

All I Really Needed to Know

By Robert Fulghum

Submitted by Threse Rice, 11th Grade, HHS

All I Really Needed To Know,
about how to live and what to do and how to be, I learned in kindergarten.
These are the things I learned:
Share everything.
Play fair.
Don't hit people.
Put things back where you found them.
Clean up your own mess.
Don't take things that aren't yours.
Say you're sorry when you hurt somebody.
Wash your hands before you eat.
Flush.
Warm cookies and cold milk are good for you.
Live a balanced life--learn some and think some and draw and paint and sing and dance and play
and work every day some.
Take a nap every afternoon.
When you go out into the world, watch out for traffic, hold hands, and
stick together.
Be aware of wonder. Remember the little seed in the styrofoam cup: The roots go down and the
plant goes up and nobody really knows how or
why, but we are all like that.
Goldfish and hamsters and white mice and even the little seed in the
styrofoam cup; they all die. So do we.
And then remember the Dick-and-Jane books and the first word you
learned; the biggest word of all-- LOOK.
Everything you need to know is there somewhere. The Golden Rule and
love and basic sanitation, ecology, and politics and the sane living.
Think of what a better world it would be if we all, the whole world, had
cookies and milk about 3 o'clock every afternoon and then lay down with our blankets for a nap.
Or we had a basic policy in our nation and other
nations to always put things back where we found them and clean up our own messes. And it is
still true, no matter how old you are, when you go
out in the world, it is best to hold hands and stick together.

.....It is the message of this poem that I love so much. Robert Fulghum is able to humorously craft the poem in such a way that the ordinary life of a kindergartener becomes an ideal of what the world should be. Before we are taught to read or write, or to do algebra, we are taught morals. These are the most important life lessons that we ever learn. In today's world it we get consumed by so much that we lose sight of what really matters. My favorite part of this poem is the end when he describes how much better the world would be if we had milk and cookies every afternoon followed by a nap. It seems so silly, so simple; however these are the things that make all the difference. This poem strikes the heart of every problem the world faces; we have forgotten The Golden Rule that we learned in kindergarten.

And Death Shall Have No Dominion

By Dylan Thomas

Submitted by Samantha Tansey, 11th Grade, HHS

And death shall have no dominion.
Dead men naked they shall be one
With the man in the wind and the west moon;
When their bones are picked clean and the clean bones gone,
They shall have stars at elbow and foot;
Though they go mad they shall be sane,
Though they sink through the sea they shall rise again;
Though lovers be lost love shall not;
And death shall have no dominion.

And death shall have no dominion.
Under the windings of the sea
They lying long shall not die windily;
Twisting on racks when sinews give way,
Strapped to a wheel, yet they shall not break;
Faith in their hands shall snap in two,
And the unicorn evils run them through;
Split all ends up they shan't crack;
And death shall have no dominion.

And death shall have no dominion.
No more may gulls cry at their ears
Or waves break loud on the seashores;
Where blew a flower may a flower no more
Lift its head to the blows of the rain;
Though they be mad and dead as nails,
Heads of the characters hammer through daisies;
Break in the sun till the sun breaks down,
And death shall have no dominion.

This is the first poem I read that really made me take notice of poetry in general. Many of the poems I had read prior were usually about things that I felt to be very trivial, so naturally I could not get my head into that particular poem. But in "And Death Shall Have No Dominion," I feel that message is very powerful. Dylan Thomas uses amazing metaphorical imagery to substantiate the idea that what makes up who we are and what we're capable of is much greater than any corporeal form of destruction. He uses a continuous pattern in which he presents a tragic situation and then follows it up with an uplifting statement in which man always overcomes. I think this message is very uplifting, which is even more supported by the beautifully written language.

City That Does Not Sleep

by Federico Garcia Lorca; Translated by Robert Bly

Submitted by Tommy Calahan, Grade 12, HHS

Original Version- Ciudad Sin Sueño

No duerme nadie por el cielo. Nadie, nadie.

No duerme nadie.

Las criaturas de la luna huelen y rondan sus cabañas.

Vendrán las iguanas vivas a morder a los hombres que no sueñan
y el que huye con el corazón roto encontrará por las esquinas
al increíble cocodrilo quieto bajo la tierna protesta de los astros.

No duerme nadie por el mundo. Nadie, nadie.

No duerme nadie.

Hay un muerto en el cementerio más lejano

que se queja tres años

porque tiene un paisaje seco en la rodilla;

y el niño que enterraron esta mañana lloraba tanto

que hubo necesidad de llamar a los perros para que callase.

No es sueño la vida. ¡Alerta! ¡Alerta! ¡Alerta!

Nos caemos por las escaleras para comer la tierra húmeda
o subimos al filo de la nieve con el coro de las dalias muertas.

