

**For A Lady I Know**  
**by Countee Cullen**

She even thinks that up in heaven  
Her class lies late and snores,  
While poor black cherubs rise at seven  
To do celestial chores.

**Leaving Forever**  
**by Denise Levertov**

He says the waves in the ship's wake  
are like stones rolling away.  
I don't see it that way.  
But I see the mountain turning,  
turning away its face as the ship  
takes us away.

**Song of Man Chipping an Arrowhead**  
**by W. S. Merwin**

Little children you will all go  
but the one you are hiding  
will fly

**Eros**  
**by Ralph Waldo Emerson**

The sense of the world is short, —  
Long and various the report, —  
    To love and be beloved;  
Men and gods have not outlearned it;  
And, how oft soe'er they've turned it,  
    'Tis not to be improved.

**Rose Aylmer**  
**by Walter Savage Landor**

Ah, what avails the sceptred race!  
Ah, what the form divine!  
What every virtue, every grace!  
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
May weep, but never see,  
A night of memories and sighs  
I consecrate to thee.

**Ozymandias**  
**by Percy Bysshe 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:  
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."

**"I Am Not I"**  
**BY JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNEZ**  
**TRANSLATED BY ROBERT BLY**

I am not I.  
    I am this one  
walking beside me whom I do not see,  
whom at times I manage to visit,  
and whom at other times I forget;  
who remains calm and silent while I talk,  
and forgives, gently, when I hate,  
who walks where I am not,  
who will remain standing when I die.

**The Crocodile**  
**by Lewis Carroll**

How doth the little crocodile  
    Improve his shining tail,  
And pour the waters of the Nile  
    On every golden scale!  
  
How cheerfully he seems to grin,  
    How neatly spreads his claws,  
And welcomes little fishes in,  
    With gently smiling jaws!

**Still I Rise**  
by Maya Angelou

You may write me down in history  
With your bitter, twisted lies,  
You may trod 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 backyard.

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.

**Ode on a Grecian Urn**  
by John Keats

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,  
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
What men or gods are these? what maidens loth?  
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal--yet, do not grieve;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new;  
More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
For ever panting, and for ever young;  
All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?  
What little town by river or sea shore,  
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?  
And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell  
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought  
As doth eternity: Cold pastoral!  
When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'--that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

**If —**  
**by Rudyard Kipling**

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

**No More Clichés**  
**by Octavio Paz**

Beautiful face  
That like a daisy opens its petals to the sun  
So do you  
Open your face to me as I turn the page.

Enchanting smile  
Any man would be under your spell,  
Oh, beauty of a magazine.

How many poems have been written to you?  
How many Dantes have written to you, Beatrice?  
To your obsessive illusion  
To you manufacture fantasy.

But today I won't make one more Cliché  
And write this poem to you.  
No, no more clichés.

This poem is dedicated to those women  
Whose beauty is in their charm,  
In their intelligence,  
In their character,  
Not on their fabricated looks.

This poem is to you women,  
That like a Shahrazade wake up  
Everyday with a new story to tell,  
A story that sings for change  
That hopes for battles:  
Battles for the love of the united flesh  
Battles for passions aroused by a new day  
Battle for the neglected rights  
Or just battles to survive one more night.

Yes, to you women in a world of pain  
To you, bright star in this ever-spending universe  
To you, fighter of a thousand-and-one fights  
To you, friend of my heart.

From now on, my head won't look down to a magazine  
Rather, it will contemplate the night  
And its bright stars,  
And so, no more clichés.

**To You.**  
**by Walt Whitman**

LET us twain walk aside from the rest;  
Now we are together privately, do you discard ceremony,  
Come! vouchsafe to me what has yet been vouchsafed to none—  
Tell me the whole story,  
Tell me what you would not tell your brother, wife, husband,  
or physician.

**Seeker Of Truth**  
**by E. E. Cummings**

seeker of truth

follow no path  
all paths lead where

truth is here

**Where the Sidewalk Ends**  
by Shel Silverstein

There is a place where the sidewalk ends  
And before the street begins,  
And there the grass grows soft and white,  
And there the sun burns crimson bright,  
And there the moon-bird rests from his flight  
To cool in the peppermint wind.

Let us leave this place where the smoke blows black  
And the dark street winds and bends.  
Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow  
We shall walk with a walk that is measured and slow,  
And watch where the chalk-white arrows go  
To the place where the sidewalk ends.

Yes we'll walk with a walk that is measured and slow,  
And we'll go where the chalk-white arrows go,  
For the children, they mark, and the children, they know  
The place where the sidewalk ends.

**There is another sky**  
by Emily Dickinson

There is another sky,  
Ever serene and fair,  
And there is another sunshine,  
Though it be darkness there;  
Never mind faded forests, Austin,  
Never mind silent fields -  
Here is a little forest,  
Whose leaf is ever green;  
Here is a brighter garden,  
Where not a frost has been;  
In its unfading flowers  
I hear the bright bee hum:  
Prithee, my brother,  
Into my garden come!

**A Dream Within A Dream**  
by Edgar Allan Poe

Take this kiss upon the brow!  
And, in parting from you now,  
Thus much let me avow--  
You are not wrong, who deem  
That my days have been a dream;  
Yet if hope has flown away  
In a night, or in a day,  
In a vision, or in none,  
Is it therefore the less gone?  
All that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand--  
How few! yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the deep,  
While I weep--while I weep!  
O God! can I not grasp  
Them with a tighter clasp?  
O God! can I not save  
One from the pitiless wave?  
Is all that we see or seem  
But a dream within a dream?

**I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud**  
by 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.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Out-did the sparkling leaves in glee;  
A poet could not be but gay,  
In such a jocund company!  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

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.

**A Red, Red Rose**  
by Robert Burns

O my Luve's like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June;  
O my Luve's like the melodie  
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luve am I;  
And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
I will luve thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve,  
And fare thee weel awhile!  
And I will come again, my Luve,  
Tho' it ware ten thousand mile.

**Bear In There**  
by Shel Silverstein

There's a Polar Bear  
In our Frigidaire--  
He likes it 'cause it's cold in there.  
With his seat in the meat  
And his face in the fish  
And his big hairy paws  
In the buttery dish,  
He's nibbling the noodles,  
He's munching the rice,  
He's slurping the soda,  
He's licking the ice.  
And he lets out a roar  
If you open the door.  
And it gives me a scare  
To know he's in there--  
That Polary Bear  
In our Fridgitydaire.

**O Captain! My Captain!**  
by Walt Whitman

1  
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.

2  
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.

3  
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 voyage 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.

**All the World's a Stage**  
by William Shakespeare

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players;  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.