

檔 號：

保存年限：

文藻學校財團法人文藻外語大學 函

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受文者：國立臺南護理專科學校

發文日期：中華民國113年2月23日

發文字號：高文英文字第1135300011號

速別：普通件

密等及解密條件或保密期限：

附件：如說明所示(附件一 1135300011-1.pdf、附件二 1135300011-2.pdf、附件三 1135300011-3.pdf)

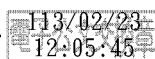
主旨：檢送2024文藻盃全國大專組英語競賽辦法，敬邀貴校同學參加，請查照。

說明：

- 一、本系為鼓勵大專院校學生相互觀摩與切磋，提升英美文學欣賞與英語演說能力，特辦理英詩團體朗誦比賽與英語即席演講比賽。
- 二、敬請於113年5月3日報名截止日前至本校英國語文系網頁完成網路報名程序（詳如公告與附件），逾期恕不受理。
- 三、比賽公告網址如下：<https://c021.wzu.edu.tw/article/512875>。
- 四、附件說明如下：
 - (一)2024文藻盃全國大專組英詩團體朗誦比賽辦法。
 - (二)2024文藻盃全國大專組英語即席演講比賽辦法。
 - (三)2024文藻盃指定詩題。
- 五、如有疑問，敬請來電(07)342-6031分機5305、電子信箱：
wenzaocup@gmail.com。

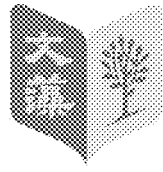
正本：各公私立大專校院

副本：本校英國語文系



國立臺南護理專科學校

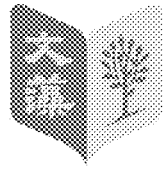




2024 文藻盃全國大專組英詩團體朗誦比賽辦法

2024 Wenzao Cup National English Poetry Reading Contest for Collegiate Students

- 一、主辦學校：文藻外語大學英國語文系
- 二、宗旨：展現英詩音韻之美，並提升大專院校學生學習文學之興趣。
- 三、時間：113 年 5 月 26 日 (星期日) 13:00 至 17:30
- 四、地點：文藻外語大學文園二樓 W211 會議廳 (高雄市三民區民族一路 900 號)
- 五、比賽方式：各參賽隊伍應自 6 首比賽指定詩題中，選取一首為比賽詩題，當場朗誦。比賽指定詩題請至附件查詢。
- 六、參賽資格：
 1. 具有中華民國國籍，目前就讀於國內各大學院校或五專四、五年級在學學生。
 2. 總參賽隊伍以 20 隊為上限，依報名順序先後為準，額滿為止。每校推薦一隊參賽。主辦學校得派兩隊。
- 七、報名方式：
 1. 請於 113 年 5 月 3 日 (星期五) 前於網路報名。
網址：<https://forms.gle/ofsfiCdz9zkGM87t9>
 2. 網路報名完成後，請同時填妥本辦法之報名表、符合參賽資格證明，並加蓋校方推薦核准印信，掃描已加蓋校印之電子檔，寄至 wenzaocup@gmail.com。請確認 (1) 寄送已用印之報名表電子檔以及 (2) 網路報名，始為完成報名手續。
 3. 若參賽隊伍超過限額，主辦學校將依網路報名時間先後決定參賽資格。
 4. 報名截止後，請於 113 年 5 月 10 日 (星期五) 至本校英國語文系網站查詢是否完成報名。各參賽隊伍須自行負責查詢確認報名是否完成；未自行查詢確認報名是否完成，以致因未完成報名程序而喪失參賽資格者，須自行負責，不得異議。若有任何疑問，請致電洽詢助理，電話：(07) 342-6031 轉 5305。

