

## From My Pocket

*Written upon finding most contemporary poems recommended for this day do not contain rhyme or meter.*

By Evan Mantyk

From my pocket came cardstock that  
Had the words below inscribed  
In letters golden thoughts emblazoned;  
Hear them now described:

“Poems with rhyming and good timing  
Have a certain charm  
That makes the brain a speeding train  
That moves the writing arm.

You may say that they’re passé  
And shallow in their scope,  
Yet discipline will often win  
Without the help of dope.

Call it common or old fashion  
And yet what could be  
More profound than how words sound when  
Made in harmony,

Like the brass bell’s ringing sound swells  
Sending waves afar  
With force not random, but from atoms  
Lined like music bars;

Tin and copper smelted proper  
Makes the metal brass,  
For each its protons has strict patterns  
And a constant mass.

Things with order and strong borders  
Leave a lasting mark,  
Reverberating, undulating  
Here to ages dark,

From those ages and skin pages  
To antiquity  
And forward flying past our dying  
To posterity.

Song that’s singing! Gong that’s ringing!  
Through the poem with rhyme!  
Forever living, ever giving  
Meaning through all time!”

## A Poem's Purpose

By Michael Maibach

A poet writes  
His heart that day,  
It is for him  
A way to pray.

The reader finds  
Those words as new –  
Their life unique,  
Their story true.

What the poet felt  
It matters not,  
The reader's task  
Is to loose the knot.

To loose the knot  
That's closed their heart,  
The poem may serve  
As their fresh start.

As you read a poem  
Ask one thing –  
Who might you love?  
What bell to ring?

## For Food I Could Never Find

*Breathe forth your words now, breaking at long last  
The fasting that has kept me hungering  
For food that I could never find on earth.*

– Dante Alighieri, *The Divine Comedy*, Paradiso xix.25-27

By James Sale

For food I could never find  
How long I fasted I can't say;  
Always a fullness on my mind  
Bid me hasten on my way.

For food I could never find:  
How hunger drove me night and day;  
Always somehow made mad my mind.  
I'd want to stop but couldn't stay.

For food I could never find.  
How seeming good but tasting clay;  
Always voracious in my mind,  
I'd start to focus then would stray.

For food I could never find:  
How meat at first turned quick to hay;  
Always projecting in my mind  
I'd start with yes but come to nay.

For food I could never find:  
How long for heaven I would pray;  
Always the manna, thin as wind,  
Evaporated on my tray.

For food I could never find  
And if I could, could never pay;  
Always that debt was on my mind,  
Always in eating more delay.

For food I could never find.

## Would You Rather Come Back As...

By James B. Nicola

Would you rather come back as a dog,  
tied and trained, or aloof, as a cat?

Some might have to come as a rock or a log.  
But I would come back as a hat.

Though stuck on a shelf in a box  
in what might seem to be an abyss,

I would not get annoyed by the ticking of clocks,  
but await the arrival of Miss

or, on top of a Man-About-Town  
with a kick in my bowl, and my brim

on a bias to strut for a day up and down,  
I would complement her, or him.

At the end of the day, I'd be dosed  
with a powder—or herb, now and then—,

brushed and tucked in a closet, but only, at most,  
until I am wanted again.

All I need's to be reincarnated  
as a chapeau, beret or fedore,

and not know that the era of fashion has faded,  
that no one wears hats anymore.

## Cosmic Walk

*a sonnet*

By Sathya Narayana

A lone pedestrian this trembling soul!  
Vied destiny...the distant pool of light  
beyond the shallow shoals, the mocking Knolls,  
the clouded sky and spiteful stars of night!  
A chosen sanguine tread, sans wheels and wings  
this journey long, on ghostly soles through maze  
of loose desires on strings of swaping springs  
and falls towards the goal; in cosmic chaise!  
A magic decision to make this walk,  
Unsure if there's a goal; whether exists  
or not; parrying worldly jolts and knocks  
to break that phantom lock with beatified fists.  
Love has no limbs, light...eyes; and bliss no taste!  
In peace glides smooth ethereal flight, sans haste!

## A Passing Glimpse

By Robert Frost

I often see flowers from a passing car  
That are gone before I can tell what they are.

I want to get out of the train and go back  
To see what they were beside the track.

I name all the flowers I am sure they weren't:  
Not fireweed loving where woods have burnt—

Not bluebells gracing a tunnel mouth—  
Not lupine living on sand and drouth.\*

Was something brushed across my mind  
That no one on earth will ever find?

Heaven gives its glimpses only to those  
Not in position to look too close.

*\*Drouth: Drought*

## Eternity

By William Blake

He who binds to himself a joy  
Does the winged life destroy  
He who kisses the joy as it flies  
Lives in eternity's sunrise

## The Arrow and the Song

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.



## Bells (First Stanza)

By Edgar Allan Poe

HEAR the sledges with the bells—  
Silver bells!  
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
In the icy air of night!  
While the stars that oversprinkle  
All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
With a crystalline delight;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

## The Camel's Hump

By Rudyard Kipling

The Camel's hump is an ugly lump  
Which well you may see at the Zoo;  
But uglier yet is the hump we get  
From having too little to do.

Kiddies and grown-ups too-oo-oo,  
If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo,  
We get the hump—  
Cameelious hump—  
The hump that is black and blue!\*

We climb out of bed with a frouzly head,  
And a snarly-yarly voice.  
We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl  
At our bath and our boots and our toys;

And there ought to be a corner for me  
(And I know' there is one for you)  
When we get the hump—  
Cameelious hump—  
The hump that is black and blue!

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,  
Or frowst\* with a book by the fire;  
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,  
And dig till you gently perspire;

And then you will find that the sun and the wind,  
And the Djinn\* of the Garden too,  
Have lifted the hump—  
The horrible hump—  
The hump that is black and blue!

I get it as well as you-oo-oo  
If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo!  
We all get hump—  
Cameelious hump—  
Kiddies and grown-ups too!

*\*Black and blue hump refers to a black or blue mood, similar to "feeling blue" or "black humor" used today*

*\*Frowst: to lounge about lazily somewhere warm*

*\*Djinn: Pronounced "jin" is a spirit, similar to the word genie today*