

# Personification in American Poetry

## **Trees** by **Joyce Kilmer**

I THINK that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the sweet earth's flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

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A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.

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Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

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# The Railway Train

Emily Dickinson

I like to see it lap the miles,  
And lick the valleys up,  
And stop to feed itself at tanks,  
And then, prodigious, step

Around a pile of mountains,  
And, supercilious, peer  
In shanties by the sides of roads;  
And then a quarry pale

To fit its sides and crawl between,  
Complaining all the while  
In horrid, hooting stanza;  
Then chase itself down hill

And neigh like Boanerges;  
Then, punctual as a star,  
Stop-docile and omnipotent-  
At its own stable door.