  
before us. It eluded us then, but that’s no matter — to-morrow we will run faster,  
stretch out our arms farther. . . . And one fine morning ———

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

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