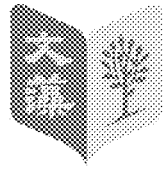


八、比賽細則：

1. 出場順序：參賽隊伍應於比賽日當天下午 **13:30** 起於簽到處準時辦理報到，並出示學生證與身分證，以便工作人員查驗是否與報名身份相符(不符者，恕無法參賽)。工作人員將於 **14:00** 抽出參賽隊伍(包含尚未完成報到參賽隊伍)之出場順序。參賽隊伍於上台前十分鐘未完成報到者，視為棄權。
2. 進行方式：
 - (1) 團體朗誦，每組 2~4 人。
 - (2) 參賽隊伍可選擇帶稿上台或全程背誦(均無額外加分)。
 - (3) 參賽隊伍限由比賽指定詩題中，任選其一朗誦。可複誦詩句，但不可增加詩句以外的內容。限時 5 分鐘，參賽隊伍開口朗誦即開始計時。
 - (4) 為使英詩朗誦聚焦於語言與詩作自身之美感，台上僅可呈現參賽隊人員，且不得攜帶任何道具、樂器及背景音樂上台，違者以不計分處理。
 - (5) 評審將選出三隊優勝隊伍，比賽結果於當天公佈並進行頒獎。
3. 評分標準：
 - (1) 評分項目：
 - A. Interpretation & Delivery 40%
 - B. Pronunciation & Intonation 40%
 - C. Teamwork 20%
 - (2) 朗誦時間以 5 分鐘為上限，參賽隊伍開口朗誦即開始計時。超過 5 分鐘，每多 30 秒(含)扣總成績一分(未滿 30 秒以 30 秒計)，以此類推。
 - (3) 比賽當日各參賽隊伍之人數須與報名時一致，不可任意更動，若有不同，則當場取消比賽資格。
 - (4) 非舞台上之參賽學生，不得於比賽進行中協助參賽學生之演出(如手勢、暗示等)，違者取消該隊比賽資格，不予計分。
 - (5) 計時方式：參賽隊伍開始朗誦，現場工作人員即開始計時，4 分 30 秒時舉黃牌提示，滿 5 分鐘時舉紅牌，同時按鈴警示。

九、注意事項：

1. 參賽隊伍不得穿著校服，亦不得於台上報出校名。
2. 參賽隊伍應配戴號次牌於左胸前，以茲識別。
3. 違反注意事項第 1、2 項者，主辦學校得取消其比賽資格。



4. 囿於場地空間有限與防疫需求，每對參賽隊伍至多由一位指導老師或親友陪同參賽。參賽者與陪同參賽者進入比賽會場後禁止喧嘩、飲食、拍照或攝影。參賽者與陪同參賽者務必嚴格遵守衛生福利部疾病管制署頒佈之防疫相關規定。未遵守規定者主辦學校得予請出場外，不得參賽或觀賽。
5. 參賽者與陪同參賽者於比賽過程不得拍照或攝影，以免影響比賽進行。參賽隊伍之學校可於賽後兩個月內，向主辦學校索取比賽現場之影片。
6. 主辦學校不提供參賽者餐飲、交通或其他補助。

十、獎勵方式：

第一名 獎金 5,000 元、獎狀乙紙

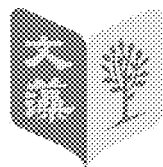
第二名 獎金 3,000 元、獎狀乙紙

第三名 獎金 2,000 元、獎狀乙紙

※ 總分同分者以 Interpretation & Delivery 之成績決定得獎者。

十一、本辦法內容如有增刪或遇疫情影響比賽，均將於本系網頁公告周知。





2024 文藻盃全國大專組英詩團體朗誦比賽報名表

2024 Wenzao Cup

National English Poetry Reading Contest for Collegiate Students

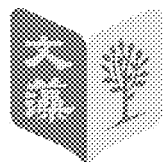
Registration Form



學校名稱	中文
	英文
科系/年級	<input type="checkbox"/> 大學部(<input type="checkbox"/> 二技 <input type="checkbox"/> 四技)_____科系_____年級_____位
	<input type="checkbox"/> 專科部(<input type="checkbox"/> 二專 <input type="checkbox"/> 五專)_____科系_____年級_____位
學校地址	□□□

