

# Inspired by Poetry

## **What is the “Inspired by Poetry” display?**

A tribute to the poems and poetry that have provided inspiration for authors of books included in the Teen Scene collection. Snippets of poems—some classic, some contemporary—are woven into stories, inspire book titles, and appear as chapter headings.

## **How many poems will there be?**

For each day in April, a new page will be added to our “Inspired by Poetry” calendar-style display. There will be a total of 30 poems included.

## **How do I find out more about the poems?**

Our library offers many poetry collections, if you are interested in reading more of the work of these poets. To see how our modern authors have used the inspiration of the poetry, check out one of the books included in the display!

**April is National Poetry Month**

# 1

## *The Poem*

### **Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night by Dylan Thomas (1914-1953)**

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.

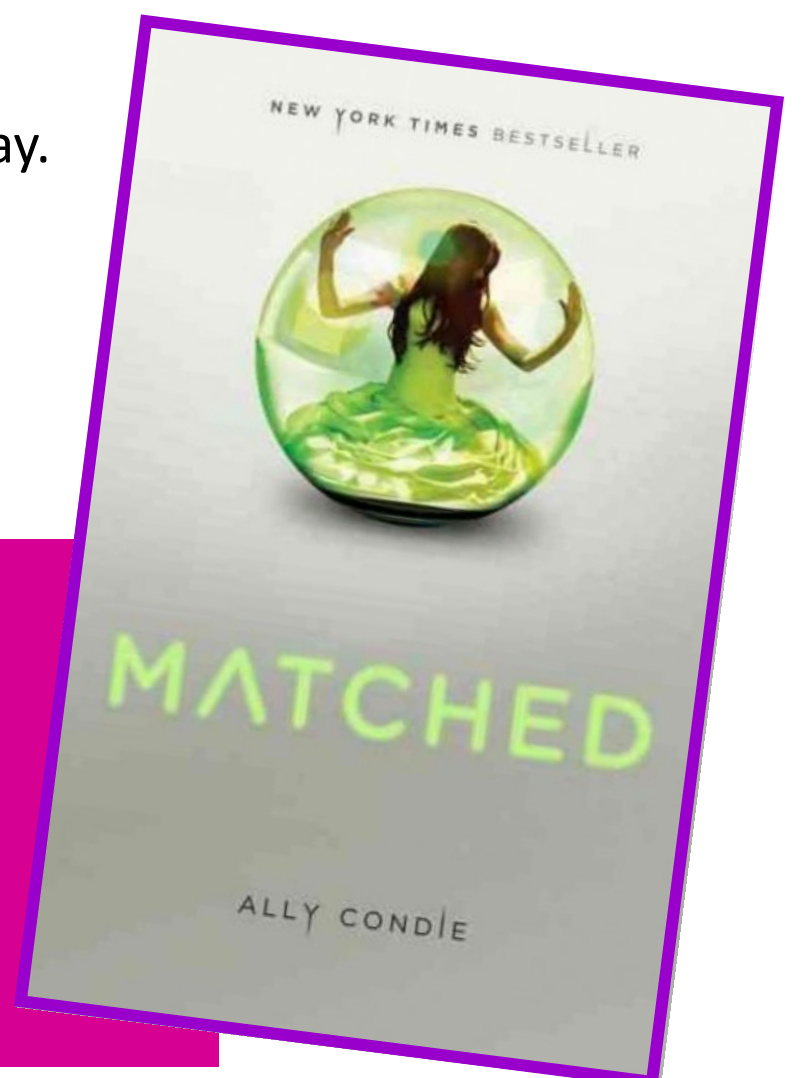
Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

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.

## *The Book* **Matched** by Ally Condie



# 2

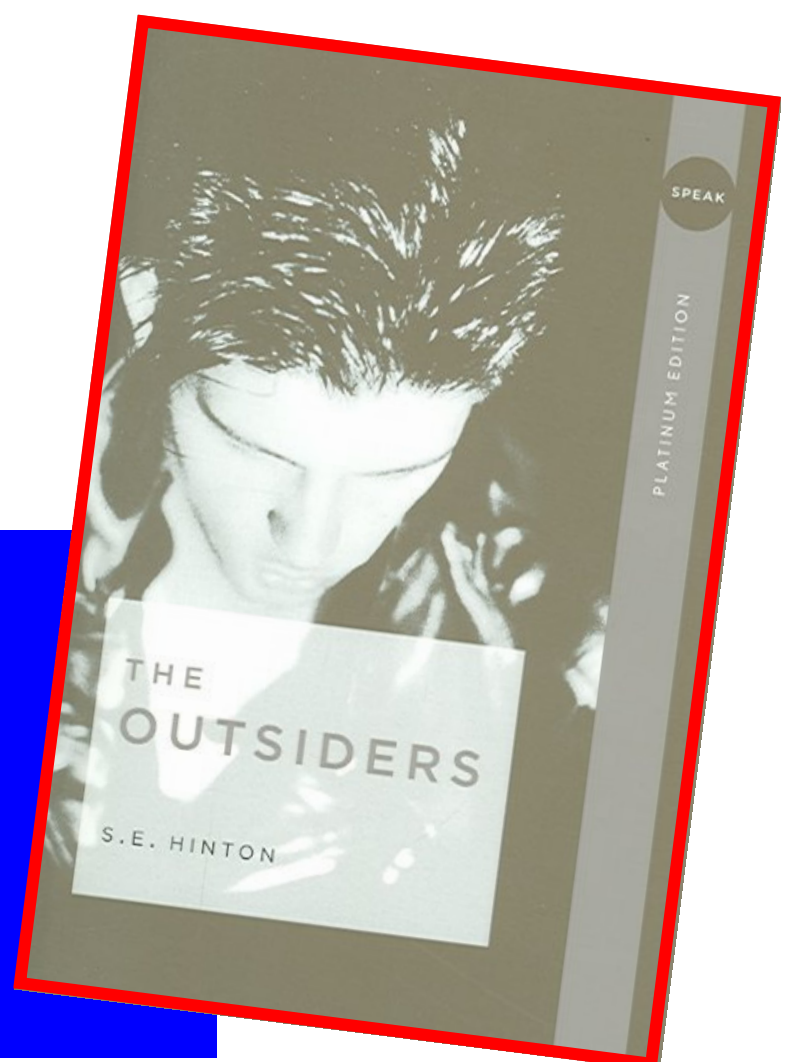
## *The Poem*

**Nothing Gold Can Stay  
by Robert Frost (1874-1963)**

Nature's first green is gold,  
Her hardest hue to hold.  
Her early leaf's a flower;  
But only so an hour.

Then leaf subsides to leaf,  
So Eden sank to grief,  
So dawn goes down to day  
Nothing gold can stay.

*The Book*  
***The Outsiders*  
by S.E. Hinton**



# 3

## *The Poem*

### Illusions

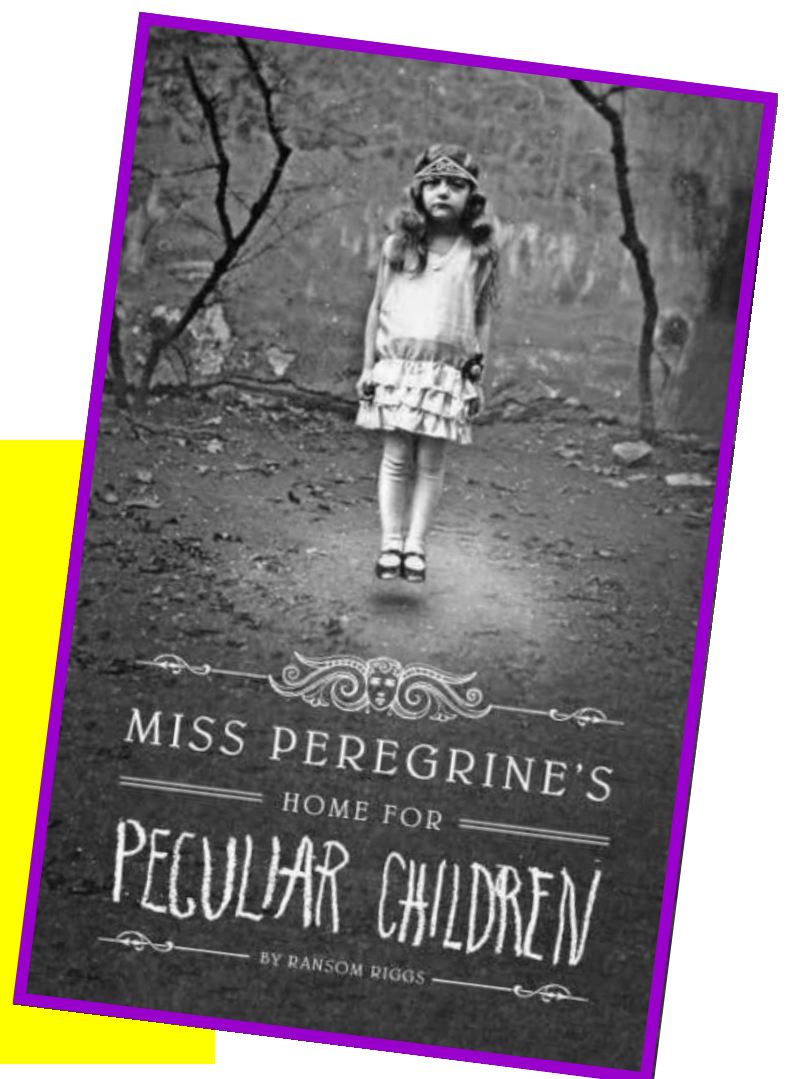
by Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)

Flow, flow the waves hated,  
Accursed, adored,  
The waves of mutation;  
No anchorage is.  
Sleep is not, death is not;  
Who seem to die live.  
House you were born in,  
Friends of your spring-time,  
Old man and young maid,  
Day's toil and its guerdon,  
They are all vanishing,  
Fleeing to fables,  
Cannot be moored.  
See the stars through them,  
Through treacherous marbles.  
Know the stars yonder,  
The stars everlasting,  
Are fugitive also,  
And emulate, vaulted,  
The lambent heat lightning  
And fire-fly's flight.

When thou dost return  
On the wave's circulation,  
Behold the shimmer,  
The wild dissipation,  
And, out of endeavor  
To change and to flow,  
The gas become solid,  
And phantoms and nothings  
Return to be things,  
And endless imbroglio  
Is law and the world,—  
Then first shalt thou know,  
That in the wild turmoil,  
Horsed on the Proteus,  
Thou ridest to power,  
And to endurance.

