



Poetic Terms "Cheat Sheet"



Term	Definition	Example
alliteration	A repetition of _____ sounds, like ____, ____, and ____	Peter Piper picked a p air of p ickled p eppers
assonance	A repetition of _____ sounds, like ____, ____, and ____	Alice asked Aaron to eat an apple . Try to light the fire.
figurative language	Language that is <u>not</u> _____; it's something that a 10-year-old would understand but not a _____.	Similes, metaphors, personification, symbolism, hyperbole
hyperbole	An obvious _____.	I haven't slept in days!
metaphor	A comparison between two objects _____ "like" or "as"	You are a rose in a garden of weeds.
onomatopoeia	A word that _____ like the actual sound.	"honk" "beep" "shush" "hiss" "crash" "tweet"
personification	Giving an animal or object _____ qualities	My alarm clock screamed at me to wake up.
repetition	Simply repeating various _____, _____, and/or sentences in a poem or text	The whole day was a waste of time, a waste of energy, and a waste of money.
simile	A comparison between two objects _____ "like" or "as"	I'm as hungry as a starving lion!
tone	The _____ of the narrator or speaker. How he/she _____ about what he/she is talking about.	The tone of Adele's "Someone Like You" is desperate.

Literal Meaning	Figurative Language	Type of Figurative Language
	I run as fast as a cheetah!	
	My dad is a giant!	
	"You've asked me the same question a million times!"	
	The smell of cinnamon rolls called to me.	



Introductions

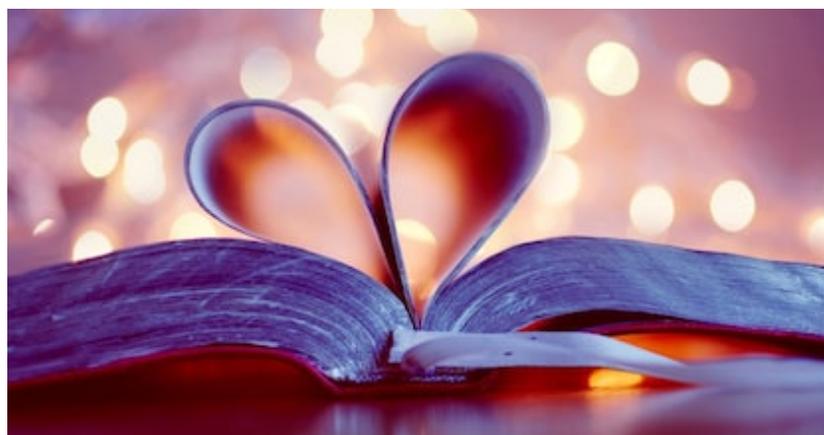
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Students will be able to:

- recognize a poem and understand why an author might choose that form over prose
- define, identify in a poem, and explain how & why the author creates the following:
 - message/meaning
 - mood
 - theme
 - tone
- identify in and outside of poetry the following terms, and why the poet uses them:
 - stanzas
 - line breaks
 - alliteration
 - assonance
 - figurative language
 - imagery/sensory description
 - metaphor
 - onomatopoeia
 - personification
 - simile
 - repetition
 - symbolism
- write poetry using the above poetic devices
- perform one of their poems in front of their peers
- publish a booklet with their selected poems





Dear Writers,

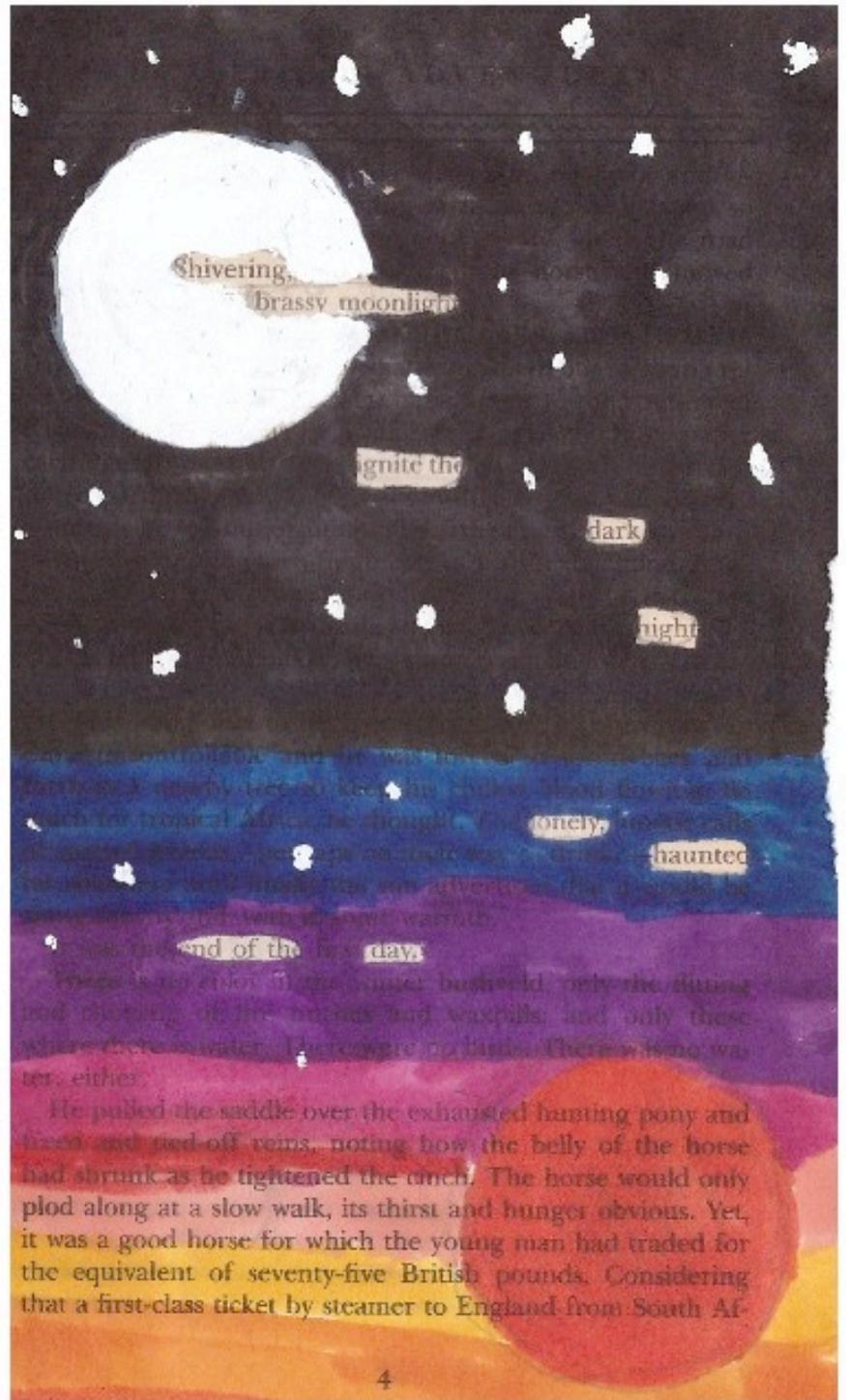
The oldest stories we have evidence for—and some of the earliest writing—were poems (why do you think that was?). 4000+ years later, poetry is still integrated into our daily lives...including yours! Ask yourself, how many poems have you heard in the past week? How many poems have you already memorized? To use a tired cliché, already you're all poets and possibly didn't even know it.

