

# 2018: A Year of Poetry

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## Foreward

Throughout this year, the 2017-2018 school year, I have been tasked with writing 35 poems, one per week.

At first I was skeptical— poetry? With pre-set topics? I've always liked poetry, reading and writing it. There's something about the restraint of structure, the emphasis on creating flow and elaborate environments from nothing but the structure of the words themselves, and the elaborate metaphors and wordplay which has always drawn me.

Ultimately though, I think the topics chosen have been important. Even if sometimes (usually) my poems haven't really turned out— either because I overthought them and couldn't choose a topic or was simply in a rush throughout the day— what Mr. Zylstra has done is force me to take a minute away to think about all of these simple but ever-so-important things which may have been neglected thought in my daily life.

I think this project has been very important to people in the past, as a way for them to set their minds free, and perhaps equally importantly as a window into their minds of the past as they grow older.

A lot of people give these books away as gifts, too! I'd be honored as the future recipient of some of these books— just look at all of the things Nate Spears says about his dad for example! I wish I had decided to do such a thing from the beginning— as it is I doubt this is suitable to be read by anyone but myself.

Nevertheless, I do think this project is important, so thank you.

## Dedication

I said thank you in the foreward— but who am I thanking? Well, that would be Mr. Zylstra, of course! He was the originator of this project, but in the foreward I think I've elaborated on the importance of this project plenty. I think here I should consider all the other things he's done for me. I don't know if you're actually reading this, but I really do appreciate you.

He has been really an excellent teacher. I've always been lucky enough to have good Language Arts teacher, and this year was most definitely no exception.

He has always managed to provide so much more about what we read than what I ever could have gathered on my own. If I'm going to be honest, with most teachers I would learn more if they'd just shut up and let me read the textbook in peace. With Mr. Zylstra on the other hand, his explanations and analysis have helped me understand not just the content of the book, but have helped me improve my own skills by following his line of thought. Sometimes it seems like just the reverse— did I really need to read the book after he explained it all so well? (I did.)

But his lectures were not limited to books. His commentary on real-world issues, while often preachy (he was a former youth pastor, after all), has been really informative and inspiring.

He was also a chaplain and volunteer for the homeless. His empathy and kindness have been truly inspiring. You are a wonderful teacher and a wonderful person, so I dedicate this book (for whatever that's worth) to you.

Thank you.

(p.s.: thanks for being so lenient on late work)

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# My Poems (topic — title)      Emotions — Embarrassment

## Family — Strength Together

The union of family;  
A picture of love;  
Home, comfort, and bonding,  
Together we may find life.

Together we may go  
Do with each other's spirit  
Go anywhere, do anything  
We are strong

So said blood flows thicker than water  
Leave to man behind  
Do what it takes to push ahead  
A dynasty in ourselves

Held together through thick or thin  
Times of hardship led through  
Squabbles past, differences overcome  
Nothing can pull you apart

This is not my real poem  
you're about to see why  
it's pretty bad  
that's pretty sad  
(but) these ugly lines I'll fly.

My poems are real real bad  
I've been afraid to share 'em  
but for you guys  
I'll improvise  
these limrick lines I'll pair 'em.



## Exiting Moment — Hazen vs. Kentridge

Less than an hour till the poem's due  
No inspiration, what shall I do?  
Oh perspiration, that's something  
new.

I could write about the football game  
We won again, our team to blame!  
But I want something else to claim...  
(that wasn't my success, after all)

Oh shame on my procrastination  
I need emotion, not information  
I need a thing, not explanation

But now I know just what to do!  
Not the most exciting thing it may be true  
But I'm exited to share this with you!

## Who I Want to Be — Alpine Meadow High

(written with Rocky Mountain High by John Denver in mind)

I want to smell an alpine meadow  
And see a lake of jade  
To taste the wild berries  
And learn to touch the sun

Shackles made of solid gold  
Constrain you all the same  
I want to learn that less is more  
Forget the golden ball and chain

Paradise is the earth  
It's been here all along  
We work just to escape it  
I want to hear its song

Seek not to be one  
But to be none

## Forgiveness — Healing

Forgiveness is powerful  
So you should have some spare  
For when you don't have it  
There can be no repair

Giving may not repair the wound  
But anger makes it deeper—  
So please try to lose your pain  
So it will not get no steeper

The one who can FORgive first  
Is the strongest of us all  
But those who canNOT forGIVE  
Will be the first to fall

## Personification — Meta

I'm really honored to be  
the topic of this poem!  
You've brought me to life,  
the greatest honor a concept can  
achieve.