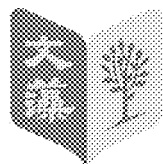


為製作參賽證明，請黏貼參賽者學生證與身分證正面影本。





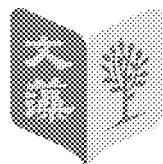
參賽者 資料	姓	名
	Last Name	First Name
	電話	E-mail
	姓	名
	Last Name	First Name
	電話	E-mail
	姓	名
	Last Name	First Name
	電話	E-mail
	姓	名
	Last Name	First Name
	電話	E-mail



指導老師	姓	名
	Last Name	First Name
/負責人 (請務必提供可連絡之方式，以確保參賽資格)	電話	E-mail

*以上表格請務必提供正確資料 (Please provide correct information for the above registration form.)





DECLARATION

*我願意遵守文藻外語大學英國語文系所舉辦之 2024 文藻盃全國大專組英詩團體朗誦比賽之參賽規則及評審結果，並履行優勝者之權利及義務。

Signature _____

Signature _____

Signature _____

Signature _____

Date _____

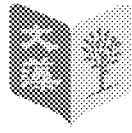
REMARKS:

Please pay detailed attention to the contest rules and the registration form. All correspondence regarding this contest should be sent to wenzaocup@gmail.com by May 3, 2024.

請詳讀比賽報名辦法，填寫報名表時，若資料未填寫齊全則視同報名不成功。填妥報名表後請 e-mail 至 wenzaocup@gmail.com，113 年 5 月 3 日截止報名。若有任何問題，請洽電話 (07)342-6031 轉 5305 英國語文系助理。

Official School Seal
學校官印或系科戳章





2024 文藻盃全國大專組英語即席演講比賽辦法

2024 Wenzao Cup National English Impromptu Speech Contest for Collegiate Students

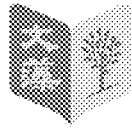
- 一、主辦學校：文藻外語大學英國語文系
- 二、宗旨：增進大專院校學生學習英語之興趣及英語演說能力，促進校際觀摩與交流。
- 三、時間：113 年 6 月 2 日（星期日）13:00 至 17:30
- 四、地點：文藻外語大學文園二樓 W211 會議室（高雄市三民區民族一路 900 號）
- 五、比賽方式：比賽當天現場抽題，並以英語即席演講。
- 六、參賽資格：

1. 具有中華民國國籍，目前就讀於國內各大學院校或五專四、五年級在學學生。
2. 參賽上限為 20 人，依報名之先後為準，額滿為止。請各校自行舉辦初賽並遴選推派一人參賽，各校限派一人。主辦學校得派兩人。

七、報名方式：

1. 請於 113 年 5 月 3 日（星期五）前，進行網路報名。
網址：<https://forms.gle/S7mqKsT6nbtrcHFK8>
2. 網路報名完成後，請同時填妥本辦法之報名表、符合參賽資格證明及影音授權同意書(詳見以下附件)，並加蓋校方推薦核准印信，掃描已加蓋校印之電子檔，寄至 wenzaocup@gmail.com。請確認(1)寄送已用印之報名表電子檔以及(2)網路報名，始為完成報名手續。
3. 若參賽者超過 20 人之上限，則依網路報名時間之先後決定參賽資格。
4. 請於 113 年 5 月 10 日(星期五) 至本校英國語文系網站，查詢是否報名成功。各校須自行負責查詢確認報名是否完成；未自行查詢確認報名是否完成，以致因未完成報名程序而喪失參賽資格者，須自行負責，不得異議。若有任何疑問，請致電洽詢助理，電話：(07) 342-6031 轉 5305。