Over the past few months, you've learned how to peer deep into a text to find symbolism, theme, mood, and messages. Now, it's time to reverse that: over the next few weeks, you'll be making those concepts come to life in your own writing! As poets, you'll play with words to paint a picture of an important memory or person, to make ordinary objects and moments *extraordinary*, and—most important—find new and creative ways to express yourself. (How many times have you gotten frustrated because someone didn't understand you?!)

At the end of this, you'll become published poets with a poetry book completely written, designed, and illustrated by you!

We look forward to watching you grow as more confident writers...and dreamers!

Sincerely,
The 8th Grade Team





Poets often play with the shape of their poems to make new and creative meanings.

The mighty
 oak, how proud it
 stands, arms outstretched
 across the lands, roots held firm
 beneath the earth, acorns planted,
 new rebirth, branches spreading side
 to side Summers canopy green and wide,
 Autumns glory red and gold leaves to earth
 await the cold, Winters blanket fresh and white
 shroud of snow gleaming bright, freshness of Spring
 fills the air, come to life new beauty there, so the
 cycle starts anew, leaves upturned
 to skies of blue
 Summers
 warmth
 fills the
 days the

Mighty oak forever stays

s
 t
 e
 m
 apple apple apple apple
 apple yum apple yum apple yum apple
 juicy juicy juicy juicy juicy juicy juicy juicy
 crunchy crunchy crunchy crunchy crunchy crunchy
 red yellow green red yellow green red yellow green red
 apple apple apple apple apple apple apple apple
 apple apple apple apple apple apple apple apple
 yum delicious yum delicious yum delicious yum delicious yum
 yum yum yum yum yum yum yum wormy worm yuk yuk yum
 yum yum yum yum yum yum yum wormy worm yuk yuk yum
 yum yum yum yum yum yum yum yum yum yum yum yum
 yum delicious yum delicious yum delicious yum delicious
 apple apple apple apple apple apple apple apple
 apple apple apple apple apple apple apple apple
 apple apple apple apple apple apple apple apple
 red yellow green red yellow green red
 crunchy crunchy crunchy crunchy
 juicy juicy juicy juicy
 apple apple

rind juicy rind
 rind red seed red rind
 rind red red white seed red red red red red red red red white seed red red red white seed red rind
 rind pink rind
 rind cool summer days rind
 rind yummy juice rind
 rind red red red red white seed red red red black seed red red white seed red black seed rind
 rind heavenly satisfying heavenly satisfying heavenly satisfying heavenly satisfying rind
 rind heaven on earth seed heaven on earth heaven on earth heaven on earth rind
 rind hot days go away seed hot days go away seed hot days go away rind
 rind with watermelons in the shade with watermelons in the shade rind
 rind refreshing cool refreshing cool refreshing cool refreshing rind
 rind seed sweet juice pools at the bottom floating seed rind
 rind rind sweet juice at the bottom seed rind rind
 rind yuck rind yuck rind yuck rind rind
 rind rind rind rind rind



Goal: To use shape as an inspiration for poetry...and just to have fun shaping words

Strategy: Outline any object—or, if you want to get more complex, a scene like a sunset—and think about the words, phrases, and/or sentences that connect to it. Fill the outline with those words, phrases, and sentences!



“Poetry is painting that is felt rather than seen.” -Leonardo da Vinci





Poets often use hyperbole, or exaggeration, to reveal their own personalities and desires.

Ego Tripping

Nikki Giovanni

I was born in the Congo.
I walked to the Fertile Crescent and built the sphinx.
I designed a pyramid so tough that a star
that only glows every one hundred years falls
into the center giving divine perfect light.

I am bad.

I sat on the throne
drinking nectar with Allah [God? The gods?].
I got hot and sent an ice age to Europe
to cool my thirst.
My oldest daughter is Nefertiti.
The tears from my birth pains
created the Nile.

I am a beautiful woman.

I gazed on the forest and burned
out the Sahara Desert.
With a packet of goat's meat
and a change of clothes,
I crossed it in two hours.
I am a gazelle so swift,
so swift you can't catch me.

For a birthday present when he was three,
I gave my son Hannibal an elephant.

He gave me Rome for Mother's Day.

My strength flows ever on.

My son Noah built an ark and
I stood proudly at the helm
as we sailed on a soft summer day.
I turned myself into myself and was Jesus.

Men intone my loving name.
All praises all praises,
I am the one who would save.

I sowed diamonds in my back yard.
My bowels deliver uranium.
The filings from my fingernails are
semi-precious jewels.

On a trip north,
I caught a cold and blew
my nose giving oil to the Arab world.
I am so hip even my errors are correct.
I sailed west to reach east and had to round off
the earth as I went.
The hair from my head thinned and gold was laid
across three continents.

I am so perfect so divine so ethereal so surreal.
I cannot be comprehended except by my permission.
I mean...I...can fly
like a bird in the sky...

Goal: To use hyperbole as a way to express yourself

Strategy: Brainstorm things about yourself—what you like doing, your personality traits, and/or your talents—then find ways to exaggerate them. *e.g. I like rock climbing → "I taught Spiderman everything he knows" or "I climb Mount Everest before breakfast"*

Ego



“Poetry is to prose as dancing is to walking” -John Wain





Poets often use sensory detail to bring to life something *intangible*.

Blue

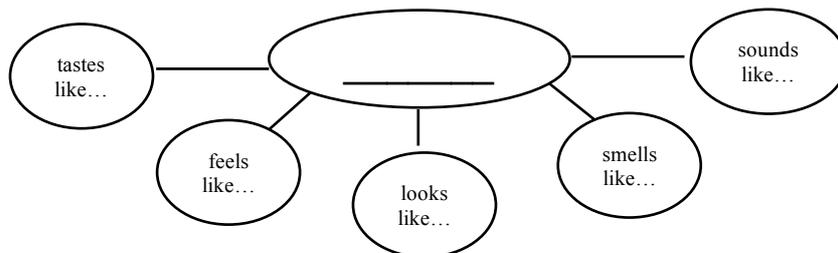
Author Unknown

Blue is a cool spring day when you play outside.
Blue is a beautiful swan gliding in the lake.
Blue tastes like sweet blueberries for a delicious picnic.
Blue smells like a freshly bloomed flower.
Blue sounds like light rain on the windowsill.
Blue feels like a cool breeze rushing through my hair.
Blue looks like the bright sky on a summer day.
Blue makes me feel sad when I am alone.
Blue is bright and colorful.

Goal: To use figurative language and sensory description to bring something intangible to life!

Strategy:

- 1) In the center, write something *intangible* (a color, a season, a sport, a landscape like a sunset)
- 2) Brainstorm what sensory details come to mind when you think of it: if this color/season/etc. had a smell, what would it be? If you could taste it, what would it taste like? *e.g. Red is the taste of juicy strawberries or Red tastes like extra ripe watermelon on hot summer days.*







Poets often use metaphors & similes to explore and reveal themselves.