Emotion can be quite a rush  
I'm sure you can agree with that much  
thank you thank you thank you  
for being inspired by me.

I hate to intrude on your life much longer  
but maybe you could tell to me  
if you could be a concept instead  
who would you choose to be?



**Personal Concern — Indecision**

I can't say where tomorrow goes.  
I can't decide, nobody knows.  
So many options ahead of me  
so many passions, so many gaps.

I'm concerned about my future  
I seem to make many poor choices.  
Am I setting myself on the path  
for that unsaid thing I want to be?

How can I even choose a path  
when I don't know where to go?  
I'd better not close any doors  
but each day another door closes!

**Hope — A Brighter Future**

I hope for a future  
where all can be free  
I hope for a place  
where we can all live in harmony.

Today we are divided  
today some are chided  
for being themselves  
or for choices they didn't make.

Please let there one day be  
a place for you, a place for me!  
This is my hope—  
a hope for a brighter future.

## This Is Me — The Clouds

Shaking through the fluffy white  
My head is in the clouds  
And I am glad for that fact  
You can see above the crowds

So while my head may be so high  
My feet remain on the ground  
I find myself in nature's peace  
Let it keep my fly mind sound

As great as technology may be  
And lofty thought may immerse  
Nature my heart likes to see  
The rest is just a curse

I love to build things  
With my mind  
I'm not really here  
For the daily grind

I don't mind being terse  
Though it may be perverse  
But when I speak  
There may be interesting things  
you may find

I am quite related  
But not all that steady  
But when big things call  
I might not be ready

This is me

## Imagination — The Key To Improvement

A world without imagination  
A world without drive  
It does not take much explanation  
For there would be no strive

There is not much way for improvement  
When it cannot be foreseen  
To even suppose the lack of imagination  
Is an impossible act in itself

And just imagine how it would be  
If all thought the same, just what we see  
I hope imagination makes you happy  
Since it does so much good for me

Imagine a world where things could be  
better;  
Imagine a world where things could be  
worse

Imagination lets us imagine change  
Without it things would be very  
strange

Imagine a world without imagination  
A world with no art or human dignity  
A world where we had nothing to say  
A world that would be very grey

So I am glad for my imagination  
Without it the world'd be very dull  
I am glad for what I imagine  
And the creativity contained in my regular  
skull



## **Freedom — Transparency**

Freedom is very important to me  
And I hope to keep my land free  
It means I have the right to see  
Into our gov– gov transparency

To freedom of expression  
Or that of neutrality  
The freedom of working  
For a better democracy  
It protects from rooting a  
Dictatorial tree

I may go where I wish to go  
And be where I want to be  
Life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness  
Freedom means a lot to me

## **Nature — The Best Place**

There is nowhere like nature  
Wild and alone  
I don't think a better place  
Could be built or shown

Peaceful and NATural  
It's right there in the name  
It's the one place for me  
Thoreau'd say the same

So let it be  
Wild and free  
Leave it crisp  
That is my plan

## Freestyle — Flyting

Freestyle rap  
Freestyle rhyme  
Hardcore flyting  
In a long-past time.

It's pretty neat  
the Celtic fought in verse  
an ancient tradition  
in which we now immerse

Ourselves.  
Funny how we can go  
from one culture to another  
the same tradition.

Rap is not black—  
though I sure admire it!

## Hunger and Homelessness — (Some Have) No Empathy

Housecare really is a pain  
Screw protection from the rain  
Homelessness is the dream to me

And who needs food you silly soul  
You don't need a stomachful  
A diet is a goal for me

Live in a van down by the river  
It may be cold but you won't shiver  
I'd like that fresh fish myself

Alright, well maybe this all sucks.



