

考 試 科 目	文學作品分析	系 所 別	英文系	考 試 時 間	2 月 11 日(二) 第 4 節
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**Part I. (50%)** Write a short essay in English comparing and contrasting the views on love, locations, and memory in **two** of the following four poems.

1. **[What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why]**  
by Edna St. Vincent Millay

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,  
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain  
Under my head till morning; but the rain  
Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh  
Upon the glass and listen for reply,  
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain  
For unremembered lads that not again  
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.  
Thus in the winter stands the lonely tree,  
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,  
Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:  
I cannot say what loves have come and gone,  
I only know that summer sang in me  
A little while, that in me sings no more.

2. **II.**  
by Marilyn Hacker

You rang me up this morning from Marseilles  
echoing other lines and other lives.  
The best-intentioned women sound like wives  
sometimes: why couldn't I find something to say  
but "When will you be back?" Above the play-  
ground, like a capsuled world, a plane  
heads, fortunately, north. Fresh after rain  
the sky is innocently blue. Away  
from frisking kids, including mine, I write  
stretched on a handkerchief of pungent dry  
grass, wishing I could take off my shirt.  
I word old wounds. As usual, they hurt  
less. Iva's giving someone's bike a try.  
We could be on a plane tomorrow night.

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3.

**Insomnia**

by Elizabeth Bishop

The moon in the bureau mirror  
looks out a million miles  
(and perhaps with pride, at herself,  
but she never, never smiles)  
far and away beyond sleep, or  
perhaps she's a daytime sleeper.

By the Universe deserted,  
*she'd* tell it to go to hell,  
and *she'd* find a body of water,  
or a mirror, on which to dwell.  
So wrap up care in a cobweb  
and drop it down the well

into that world inverted  
where left is always right,  
where the shadows are really the body,  
where we stay awake all night,  
where the heavens are shallow as the sea  
is now deep, and you love me.

4.

**Why I Will Not Get Out of Bed**

by James Tate

My muscles unravel  
like spools of ribbon:  
there is not a shadow

of pain. I will pose  
like this for the rest  
of the afternoon,

for the remainder  
of all noons. The rain  
is making a valley

of my dim features.  
I am in Albania.  
I am on the Rhine.

It is autumn,  
I smell the rain,  
I see children running

through columbine.  
I am honey.  
I am several winds.

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My nerves dissolve.  
My limbs wither—  
I don't love you.

I don't love you.

**Part II.** Answer these two questions separately in well-formed paragraphs in English.

- 1) What happens at the end of this story: does the man get a new name, or does the narrator get a new man? Explain your interpretation of the ending; use details from the story to support your interpretation. (25%)
- 2) What are the two views of names in the story? Explain both, using details from the story to support your answer. (25%)

### I Get Smart

by Pamela Painter

I tell him I'm thinking about getting a new cat.

"No way," he says, like this is not negotiable. As if I haven't paid half the rent since grad school, and all the cat costs, including the spiffy new cat door installed next to the fridge.

I say I've been to the Animal Rescue League and they have seventeen adorable kittens—all colors. "You get to pick the color," I say.

"Hold it," he says. He lines up his sharp accountant's pencil across the top of his crossword, cracks the knuckles of his right hand. "I do not want another cat. What's wrong with the three we've got?"

The three we've got hear our voices rising and pad into the kitchen to see what's going on. The Persian, Jeanette, threads back and forth through my legs, her long air flying, while gray-striped Fitzhugh leaps onto the fridge and blinks down at us. Sweetpeach, the calico, jumps into my lap and kneads my chenille stomach. Not a cat goes near Roy.

"There's nothing wrong with the three we've got," I say.

"So forget a new cat," he says, and turns back to his crossword.

I scratch behind Sweetpeach's ears to make her purr, and finish my Sunday morning pot of real coffee. I've already finished a Xerox of Roy's crossword and I know just which word will hang him up.

Next Sunday during crosswords and coffee I make the introductions. I say, "Well, we now have three new cats."

Roy gets macho, points his pencil at me. "Where the hell—I told you..."

I tell him, calm down, don't get all riled up before you meet them. But his voice rises in spite of my attempts to keep the peace. So my voice rises, too, as in any proper duet, and sure enough the cats come by.

"This is Savannah," I say as Sweetpeach appears, her tail whipping the air, weighing my distress.

Roy snorts and I try to remember if he ever called the cats by name.

"And that is Joe Namath." I point to Fitzhugh eyeing us from the top of the fridge where he is poised in a three-point stance. "He never acted like a Fitzhugh," I say. Parents should change their kids' names every few years for just that reason. Or give them nicknames."

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	<p>"It's the other way around," Roy says. Kids names Moonbeam, Taj Mahal, and Free are now calling themselves Susie, Pat, and Jim."</p> <p>"You see," I say.</p> <p>"No," he says. "I don't." His eyes refuse to focus on me or on the cats. He lets his coffee get cold.</p> <p>Jeanette springs onto the counter and highsteps over the stove to the window where she watches the action at our veggie neighbor's high-tech cat-proof birdfeeder. I tell Roy he'll be sure to remember her name. "You're always saying 'what a pill.' So that's pillow."</p> <p>"Don't do this," he says.</p> <p>"So we have not one but three new cats," I say, burying my nose in Savannah's spotted fur. She's as limp as her new name and warm. Her cat's eyes seem to remember hot African grasslands and prey ten times larger than she is.</p> <p>"We have three cats—period," Roy says. He has a way of making syntax dull.</p> <p>"Three new cats," I say.</p> <p>"Bull!" Roy's pencil bounces high like a cat toy.</p> <p>Joe Namath jumps from the fridge onto the table and skids into Roy's crossword. Roy's tackle is rough and Joe Namath spits as Roy tosses him into the dining room. Pillow, the bird-watcher, cantilevers one ear around to hear when to abandon her post. Roy scoops his pencil from the floor and taps it on his crossword in disgust. Three words earlier he went wrong, but he won't know this until I tell him. I shiver Savannah off my lap and leave to shower.</p> <p>During the next two weeks, Roy gets mad every time I call the cats by their new names. But he is more mad that Savannah, Joe Namath, and Pillow take to their names so quickly. It's all in the tone of voice, I tell him.</p> <p>I get happy with my new cats.</p> <p>After a couple of months I get smart. Come Sunday breakfast it isn't Roy filling in the crossword; it's a new man—better with words and cats—named Ralph.</p>			
備	註	<p>一、作答於試題上者，不予計分。</p> <p>二、試題請隨卷繳交。</p>		