## *The Book*

***Miss Peregrine's Home for  
Peculiar Children***  
by Ransom Riggs



# 4

## *The Poem*

**Invictus: The Unconquerable**  
**by William Ernest Henley (1849-1903)**

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

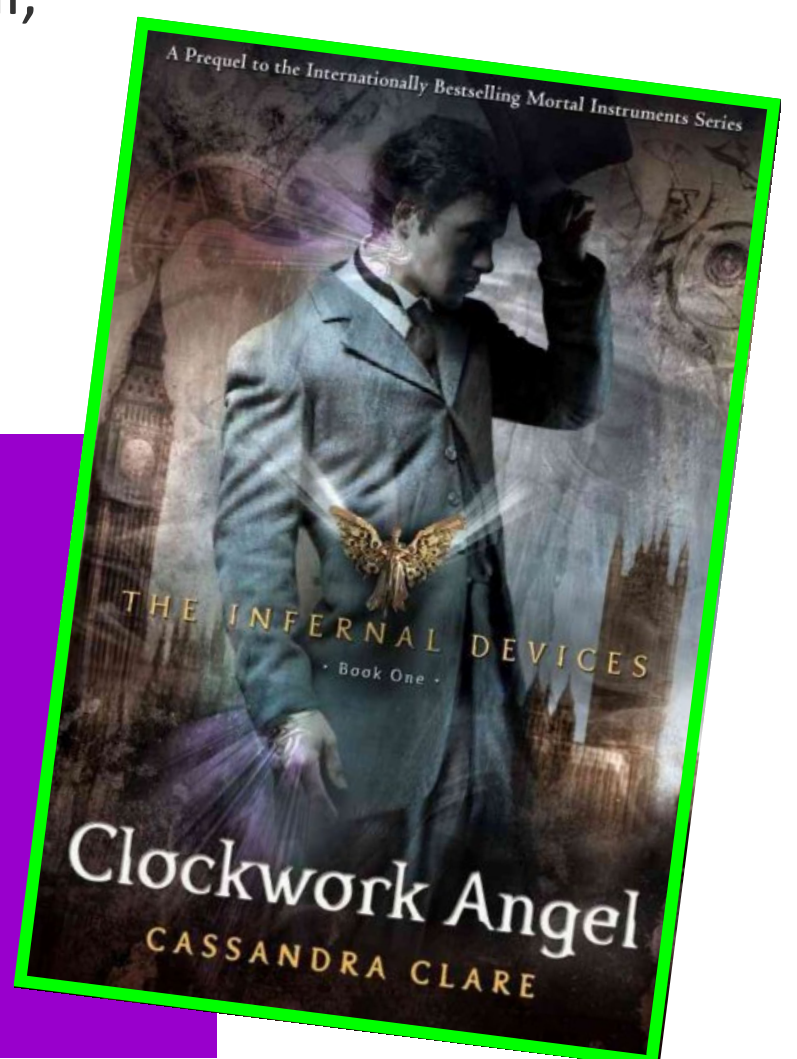
In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud,  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

## *The Book*

***Clockwork Angel***  
**by Cassandra Clare**



# 5

## *The Poem*

**I Am Much Too Alone in This World,  
Yet Not Alone  
by Ranier Maria Rilke (1875-1926)**

I am much too alone in this world, yet not alone enough  
to truly consecrate the hour.

I am much too small in this world, yet not small enough  
to be to you just object and thing,  
dark and smart.

I want my free will and want it accompanying  
the path which leads to action;  
and want during times that beg questions,  
where something is up,  
to be among those in the know,  
or else be alone.

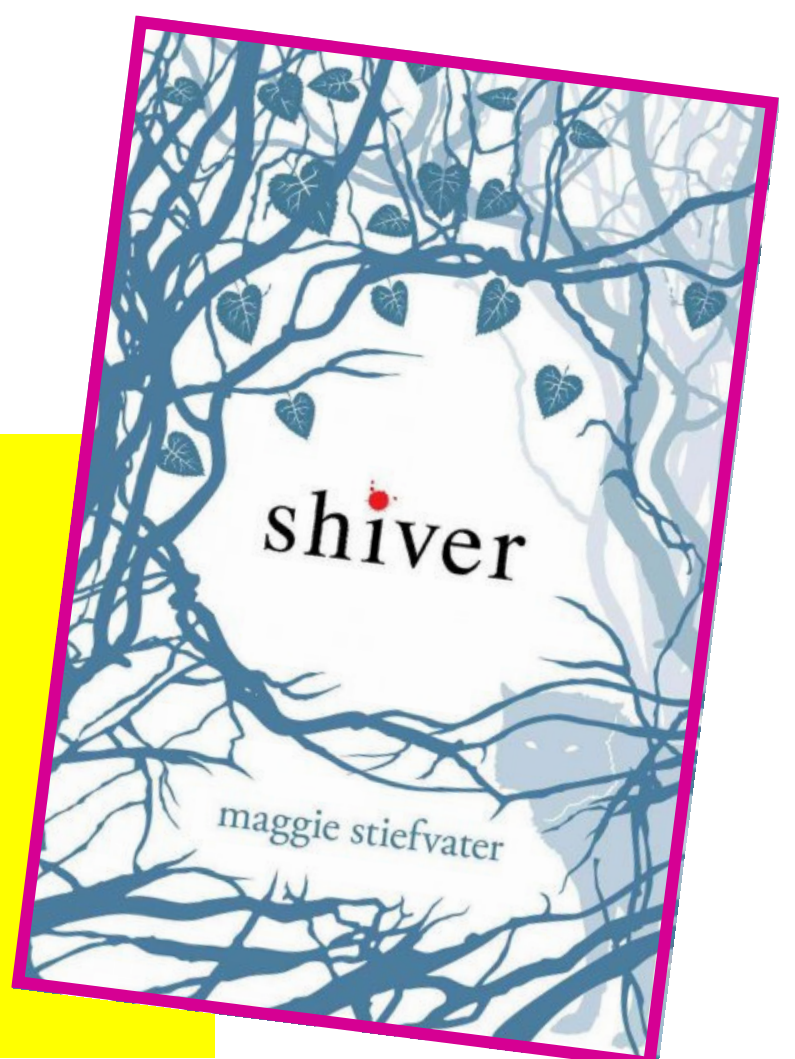
I want to mirror your image to its fullest perfection,  
never be blind or too old  
to uphold your weighty wavering reflection.  
I want to unfold.

Nowhere I wish to stay crooked, bent;  
for there I would be dishonest, untrue.

I want my conscience to be  
true before you;  
want to describe myself like a picture I observed  
for a long time, one close up,  
like a new word I learned and embraced,  
like the everyday jug,  
like my mother's face,  
like a ship that carried me along  
through the deadliest storm.

## *The Book*

***Shiver*  
by Maggie Stiefvater**





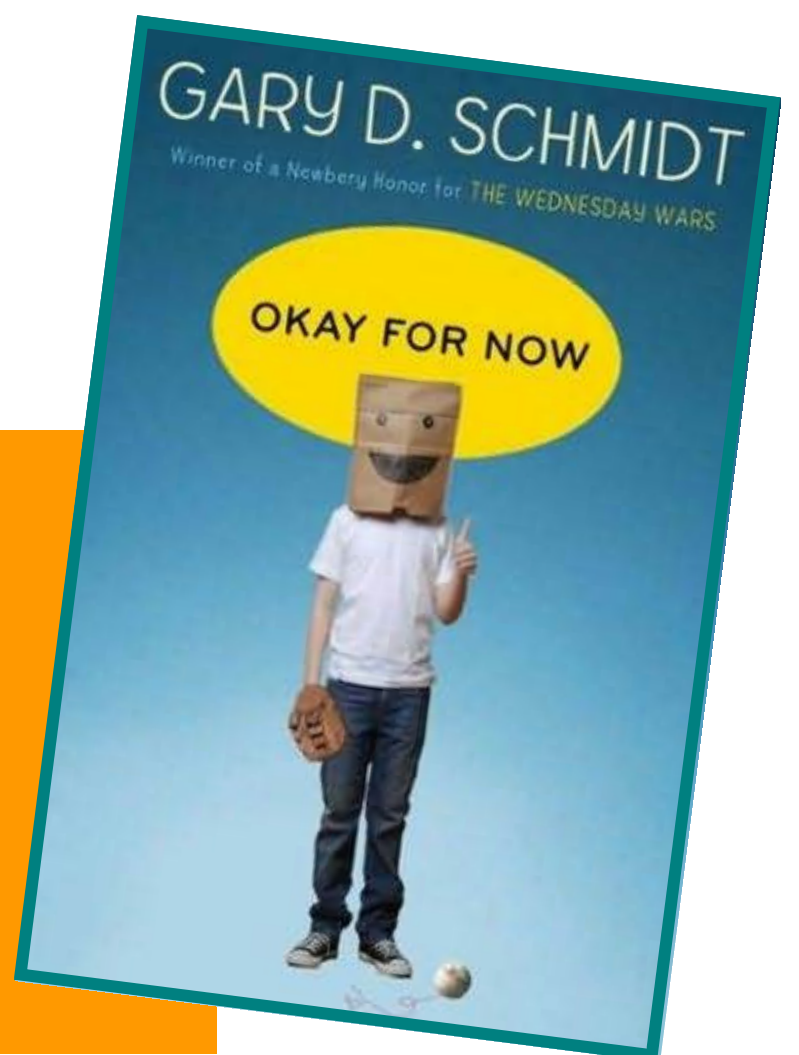
## *The Poem*

**Ozymandias**

**by Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)**

I met a traveler from an antique land,  
Who said— “Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. ... Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk in 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.”

*The Book*  
**Okay for Now**  
**by Gary Schmidt**



# 7

## *The Poem*

### To A Mouse by Robert Burns (1759-1796)

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!

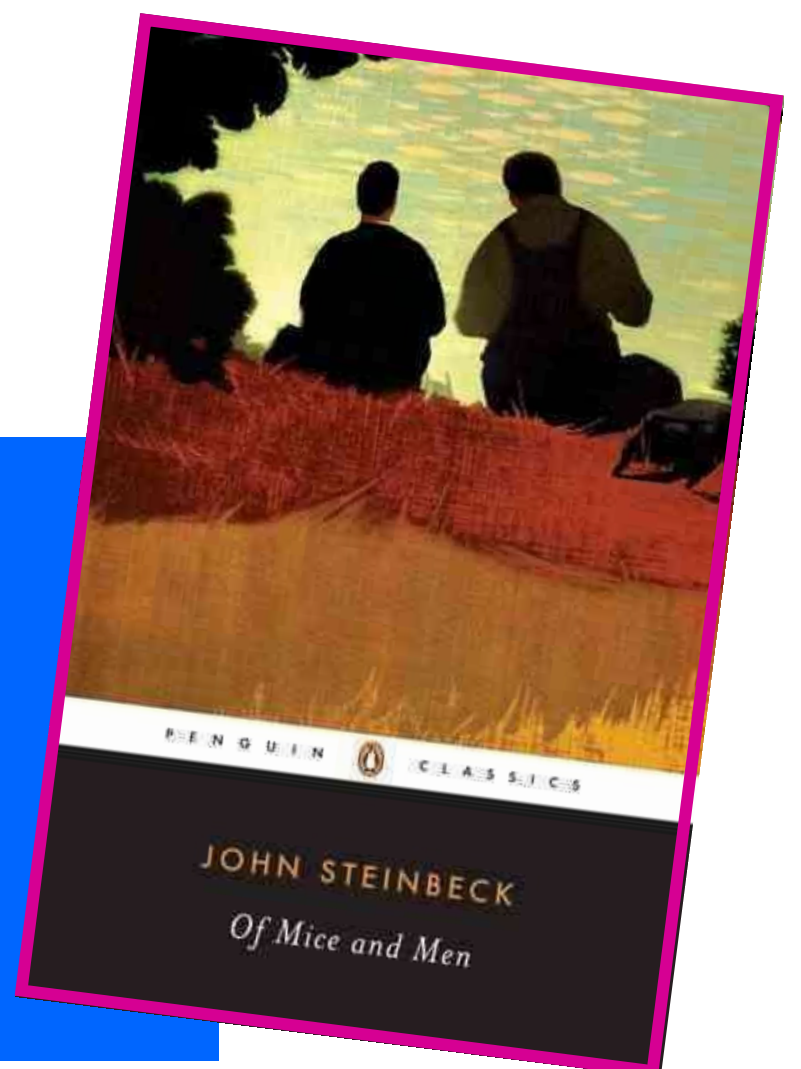
Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,  
An' weary winter comin fast,  
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
Thou thought to dwell -  
Till crash! the cruel coulter past  
Out thro' thy cell.