## **World Concern — Overpopula- tion**

There are too many people  
But nowhere to go  
What can we all do  
I may never know  
  
We cannot send them all away  
We cannot let them die  
So that is our issue now  
Taker thunderbolt cannot fly  
  
The question may just have no answer  
No solution at all  
But I sure hope there could be  
Since now we fall

## **Love — Endurance**

Love is a connection  
That two people share  
It's saying in succession  
Just how much you care  
  
Friends can live through times of ease  
But through hardship break apart  
But love can survive through hardship  
Cause love comes from the heart  
  
So I guess what I'm saying is  
That love ALways endures  
Whatever hopes and needs you have  
Love always ensures



## Favorite Place — Jade Lake

(the background is an actual picture of the lake!)

I once went to a lake of jade  
It was just like no other shade  
And looking through that water clear  
I could not have felt a bit of fear

Melted from the freshest snow  
What the fish ate I did not know  
The water just was so pure  
The beauty was beyond words

And with alpine lakes, alpine meadow  
Such peace, no worry of the hedgerow  
Nobody but me was ever there  
It was just beyond what words can share

## America — Sacred Land

America is the place to be.  
I sure damn love  
the land of the free.

I take honor in shoving  
burgers down my face  
a privilege most others  
have not this case.

There may be flaws  
there may be hate  
but man it's hard  
to aggravate  
me in this sacred land.



## Politics — Our Downfall

The cigar-smoke of man  
So Thoreau said  
Alas it has such a span  
It really keeps us fed—  
Fed up with anger, it is a shame  
That we can be filled with such hate  
Elections keep us quite irate  
  
And we vote for celebrities  
And they do just what they please  
We do not care what they do  
They will bring us to our knees  
And so-forth we shall be slain

## Success — Slow Down

Success is more than money  
It's always been that way  
Please know that there's more to life  
Than things for which you can pay  
  
I think that SUCcess is  
More than your work and biz  
In the gib grand scheme of things  
Life's a lot more than just gold rings—  
  
So let's relax and worry less  
Money makes your life a mess  
If we could just slow down a bit  
Life would have a lot less grit

**Racism — Trivial Differences — Best Friend — Best Friends**

Racism is bad  
It makes me sad  
But Hazen has (almost) none  
Which makes it fun

And trivial differences seem just that  
When your school's diversity is so fat  
So at Hazen we treat well  
Every day, from bell to bell

So while we may be such a nice place  
You would have to see my face  
When I go somewhere else  
And people are jerks!!

Best friends are a wonderful thing  
Through good and bad  
They are there fore you  
Whether to laugh or cry or sing  
They are the right hand man,  
King of the crew

What would life be without  
Someone to support you so  
Such is the joy from one comes  
You just have to shout

So best friends are good to me  
I am sure you will agree  
So good luck for your life ahead  
I hope one keeps you company



## My Future — Who Will I Be?

My future is very far ahead of me  
And very hard to predict  
But sometimes I clearly see  
That important is what I do or pick

Sometimes a future very bright  
Extends in front of me  
But at other times failure looms  
And misery is all that I see

So I hope that the choices  
That I make  
Will be good for me  
And that in my choices' wake  
I'll be who I want to be

## Courage — Wild Lands

Courage I have every day  
For good or bad, it does pay  
Courage permits independence  
But with independence comes  
Uncharted ground

So take the courage  
You've got within  
And venture into the fog  
Success or failure in the bog  
Are never known  
If you stay where you've been

In charted land may lay  
all that you know  
but in the wild lays the future! So have  
courage!  
Go into the snow!  
And let *your* steps  
set the way of tomorrow.

## **Fear — Crusher of Dreams**

Fear— the crusher of dreams  
but just as much the saver of lives.  
Nothing is as it seems.  
Stay where you are!  
No, run away!  
Join the battle,  
join the fray!  
For your life  
or to the death—  
defend what matters.  
Defend your life!  
Fear is the chaos  
in your heart.  
Do not let it overwhelm you,  
consume you,  
nor run you to your death.