<p>Self-Portrait Art Belliveau</p> <p>I was... different lost confused awkward scared alone & lonely alienated hurting volcanic seething beneath the surface searching for answers, without knowing the questions</p> <p>I am... iconoclastic curious questioning less unsure of myself not lonely or alone calmer more introspective less scared still awkward reluctant to define myself searching for valid questions, believing there are no firm answers</p>	<p>I Am Poem Author Unknown</p> <p>I am polite and kind I wonder about my kids' future I hear a unicorn's cry I see Atlantis I want to do it all over again I am polite and kind</p> <p>I pretend I am a princess I feel an angel's wings I touch a summer's cloud I worry about violence I cry for my Gram I am polite and kind</p> <p>I understand your love for me I say children are our future I dream for a quiet day I try to do my best I hope for the success of my children I am polite and kind</p>	<p>I Am Aaron P. McHecy</p> <p>I am an eagle soaring above the earth. I am sometimes a rock, falling toward it.</p> <p>I am Superman I am Batman, I am Spiderman at the same time... ...But I am weakened by much more than just kryptonite.</p> <p>I am the Statue of Liberty, fighting the good fight for justice And I am Homer Simpson, lazy on the weekends.</p> <p>I am a lion, courageous at times, Yet like a housecat, curious and fearful of the unknown</p> <p>I am who I am, known only to myself And sometimes not even that.</p> <p>Portrait Poem Carol Krimm.</p> <p>Carol. Busy, tired, mother and teacher, Sister of Bill, Lover of children, animals, and a happy classroom, Who feels joy when reading, power when riding, and sore muscles at day's end, Who needs laughter, pets, and flowers, Who gives help, love, and praise, Who fears dragons, big bugs, and gaining weight, Who would like to see everyone succeed, wars end forever, and a cure for AIDS, Resident of Deerfield, Aspen, Krimm</p>
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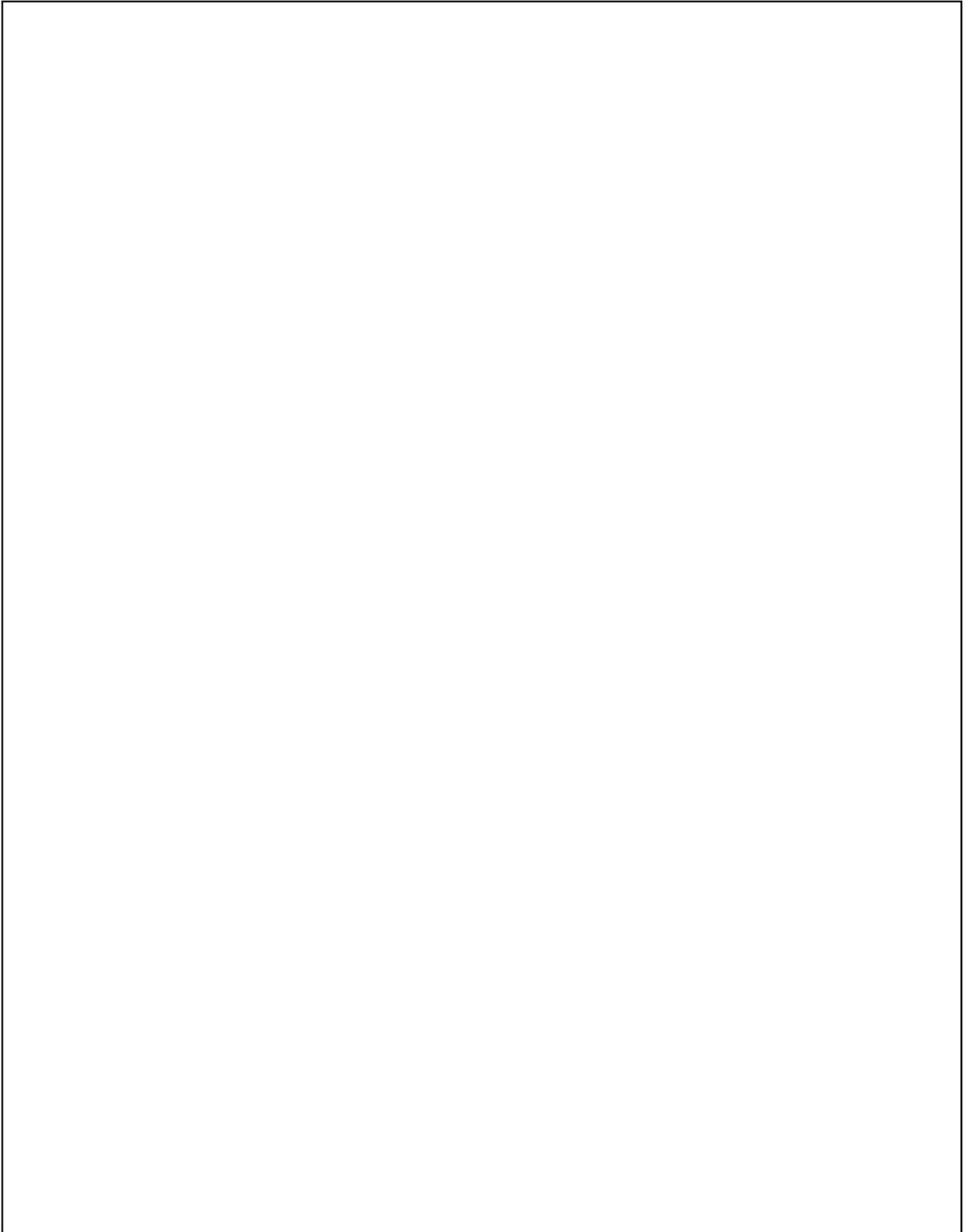
Goal: To use metaphor, simile, symbolism, and repetition to express yourself

Strategy: Ask yourself: what are the parts of yourself that are most important to you? What do you want other people to know about you? Are there any symbols, animals, and/or objects that potentially represent you?

I Am



"Genuine poetry can communicate before it is understood." -T. S. Eliot





Odes



Poets often use personification to make the ordinary *extraordinary*.

<p>Ode to Pablo's Tennis Shoes Gary Soto</p> <p>They wait under Pablo's bed, Rain-beaten, sun-beaten, A scuff of green At their tips From when he fell In the school yard. He fell leaping for a football That sailed his way. But Pablo fell and got up, Green on his shoes, With the football Out of reach.</p> <p>Now it's night. Pablo is in bed listening To his mother laughing</p>	<p>to the Mexican novelas on TV. His shoes, twin pets That snuggle his toes, Are under the bed.</p> <p>He should have bathed, But he didn't. (Dirt rolls from his palm, Blades of grass Tumble from his hair.) He wants to be Like his shoes, A little dirty From the road, A little worn From racing to the drinking fountain A hundred times in one day.</p>	<p>It takes water To make him go, And his shoes to get him There. He loves his shoes, Cloth like a sail, Rubber like A lifeboat on rough sea.</p> <p>Pablo is tired, Sinking into the mattress. His eyes sting from Grass and long words in books. He needs eight hours Of sleep To cool his shoes, The tongues hanging Out, exhausted.</p>
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Goal: To use personification to create an ode

Strategy: Brainstorm the objects important in your life. Then ask yourself what life with you is like from *their* point of view. e.g. *My backpack* → "It's traveled as much as I have/a true friend and companion/never stolen and always ready/to be opened and closed/to keep me company on adventures."

Object/Animal	Personification (If they were real what would their thoughts/feelings/actions/attitude be?)



“Poetry is an echo, asking a shadow to dance.” -Carl Sandburg





Poets often use poetry to express the questions they have about life, the world, and themselves.

