

“There Will Come Soft Rains”

Sarah Teasdale

There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound

And frogs in the pools singing at night
And wild plum trees in tremulous white

Robins will wear their feathery fire
Whistling their whims on a low fence wire

And not one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree
If mankind perished utterly;

And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn,
Would scarcely know that we were gone

“I’m Nobody! Who Are You?”

Emily Dickinson

I’m Nobody! Who are you?
Are you Nobody, too?
Then there’s a pair of us! Don’t tell!
They’d banish us, you know!

How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog

“Mother to Son”

Langston Hughes

Well, son, I’ll tell you
Life, for me, ain’t been no crystal stair
It’s had tacks in it
And splinters
And boards torn up,
And places with no carpet on the floor-
Bare.
But all the time
I’ve been a’climbin on
And reachin’ landin’s
And turnin’ corners,
And sometimes goin’ in the dark
Where there ain’t been no light.
So boy, don’t you turn back.
Don’t you set down on the steps
‘Cause you find it’s kinder hard.
Don’t you fall now -
For I’ve still goin’, honey,
I’ve still climbin’.

And life, for me, ain’t been no crystal stair.

“The Eagle”

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun, in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt, he falls.

“I Heard a Fly Buzz - When I Died”

Emily Dickinson

I heard a Fly buzz – when I died
The Stillness in the Room
Was like the Stillness in the Air -
Between the Heaves of Storm

The Eyes around – had wrung them dry -
And Breaths were gathering firm
For that last Onset – when the King
Be witnessed – in the Room -

I willed my Keepsakes – Signed away
What portion of me be
Assignable – And then it was
There interposed a Fly -

With Blue – uncertain stumbling Buzz -
Between the light - and me -
And then the Windows failed – and then
I could not see to see -

“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.

“My Papa’s Waltz”

Theodore Roethke

The whiskey on your breath
Could make a small boy dizzy,
But I hung on like death:
Such waltzing was not easy.

We romped until the pans
Slid from the kitchen shelf;
My mother’s countenance
Could not unfrown itself.

The hand that held my wrist
Was battered on one knuckle;
At every step you missed,
My right ear scraped a buckle.

You beat time on my head
With a palm caked hard by dirt,
Then waltzed me off to bed,
Still clinging to your shirt.

“Annabel Lee”

Edgar Allen Poe

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee; -
And this maiden, she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love-
I and my Anabel Lee -
With a love that the winged seraphs in Heaven
Coveted her and me

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Anabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,
Went envying her and me -
Yes! That was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee

But our love, it was stringer by far than the love
Of those who were older than we -
Of many far wiser than we -
And neither the angels in Heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee: -

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee: -
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling - my darling - my life and my bride,
In her sepulcher there by the sea -
In her tomb by the sounding sea.