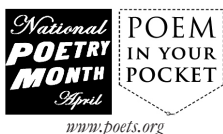


TOKEN LOSS

To the dragon
any loss is
total. His rest
is disrupted
if a single
jewel encrusted
goblet has
been stolen.
The circle
of himself
in the nest
of his gold
has been
broken. No
loss is token.

— Kay Ryan



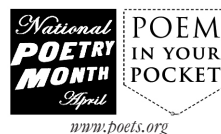
BEALE STREET

The dream is vague
And all confused
With dice and women
And jazz and booze.

The dream is vague,
Without a name,
Yet warm and wavering
And sharp as flame.

The loss
Of the dream
Leaves nothing
The same.

— Langston Hughes, *Selected Poems (1959)*

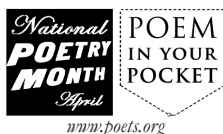


THE LOOK

Strephon kissed me in the spring,
Robin in the fall,
But Colin only looked at me
And never kissed at all.

Strephon's kiss was lost in jest,
Robin's lost in play,
But the kiss in Colin's eyes
Haunts me night and day.

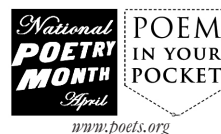
— Sara Teasdale, 1915



SUMMER IN THE SOUTH

The oriole sings in the greening grove
As if he were half-way waiting,
The rosebuds peep from their hoods of green,
Timid and hesitating.
The rain comes down in a torrent sweep
And the nights smell warm and piney,
The garden thrives, but the tender shoots
Are yellow-green and tiny.
Then a flash of sun on a waiting hill,
Streams laugh that erst were quiet,
The sky smiles down with a dazzling blue
And the woods run mad with riot.

— Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872 - 1906)



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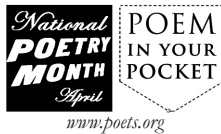
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DUST OF SNOW

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.

—Robert Frost, 1923



DOES ANY INDIAN GO TO ENOUGH POW WOWS?

Yes, yes, on my deathbed,
I'll have indigenous regrets.

For instance, I'll think myself dumb
For ignoring the drum.

I'll wish that I'd been better and redder,
And shook, shook, and shook my tail feathers.

—Sherman Alexie, 2011



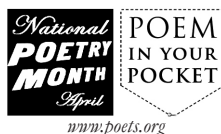
PRAYER

Dear Lord
Show me
The way—
Take
My heart
And throw
It away

Lord, take
My heart
And throw
It out

Lord, throw
My heart
Way out

— Robert Glück



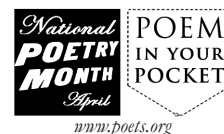
THE MOMENT

Oh, the coming-out-of-nowhere moment
when, nothing
happens
no what-have-I-to-do-today-list

maybe half a moment
the rush of traffic stops.

The whirl of I should be, I should be, I should be
slows to silence,
the white cotton curtains hanging still.

—Marie Howe, 2011

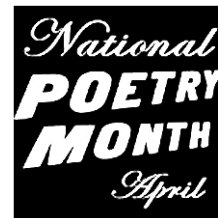


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