<p>Questions 8th Graders at Awty International School</p>	<p>A Book of Questions (<i>excerpt</i>) Pablo Neruda</p>
<p>Why is sadness always pushing like a runner to overtake happiness? Who decided "opposites attract"? Why does crying help you smile? Why do clouds move away from me? Why is depression made out of salt water? Does anger make everyone feel like they're on fire? Why can't Monday be Wednesday or Sunday? Who decided to call this earth? How is it that there are more questions than answers?</p>	<p>Why does the rain weep with joy, with or without cause? When prisoners think of the light is it the same that lights up your world? At whom is the rice grinning with its infinite white teeth? How do the seasons discover it's time to change shirts?</p>

Goal: To funnel your curiosities, doubts, and wonderings into words on the page

Strategy: Brainstorm the various things you wonder about in the categories below—it doesn't matter how simple or complicated the question is. Try to come up with 10-15+, and choose your favorites to create a poem on the next page. *e.g. Why do they call them "hot dogs"? or Will they ever have flying cars? or Why do so many people in power not practice what they preach?*

Questions about...	
how people act	yourself
the future	the world/universe/anything else



"Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth." -Samuel Johnson





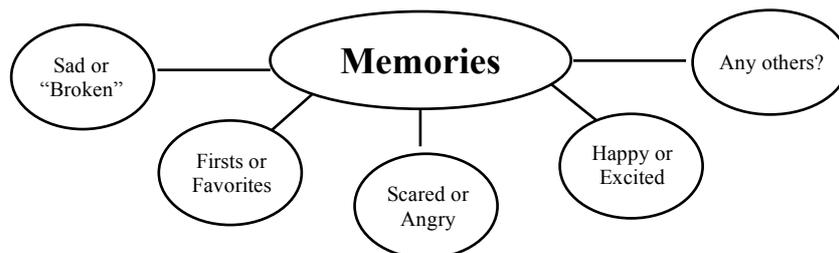
Poets often use line breaks, repetition, and figurative language to bring an important moment to life for the reader.

<p>Grande Cappuccino Myrna Pacheco</p> <p>She ordered a cappuccino grande, dry, double-shot --How was your day--I asked with a smile, and she knew I meant it. There are some tough times ahead, she said. I'm going through a divorce, she said. It's tough, I replied. But it'll be for the best, I assured her. I assured her, In the long run, it'll work out. You've made my day, she said. Her face was tired, her voice was weak. But I listened. And that made her day. And she smiled. And that made my day.</p> <p>Sometimes on the subway I let out a smile, knowing it took a smile, an open ear— and a grande, dry, double-shot cappuccino To make someone's day, To make her walk out smiling.</p>	<p>Smile Adam Ford</p> <p>I was hypnotized by a smile at the tram stop.</p> <p>This girl was kissing this boy and she was smiling.</p> <p>She was smiling even when she was kissing him.</p> <p>I couldn't see his face— he was turned away from me.</p> <p>but I could see her: I could see her smile. And her smile</p> <p>made me smile as I hunkered down in my coat, put my shoulders up</p> <p>against the wind and pretended that I wasn't looking</p>	<p>Fifth Grade Autobiography Rita Dove</p> <p>I was four in this photograph fishing with my grandparents at a lake in Michigan. My brother squats in poison ivy. His Davy Crockett cap sits squared on his head so the raccoon tail flounces down the back of his sailor suit.</p> <p>My grandfather sits to the far right in a folding chair, and I know his left hand is on the tobacco in his pants pocket because I used to wrap it for him every Christmas. Grandmother's hips bulge from the brush, she's leaning into the ice chest, sun through the trees printing her dress with soft luminous paws.</p> <p>I am staring jealously at my brother; the day before he rode his first horse, alone. I was strapped in a basket behind my grandfather. He smelled of lemons. He's died—</p> <p>but I remember his hands.</p>
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Goal: To use line breaks, figurative language, and repetition to impart the power of a memory to the reader.

Strategy:

- 1) Below**, brainstorm various important memories to you, no matter how small they may seem. (Remember, as a poet you have the power to turn the ordinary into something *extraordinary*.)
- 2) Then**, at the top of the next page, write out one of those memories in a few sentences;
- 3) Circle** the important words and phrases—the ones you want to stand out to the reader;
- 4) Write** out a poem below it, making sure the circled words/phrases are at the end of a line, at the beginning, or—if you really want them to stand out—on their own line.
- 5) Later**, add repetition and figurative language to enhance your poem even more.





"Poetry is thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." -Thomas Gray





Sensory Poems



Poets often use sensory description, vivid vocabulary, and figurative language to paint a picture for their readers.

<p>Winter Barbara Vance</p> <p>When the geese are flying south And the sky is grey, my dears, Close your eyes, and lift your nose; Listen with your careful ears.</p> <p>Feel the winter coming on, Hear it in the crackling trees; Note the crisping, quivering wind Sharply snapping at their leaves.</p> <p>Feel it on the windowpanes – Chilly glass on fingertips – Mark the biting of the air, Heated breath on numbing lips.</p> <p>See it in the early eves, In the glowing sunset where Shadows of the naked trees Rattle in the biting air.</p> <p>Watch the nuthatch and the wren; They know it is time once more To abandon careful nests, As they've done each year before.</p> <p>Let it rest upon your face, Let it reach and pull you in. See how pretty nature is When she ushers winter in.</p>	<p>The Stadium Alan Loren</p> <p>Green and brown under shades of blue. Surrounded by every color and hue. Little white pillows line a track Where runners run And can never go back Wooden sticks of black and bone Sometimes red, it is not unknown. The outfielders trod on a sea of green Such a stunning sight you've never seen. And in the stands the fans wear blue, to the home team's colors they are always true. I speak of baseball what else can I do But the same goes for football And soccer too So many colors one sees at a game No matter the sport The views are the same</p>	<p>Heavenly Herald Jan Allison</p> <p>dainty daffodil your golden trumpet fanfares the dawning of spring</p> <p>My Tree's Seasons Andrea Dietrich</p> <p>spring wakens my tree - a bejeweled perfumed bride... love birds make their nest</p> <p>summer's yellowed lawn beneath my tree's sombrero... grass breathes sweet relief</p> <p>fall's quick change artist - from green to gold to crimson... disrobed, my tree naps</p> <p>Sunset's Concerto Matsuo Bashō (tr. Lucien Stryk)</p> <p>Soft wind music plays On last harp strings of sun rays Clouds waltz in the sky</p>
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Goal: To use sensory description, vivid vocabulary, and figurative language—especially metaphor, simile, and personification—to describe a scene in poetry.

Strategy: Choose any scene from real life or in photos, natural or in the city. In the chart below, list as many *vibrant*, descriptive words as you can, using a thesaurus or *Banish Boring Words*. Please use at least two examples of metaphor, simile, and/or personification. When you feel you have enough, put your descriptions into poetic form on the next page, free verse or haiku.

Sight	Sound	Feel/Touch	Smell	Taste



"A bird doesn't sing because it has an answer; it sings because it has a song." -Maya Angelou





Poets often use symbolism, metaphor, and vivid language to bring an important person to life for the reader.

<p>Dad Janet Wong</p> <p>Watch out. Mad, he snaps like a turtle. His face blows up round. His mouth thins to a frown. He sticks his neck out in a dare. Beware. Quick as he strikes, he draws back, hiding in his tough hard shell.</p>	<p>Mom Amory Berth Peccant</p> <p>I used to think you were weak Always letting others say your words Always being pushed around by others, An injured seal swimming in circles in the water. But then I learned You were the breakwater* Beaten and battered But still protecting your brood on the shore.</p> <p><i>(*breakwater = wall in the water that stops or slows the waves coming in)</i></p>	<p>The Importance of a Sister Shiv Sharma</p> <p>A sister is someone who loves you from the heart, No matter how much you argue you cannot be drawn apart. She is a joy that cannot be taken away, Once she enters your life, she is there to stay.</p> <p>A friend who helps you through difficult times, Her comforting words are worth much more than dimes. A partner who fills your life with laughs and smile, These memories last for miles and miles.</p> <p>When she is by your side, the world is filled with life, When she is not around, your days are full of strife. A sister is a blessing, who fills your heart with love, She flies with you in life with the beauty of a dove.</p> <p>A companion to whom you can express your feelings, She doesn't let you get bored at family dealings. Whether you are having your ups or downs, She always helps you with a smile and never frowns.</p> <p>With a sister you cannot have a grudge, She is as sweet as chocolate and as smooth as fudge. Having a sister is not just a trend, It is knowing you can always turn to her, your best friend</p>
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Goal: To use figurative language—especially metaphor, simile, and symbolism—to describe an important person to you.

