

## **From tomorrow on, I shall be sad –**

By Motele      Submitted by Jackie Marcus, Teacher, FMS

From tomorrow on, I shall be sad –  
From tomorrow on!  
Today I will be gay.

What is the use of sadness – tell me that? –  
Because these evil winds begin to blow?  
Why should I grieve for tomorrow – today?  
Tomorrow may be so good, so sunny,  
Tomorrow the sun may shine again;  
We shall no longer need to be sad.

From tomorrow on, I shall be sad –  
From tomorrow on!  
Not today; no! today, I will be glad.  
And every day, no matter how bitter it be,  
I will say:  
From tomorrow on, I shall be sad,  
Not today.

This speaks to me because of the hope that children always have. Elie Wiesel is one of my heroes.

## *The Bells*

By Edgar Allan Poe

Submitted by: Lisa Duquette, 6<sup>th</sup> grade teacher, FMS

I.

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 tintinabulation that so musically wells  
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—  
Iron bells!  
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!  
In the silence of the night,  
How we shiver with affright  
At the melancholy menace of their tone!  
For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats  
Is a groan.  
And the people—ah, the people—  
They that dwell up in the steeple,  
All alone,  
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,  
In that muffled monotone,  
Feel a glory in so rolling  
On the human heart a stone—  
They are neither brute nor human—  
They are Ghouls:  
And their king it is who tolls;  
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,  
Rolls  
A paeon from the bells!  
And his merry bosom swells  
With the paeon of the bells!  
And he dances, and he yells;

Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the paeon of the bells—  
Of the bells:  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the throbbing of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—  
To the sobbing of the bells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
As he knells, knells, knells,  
In a happy Runic rhyme,  
To the rolling of the bells—  
Of the bells, bells, bells—  
To the tolling of the bells—  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—  
Bells, bells, bells—  
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

This poem grips me every single time I read it. I've omitted the middle stanzas, which talk about wedding bells and then fire alarm bells. Although the first half of the poem describes the happiness associated with bells, the entire poem fills me with foreboding—of the inevitable and chilling reality of death. Poe's writing is dark, mystical, and hypnotic. It reflects so much of who he seemed to be, which makes his pieces even more spellbinding and ghastly. "The Bells" is eerily intriguing, and it's timeless.