

This We Know

Accredited to CHIEF SEATTLE who didn't really give this speech, but it's nice, anyway.

This we know.

The earth does not belong to us,
we belong to the earth.

This we know.

All things are connected
like the blood which unites one family.

All things are connected.

Whatever befalls the earth
befalls the sons and daughters of the earth.

We did not weave the web of life,
we are merely a strand of it.

Whatever we do to the web,
we do to ourselves

Hyla Brook

Robert Frost

By June our brook's run out of song and speed. A
Sought for much after that, it will be found B
Either to have gone groping underground B

(And taken with it all the Hyla breed A
That shouted in the mist a month ago, C
Like ghost of sleigh-bells in a ghost of snow)-- C

Or flourished and come up in jewel-weed, A
Weak foliage that is blown upon and bent D
Even against the way its waters went. D

Its bed is left a faded paper sheet E
Of dead leaves stuck together by the heat-- E

A brook to none but who remember long. F
This as it will be seen is other far G
Than with brooks taken other where in song. F
We love the things we love for what they are. G

Where Go the Boats?

by Robert Louis Stevenson

Dark brown is the river,	A
Golden is the sand.	B
It flows along for ever,	A*
With trees on either hand.	B
Green leaves a-floating,	C
Castles of the foam,	D
Boats of mine a-boating--	C
Where will all come home?	D
On goes the river	A
And out past the mill,	E
Away down the valley,	F
Away down the hill.	E
Away down the river,	A
A hundred miles or more,	G
Other little children	H
Shall bring my boats ashore.	G

A Day in Autumn

R. S. Thomas

It will not always be like this,
The air windless, a few last
Leaves adding their decoration
To the trees' shoulders, braiding the cuffs
Of the boughs with gold; a bird preening
In the lawn's mirror. Having looked up
From the day's chores, pause a minute,
Let the mind take its photograph
Of the bright scene, something to wear
Against the heart in the long cold.

Salmon

Susan Blackaby

Salmon swim in river homes,
Under bridges, over stones.
Through cool pools in muted shadows,
Into sun-drenched, silver shallows.

Where the banks rise high and steep,
The water falls, the salmon leap.
Where the river stretches wide,
Salmon slowly drift and glide.

Salmon flash past hidden snags,
Skipping ripples, dodging crags.
Twirling, whirling, rushing free,
Swimming, homebound, from the sea

The Negro Speaks of Rivers

Langston Hughes, 1902 - 1967

I've known rivers:
I've known rivers ancient as the world
and older than the
flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.
I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.
I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.

I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln
went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy
bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers: Ancient, dusky rivers.
My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

Up-Hill

Christina Rossetti

This is a “question and answer” poem to be recited with an assigned partner

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day’s journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

Green River

Wang Wei

I have sailed the River of Yellow Flowers,
Borne by the channel of a green stream,
Rounding ten thousand turns through the mountains
On a journey of less than thirty miles.

Rapids hum over heaped rocks;
But where light grows dim in the thick pines,
The surface of an inlet sways with nut-horns
And weeds are lush along the banks.

Down in my heart I have always been as pure
As this limpid water is.
Oh, to remain on a broad flat rock
And to cast a fishing-line forever!

My River Runs to Thee

Emily Dickinson

My River runs to thee—Blue Sea!
Wilt welcome me?

My River wait reply—Oh Sea—
look graciously—

I'll fetch thee Brooks
From spotted nooks –
Say –Sea –Take Me!

Ozymandias

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.”

Leaves of Grass

Walt Whitman

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,

And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,

And the tree-toad is a chef-d'oeuvre for the highest,

And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven,

And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery,

And the cow crunching with depressed head surpasses any statue,

And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger trillions of infidels,

And I could come every afternoon of my life to look at the farmer's wife boiling her iron tea-kettle and baking shortcake.

The Peace of Wild Things

Wendell Berry

When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.

I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.

And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.

Looking-Glass River

Robert Louis Stevenson

Smooth it glides upon its travel,
Here a wimple, there a gleam--
O the clean gravel!
O the smooth stream!

Sailing blossoms, silver fishes,
Pave pools as clear as air--
How a child wishes
To live down there!

We can see our colored faces
Floating on the shaken pool
Down in cool places,
Dim and very cool;

Till a wind or water wrinkle,
Dipping marten, plumping trout,
Spreads in a twinkle
And blots all out.

See the rings pursue each other;
All below grows black as night,
Just as if mother
Had blown out the light!

Patience, children, just a minute--
See the spreading circles die;
The stream and all in it
Will clear by-and-by.

Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind

William Shakespeare

Blow, blow, thou winter wind
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most freindship if feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
That does not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As a friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

I Have a Dream

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

I say to you today, my friends, so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal."