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 dreaer!  
An' forward, tho' I canna see,  
I guess an' fear!

## *The Book* **Of Mice and Men** by John Steinbeck



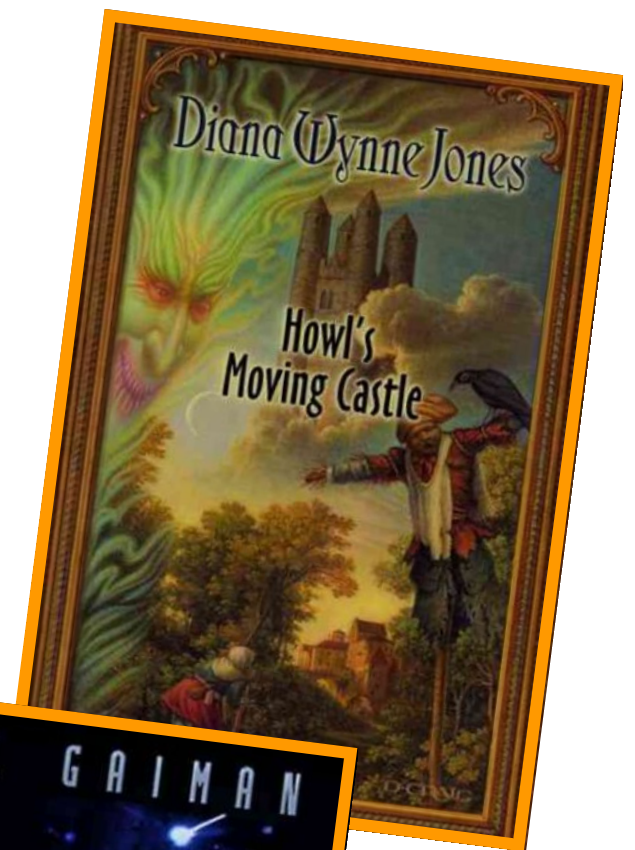


# 8

## *The Poem*

**Go and Catch a Falling Star  
by John Donne (1572-1631)**

Go and catch a falling star,  
Get with child a mandrake root,  
Tell me where all past years are,  
Or who cleft the devil's foot,  
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,  
Or to keep off envy's stinging,  
And find  
What wind serves to advance an honest mind.  
If thou be'st born to strange sights,  
Things invisible to see,  
Ride ten thousand days and nights,  
Till age snow white hairs on thee,  
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me,  
All strange wonders that befell thee,  
And swear,  
No where Lives a woman true, and fair.  
If thou find'st one, let me know, S  
uch a pilgrimage were sweet;  
Yet do not, I would not go,  
Though at next door we might meet;  
Though she were true, when you met her,  
And last, till you write your letter,  
Yet she  
Will be False, ere I come, to two, or three.



## *The Books*

***Howl's Moving Castle*  
by Diana Wynne-Jones**

***Stardust* by Neil Gaiman**

# 9

## *The Poem*

**Stop All the Clocks,  
Cut Off the Telephone**  
by W.H. Auden (1907-1973)

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,  
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,  
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum  
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead  
Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead,  
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,  
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,  
My working week and my Sunday rest,  
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;  
I thought that love would last for ever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;  
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;  
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;  
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

*The Book*  
***Taking Off***  
**By Jenny Moss**



# 10

## *The Poem/Song*

**From a Distance**  
**by Cliff Richard (1940-)**

From a distance, the world looks blue and green,  
And the snow capped mountains so white.  
From a distance the ocean meets the stream,  
And the eagle takes to flight.  
From a distance, there is harmony  
And it echoes through the land.  
It's the voice of hope, it's the voice of peace,  
It's the voice of every man.

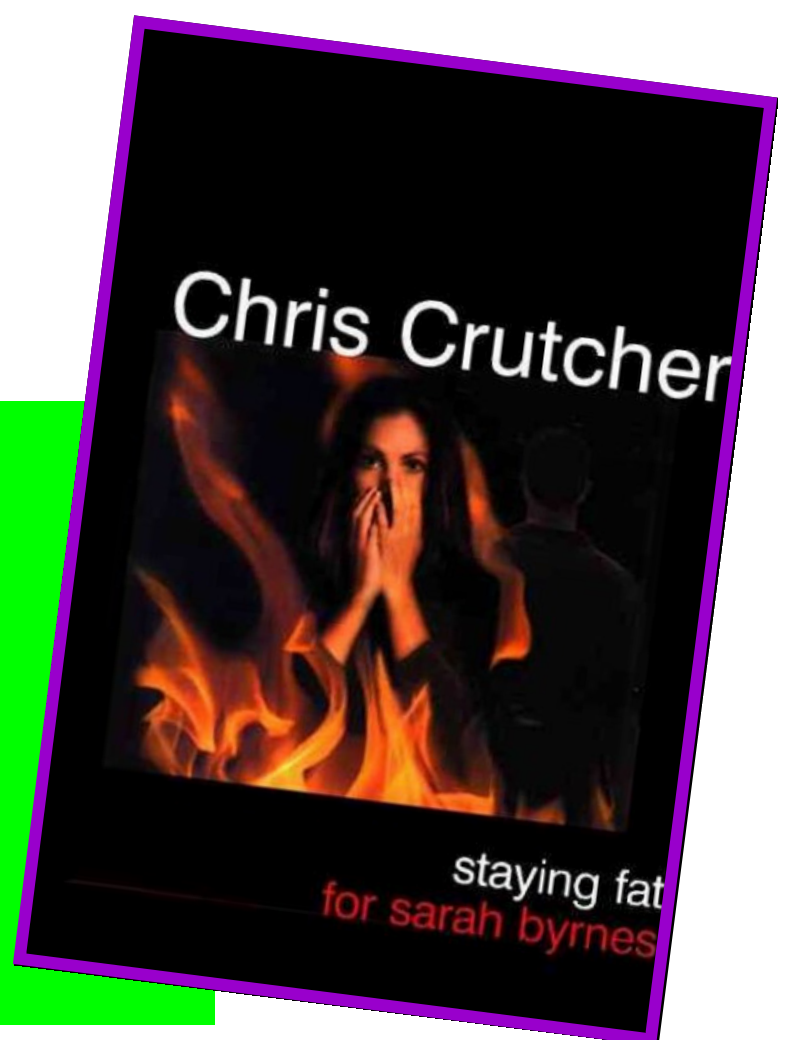
From a distance, we all have enough,  
And no-one is in need.  
There are no guns, no bombs and no disease  
No hungry mouths to feed.  
For a moment we must be instruments,  
Marching in a common band,  
Playing songs of hope, playing songs of peace,  
They're is the songs of every one.

God is watching us, God is watching us,  
God is watching us, from a distance.

From a distance, you look like my friend,  
Even though we are at war.  
From a distance, I can't comprehend,  
What all this war is for.  
What we need is love and harmony,  
Let it echo through the land.  
It's the hope of hopes, it's the love of loves,  
It's the heart of everyone.  
It's the hope of hopes, it's the love of loves,  
It's the song of everyone.

Sing out, songs of hope,  
Sing out, songs of freedom,  
Sing out, songs of love,  
Sing out, songs of peace,  
Sing out, songs of justice,  
Sing out, songs of harmony,  
Sing out, songs of love,  
Sing out, everyone,  
Sing out, songs of hope,  
Sing out, songs of freedom,  
Sing out, songs of love,  
Sing out, songs of peace,  
Sing out, songs of justice,  
Sing out, songs in harmony,  
Sing out, sing about love,  
Sing out, everyone.  
Sing out.

*The Book*  
**Staying Fat for Sarah Byrnes**  
**By Chris Crutcher**



# 11

## *The Poem*

**The Red Wheelbarrow**  
by **William Carlos Williams**  
(1883-1963)

so much depends

upon

a red wheel

barrow

glazed with rain

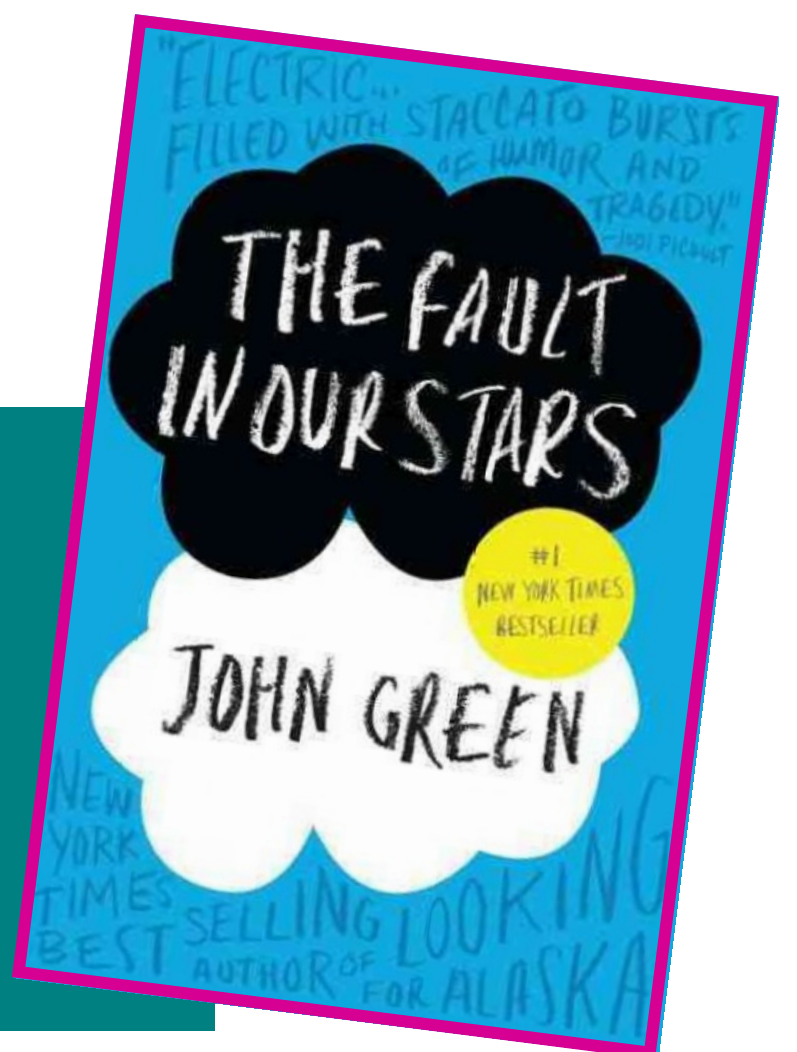
water

beside the white

chickens.