Strategy: Jot down ideas & notes about a person in the table below. Ask yourself, “If you could describe them in just a few phrases, what would you say? What symbols, animals, and/or objects could represent them?” Push yourself to write at least three words or phrases in each category.

Words or Phrases to Describe _____	
Physical Qualities	
Personality Qualities	
Things He/She Does or Says	
Symbols, Metaphors, and/or similes	



“Poetry is just the evidence of life. If your life is burning well, poetry is just the ash.” -Leonard Cohen



A large, empty rectangular box with a black border, occupying most of the page, intended for writing or drawing.



Poem about Mom

Denise Gwendolyn

My mom is the stars above.
Each time I look at her eyes
she makes me laugh, she makes me smile.
When me and my mom go shopping
she gets me a little excited 'cause she buys me
clothes, shoes, earrings, purses,
and other goofy stuff.
My days are nice when hanging with my mom,
and this poem's not all that long
but still I wrote about my mom.
When she is sad, I am sad.
When she is happy,
I am happy, happy, happy

Daddy Forgets My Name

Bruce Lansky

My daddy calls me sweetie pie.
He calls me honey bunny.
He also calls me muffin,
which I think is kind of funny.
My daddy calls me sugarplum,
and also sleepyhead.
My silly dad forgets my name
when he tucks me into bed.

Orange Juice

Lisa Ruth Shulman

It was dark
when my father drank
orange juice from the container.
I would hear the creaking
of his footsteps
in the hallway
past my bedroom
and the suction
of the refrigerator door
give way to his private
love
of sweets in
the quiet night.

I longed to know
the sweetness
of my father, and
would rise to meet him,
my feet bare
on the cold kitchen floor, and
listen for clues.



Great Times and Bad Times

by Tiffany Bishunath

I remember my uncle
He was the best uncle
Father
And husband
You could ever find
When I first saw him
I was surprised
He was very nice to me

When he died
I sat there and cried
And hope
This was a dream
But when I found out what happened
I knew
It was
Reality

From One to Another

Kirk Murphy

My father's eyes would define mine
like a silent voice yelling in your thoughts
indescribable thoughts
My prayers are as similar as my mom's gift to God.
Like the son of an unloving dad, praying
for his dad to return
My thankfulness is what my dad and
mom combine.
Like the sourness a lemon brings
but can return with sweetness and
lusciousness of lemon aid.

My Papa's Waltz

Theodore Roethke

The whiskey on your breath My right ear scraped a buckle.
Could make a small boy dizzy; The hand that held my wrist
But I hung on like death: Was battered on one knuckle;
Such waltzing was not easy. At every step you missed

We romped until the pans You beat time on my head
Slid from the kitchen shelf; With a palm caked hard by dirt,
My mother's countenance Then waltzed me off to bed
Could not unfrown itself. Still clinging to your shirt.



My Grandmother Is Waiting for Me to Come Home

Gwendolyn Brooks

My Grandmother is waiting for me
to come home.
We live with walnuts and apples
in a one-room kitchenette above The
Some Day Liquor Gardens.
My Grandmother sits in a red rocking chair
waiting for me
to open the door with my key.
She is Black and glossy like coal.
We eat walnuts and apples,
drink root beer in cups that are broken,
above The Same Day Liquor Gardens.
I love my Grandmother.
She is wonderful to behold
with the glossy of her coal-colored skin.
She is warm wide and long.
She laughs and she Lingers

Daddy Don't Cry

April M. Alcocer

Daddy don't cry,
because you were always there for me
I've cried many tears too,
that you couldn't see
Daddy I love you,
keep those words close to your heart
I know you love me too,
even though we are apart
Daddy mommy loves you too,
though she doesn't let it show
I have seen her sitting alone
and many tears flow
Daddy one day you will be back,
and we will be a family again
I have our last picture together
and stare at it till the day's end
Daddy, as you sleep,
have dreams of mommy and me
I have a smile on this little face
that I wish you could see
Daddy, my little arms are stretched out,
I know your arms are stretched out too,
So here is a big hug for you.



Missing My Sister

Belinda Stotler

One morning I found you in eternal sleep;
I tried to wake you as I began to weep,
But all my pleas you could not hear;
Oh if I could have only kept you near,
Away from the voices of those who went before,
Who beckoned you to come to that distant shore.

I find it so very hard to believe
That you have gone and I must grieve;
I call out your name -- you answer not,
And I look for you in every familiar spot.
Everything seems so strange and surreal,
I ask every day is it a dream or real?

Where are the soft brown eyes of affection?
Where is the laughter and talk of childhood reflection?
Where is the loving care when I was sick or sad?
Where is the generous soul for which I was glad?
Where is the forgiving and understanding heart?
Where are the bonds that were there from the start?

I miss all the little ways you showed you cared,
For there were so many good moments we shared;
Looking back on my life's assorted scenes,
I realized you taught me what love truly means;
You were my trusted confidante and best friend,
On whose loving support I could always depend.
I look at your smiling face in all my photos;

Memories flood my mind as I touch the mementos
From the happy times you and I have had,
But now these bring tears and make me sad;
For the time together went by in a wink,
Life was not as long as we'd like to think.

You were by me

Danielle Santos

You were by me when I came home
You were there when I needed a hug

You were there when I took my first steps
You were by me when I said my first word

Every day is a different day between you and me
You love me for me

When I was crying your kiss made me smile and glow
You picked me up gently, when I fell down

Your gentle touch when you hug me
Or at nights when you tuck me in

When we laugh, we cry, we get mad
But you were by me every step of the way

Death, Be Not Proud

John Donne

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.

From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.

Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?

One short sleep past, we wake eternally
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

How Do I Love Thee? (Sonnet 43)

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death

Ozymandias*

Percy Shelley

I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said—"Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,

And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;

(*Ozymandias is the Greek name for Rameses the Great/II)

My Mistress' Eyes Are Nothing like the Sun (Sonnet 130)

William Shakespeare

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

Remember

Christina Rossetti

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.

Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.

Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,

Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

And on the pedestal, these words appear:
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay

Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.





This Is a Photograph of Me

Margaret Atwood

It was taken some time ago.
At first it seems to be
a smeared
print: blurred lines and grey flecks
blended with the paper;

then, as you scan
it, you see in the left-hand corner
a thing that is like a branch: part of a tree
(balsam or spruce) emerging
and, to the right, halfway up
what ought to be a gentle
slope, a small frame house.

In the background there is a lake,
and beyond that, some low hills.

(The photograph was taken
the day after I drowned.

I am in the lake, in the center
of the picture, just under the surface.

It is difficult to say where
precisely, or to say
how large or small I am:
the effect of water
on light is a distortion

but if you look long enough,
eventually
you will be able to see me.)

Poem

Langston Hughes

I loved my friend.
He went away from me. There's nothing more to say.
The poem ends
Soft as it began—
I loved my friend.



Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer [queer=strange]

To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Because I could not stop for Death

Emily Dickinson

Because I could not stop for Death –
He kindly stopped for me –
The Carriage held but just Ourselves –
And Immortality.

We slowly drove – He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility –

We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess – in the Ring –
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –
We passed the Setting Sun –

Or rather – He passed us –
The Dews drew quivering and chill –
For only Gossamer, my Gown –
My Tippet – only Tulle –

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground –
The Roof was scarcely visible –
The Cornice – in the Ground –

Since then – 'tis Centuries – and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses' Heads
Were toward Eternity –



The Raven

Edgar Allen Poem

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door -
Only this, and nothing more.'

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; - vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow - sorrow for the lost Lenore -
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore -
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me - filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door -
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; -
This it is, and nothing more,'

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you' - here I opened wide the door; -
Darkness there, and nothing more.



Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, 'Lenore!'
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, 'Lenore!'
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see then, what theraut is, and this mystery explore -
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; -
'Tis the wind and nothing more!'

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door -
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door -
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven.
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the nightly shore -
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

Home

Warsan Shire

no one leaves home unless
home is the mouth of a shark.

you only run for the border
when you see the whole city
running as well.

your neighbours running faster
than you, the boy you went to school with
who kissed you dizzy behind
the old tin factory is
holding a gun bigger than his body,
you only leave home
when home won't let you stay.

no one would leave home unless home
chased you, fire under feet,
hot blood in your belly.

it's not something you ever thought about
doing, and so when you did -
you carried the anthem under your breath,
waiting until the airport toilet
to tear up the passport and swallow,
each mouthful of paper making it clear that
you would not be going back.

you have to understand,
no one puts their children in a boat
unless the water is safer than the land.

who would choose to spend days
and nights in the stomach of a truck
unless the miles travelled
meant something more than journey.

no one would choose to crawl under fences,
be beaten until your shadow leaves you,
raped, then drowned, forced to the bottom of
the boat because you are darker, be sold,
starved, shot at the border like a sick animal,
be pitied, lose your name, lose your family,
make a refugee camp a home for a year or two or
ten,
stripped and searched, find prison everywhere
and if you survive and you are greeted on the other
side
with go home blacks, refugees
dirty immigrants, asylum seekers
sucking our country dry of milk,
dark, with their hands out
smell strange, savage -
look what they've done to their own countries,
what will they do to ours?



Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning - little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door -
Bird or beast above the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as `Nevermore.'

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only,
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered - not a feather then he fluttered -
Till I scarcely more than muttered `Other friends have flown before -
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.'
Then the bird said, `Nevermore.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
`Doubtless,' said I, `what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore -
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "Never-nevermore."'

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore -
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking `Nevermore.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
`Wretch,' I cried, `thy God hath lent thee - by these angels he has sent thee
Respite - respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!
Quoth the raven, `Nevermore.'

`Prophet!' said I, `thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or devil! -
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted -
On this home by horror haunted - tell me truly, I implore -
Is there - is there balm in Gilead? - tell me - tell me, I implore!
Quoth the raven, `Nevermore.'

`Prophet!' said I, `thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us - by that God we both adore -
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore -
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore?
Quoth the raven, `Nevermore.'

the dirty looks in the street
softer than a limb torn off,
the indignity of everyday life
more tender than fourteen men who
look like your father, between
your legs, insults easier to swallow
than rubble, than your child's body
in pieces - for now, forget about pride
your survival is more important.

i want to go home, but home is the mouth of a shark
home is the barrel of the gun
and no one would leave home
unless home chased you to the shore
unless home tells you to
leave what you could not behind,
even if it was human.

no one leaves home until home
is a damp voice in your ear saying
leave, run now, i don't know what
i've become.



Abandoned Farmhouse
Ted Kooser

He was a big man, says the size of his shoes
on a pile of broken dishes by the house;
a tall man too, says the length of the bed
in an upstairs room; and a good, God-fearing man,
says the Bible with a broken back
on the floor below the window, dusty with sun;
but not a man for farming, say the fields
cluttered with boulders and the leaky barn.

A woman lived with him, says the bedroom wall
papered with lilacs and the kitchen shelves
covered with oilcloth, and they had a child,
says the sandbox made from a tractor tire.
Money was scarce, say the jars of plum preserves
and canned tomatoes sealed in the cellar hole.
And the winters cold, say the rags in the window frames.
It was lonely here, says the narrow country road.

Something went wrong, says the empty house
in the weed-choked yard. Stones in the fields
say he was not a farmer; the still-sealed jars
in the cellar say she left in a nervous haste.
And the child? Its toys are strewn in the yard
like branches after a storm--a rubber cow,
a rusty tractor with a broken plow,
a doll in overalls. Something went wrong, they say.



Fish

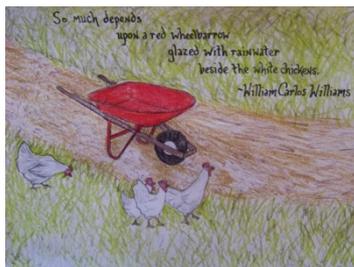
Joseph Santoro

They glimmer and
 Shine like armor
 On a knight. Bait
 Fish flashing water
 Churning, seagulls
 Soaring above.
 How I love the way
 They swim by
 Themselves or in
 A school. I watch
 On the deck
 As they glimmer
 And shine
 On a warm
 Day

The Red Wheelbarrow

William Carlos Williams

so much depends
 upon
 a red wheel
 barrow
 glazed with rain
 water
 beside the white
 chickens.



Fog

Carl Sandburg

The fog comes
 on little cat feet.
 It sits looking
 over harbor and city
 on silent haunches
 and then moves on.

Subway Rush Hour

Langston Hughes

Mingled
 breath and smell
 so close
 mingled
 black and white
 so near

The Game of Soccer!

Ferrel Jeffrey

Stadium overcrowded by
 hooligans and fans
 Cheering waving flags and
 clapping their hands
 Players on the field they're
 ready to start
 There goes the whistle it pumps
 up their hearts
 Adding strength to the ball and
 kicking it high
 The ball travels overhead how
 beautiful it can fly
 Over center field and still it
 goes strong
 Pass received with ease and the
 player runs long

There he goes for his opponents' goal
 He dribbles through each player
 he's on a roll
 He takes the shot and curves it by
 The keeper dives for it far and high

The goalie misses it
 the ball's in the net
 There's a moment of silence
 and no regrets

The winners jump for joy that
 win was a must
 Opponents heads tilt down low
 they leave in disgust

A player's life fulfilled is playing
 world class
 To be playing all year long on
 the rich green grass

Play with heart, that's the real
 answer
 Of how to play the true game of
 Soccer

no room for fear

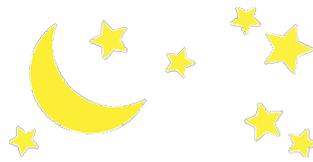




Night Sky

Alan Loren

The night sky is different in the country
 It seems that the celestial delights of the city sky
 Like city dwellers themselves
 Prefer not to come out at night
 In the countryside
 one looks up at the night sky
 as if in a planetarium.
 The view is crisp
 Specks of sparkling dust set against a jet-black backdrop.
 Spectacular light shows on view
 Shooting stars
 The Little Dipper with the North Star close by
 Pegasus, the constellation most prominent in fall
 Sits before us in the heavens,
 strikingly similar to its winged namesake.
 Asteroids, comets and meteor showers.
 They do not come out to greet us
 In the city.
 Well, not usually.
 Perhaps they are bashful?
 Nothing, it seems, is hidden from view
 In the night sky of the country



One leaf dressed in a sparkling jade
 glided with grace to green grass blades
 and rested near a bubbling brook,
 then waited for warm breeze that shook
 its flirty skirt on green, green glade.