## **A to Z Is Me — Painful Decision**

Alpha conversion, Beta reduction,  
Computation Rules, Delta Context,  
Eta Conversion, For what cause,  
Gamma context, How does it matter?  
Invest myself, Jack up the system,  
Kill the flawed, Learn the new.  
My future is, Now in its hands,  
Or does it have to be? Painful decision.  
Question my choices, Run my project,  
Save my future, Trust my work,  
Understand it, Why do it?  
eXplain myself, whY can't I?  
Zounds.

Honestly, what am I even doing with my  
life?



## Faith — Altruism

Some misunderstand  
faith versus altruism—  
for you can be kind  
without false belief.

For this belief is not false—  
the belief is statistical  
and clearly it works  
for the evolution is done.

So don't mis-attribute  
our trust-based beliefs  
the beliefs are not unfounded—  
merely unproven.

## Sports — Take Me Off Far

Hiking, biking, swimming, skiing—  
“ing”-ing is a fun thing to do.  
I like to travel  
I like to see  
and all these sports take me  
to the places I want to be.

Take me off far  
hills and lakes and country  
the forest of the tree  
the euphoria of the act itself  
especially skiing  
is pretty significant in itself.

**Favorite Pet — Gibson**

I love dogs— my uncle had one.  
And a Rottweiler was he.  
Adopted up, saved from abuse  
as moving as can be.

As loyal as a dog can be  
and as gentle as I've seen.  
Sometimes he made us feel like sheep  
safe and cozy as a bean.

Now he is a few years gone  
but stays in my memories  
and though he is now deceased  
the dog remains in our hearts.

**Hazen High School — HHS**

Hazen High! Hazen High!  
We shoot for the stars  
and fly in the sky!

Highlanders can soar above  
all other schools  
since we know love.

There is no other school for me—  
Hazen's love can set me free!  
I love Hazen's clarity.

Go Hazen!



Music — Searching For My Haiku — Birds over Jade  
Tone Lake

I am a musician  
I like to play trombone  
Once I did play clarinet  
In Jazz I'm in the zone.

I like to listen to music  
It's a big part of my life  
I love to hear swinging jazz  
or ambient clarity.

One day I should make my own  
Searching for my tone  
Yes my life has really shown  
That I really love music

the birds flying high  
see the trees and see the sky  
fish in the jade lake



## Best Vacation — Hawaii

My best vacation ever  
I went to Hawaii  
it was a while back  
as relaxing as can be.

Now I've got to be honest  
to much cooler places I've been  
but when it comes to vacation  
my real goal's relaxation!

So as neat as some things may be  
(You've got to see a redwood tree!)  
Hawaii is the place for me.

## Inspirational Person — You!

Everyone has their own lives  
Everyone can inspire me  
So long as they have the courage  
To live authentically.

Many people see one way  
living how others say  
but these people I pray  
will find their own way.

I am inspired  
by those who live for themselves.  
And that person I'm inspired by today  
could very well be you!



Poetry — Structure and Additional Poems (Author  
Rhyme — Title)

Poetry is important  
the structure and the rhyme  
the importance of the time  
the meter and the sublime.

Means of expression  
artistic impression  
heart and soul  
rock and roll.

Elaborate metaphor  
is really my jam  
kinda ironic that  
I'm not including any in this poem.

Edgar Allan Poe — The Bells

(I like this one for its onomatopia)

Hear the sledges with the bells -  
Silver bells!  
What a world of merriment their melody  
foretells!  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
In the icy air of night!  
While the stars that oversprinkle  
All the heavens seem to twinkle  
With a crystalline delight;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the tintinnabulation that so musically  
wells  
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells -  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the  
bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells -  
Golden bells!  
What a world of happiness their harmony  
foretells!  
Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight!  
From the molten-golden notes,  
And all in tune,  
What a liquid ditty floats  
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she  
gloats  
On the moon!  
Oh, from out the sounding cells  
What a gush of euphony voluminously  
wells!  
How it swells!  
How it dwells  
On the Future! -how it tells  
Of the rapture that impels  
To the swinging and the ringing  
Of the bells, bells, bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells -  
To the rhyming and the chiming of the  
bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells -  
Brazen bells!  
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency  
tells!  
In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright!  
Too much horrified to speak,  
They can only shriek, shriek,  
Out of tune,  
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of  
the fire,  
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and  
frantic fire,  
Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
With a desperate desire,  
And a resolute endeavor  
Now -now to sit or never,  
By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
What a tale their terror tells  
Of despair!  
How they clang, and clash, and roar!  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air!  
Yet the ear it fully knows,  
By the twanging  
And the clanging,  
How the danger ebbs and flows;  
Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
In the jangling  
And the wrangling,  
How the danger sinks and swells,  
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger  
of the bells -  
Of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells -  
In the clamor and the clangor of the  
bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells -  
Iron bells!  
What a world of solemn thought their mon-