## *The Book*

***The Fault in Our Stars***  
By **John Green**



# 12

## *The Poem*

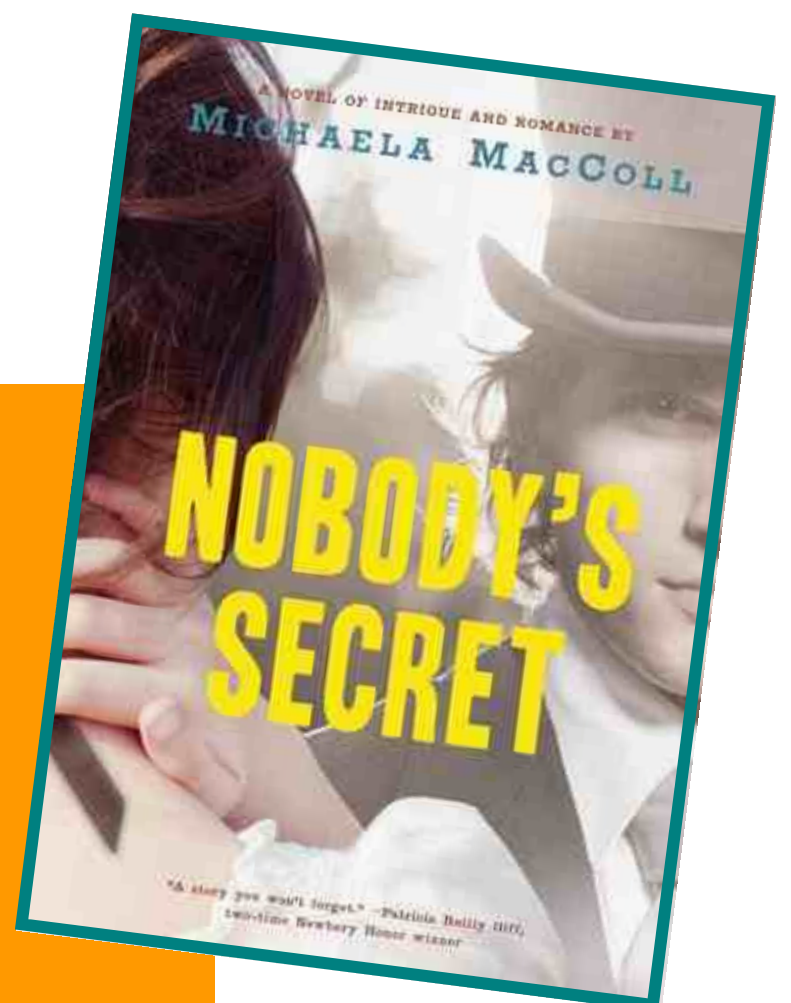
**I'm Nobody! Who are You?  
By Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)**

I'm Nobody! Who are you?  
Are you – Nobody – too?  
Then there's a pair of us!  
Don't tell! they'd advertise – you know!

How dreary – to be – Somebody!  
How public – like a Frog –  
To tell one's name – the livelong June –  
To an admiring Bog!

## *The Book*

***Nobody's Secret*  
By Michaela MacColl**



# 13

## *The Poem* The Hollow Men T.S. Eliot (1888-1965)

MISTAH KURTZ—HE DEAD.  
A penny for the Old Guy

I  
We are the hollow men  
We are the stuffed men  
Leaning together  
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!  
Our dried voices, when  
We whisper together  
Are quiet and meaningless  
As wind in dry grass  
Or rats' feet over broken glass  
In our dry cellar

Shape without form, shade without colour,  
Paralysed force, gesture without motion;

Those who have crossed  
With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom  
Remember us—if at all—not as lost  
Violent souls, but only  
As the hollow men  
The stuffed men.

II  
Eyes I dare not meet in dreams  
In death's dream kingdom  
These do not appear:  
There, the eyes are  
Sunlight on a broken column  
There, is a tree swinging  
And voices are  
In the wind's singing  
More distant and more solemn  
Than a fading star.

Let me be no nearer  
In death's dream kingdom  
Let me also wear  
Such deliberate disguises  
Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves  
In a field  
Behaving as the wind behaves  
No nearer—

Not that final meeting  
In the twilight kingdom

III  
This is the dead land  
This is cactus land  
Here the stone images  
Are raised, here they receive  
The supplication of a dead man's hand  
Under the twinkling of a fading star.

Is it like this  
In death's other kingdom  
Waking alone  
At the hour when we are  
Trembling with tenderness  
Lips that would kiss  
Form prayers to broken stone.

IV  
The eyes are not here  
There are no eyes here  
In this valley of dying stars  
In this hollow valley  
This broken jaw of our lost kingdoms

In this last of meeting places  
We grope together  
And avoid speech  
Gathered on this beach of the tumid river

Sightless, unless  
The eyes reappear  
As the perpetual star  
Multifoliate rose  
Of death's twilight kingdom  
The hope only  
Of empty men.

V  
*Here we go round the prickly pear  
Prickly pear prickly pear  
Here we go round the prickly pear  
At five o'clock in the morning.*

Between the idea  
And the reality  
Between the motion  
And the act  
Falls the Shadow  
*For Thine is the Kingdom*

Between the conception  
And the creation  
Between the emotion  
And the response  
Falls the Shadow  
*Life is very long*

Between the desire  
And the spasm  
Between the potency  
And the existence  
Between the essence  
And the descent  
Falls the Shadow  
*For Thine is the Kingdom*

For Thine is  
Life is  
For Thine is the

*This is the way the world ends  
This is the way the world ends  
This is the way the world ends  
Not with a bang but a whimper.*



## *The Books*

***Wither* by Lauren DeStefano**

***The Compound* by S.A. Bodeen**

# 14

## *The Poem*

**Comin' Thro' the Rye**  
**By Robert Burns (1759-1796)**

O, Jenny's a' weet, poor body,  
Jenny's seldom dry:  
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,  
Comin thro' the rye!

Comin thro' the rye, poor body,  
Comin thro' the rye,  
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,  
Comin thro' the rye!

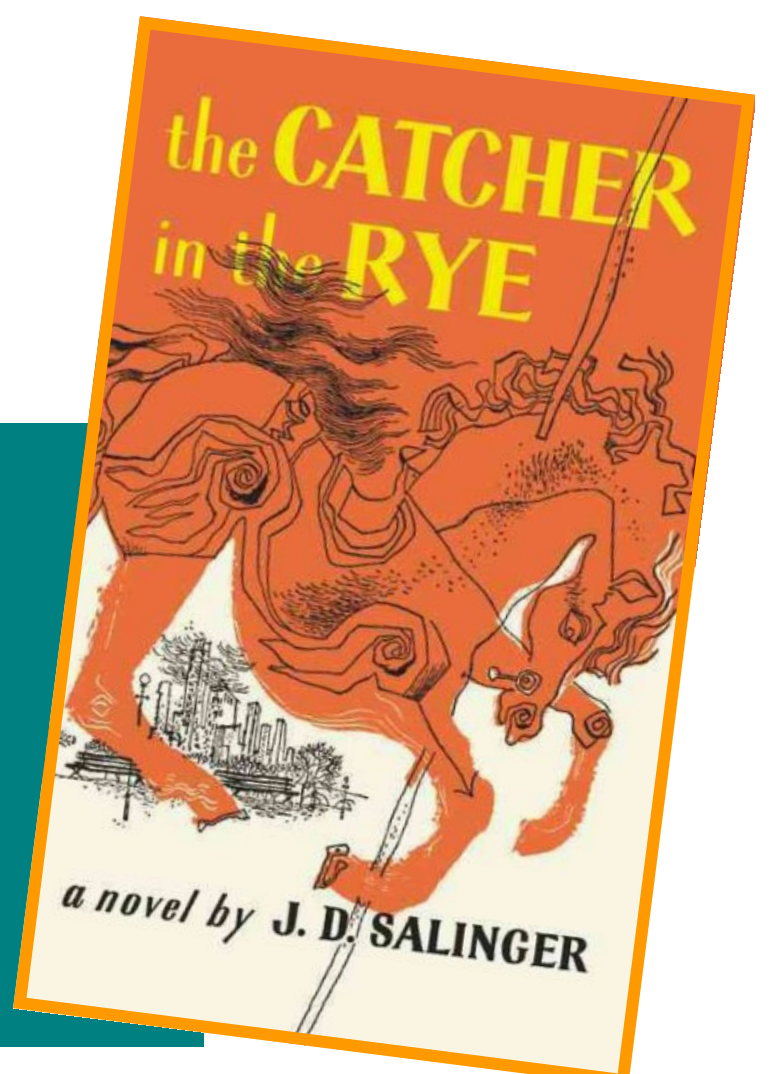
Gin a body meet a body  
Comin thro' the rye,  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin thro' the glen,  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need the warl' ken?

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin thro' the grain;  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
The thing's a body's ain.

## *The Book*

***The Catcher in the Rye***  
**By J.D. Salinger**



# 15

## *The Poem*

### **Psalms 147** **From the Holy Bible (NIV)**

<sup>1</sup> Praise the LORD.

How good it is to sing praises to our God,  
how pleasant and fitting to praise him!

<sup>2</sup> The LORD builds up Jerusalem;  
he gathers the exiles of Israel.

<sup>3</sup> He heals the brokenhearted  
and binds up their wounds.

<sup>4</sup> He determines the number of the stars  
and calls them each by name.

<sup>5</sup> Great is our Lord and mighty in power;  
his understanding has no limit.

<sup>6</sup> The LORD sustains the humble  
but casts the wicked to the ground.

<sup>7</sup> Sing to the LORD with grateful praise;  
make music to our God on the harp.

<sup>8</sup> He covers the sky with clouds;  
he supplies the earth with rain  
and makes grass grow on the hills.

<sup>9</sup> He provides food for the cattle  
and for the young ravens when they call.

<sup>10</sup> His pleasure is not in the strength of the  
horse,

nor his delight in the legs of the warrior;

<sup>11</sup> the LORD delights in those who fear him,  
who put their hope in his unfailing love.

<sup>12</sup> Extol the LORD, Jerusalem;  
praise your God, Zion.

<sup>13</sup> He strengthens the bars of your gates  
and blesses your people within you.

<sup>14</sup> He grants peace to your borders  
and satisfies you with the finest of wheat.

<sup>15</sup> He sends his command to the earth;  
his word runs swiftly.

<sup>16</sup> He spreads the snow like wool  
and scatters the frost like ashes.

<sup>17</sup> He hurls down his hail like pebbles.  
Who can withstand his icy blast?