An arc of bright green canopy
 warmed my heart in bluest mood,
 and one leaf blew a kiss from you.
 It twirled and pranced and floated by,
 then with a touch it came to lie
 green in my hand, a dear surprise.

Like emerald hills of Irish tales,
 I marveled at how one leaf sailed
 green in my hand that blue, blue day,
 a kiss from you on Patty's Day -
 The gray clouds parted shining green,
 a beauty like I'd never seen.

On an Early Sunset

Pat Broadbent

Planes streak across the wide October sky—
 The sun is setting—
 Contrails stream behind them,
 glowing scars of the evening.

The highest ones, they exhale the day's gold,
 pure and sharp
 like fields of August wheat,
 dusty and late-summer charred.

Redder and lower ones hug the skyline,
 No cloud to catch them,
 Fall like meteorites,
 the slow burn of a dwarf star

Memories never print so vividly,
 slow burn sees fast death,
 Reds, golds and what's between,
 A brain is all catch-and-release



So afterwards what should be left of this?
 Not but an umbra,
 Impressionist beauty,
 A mere relief of its source?

Beauty's slow fade is not the tragedy,
 —rather the reverse—
 That we fade to beauty,
 To never hold it in full.

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
 For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

One Green Leaf

Rhonda Johnson-Saunders

One leaf fell from a tall, tall tree
 and subtly kissed gnarled roots beneath;
 a lover's kiss below sunned-sheath
 of greenest leaves, a jubilee.

One spiraling leaf brought playful mirth
 to sullen earth of trodden dirt.
 A flight of hopeful shades of spring,
 for hard, hard ground, an offering



Adventures of Isabel

Isabel met an enormous bear,
Isabel, Isabel, didn't care;
The bear was hungry, the bear was ravenous,
The bear's big mouth was cruel and cavernous.
The bear said, Isabel, glad to meet you,
How do, Isabel, now I'll eat you!
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry.
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She washed her hands and she straightened her hair up,
Then Isabel quietly ate the bear up.

Once in a night as black as pitch
Isabel met a wicked old witch.
the witch's face was cross and wrinkled,
The witch's gums with teeth were sprinkled.
Ho, ho, Isabel! the old witch crowed,
I'll turn you into an ugly toad!
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry,
She showed no rage and she showed no rancor,
But she turned the witch into milk and drank her.

Isabel met a hideous giant,
Isabel continued self-reliant.
The giant was hairy, the giant was horrid,
He had one eye in the middle of his forehead.
Good morning, Isabel, the giant said,
I'll grind your bones to make my bread.
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She nibbled the zwieback that she always fed off,
And when it was gone, she cut the giant's head off.

Isabel met a troublesome doctor,
He punched and he poked till he really shocked her.
The doctor's talk was of coughs and chills
And the doctor's satchel bulged with pills.
The doctor said unto Isabel,
Swallow this, it will make you well.
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She took those pills from the pill concocter,
And Isabel calmly cured the doctor.



About the Teeth of Sharks

John Ciardi

The thing about a shark is—teeth,
One row above, one row beneath.

Now take a close look. Do you find
It has another row behind?

Still closer—here, I'll hold your hat:
Has it a third row behind that?

Now look in and...Look out! Oh my,
I'll never know now! Well, goodbye.

Rabbit

Mary Ann Hoberman

A rabbit
Bit
A little bit
An itty-bitty

Little bit of beet
Then bit
By bit
He bit
Because he liked the taste of it



I Met a Genius

Charles Bukowski

I met a genius on the train
today
about 6 years old,
he sat beside me
and as the train
ran down along the coast
we came to the ocean
and then he looked at me
and said,
it's not pretty.

it was the first time I'd
realized
that.



Promise Ring

Shaina Rene Lowe Ham

I thought you wouldn't break my heart
But now we are apart
I gave you my heart and you ripped it apart

You promised to never lie
When you asked me to never cry
When you left me with a promise ring
I threw it on the ground
And you made me wonder about the promise
about the love that I found

Now I know that it wasn't true
Because you left me blue.

A Thousand Years

Christina Perri and David Hodges

Heart beats fast
Colors and promises
How to be brave?
How can I love when I'm afraid to fall?
But watching you stand alone,
All of my doubt suddenly goes away somehow.
One step closer

(Chorus)

I have died every day waiting for you
Darling, don't be afraid I have loved you
For a thousand years
I'll love you for a thousand more

[i Carry Your Heart With Me(i Carry It In)]

e.e. cummings

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
i go you go,my dear;and whatever is done
by only me is your doing,my darling)
i fear
no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want
no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)

Excerpts from Romeo & Juliet

William Shakespeare

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!



Where I Stood

Missy Higgins

I don't know what I've done
Or if I like what I've begun
But something told me to run
And honey, you know me, it's all or none

There were sounds in my head
Little voices whispering
That I should go and this should end
Oh, and I found myself listening

(Chorus)

'Cause I don't know who I am, who I am without you
All I know is that I should
And I don't know if I could stand another hand upon you
All I know is that I should
'Cause she will love you more than I could
She who dares to stand where I stood

See, I thought love was black and white
That it was wrong or it was right
But you aren't leaving without a fight
And I think, I am just as torn inside

(Chorus)



Love, I'm Done with You

Ross Gay

You ever wake up with your footie PJs warming your neck like a noose? Ever upchuck after a home-cooked meal? Or notice how the blood on the bottoms of your feet just won't seem to go away? Love, it used to be you could retire your toothbrush for like two or three days and still I'd push my downy face into your neck. Used to be I hung on your every word. (Sing! you'd say: and I was a bird. Freedom! you'd say: and I never really knew what that meant, but liked the way it rang like a rusty bell.) Used to be. But now I can tell you your breath stinks and you're full of shit. You have more lies about yourself than bodies beneath your bed. Rooting for the underdog. Team player. Hook, line and sinker. Love, you helped design the brick that built the walls around the castle in the basement of which is a vault inside of which is another vault inside of which . . . you get my point. Your tongue is made of honey but flicks like a snake's. Voice like a bird but everyone's ears are bleeding. From the inside your house shines and shines, but from outside you can see it's built from bones. From out here it looks like a graveyard, and the garden's all ash. And besides, your breath stinks. We're through.

Bleeding Love

Ryan Tedder & Jesse McCartney (sung by Leona Lewis)

Closed off from love, I didn't need the pain
Once or twice was enough, but it was all in vain
Time starts to pass, before you know it, you're frozen
But something happened, for the very first time with you
My heart melts into the ground, found something true
And everyone's looking round, thinking I'm going crazy

But I don't care what they say
I'm in love with you
They try to pull me away, but they don't know the truth
My heart's crippled by the vein, that I keep on closing
You cut me open and I

Keep bleeding, keep, keep bleeding love
I keep bleeding, I keep, keep bleeding love
Keep bleeding, keep, keep bleeding love
You cut me open

Trying hard not to hear, but they talk so loud
Their piercing sounds fill my ears, try to fill me with doubt
Yet I know that the goal, is to keep me from falling
But nothings greater, than the rush that comes with your embrace
And in this world of loneliness, I see your face
Yet everyone around me, thinks that I'm going crazy, maybe, maybe



I Feel Horrible. She Doesn't

Richard Brautigan

I feel horrible. She doesn't love me and I wander around the house like a sewing machine that's just finished sewing a turd to a garbage can lid.