ody compels!  
In the silence of the night,  
How we shiver with affright  
At the melancholy menace of their tone!  
For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats  
Is a groan.  
And the people -ah, the people -  
They that dwell up in the steeple,  
All alone,  
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,  
In that muffled monotone,  
Feel a glory in so rolling  
On the human heart a stone -  
They are neither man nor woman -  
They are neither brute nor human -  
They are Ghouls:  
And their king it is who tolls;  
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,  
Rolls  
A paeon from the bells!  
And his merry bosom swells  
With the paeon of the bells!  
And he dances, and he yells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the paeon of the bells,  
Of the bells -  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the throbbing of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells -  
To the sobbing of the bells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
As he knells, knells, knells,  
In a happy Runic rhyme,  
To the rolling of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells -  
To the tolling of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells -  
To the moaning and the groaning of the  
bells.



**William Shakespeare — Sonnet  
18**

(I could not go without providing this famous sonnet)

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of  
May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a  
date.  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course,  
untrimmed;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,  
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his  
shade,  
When in eternal lines to Time thou grow'st.  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can  
see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

**Walt Whitman – O Captain! My  
Captain!**

(this is one of my favorite poems for obvious reasons)

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is  
done, The ship has weather'd every rack,  
the prize we sought is won, The port is near,  
the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel  
grim and daring; But O heart! heart! heart!  
O the bleeding drops of red, Where on  
the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and  
dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear  
the bells; Rise up- for you the flag is flung-  
for  
you the bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths- for  
you the shores  
a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their  
eager faces turning;  
Here Captain! dear father!  
This arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream that on the deck,  
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are  
pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no  
pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voy-  
age closed and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in  
with object won;  
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!  
But I with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.



## Anonymous — Beowulf

(a famous ancient old english poem)

Hwæt. We Gardena in geardagum,  
þeodcyninga, þrym gefrunon,  
hu ða æþelingas ellen fremedon.  
Oft Scyld Scefing sceaþena þreatum,  
monegum mægþum, meodosetla ofteah,  
egsode eorlas. Syððan ærest wearð  
feasceaf funden, he þæs frofre gebad,  
weox under wolcnum, weorðmyndum þah,  
oðþæt him æghwylc þara ymbsittendra  
ofer hronrade hyran scolde,  
gomban gyldan. þæt wæs god cyning.

(too long to include here!)

## Robert Frost — The Road Not Taken

(an excellent poem all around)

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 kept 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.



## Langston Hughes – Let America Be America Again

(we did this one together in class!)

Let America be America again.  
Let it be the dream it used to be.  
Let it be the pioneer on the plain  
Seeking a home where he himself is free.

(America never was America to me.)

Let America be the dream the dreamers  
dreamed—  
Let it be that great strong land of love  
Where never kings connive nor tyrants  
scheme  
That any man be crushed by one  
above.

(It never was America to me.)

O, let my land be a land where Liberty  
Is crowned with no false patriotic wreath,  
But opportunity is real, and life is free,  
Equality is in the air we breathe.

(There's never been equality for me,  
Nor freedom in this "homeland of the  
free.")

Say, who are you that mumbles in the dark?  
And who are you that draws your veil  
across the stars?

I am the poor white, fooled and pushed  
apart,  
I am the Negro bearing slavery's scars.  
I am the red man driven from the land,  
I am the immigrant clutching the hope I  
seek—  
And finding only the same old stupid plan  
Of dog eat dog, of mighty crush the  
weak.

I am the young man, full of strength and  
hope,  
Tangled in that ancient endless chain  
Of profit, power, gain, of grab the land!  
Of grab the gold! Of grab the ways of

satisfying need!