<sup>18</sup> He sends his word and melts them;  
he stirs up his breezes, and the waters flow.

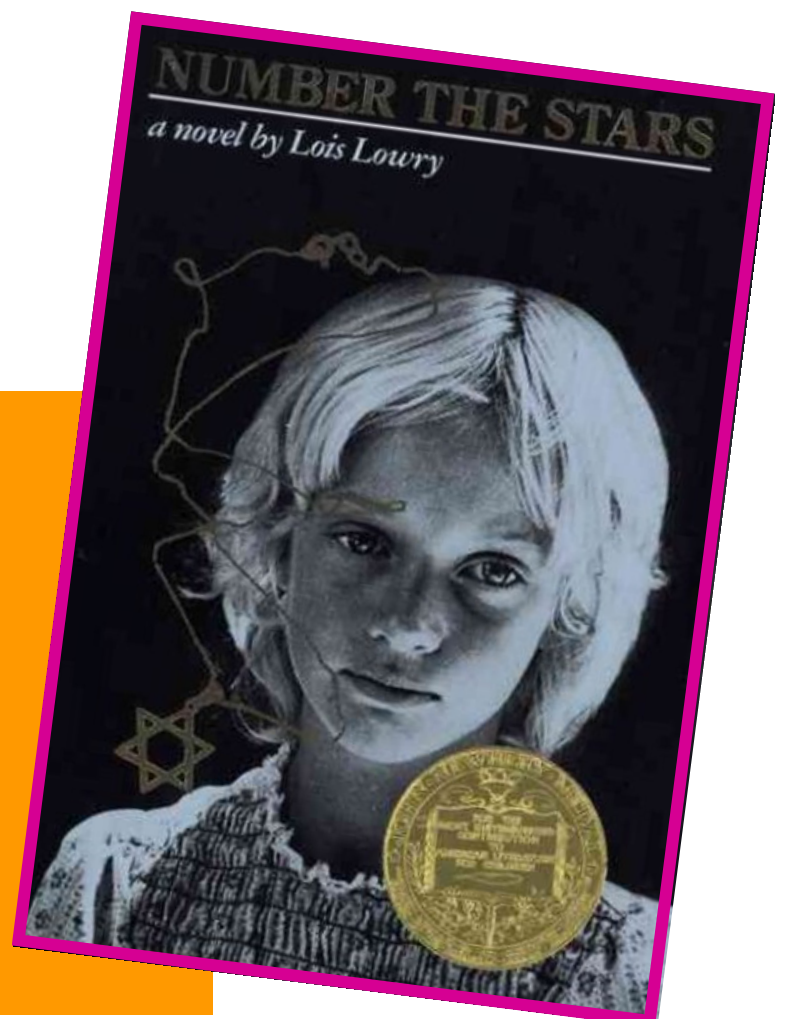
<sup>19</sup> He has revealed his word to Jacob,  
his laws and decrees to Israel.

<sup>20</sup> He has done this for no other nation;  
they do not know his laws.

Praise the LORD.

## *The Book*

### **Number the Stars** **By Lois Lowry**





# 16

## *The Poem*

**Crossing the Bar**  
**By Alfred Lord Tennyson**  
**(1819-1892)**

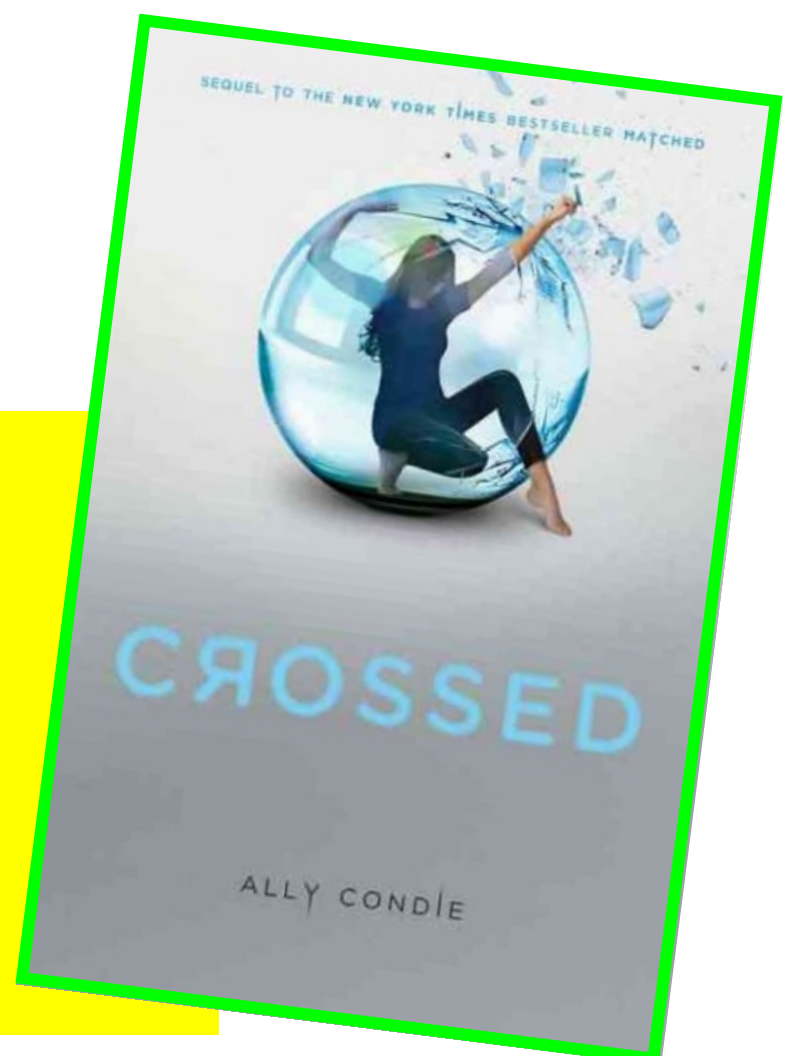
Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

*The Book*  
**Crossed**  
**By Ally Condie**



# 17

## *The Poem*

**Paradise Lost**

**By John Milton (1608-1674)**

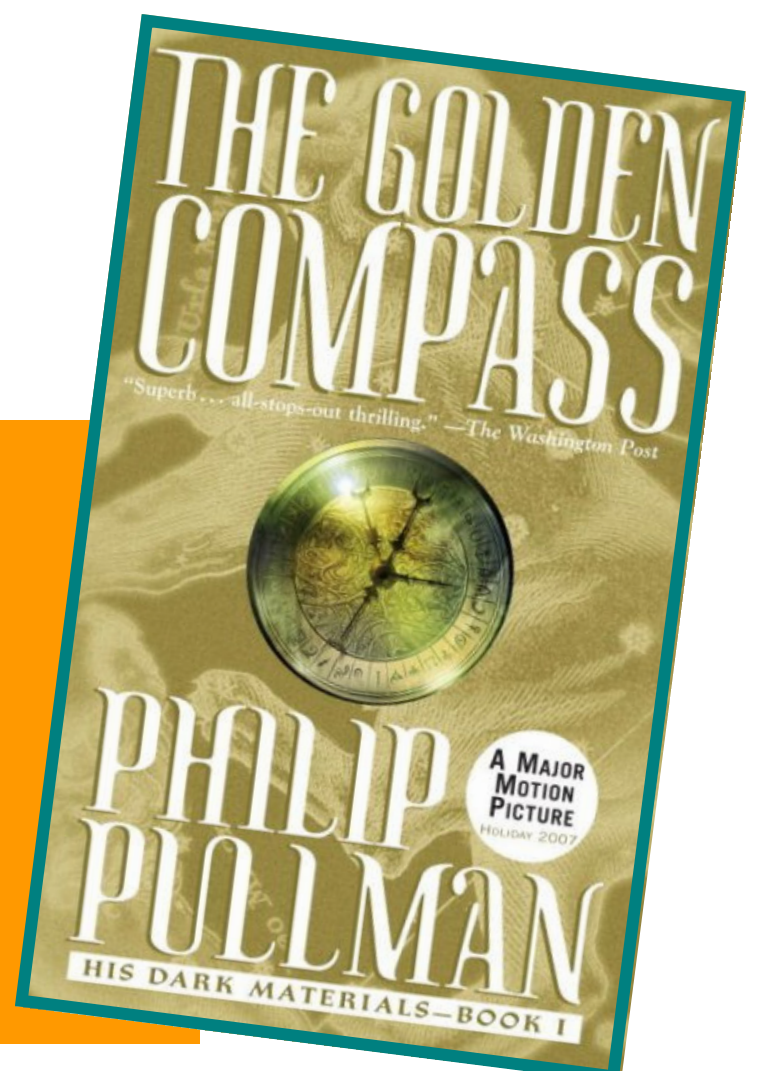
Into this wilde Abyss,  
The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,  
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,  
But all these in their pregnant causes mixt  
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain  
His dark materials to create more Worlds,  
Into this wilde Abyss the warie fiend  
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,  
Pondering his Voyage; for no narrow frith  
He had to cross.

— Book 2, lines 910–920

## *The Book*

***The Golden Compass***  
**(Book 1 of His Dark Materials)**

**By Phillip Pullman**



# 18

## *The Poem*

**How Do I Love Thee?**

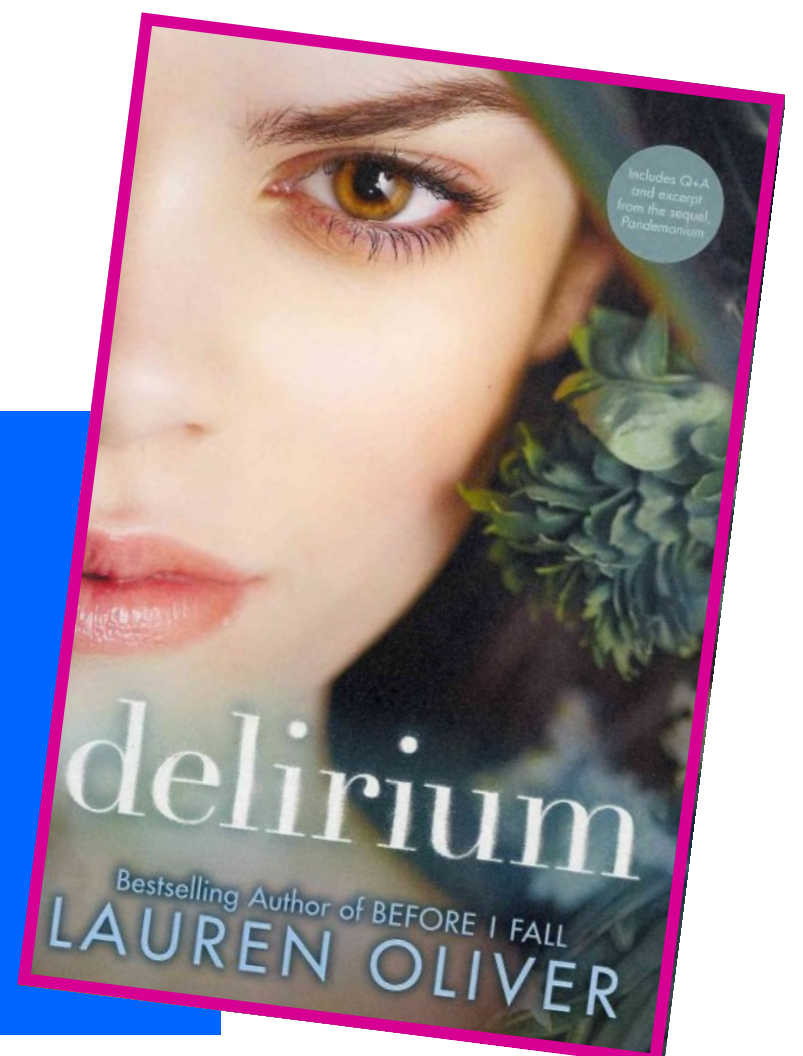
**By Elizabeth Barrett Browning  
(1806-1861)**

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 candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with a 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.