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

I have a dream today.

Dust of Snow

Robert Frost

The way a crow
Shook down on me
The dust of snow
From a hemlock tree

Has given my heart
A change of mood
And saved some part
Of a day I had rued.

Change Upon Change

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Five months ago the stream did flow,
The lilies bloomed within the sedge,
And we were lingering to and fro,
Where none will track thee in this snow,
Along the stream, beside the hedge.

Ah, Sweet, be free to love and go!

For if I do not hear thy foot,
The frozen river is as mute,
The flowers have dried down to the root:
And why, since these be changed since May,
Shouldst thou change less than they.

And slow, slow as the winter snow
The tears have drifted to mine eyes;
And my poor cheeks, five months ago
Set blushing at thy praises so,
Put paleness on for a disguise.

Ah, Sweet, be free to praise and go!

For if my face is turned too pale,
It was thine oath that first did fail, --
It was thy love proved false and frail, --
And why, since these be changed enough,
Should I change less than thou?

It's Winter, It's Winter

Kit Wright

It's winter, it's winter, it's wonderful winter,
When everyone lounges around in the sun!

It's winter, it's winter, it's wonderful winter,
When everyone's brown like a steak overdone!

It's winter, it's winter, it's wonderful winter,
It's swimming and surfing and hunting for conkers!

It's winter, it's winter, it's wonderful winter,
And I am completely and utterly bonkers!

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
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.

i carry your heart with me

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)

Sonnet

Elizabeth Bishop

I am in need of music that would flow
Over my fretful, feeling finger-tips,
Over my bitter-tainted, trembling lips,
With melody, deep, clear, and liquid-slow.

Oh, for the healing swaying, old and low,
Of some song sung to rest the tired dead,
A song to fall like water on my head,
And over quivering limbs, dream flushed to glow!

There is a magic made by melody:

A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool
Heart, that sinks through fading colors deep
To the subaqueous stillness of the sea,
And floats forever in a moon-green pool,
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.

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.

Wind On The Hill

A. A. Milne

No one can tell me,
Nobody knows,
Where the wind comes from,
Where the wind goes.

It's flying from somewhere
As fast as it can,
I couldn't keep up with it,
Not if I ran.

But if I stopped holding
The string of my kite,
It would blow with the wind
For a day and a night.

And then when I found it,
Wherever it blew,
I should know that the wind
Had been going there too.

So then I could tell them
Where the wind goes...
But where the wind comes from
Nobody knows.

The Swing

Robert Louis Stevenson

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
River and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside--

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown--
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

The Bridge

Shel Silverstein

This bridge will only take you halfway there
To those mysterious lands you long to see:
Through gypsy camps and swirling Arab fairs
And moonlit woods where unicorns run free.

So come and walk awhile with me and share
The twisting trails and wondrous worlds I've known.
But this bridge will only take you halfway there-
The last few steps you'll have to take alone.

Spring Pools

By Robert Frost

These pools that, though in forests, still reflect
The total sky almost without defect,
And like the flowers beside them, chill and shiver,
Will like the flowers beside them soon be gone,
And yet not out by any brook or river,
But up by roots to bring dark foliage on.

The trees that have it in their pent-up buds
To darken nature and be summer woods---
Let them think twice before they use their powers
To blot out and drink up and sweep away
These flowery waters and these watery flowers
From snow that melted only yesterday.

Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?

William Shakespeare

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.

Hawks

Susan Blackaby

Hawks circle fields and furrows,
Slicing spirals in the sky.
Field mice scurry into burrows.

Hawks circle fields and furrows,
Keeping watch for shifting shadows,
Seeking spots where field mice hide.

Hawks circle fields and furrows,
Slicing spirals in the sky.

tri·o·let (*noun*)

A triolet is a poem of eight lines, typically of eight syllables each, rhyming ***abaaabab***. The poem is structured so that the first line recurs as the fourth and seventh lines and the second line as the eighth.

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

A Time for Everything

There is a time for everything,
and a season for every activity under the heavens:

a time to be born and a time to die,
a time to plant and a time to uproot,

a time to kill and a time to heal,
a time to tear down and a time to build,

a time to weep and a time to laugh,
a time to mourn and a time to dance,

a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing,

a time to search and a time to give up,
a time to keep and a time to throw away,

a time to tear and a time to mend,
a time to be silent and a time to speak,

a time to love and a time to hate,
a time for war and a time for peace.

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.

Congratulations.

If you memorized all these poems you have perseverance. This was not an easy task set before you, rather a substantial challenge. You should feel exceptionally proud of your accomplishment. Well done. "That'll do pig."