Of work the men! Of take the pay!  
Of owning everything for one's own  
greed!

I am the farmer, bondsman to the soil.  
I am the worker sold to the machine.  
I am the Negro, servant to you all.  
I am the people, humble, hungry, mean—  
Hungry yet today despite the dream.  
Beaten yet today—O, Pioneers!  
I am the man who never got ahead,  
The poorest worker bartered through the  
years.

Yet I'm the one who dreamt our basic  
dream  
In the Old World while still a serf of kings,  
Who dreamt a dream so strong, so brave, so  
true,  
That even yet its mighty daring sings  
In every brick and stone, in every furrow  
turned  
That's made America the land it has be-  
come.  
O, I'm the man who sailed those early seas  
In search of what I meant to be my home—  
For I'm the one who left dark Ireland's  
shore,  
And Poland's plain, and England's grassy  
lea,  
And torn from Black Africa's strand I came  
To build a "homeland of the free."

The free?

Who said the free? Not me?  
Surely not me? The millions on relief to-  
day?  
The millions shot down when we strike?  
The millions who have nothing for our pay?  
For all the dreams we've dreamed  
And all the songs we've sung  
And all the hopes we've held  
And all the flags we've hung,  
The millions who have nothing for our pay—  
Except the dream that's almost dead to-  
day.

O, let America be America again—  
The land that never has been yet—  
And yet must be—the land where every  
man is free.

The land that's mine—the poor man's, In-  
dian's, Negro's, ME—  
Who made America,  
Whose sweat and blood, whose faith and  
pain,  
Whose hand at the foundry, whose plow in  
the rain,  
Must bring back our mighty dream  
again.

Sure, call me any ugly name you choose—  
The steel of freedom does not stain.  
From those who live like leeches on the peo-  
ple's lives,  
We must take back our land again,  
America!

O, yes,  
I say it plain,  
America never was America to me,  
And yet I swear this oath—  
America will be!

Out of the rack and ruin of our gangster  
death,  
The rape and rot of graft, and stealth, and  
lies,  
We, the people, must redeem  
The land, the mines, the plants, the rivers.  
The mountains and the endless plain—  
All, all the stretch of these great green  
states—  
And make America again!

## Sir Walter Scott — The Lady of the Lake

(a well-known story and a well-known  
poem, this is merely an excerpt due to the  
length of the original)

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!  
Honoured and blessed be the ever-green  
pine!

Long may the tree in his banner that  
glances,  
Flourish the shelter and grace of our line!  
Heaven send it happy dew,  
Earth lend it sap anew;  
Gaily to burgeon, and broadly to grow,  
While every Highland glen  
Sends our shout back agen,  
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the  
fountain,

Blooming at Beltane, \*\*\* in winter to fade;  
When the whirlwind has stripped every  
leaf on the mountain,  
The more shall Clan Alpine exult in her  
shade.

Moored on the rifted rock,  
Proof to the tempest's shock,  
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;  
Menteith and Breadalbane, then  
Echo his praise agen,  
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen  
Fruin,

And Banochar's groans to our slogan  
replied:

Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking  
in ruin,  
And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on  
her side.

Widow and Saxon maid,  
Long shall lament our raid,  
Think of Glen-Alpine with fear and with  
woe;

Lennox and Leven-glen  
Shake when they hear agen,



Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the High-lands!

Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green pine!

O! that the rosebud that graces yon islands,  
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!

O that some seedling gem

Worthy such noble stem,

Honoured and blessed in their shadow  
might grow!

Loud should Clan Alpine then

Ring from her deepest glen,

Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

## Robert Burns — To A Mouse

(I love the accent in this one)

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,

O, what a panic's in thy breastie!

Thou need na start awa sae hasty,

Wi' bickering brattle!

I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee

Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion,

Has broken nature's social union,

An' justifies that ill opinion,

What makes thee startle

At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,

An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;

What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!

A daimen icker in a thrave

'S a sma' request;

I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,

An' never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!

It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!

An' naething, now, to big a new ane,

O' foggage green!