## *The Book*

***Delirium***

**By Lauren Oliver**



# 19

## *The Poem*

All is Truth

By Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

O ME, man of slack faith so long!  
Standing aloof—denying portions so long;  
Only aware to-day of compact, all-diffused truth;  
Discovering to-day there is no lie, or form of lie, and can be none, but grows as  
inevitably  
upon  
itself as the truth does upon itself,  
Or as any law of the earth, or any natural production of the earth does.

(This is curious, and may not be realized immediately—But it must be realized;  
I feel in myself that I represent falsehoods equally with the rest,  
And that the universe does.)

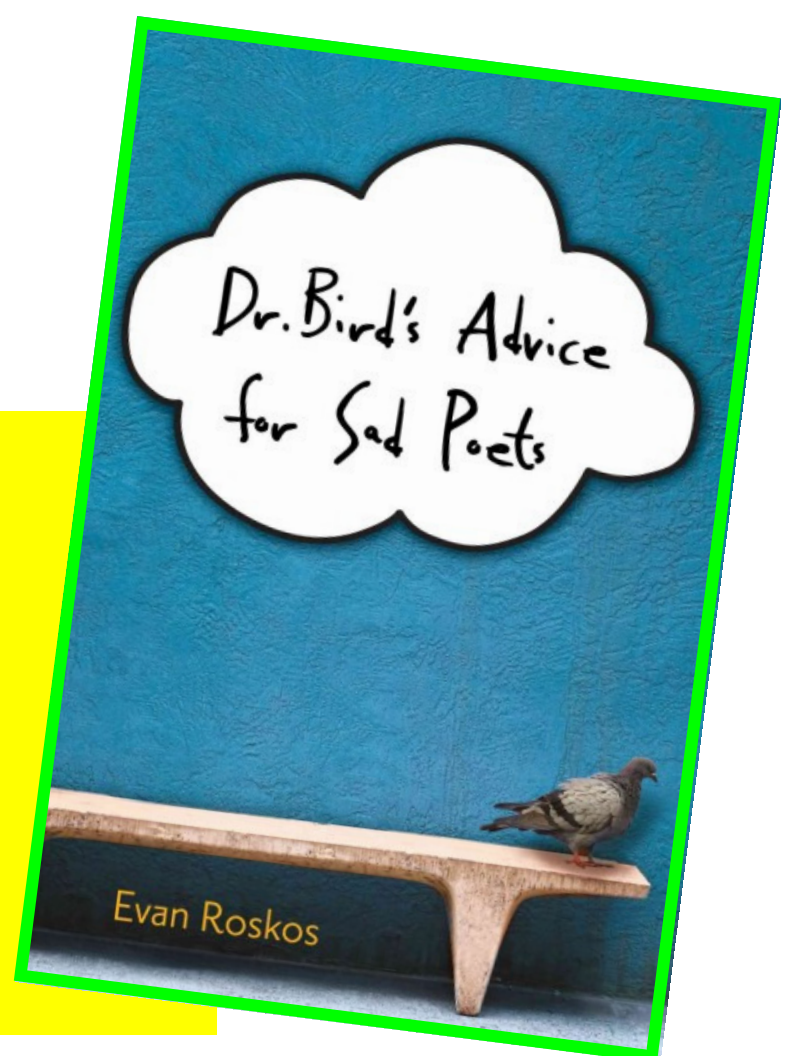
Where has fail'd a perfect return, indifferent of lies or the truth?  
Is it upon the ground, or in water or fire? or in the spirit of man? or in the meat and  
blood?

Meditating among liars, and retreating sternly into myself, I see that there are really no  
liars or  
lies after all,  
And that nothing fails its perfect return—And that what are called lies are perfect  
returns,  
And that each thing exactly represents itself, and what has preceded it,  
And that the truth includes all, and is compact, just as much as space is compact,  
And that there is no flaw or vacuum in the amount of the  
truth—but that all is truth  
without  
exception;  
And henceforth I will go celebrate anything I see or am,  
And sing and laugh, and deny nothing.

## *The Book*

***Dr. Bird's Advice for Sad Poets***

**By Evan Roskos**



# 20

## *The Poem*

**Lady of Shallot**  
**By Alfred Lord Tennyson**  
**(1819-1892)**

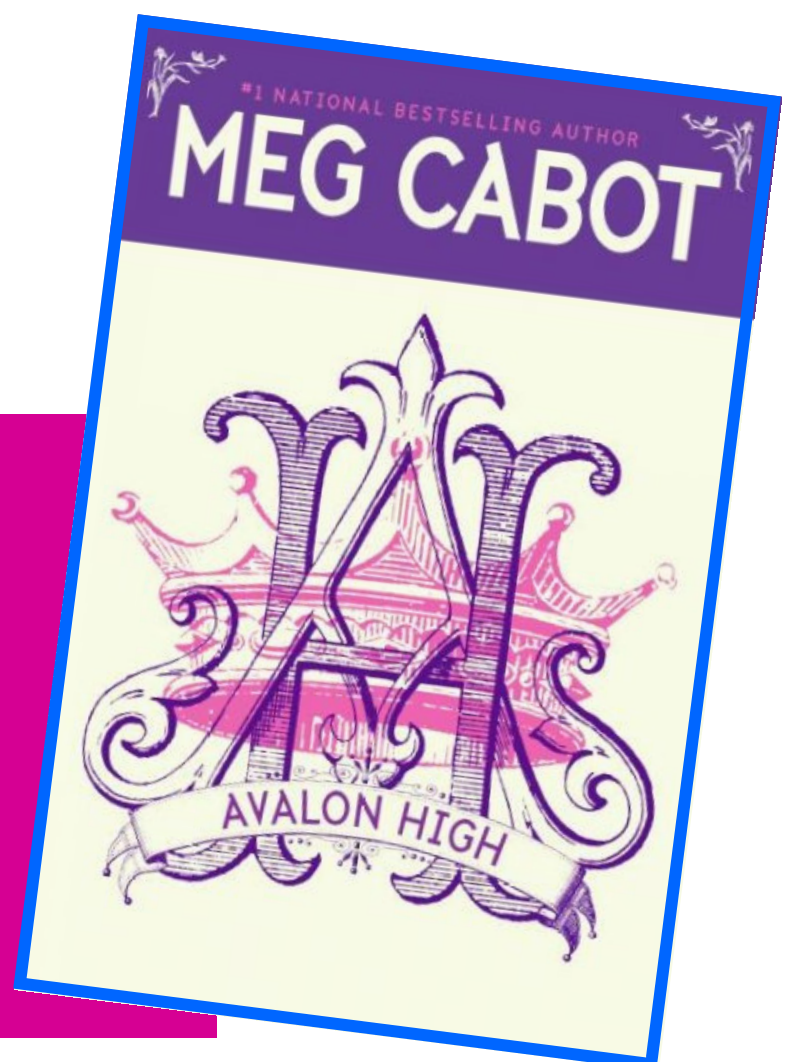
On either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;  
And thro' the field the road runs by  
To many-tower'd Camelot;  
And up and down the people go,  
Gazing where the lilies blow  
Round an island there below,  
The island of Shalott. [1]

Willows whiten, aspens quiver, [2]  
Little breezes dusk and shiver  
Thro' the wave that runs for ever  
By the island in the river  
Flowing down to Camelot.  
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,  
Overlook a space of flowers,  
And the silent isle imbowers  
The Lady of Shalott.

*(These are the first stanzas only of a much longer narrative poem. To read the complete text, consult your librarian.)*

## *The Book*

**Avalon High**  
**By Meg Cabot**



# 21

## *The Poem*

**There's a Certain Slant of Light  
By Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)**

There's a certain slant of light,  
On winter afternoons,  
That oppresses, like the weight  
Of cathedral tunes.

Heavenly hurt it gives us;  
We can find no scar,  
But internal difference  
Where the meanings are.

None may teach it anything,  
'Tis the seal, despair,-  
An imperial affliction  
Sent us of the air.

When it comes, the landscape listens,  
Shadows hold their breath;  
When it goes, 't is like the distance  
On the look of death.

## *The Book*

***Emily's Dress and Other  
Missing Things*  
By Kathryn Burak**



# 22

## *The Poem*

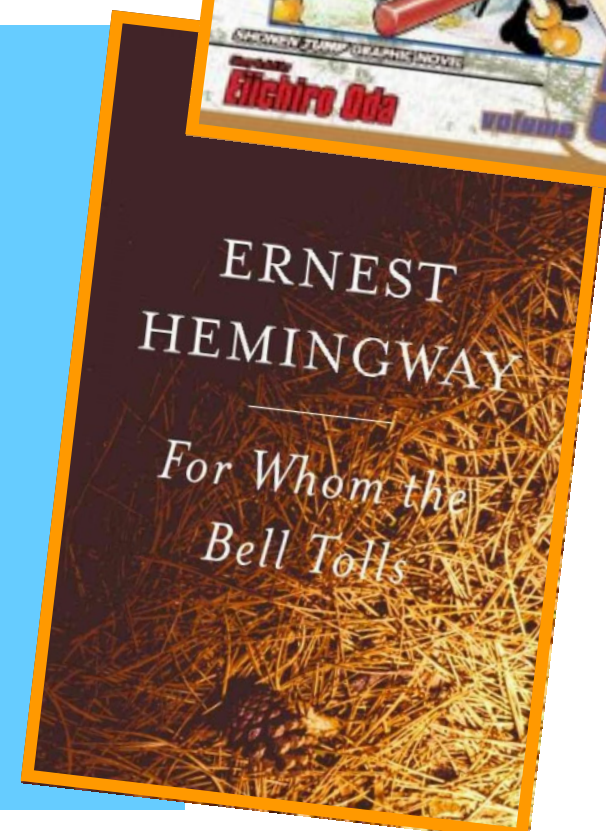
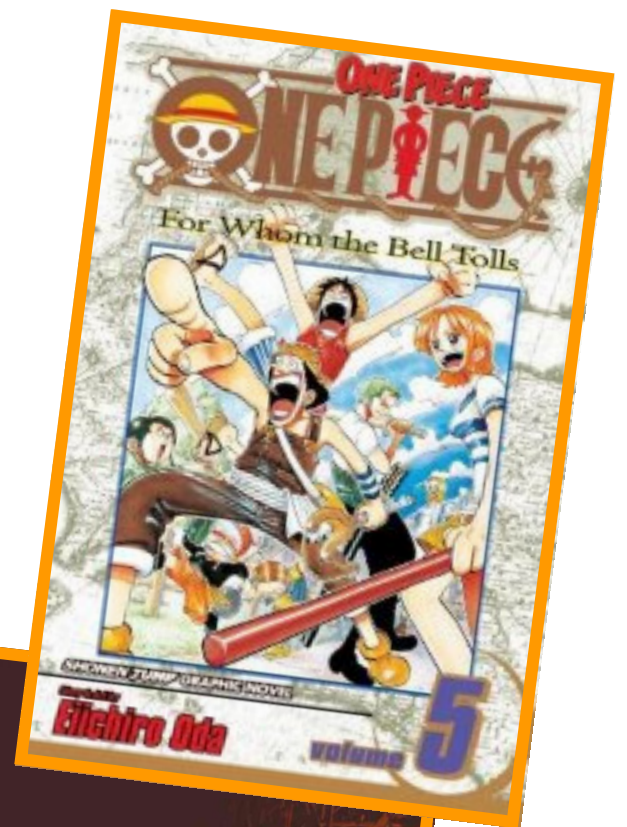
**For Whom the Bell Tolls**  
by John Donne (1532-1631)