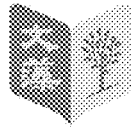


八、比賽細則：

1. 出場順序：參賽者應於比賽日當天下午 **13:30** 起於本校文園二樓簽到處準時辦理報到，並出示學生證與身分證，以便工作人員查驗是否與報名身份相符(不符者，恕無法參賽)。工作人員將於 **14:00** 抽出參賽者(包含尚未完成報到之參賽者)之參賽順序。參賽者於上台前十分鐘未完成報到者，視為棄權。
2. 進行方式：
 - (1) 參賽者於上台前十分鐘抽題，隨後進入準備室準備。(限使用由主辦學校提供之字典及工具書)
 - (2) 參賽者依號次發表三分鐘之英語即席演說。
 - (3) 選出優勝者四名，比賽結果於當天公佈並進行頒獎。
3. 評分標準：
 - (1) A. Content & Organization 40%
B. Language 40%
C. Gesture, Posture, & Eye Contact 20%
 - (2) 參賽者發表三分鐘之演說，未滿二分三十秒(含)者，每少三十秒扣總成績一分；超過三分鐘者，每多三十秒(含)扣總成績一分(未滿三十秒以三十秒計)，以此類推。
4. 計時方式：演講者開始講話，便開始計時，二分三十秒時舉黃牌提示，滿三分鐘舉紅牌，同時按鈴警示。

九、注意事項：

1. 參賽者不得穿著校服或有校徽、校名之服裝，並不得於上台時報出校名。
2. 參賽者應配戴號次牌於左胸前，以茲識別。
3. 講稿、字典及其他物品於比賽時不得攜帶上台，亦不得手繕小抄或有任何導致比賽不公之情事。
4. **違反注意事項第 1、2、3 項者，主辦學校得取消其比賽資格，不予計分。**
5. 囿於場地空間有限及防疫需求，每位參賽者至多得由一位指導老師或親友陪同參賽。參賽者與陪同參賽者入場後禁止喧嘩、飲食、拍照或攝影。參賽者與陪同參賽者務必嚴格遵守衛生福利部疾病管制署頒佈之防疫相關規定。未遵守規定者得予請出場外，不得參賽或觀賽。



6. 參賽者與陪同參賽者於比賽過程不得拍照或攝影，以免影響比賽進行。參賽隊伍之學校可於賽後兩個月內，向主辦學校索取比賽現場之影片。
7. 主辦學校不提供參賽者餐飲、交通或其他補助。

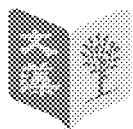
十、獎勵方式：

- 第一名 獎金 3,000 元、獎狀乙紙
- 第二名 獎金 2,500 元、獎狀乙紙
- 第三名 獎金 2,000 元、獎狀乙紙
- 第四名 獎金 1,500 元、獎狀乙紙

※總分同分者以內容與結構(Content & Organization)之成績決定得獎者。

- 十一、本辦法如有增刪或遇疫情影響比賽，均將於本系網頁公告周知。



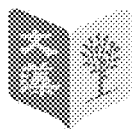


2024 文藻盃全國大專組英語即席演講比賽報名表

2024 Wenzao Cup
National English Impromptu Speech Contest for Collegiate Students

Registration Form (Please provide correct information)

學校名稱 (全名)	中文	
	英文	
科系/年級	<input type="checkbox"/> 大學部(<input type="checkbox"/> 二技 <input type="checkbox"/> 四技)_____科系_____年級	
	<input type="checkbox"/> 專科部(<input type="checkbox"/> 二專 <input type="checkbox"/> 五專)_____科系_____年級	
學校地址	□□□	
參賽者資料	姓	名
	Last Name	First Name
參賽者聯絡方式	E-mail	
	手機	
為製作參賽證明，請黏貼參賽者學生證正面影本與身分證正面影本		
指導老師/負責人 (請務必提供，以確保 參賽資格)	姓	名
	First Name	Last Name
	E-mail	
	手機	



DECLARATION

*我願意遵守文藻外語大學英國語文系所舉辦之 2024 文藻盃全國大專組英語即席演講比賽之參賽規則及評審結果，並履行優勝者之權利及義務。

Signature _____ Date _____

=====1/2=====

RECOMMENDATION BY SCHOOL

I recommend _____ to participate in 2024 Wenzao Cup National English Impromptu Speech Contest for Collegiate Students.

