

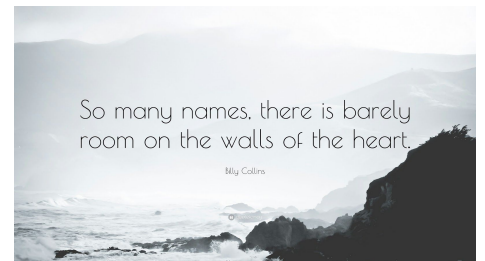
# *The Names*

By BILLY COLLINS

Yesterday, I lay awake in the palm of the night.  
A fine rain stole in, unhelped by any breeze,  
And when I saw the silver glaze on the windows,  
I started with A, with Ackerman, as it happened,  
Then Baxter and Calabro,  
Davis and Eberling, names falling into place  
As droplets fell through the dark.  
Names printed on the ceiling of the night.  
Names slipping around a watery bend.  
Twenty-six willows on the banks of a stream.  
In the morning, I walked out barefoot  
Among thousands of flowers  
Heavy with dew like the eyes of tears,  
And each had a name --  
Fiori inscribed on a yellow petal  
Then Gonzalez and Han, Ishikawa and Jenkins.  
Names written in the air  
And stitched into the cloth of the day.  
A name under a photograph taped to a mailbox.  
Monogram on a torn shirt,  
I see you spelled out on storefront windows  
And on the bright unfurled awnings of this city.  
I say the syllables as I turn a corner --  
Kelly and Lee,  
Medina, Nardella, and O'Connor.  
When I peer into the woods,



I see a thick tangle where letters are hidden  
As in a puzzle concocted for children.  
Parker and Quigley in the twigs of an ash,  
Rizzo, Schubert, Torres, and Upton,  
Secrets in the boughs of an ancient maple.  
Names written in the pale sky.  
Names rising in the updraft amid buildings.  
Names silent in stone  
Or cried out behind a door.  
Names blown over the earth and out to sea.  
In the evening -- weakening light, the last swallows.  
A boy on a lake lifts his oars.  
A woman by a window puts a match to a candle,  
And the names are outlined on the rose clouds --  
Vanacore and Wallace,  
(let X stand, if it can, for the ones unfound)  
Then Young and Ziminsky, the final jolt of Z.  
Names etched on the head of a pin.  
One name spanning a bridge, another undergoing a tunnel.  
A blue name needled into the skin.  
Names of citizens, workers, mothers and fathers,  
The bright-eyed daughter, the quick son.  
Alphabet of names in green rows in a field.  
Names in the small tracks of birds.  
Names lifted from a hat  
Or balanced on the tip of the tongue.  
Names wheeled into the dim warehouse of memory.  
So many names, there is barely room on the walls of the heart.



Audio Version: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PN72xg\\_Tcj4](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PN72xg_Tcj4)

What is the poet laureate?

What is an elegy?

What did Billy Collins do at a special session of Congress held in New York City on Friday, September 6, 2002?