No man is an island,  
Entire of itself.  
Each is a piece of the continent,  
A part of the main.  
If a clod be washed away by the sea,  
Europe is the less.  
As well as if a promontory were.  
As well as if a manor of thine own  
Or of thine friend's were.  
Each man's death diminishes me,  
For I am involved in mankind.  
Therefore, send not to know  
For whom the bell tolls,  
It tolls for thee.

## *The Books*

***One Piece, Volume 5:  
For Whom the Bell Tolls***  
by Eiichiro Oda

***For Whom the Bells Tolls***  
By Ernest Hemingway



# 23

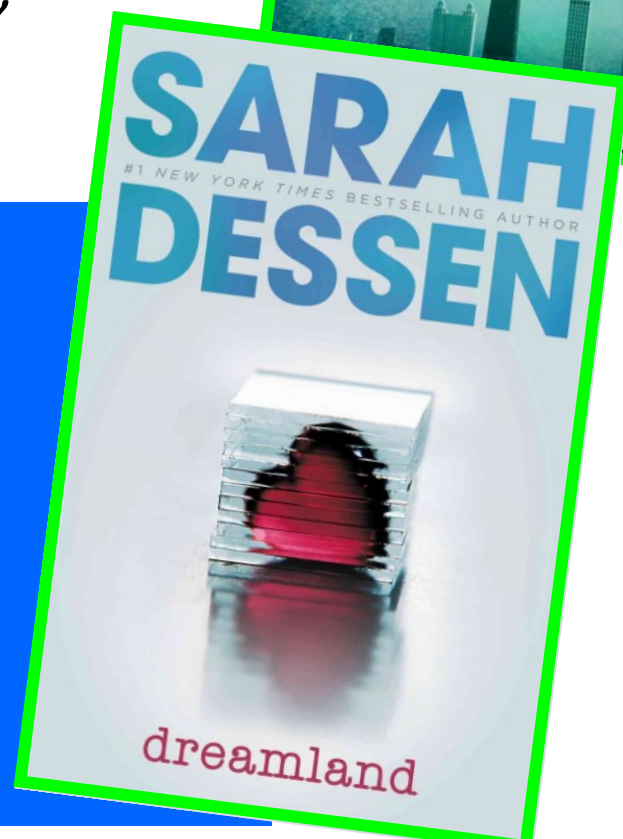
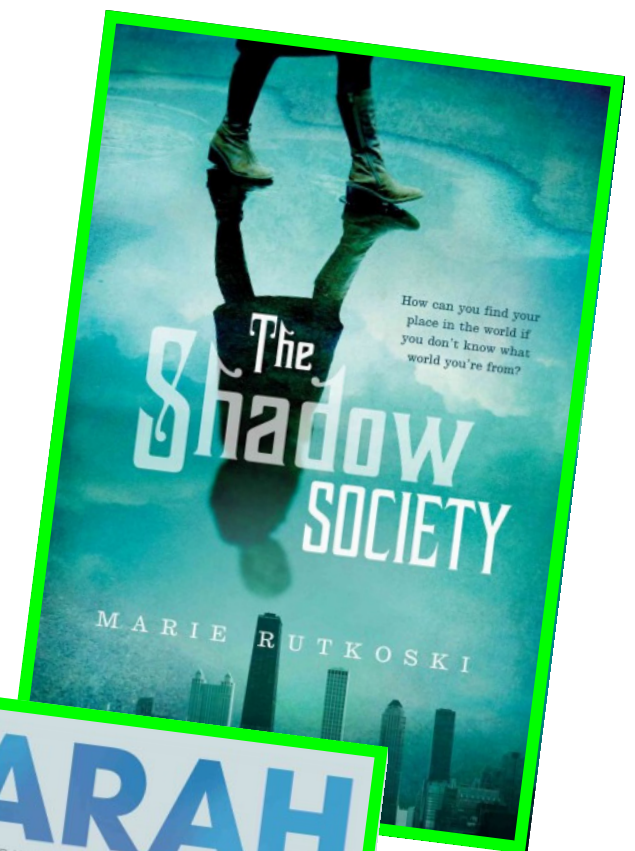
## *The Poem*

**The Love Song of Alfred J. Prufrock  
by T.S. Eliot (1888-1965)**

Let us go then, you and I,  
When the evening is spread out against the sky  
Like a patient etherized upon a table;  
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,  
The muttering retreats  
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels  
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:  
Streets that follow like a tedious argument  
Of insidious intent  
To lead you to an overwhelming question...  
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"  
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go  
Talking of Michelangelo.

*(These are the first stanzas only of a much longer narrative poem. To read the complete text, consult your librarian.)*



## *The Books*

***The Shadow Society*  
by Marie Rutkoski**

***Dreamland* by Sarah Dessen**



# 24

## *The Poem*

**Song of Myself  
by Walt Whitman (1819-1892)**

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,  
And what I assume you shall assume,  
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,  
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

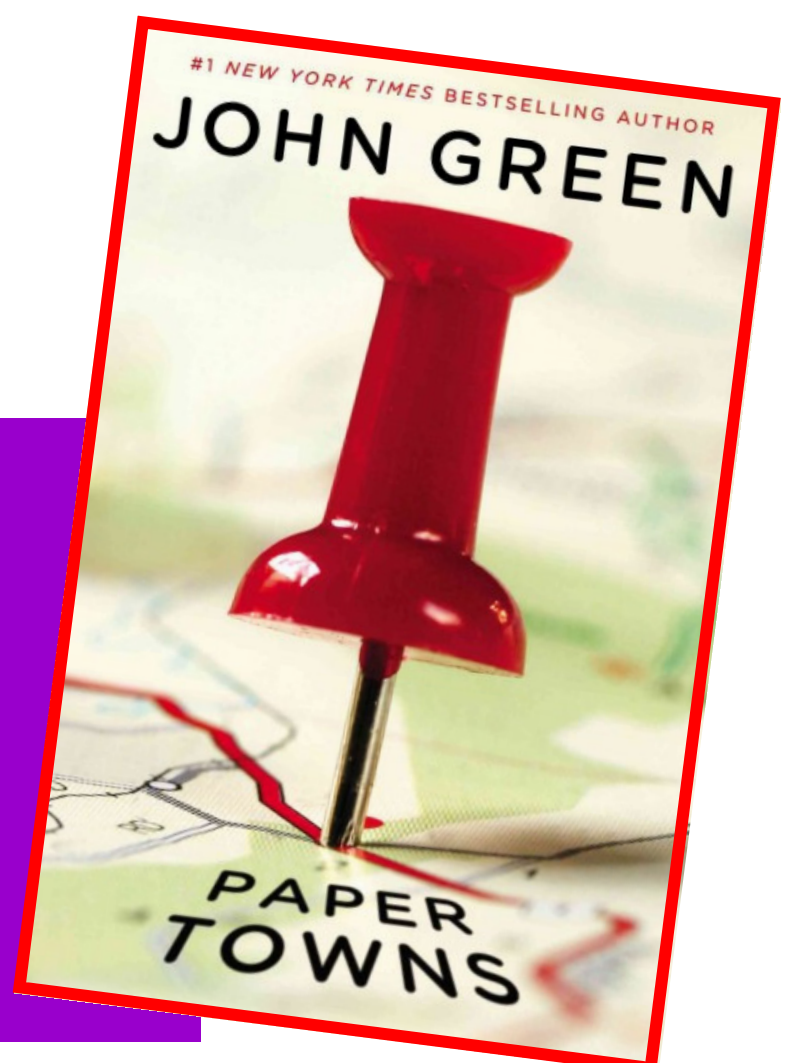
My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,  
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their  
parents the same,  
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,  
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,  
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,  
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,  
Nature without check with original energy.

*(These are the first stanzas only of a much longer poem. To read the complete text, consult your librarian.)*

## *The Book*

***Paper Towns*  
by John Green**



# 25

## *The Poem*

### **Morning Song of Senlin by Conrad Aiken (1889-1973)**

It is morning, Senlin says, and in the morning  
When the light drips through the shutters like the dew,  
I arise, I face the sunrise,  
And do the things my fathers learned to do.  
Stars in the purple dusk above the rooftops  
Pale in a saffron mist and seem to die,  
And I myself on a swiftly tilting planet  
Stand before a glass and tie my tie.  
Vine leaves tap my window,  
Dew-drops sing to the garden stones,  
The robin chirps in the chinaberry tree  
Repeating three clear tones.  
It is morning. I stand by the mirror  
And tie my tie once more.  
While waves far off in a pale rose twilight  
Crash on a white sand shore.  
I stand by a mirror and comb my hair:  
How small and white my face!--  
The green earth tilts through a sphere of air  
And bathes in a flame of space.  
There are houses hanging above the stars  
And stars hung under a sea. . .  
And a sun far off in a shell of silence  
Dapples my walls for me. . .  
It is morning, Senlin says, and in the morning  
Should I not pause in the light to remember God?  
Upright and firm I stand on a star unstable,  
He is immense and lonely as a cloud.  
I will dedicate this moment before my mirror  
To him alone, and for him I will comb my hair.  
Accept these humble offerings, cloud of silence!  
I will think of you as I descend the stair.  
Vine leaves tap my window,  
The snail-track shines on the stones,  
Dew-drops flash from the chinaberry tree  
Repeating two clear tones.  
It is morning, I awake from a bed of silence,  
Shining I rise from the starless waters of sleep.  
The walls are about me still as in the evening,

I am the same, and the same name still I keep.  
The earth revolves with me, yet makes no motion,  
The stars pale silently in a coral sky.  
In a whistling void I stand before my mirror,  
Unconcerned, I tie my tie.  
There are horses neighing on far-off hills  
Tossing their long white manes,  
And mountains flash in the rose-white dusk,  
Their shoulders black with rains. . .  
It is morning. I stand by the mirror  
And surprise my soul once more;  
The blue air rushes above my ceiling,  
There are suns beneath my floor. . .  
. . . It is morning, Senlin says, I ascend from darkness  
And depart on the winds of space for I know not where,  
My watch is wound, a key is in my pocket,  
And the sky is darkened as I descend the stair.  
There are shadows across the windows, clouds in heaven,  
And a god among the stars; and I will go  
Thinking of him as I might think of daybreak  
And humming a tune I know. . .  
Vine-leaves tap at the window,  
Dew-drops sing to the garden stones,  
The robin chirps in the chinaberry tree  
Repeating three clear tones.