Name _____ Date _____ Position _____



REMARKS:

Please pay detailed attention to the contest rules and the registration form. All correspondence regarding this contest should be sent to wenzaocup@gmail.com by May 3, 2024.

請詳讀比賽報名辦法，填寫報名表時，若資料未填寫齊全則視同報名不成功。填妥報名表後請 e-mail 至

wenzaocup@gmail.com，113 年 5 月 3 日截止報名。若有任何問題，請洽電話 (07)342-6031 轉 5305 英國語文助理。

Official School Seal
學校官印或系科戳章



Paradise Lost

(from Book I)

By John Milton

OF Mans First Disobedience, and the Fruit
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal taste
Brought Death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of *Eden*, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,
In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of *Chaos*: or if *Sion* Hill
Delight thee more, and *Siloa's* brook that flow'd
Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous Song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' *Aonian* Mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss
And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark
Illumin, what is low raise and support;

That to the highth of this great Argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the wayes of God to men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view
Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause
Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,
Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
From thir Creator, and transgress his Will
For one restraint, Lords of the World besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile
Stird up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd
The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride



Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host
Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in Glory above his Peers,
He trusted to have equal'd the most High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Against the Throne and Monarchy of God
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie
With hideous ruine and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,
Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to Arms.

Source: <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/45718/paradise-lost-book-1-1674-version>

Prologue

BY ANNE BRADSTREET

To sing of Wars, of Captains, and of Kings,
Of Cities founded, Common-wealths begun,
For my mean Pen are too superior things;
Or how they all, or each their dates have run,
Let Poets and Historians set these forth.
My obscure lines shall not so dim their worth.



When my wond'ring eyes and envious heart
Great Bartas' sugar'd lines do but read o'er,
Fool, I do grudge the Muses did not part
'Twixt him and me that over-fluent store.
A Bartas can do what a Bartas will
But simple I according to my skill.

From School-boy's tongue no Rhet'ric we expect,
Nor yet a sweet Consort from broken strings,
Nor perfect beauty where's a main defect.
My foolish, broken, blemished Muse so sings,
And this to mend, alas, no Art is able,
'Cause Nature made it so irreparable.

Nor can I, like that fluent sweet-tongued Greek
Who lisp'd at first, in future times speak plain.
By Art he gladly found what he did seek,
A full requital of his striving pain.
Art can do much, but this maxim's most sure:
A weak or wounded brain admits no cure.

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
Who says my hand a needle better fits.
A Poet's Pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
For such despite they cast on female wits.
If what I do prove well, it won't advance,
They'll say it's stol'n, or else it was by chance.

But sure the antique Greeks were far more mild,
Else of our Sex, why feigned they those nine
And poesy made Calliope's own child?



So 'mongst the rest they placed the Arts divine,
But this weak knot they will full soon untie.
The Greeks did nought but play the fools and lie.

Let Greeks be Greeks, and Women what they are.
Men have precedency and still excel;
It is but vain unjustly to wage war.
Men can do best, and Women know it well.
Preeminence in all and each is yours;
Yet grant some small acknowledgement of ours.

And oh ye high flown quills that soar the skies,
And ever with your prey still catch your praise,
If e'er you deign these lowly lines your eyes,
Give thyme or Parsley wreath, I ask no Bays.
This mean and unrefined ore of mine
Will make your glist'ring gold but more to shine.

Source: <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/43705/prologue-56d22283c12e1>



The Weary Blues

BY LANGSTON HUGHES

Droning a drowsy syncopated tune,
Rocking back and forth to a mellow croon,
I heard a Negro play.

Down on Lenox Avenue the other night
By the pale dull pallor of an old gas light
He did a lazy sway. . . .