Jealous

Labrinth

I'm jealous of the rain
That falls upon your skin
It's closer than my hands have been
I'm jealous of the rain
I'm jealous of the wind
That ripples through your clothes
It's closer than your shadow
Oh, I'm jealous of the wind

'Cause I wished you the best of
All this world could give
And I told you when you left me
There's nothing to forgive
But I always thought you'd come back,
tell me all you found was
Heartbreak and misery
It's hard for me to say, I'm jealous of the way
You're happy without me.

All of Me

John Legend and Tobias Gad

What would I do without your smart mouth
Drawing me in, and you kicking me out
Got my head spinning, no kidding, I can't pin you down

What's going on in that beautiful mind
I'm on your magical mystery ride
And I'm so dizzy, don't know what hit me, but I'll be alright

My head's under water
But I'm breathing fine
You're crazy and I'm out of my mind

'Cause all of me
Loves all of you
Love your curves and all your edges
All your perfect imperfections
Give your all to me
I'll give my all to you
You're my end and my beginning
Even when I lose I'm winning
'Cause I give you all, all of me
And you give me all, all of you



The Rose That Grew from Concrete

Tupac

Did you hear about the rose that grew
from a crack in the concrete?
Proving nature's law is wrong it
learned to walk without having feet.
Funny it seems, but by keeping its dreams,
it learned to breathe fresh air.
Long live the rose that grew from concrete
when no one else ever cared.



Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night

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.

Dreams

Langston Hughes

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

I Hope You Dance

Tia Sillers & Mark Sanders (sung by Lee Ann Womack)

I hope you never lose your sense of wonder
You get your fill to eat but always keep that hunger
May you never take one single breath for granted
God forbid love ever leave you empty handed
I hope you still feel small when you stand beside the ocean
Whenever one door closes I hope one more opens
Promise me that you'll give faith a fighting chance
And when you get the choice to sit it out or dance

I hope you dance
I hope you dance

I hope you never fear those mountains in the distance
Never settle for the path of least resistance
Livin' might mean takin' chances, but they're worth takin'
Lovin' might be a mistake, but it's worth makin'
Don't let some hell-bent heart leave you bitter
When you come close to sellin' out, reconsider
Give the heavens above more than just a passing glance
And when you get the choice to sit it out or dance

I hope you dance
(Time is a wheel in constant motion always rolling us along)
I hope you dance
I hope you dance
(Tell me who wants to look back on their years and wonder)
I hope you dance
(Where those years have gone?)

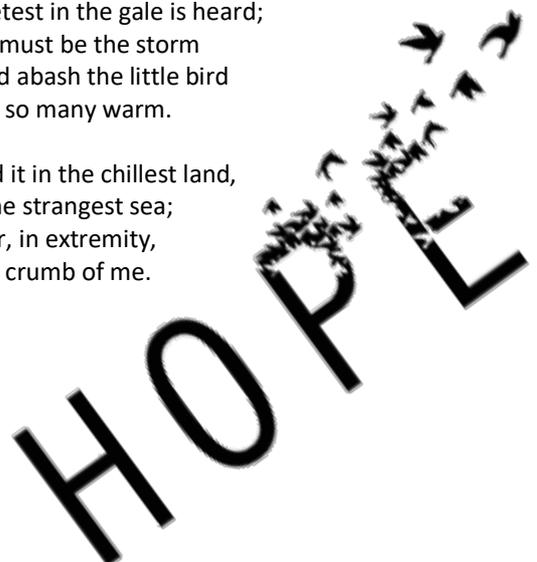
Hope Is the Thing with Feathers

Emily Dickinson

Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune without the words,
And never stops at all,

And sweetest in the gale is heard;
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chillest land,
And on the strangest sea;
Yet, never, in extremity,
It asked a crumb of me.





Still I Rise

Maya Angelou

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may tread me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops.
Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.
Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.
I rise
I rise
I rise.

The Road Not Taken

By Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I marked the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.



Thinking

Walter D. Wintle

If you think you are beaten, you are
If you think you dare not, you don't,
If you like to win, but you think you can't
It is almost certain you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost
For out of the world we find,
Success begins with a fellow's will
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you are outclassed, you are
You've got to think high to rise,
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man,
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the man WHO THINKS HE CAN!



Ode to My Socks

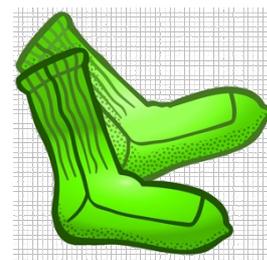
Pablo Neruda

Maru Mori brought me
 a pair
 of socks
 which she knitted herself
 with her shepherder's hands,
 two socks as soft
 as rabbits.
 I slipped my feet
 into them
 as though into
 two
 cases
 knitted
 with threads of
 twilight
 and goatskin.
 Violent socks,
 my feet were
 two fish made
 of wool,
 two long sharks
 sea-blue, shot
 through
 by one golden thread,
 two immense blackbirds,
 two cannons:
 my feet
 were honored

in this way
 by
 these
 heavenly
 socks.
 They were
 so handsome
 for the first time
 my feet seemed to me
 unacceptable
 like two decrepit
 firemen, firemen
 unworthy
 of that woven
 fire,
 of those glowing
 socks.

Nevertheless
 I resisted
 the sharp temptation
 to save them somewhere
 as schoolboys
 keep
 fireflies,
 as learned men
 collect
 sacred texts,
 I resisted
 the mad impulse

to put them
 into a golden
 cage
 and each day give them
 birdseed
 and pieces of pink melon.
 Like explorers
 in the jungle who hand
 over the very rare
 green deer
 to the spit
 and eat it
 with remorse,
 I stretched out
 my feet
 and pulled on
 the magnificent
 socks
 and then my shoes.



The moral
 of my ode is this:
 beauty is twice
 beauty
 and what is good is doubly
 good
 when it is a matter of two socks
 made of wool
 in winter.

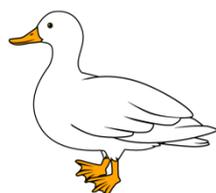
Ode to My Running Shoes

Rona McPeachy

People stare at you,
 because you look so strange,
 I look that I have webbed feet
 They think I am deranged!

You make me run just like a duck,
 or one that is insane
 No protection 'gainst rocks or bad
 blisters
 or even storms of rain.

And running shoes, seriously, man,
 You smell so very rotten
 Like a piece of moldy cheese
 That someone has forgotten.



No matter how many times
 You go through the wash machine
 No matter how much detergent I
 add
 You never seem fully clean

But you make me sprint so far
 And oh so very fast
 All the peeps who like to stare
 Find themselves quickly passed.

So I say an ode to my running shoes
 Because you're full of pep
 Even though you're smelly and weird
 You're the best shoes I could ever get.

King of Puerto Rico

Paac Ocher Myn

He sits on a milk crate
 Turned upside-down,
 Greeting each passerby
 Shaking hands with old men,
 Young men,
 Kissing women on the cheek,
 Kissing babies brought to him;
 Smiling at everyone.
 The perfect politician.
 His face was old and haggard,
 Dozens of years in each wrinkle,
 And his mind's not all there—
 But his eyes vibrant and alive.
 Sitting upon his throne,
 At the corner of Seigel & Graham,
 The king of the
 Avenue of Puerto Rico.