## *The Book*

### ***A Swiftly Tilting Planet* by Madeleine L'Engle**



# 26

## *The Poem*

**The First Day's Night Had Come  
by Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)**

The first Day's Night had come --  
And grateful that a thing  
So terrible -- had been endured --  
I told my Soul to sing --

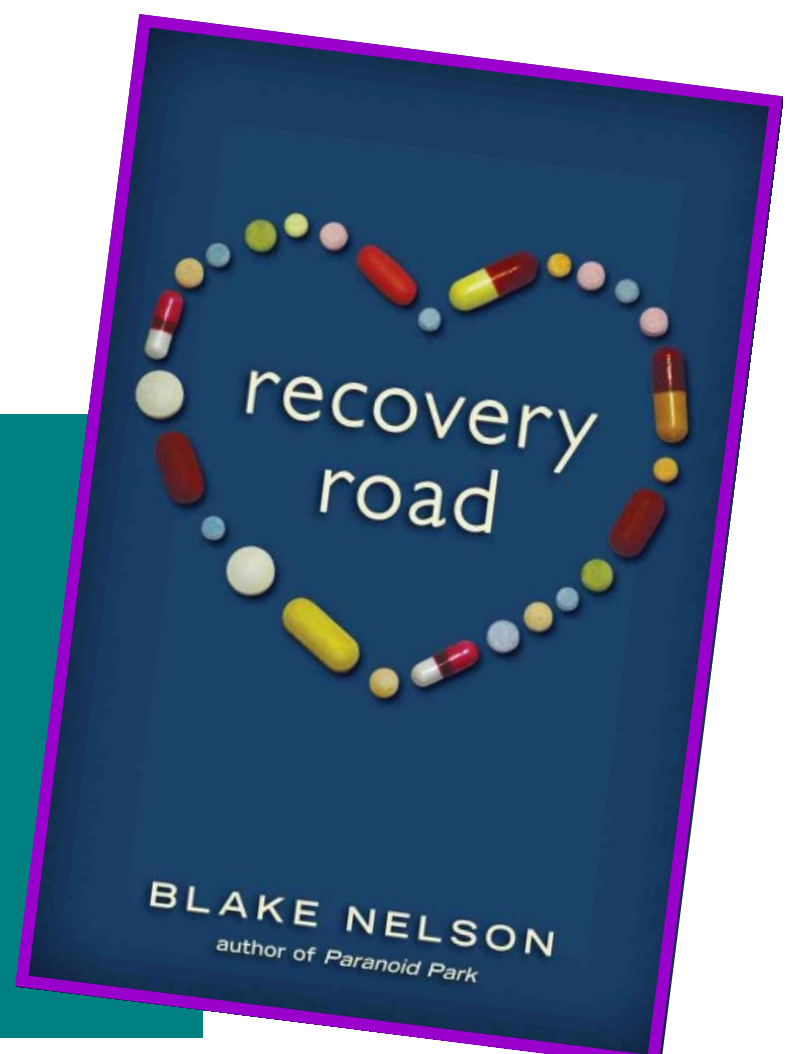
She said her Strings were snapt --  
Her Bow -- to Atoms blown --  
And so to mend her -- gave me work  
Until another Morn --

And then -- a Day as huge  
As Yesterdays in pairs,  
Unrolled its horror in my face --  
Until it blocked my eyes --

My Brain -- begun to laugh --  
I mumbled -- like a fool --  
And tho' 'tis Years ago -- that Day --  
My Brain keeps giggling -- still.

And Something's odd -- within --  
That person that I was --  
And this One -- do not feel the same --  
Could it be Madness -- this?

*The Book*  
**Recovery Road**  
by **Blake Nelson**



# 27

## *The Poem*

### **The Highwayman**

**By Alfred Noyes (1880-1958)**

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 inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,  
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;  
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.

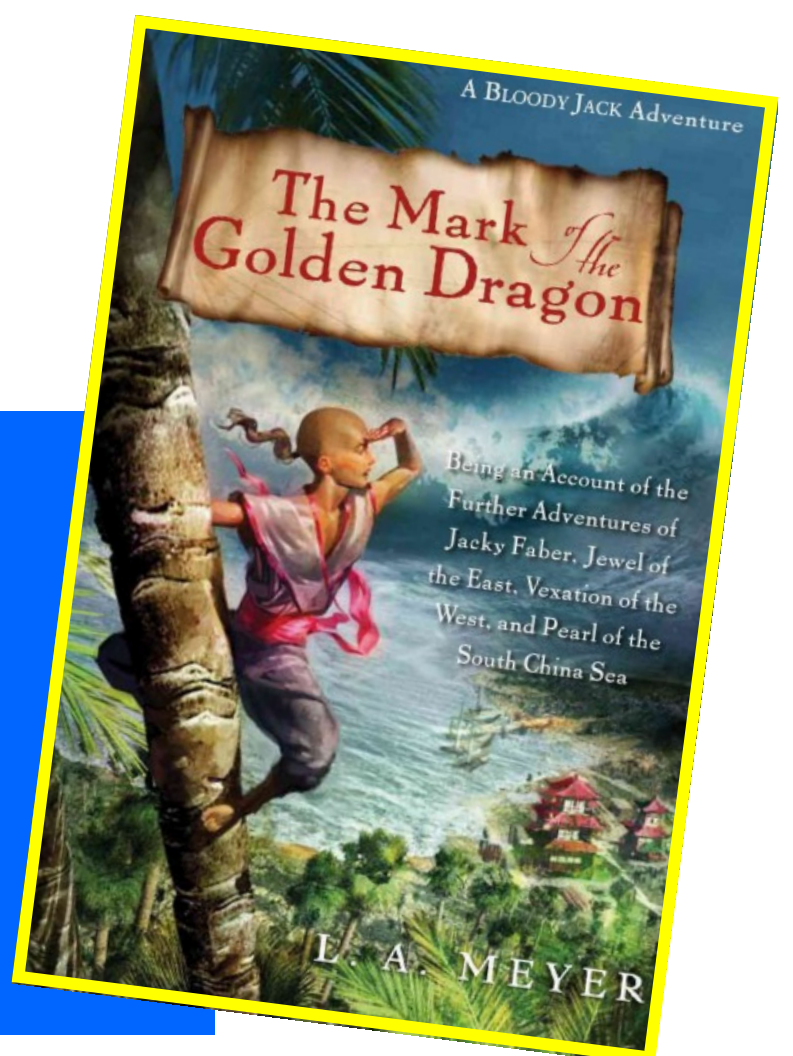
Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard,  
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred;  
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there  
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,  
Bess, the landlord's daughter,  
Plaiting a dark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

*(These are the first stanzas only of a much longer narrative poem. To read the complete text, consult your librarian.)*

## *The Book*

### **Mark of the Gold Dragon**

**By L.A. Meyer**



# 28

## *The Poem*

**Monologue from *Hamlet*  
by William Shakespeare (1564-1616)**

To be, or not to be: that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;  
No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;  
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause: there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!  
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remember'd.

## *The Book*

***Perchance to Dream*  
by Lisa Mantchev**



# 29

## *The Poem*

### **The Road Not Taken By Robert Frost (1819-1892)**

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;

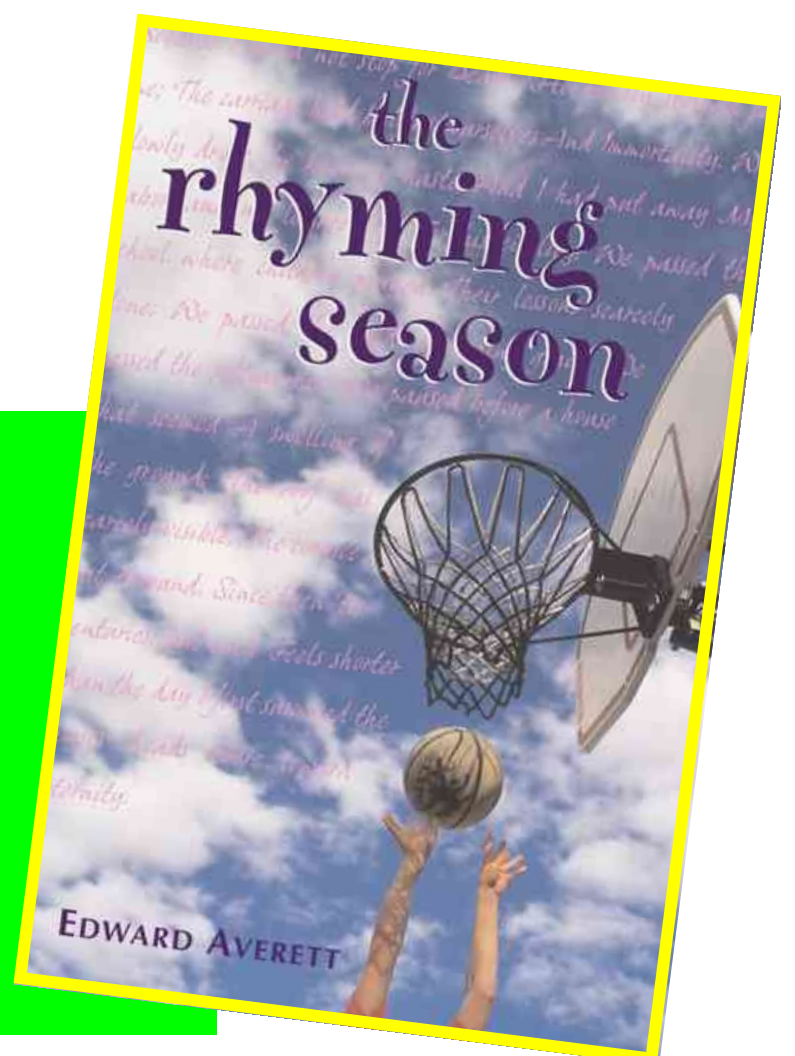
Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

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.

## *The Book*

### ***The Rhyming Season* By Edward Averett**



# 30

## *The Poem*

**The Old Church Tower**  
by **Emily Bronte (1818-1848)**

The old church tower and garden wall  
Are black with Autumn rain  
And dreary winds foreboding call  
The darkness down again

I watched how evening took the place  
Of glad and glorious day  
I watched a deeper gloom efface  
The evening's lingering ray

And as I gazed on the cheerless sky  
Sad thoughts rose in my mind

## *The Book*

***Clockwork Angel***  
by **Cassandra Clare**