He did a lazy sway. . . .

To the tune o' those Weary Blues.

With his ebony hands on each ivory key

He made that poor piano moan with melody.

O Blues!

Swaying to and fro on his rickety stool

He played that sad raggy tune like a musical fool.

Sweet Blues!

Coming from a black man's soul.

O Blues!

In a deep song voice with a melancholy tone

I heard that Negro sing, that old piano moan—

“Ain't got nobody in all this world,

Ain't got nobody but ma self.

I's gwine to quit ma frownin'

And put ma troubles on the shelf.”

Thump, thump, thump, went his foot on the floor.

He played a few chords then he sang some more—

“I got the Weary Blues

And I can't be satisfied.

Got the Weary Blues

And can't be satisfied—

I ain't happy no mo'

And I wish that I had died.”

And far into the night he crooned that tune.

The stars went out and so did the moon.

The singer stopped playing and went to bed

While the Weary Blues echoed through his head.

He slept like a rock or a man that's dead.

Source: <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/47347/the-weary-blues>

Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night

BY DYLAN THOMAS

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.

Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Source: <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/43705/prologue-56d22283c12e1>



Ode on Venice


By George Gordon Byron

O VENICE! Venice! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea!
If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,
What should thy sons do?—anything but weep?
And yet they only murmur in their sleep.
In contrast with their fathers, as the slime,
The dull green ooze of the receding deep,
Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam,
That drives the sailor shipless to his home,
Are they to those that were; and thus they creep,
Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping streets.
Agony! that centuries should reap
No mellow harvest! Thirteen hundred years
Of wealth and glory turned to dust and tears;
And every monument the stranger meets,
Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets;
And even the Lion all subdued appears,
And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum,
With dull and daily dissonance, repeats
The echo of thy tyrant's voice along
The soft waves, once all musical to song,
That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng
Of gondolas,—and to the busy hum
Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds
Were but the overbeating of the heart,
And flow of too much happiness, which needs
The aid of age to turn its course apart
From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood
Of sweet sensations, battling with the blood.
But these are better than the gloomy errors,
The weeds of nations in their last decay,
When vice walks forth with her unsoftened terrors,
And mirth is madness, and but smiles to slay.

Source: <https://www.bartleby.com/lit-hub/poems-of-places-an-anthology-in-31-volumes/ode-on-venice/>

Singapore

By Mary Oliver

In Singapore, in the airport,
A darkness was ripped from my eyes.
In the women's restroom, one compartment stood open.
A woman knelt there, washing something in the white bowl.
Disgust argued in my stomach
and I felt, in my pocket, for my ticket.
A poem should always have birds in it.
Angfishers, say, with their bold eyes and gaudy wings.
Rivers are pleasant, and of course trees.
A waterfall, or if that's not possible, a fountain rising and falling.
A person wants to stand in a happy place, in a poem.
When the woman turned I could not answer her face.
Her beauty and her embarrassment struggled together,
and neither could win.
She smiled and I smiled. What kind of nonsense is this?
Everybody needs a job.
Yes, a person wants to stand in a happy place, in a poem.
But first we must watch her as she stares down at her labor,
which is dull enough.
She is washing the tops of the airport ashtrays, as big as hubcaps,
with a blue rag.
Her small hands turn the metal, scrubbing and rinsing.
She does not work slowly, nor quickly, like a river.
Her dark hair is like the wing of a bird.
I don't doubt for a moment that she loves her life.
And I want her to rise up from the crust and the slop and
fly down to the river.
This probably won't happen.
But maybe it will.
If the world were only pain and logic, who would want it?
Of course, it isn't.
Neither do I mean anything miraculous, but only
the light that can shine out of a life. I mean
the way she unfolded and refolded the blue cloth,
The way her smile was only for my sake; I mean
the way this poem is filled with trees, and birds.

Source: <https://www.saltproject.org/progressive-christian-blog/2019/8/28/singapore-by-mary-oliver>