



ODE TO ENCHANTED LIGHT

by Pablo Neruda

*Under the trees light
has dropped from the top of the sky,
light
like a green
latticework of branches,
shining
on every leaf,
drifting down like clean
white sand.
A cicada sends
its sawing song
high into the empty air.
The world is
a glass overflowing
with water.*



Concrete Mixers by Patricia Hubbell

The drivers are washing the concrete mixers;
Like elephant tenders they hose them down.
Tough gray-skinned monsters standing ponderous,
Elephant-bellied and elephant-nosed,

Standing in muck up to their wheel-caps,
Like rows of elephants, tail trunk.
Their drivers perch on their backs like mahouts,
Sending the sprays of water up.

They rid the trunk-like trough of concrete,
Direct the spray to the bulging sides,
Turn and start the monsters moving.

Concrete mixers
Movie like elephants
Bellow like elephants
Spray like elephants,
Concrete mixers are urban elephants,
Their trunks are raising a city.



The City Is So Big by Richard Garcia

The city is so big
Its bridges quake with fear
I know, I have seen at night

The lights sliding from house to house
And trains pass with windows shining
Like a smile full of teeth

I have seen machines eating houses
And stairways walk all by themselves
And elevator doors opening and closing
And people disappear.



Thumbprint by Eve Merriam

On the pad of my thumb
are whorls. whirls, wheels
in a unique design:
mine alone.

What a treasure to own!
My own flesh, my own feelings.
No other, how ever grand or base,
can ever contain the same.
My signature,
thumbing the pages of my time.
My universe key,
my singularity.
Impress, implant,
I am my self
of all my atom parts I am the sum.
And out of my blood and my brain
I make my interior weather,
my own sun and rain.
Imprint my mark upon the world
what ever I shall become.



**The Drum (for Martin Luther King, Jr.)
By Nikki Giovanni**

The drums...Pa-Rum...the rat-tat-tat...of drums...
The Pied Piper...after leading the rats...to death...
took the children...to dreams...Pa-Rum Pa-Rum...

The big bass drums...the kettles roar...the sound of
animal flesh...resounding against the wood...Pa-Rum
Pa-Rum...

Kunta Kinte was making a drum...when he was captured...
Pa-Rum...
Thoreau listened...to a different drum...rat-tat-tat-Pa-
Rum...
King said just...I was a Drum Major...for peace...
Pa-Rum Pa-Rum...rat-tat-tat Pa-Rum...

Drums of triumph...Drums of pain...Drums of life...
Funeral drums...Marching drums...Drums that call...
Pa-Rum
Pa-Rum...the Drums that call...rat-tat-tat-tat...the
Drums are calling...Pa-Rum Pa-Rum...rat-tat-tat Pa-
Rum...

Ring Out, Wild Bells by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more,
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

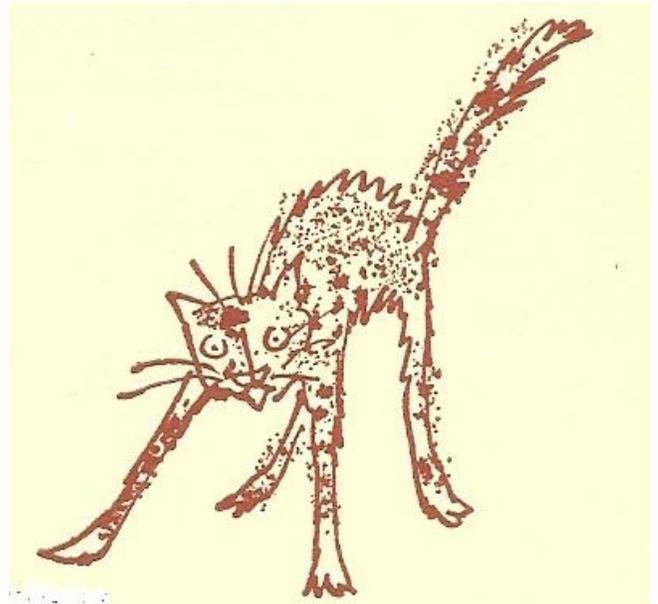
Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.



Cat! by Eleanor Farjeon

Cat!
Scat!
After her, after her,
Sleeky flatterer,
5 Spitfire chatterer,
Scatter her, scatter her,
Off her mat!
Wuff!
Wuff!
10 Treat her rough!
Git her, git her.
Whiskery spitter!
Catch her, catch her,
Green-eyed scratcher!
15 Slathery
Slithery
Hisser,
Don't miss her!
Run till you're dithery,
20 Hithery
Thithery
Pftts! Pftts!
How she spits!
Spitch! Spatch!
25 Can't she scratch!
Scratching the bark
Of the sycamore tree,
She's reached her ark
And's hissing at me
30 *Pftts! Pftts!*
Wuff! Wuff!
Scat,
Cat!
That's
35 That!





Silver

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws and a silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

Walter de la Mare



Your World

BY GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON

Your world is as big as you make it.

I know, for I used to abide

In the narrowest nest in a corner,

My wings pressing close to my side.

But I sighted the distant horizon

Where the skyline encircled the sea

And I throbbed with a burning desire

To travel this immensity.

I battered the cordons around me

And cradled my wings on the breeze,

Then soared to the uttermost reaches

With rapture, with power, with ease!