An' bleak December's winds ensuin,

Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,

An' weary winter comin fast,

An' cozie here, beneath the blast,

Thou thought to dwell -

Till crash! the cruel coulter past

Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,

Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!

Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,

But house or hald,

To thole the winter's sleety dribble,

An' cranreuch cauld!

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,

In proving foresight may be vain;

The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men

Gang aft agley,

An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,  
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me;  
The present only toucheth thee:  
But och! I backward cast my e'e,  
On prospects drear!  
An' forward, tho' I canna see,  
I guess an' fear!

## Alfred Noyes — The Highwayman

(with vivid imagery and a nice story)

The wind was a torrent of darkness among  
the gusty trees,  
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed  
upon cloudy seas,  
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over  
the purple moor,  
And the highwayman came riding—  
Riding—riding—  
The highwayman came riding, up to the old  
inndoor.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a  
bunch of lace at his chin,  
A coat of claret velvet, and breeches of  
brown doeskin;  
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots  
were up to the thigh!  
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,  
His pistol butts a-twinkle  
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled  
sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed  
in the dard inn-yard,  
And he tapped with his whip on the shut-  
ters, but all was locked and barred;  
He whistled a tune to the window, and who  
should be waiting there  
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,  
Bess, the landlord's daughter,  
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long  
black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-  
wicket creaked  
Where Tim the ostler listened; his face was  
white and peaked;  
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair  
like moldy hay,  
But he loved the landlord's daughter,  
The landlord's red-lipped daughter,  
Dumb as a dog he listened, and heard the  
robber say—

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize tonight,  
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before morning light;  
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,  
Then look for me by moonlight,  
Watch for me by moonlight,  
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way."

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,  
But she loosened her hair i' the casement!  
His face burnt like a brand  
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;  
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,  
(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)  
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight,  
and galloped away to the West.

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;  
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,  
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,  
A red coat troop came marching—  
marching—marching—  
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,  
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed;  
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!  
There was death at every window;  
And hell at one dark window;  
For Bess could see, through her casement,  
the road that he would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;  
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast!  
"Now keep good watch!" and they kissed

her. She heard the dead man say—  
Look for me by moonlight;  
Watch for me by moonlight;  
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!  
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!  
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,  
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,  
Cold, on the stroke of midnight,  
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for rest!  
Up, she stood to attention, with the barrel beneath her breast,  
She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;  
For the road lay bare in the moonlight;  
Blank and bare in the moonlight;  
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's refrain

Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? This horse-hoofs ringing clear;  
Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not hear?  
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,  
The highwayman came riding,  
Riding, riding!  
The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight and still!

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! Tlot-tlot in the echoing night!  
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!  
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,  
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,  
Her musket shattered the moonlight,  
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him; with her death.



He turned; he spurred to the West; he did  
not know who stood  
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket,  
drenched with her own red blood!  
Not till the dawn he heard it, his face grew  
gray to hear  
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,  
The landlords black-eyed daughter,  
Had watched her love in the moonlight, and  
died in the darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking  
a curse to the sky,  
with the white road smoking behind him,  
and his rapier brain dished high!  
Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon;  
wine-red was his velvet coat.  
When they shot him down in the highway,  
Down like a dog on the highway,  
And he lay his blood on the highway, with a  
bunch of lace at his throat.

And still of a winter's night, they say, when  
the wind is in the trees,  
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed  
upon cloudy seas,  
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight  
over the purple moor,  
A highwayman comes riding—  
Riding—riding—  
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old  
inn-door.

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in  
the dark inn-yard;  
He taps with his whip on the shutters, but  
all is locked and barred;  
He whistles a tune to the window, and who  
should be waiting there  
But the landlord's daughter,  
Bess, the landlord's daughter,  
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long  
black hair.

## Carl Sandburg — Happiness

(a funny poem)

I asked the professors who teach the mean-  
ing of life to tell  
me what is happiness.

And I went to famous executives who boss  
the work of  
thousands of men.

They all shook their heads and gave me a  
smile as though  
I was trying to fool with them  
And then one Sunday afternoon I wandered  
out along  
the Desplaines river  
And I saw a crowd of Hungarians under the  
trees with  
their women and children  
and a keg of beer and an  
accordion.