Pero no hay olvido, ni sueño:

carne viva. Los besos atan las bocas

en una maraña de venas recientes

y al que le duele su dolor le dolerá sin descanso

y al que teme la muerte la llevará sobre sus hombros.

Un día

los caballos vivirán en las tabernas

y las hormigas furiosas

atacarán los cielos amarillos que se refugian en los ojos de las vacas.

Otro día

veremos la resurrección de las mariposas disecadas

y aún andando por un paisaje de esponjas grises y barcos mudos

veremos brillar nuestro anillo y manar rosas de nuestra lengua.

¡Alerta! ¡Alerta! ¡Alerta!

A los que guardan todavía huellas de zarpa y aguacero,

a aquel muchacho que llora porque no sabe la invención del puente

o a aquel muerto que ya no tiene más que la cabeza y un zapato,

hay que llevarlos al muro donde iguanas y sierpes esperan,

donde espera la dentadura del oso,

donde espera la mano momificada del niño
y la piel del camello se eriza con un violento escalofrío azul.

No duerme nadie por el cielo. Nadie, nadie.
No duerme nadie.
Pero si alguien cierra los ojos,
¡azotadlo, hijos míos, azotadlo!
Haya un panorama de ojos abiertos
y amargas llagas encendidas.
No duerme nadie por el mundo. Nadie, nadie.
Ya lo he dicho.
No duerme nadie.
Pero si alguien tiene por la noche exceso de musgo en las sienes,
abrid los escotillones para que vea bajo la luna
las copas falsas, el veneno y la calavera de los teatros.

English Version

In the sky there is nobody asleep. Nobody, nobody.
Nobody is asleep.
The creatures of the moon sniff and prowls about their cabins.
The living iguanas will come and bite the men who do not dream,
and the man who rushes out with his spirit broken will meet on the
street corner
the unbelievable alligator quiet beneath the tender protest of the
stars.

Nobody is asleep on earth. Nobody, nobody.
Nobody is asleep.
In a graveyard far off there is a corpse
who has moaned for three years
because of a dry countryside on his knee;
and that boy they buried this morning cried so much
it was necessary to call out the dogs to keep him quiet.

Life is not a dream. Careful! Careful! Careful!
We fall down the stairs in order to eat the moist earth
or we climb to the knife edge of the snow with the voices of the dead
dahlias.
But forgetfulness does not exist, dreams do not exist;
flesh exists. Kisses tie our mouths
in a thicket of new veins,
and whoever his pain pains will feel that pain forever
and whoever is afraid of death will carry it on his shoulders.

One day

the horses will live in the saloons
and the enraged ants
will throw themselves on the yellow skies that take refuge in the
eyes of cows.

Another day
we will watch the preserved butterflies rise from the dead
and still walking through a country of gray sponges and silent boats
we will watch our ring flash and roses spring from our tongue.
Careful! Be careful! Be careful!
The men who still have marks of the claw and the thunderstorm,
and that boy who cries because he has never heard of the invention
of the bridge,
or that dead man who possesses now only his head and a shoe,
we must carry them to the wall where the iguanas and the snakes
are waiting,
where the bear's teeth are waiting,
where the mummified hand of the boy is waiting,
and the hair of the camel stands on end with a violent blue shudder.

Nobody is sleeping in the sky. Nobody, nobody.
Nobody is sleeping.
If someone does close his eyes,
a whip, boys, a whip!
Let there be a landscape of open eyes
and bitter wounds on fire.
No one is sleeping in this world. No one, no one.
I have said it before.

No one is sleeping.
But if someone grows too much moss on his temples during the
night,
open the stage trapdoors so he can see in the moonlight
the lying goblets, and the poison, and the skull of the theaters.

Briefly analyzed by Speed Levitch during the film *Waking Life*, Lorca's *City That Does Not Sleep* issues a warning: nobody is detached from this world. Written by Lorca as he gazed from Brooklyn Bridge upon a bustling New York City, it depicts a relentless binary between dream and reality. He suggests that relying on either of these absolutes will lead to suffering, and that an answer lies somewhere in between. Life is not something that can be slept off—it is not a dream (sorry, *Row Row Row your Boat*); it's a cruelly participatory, eternal endeavor. Ultimately, the dream-like quality of the poem and his message in the last stanza suggest that one must cultivate a way to re-see reality: *the living iguanas will come and bite the men who do not dream.*

FRIENDS

By Ryan Adams and the Cardinals

Submitted by Jamie Shorter, 11th Grade, HHS

As pretty as a song
A song could ever be
Like Christmas on a river
Without a boat or Christmas tree
This afternoon with you was something like a letter
The kind that someone writes but never sends
And when you look at me like that
I know that someday it's gonna end
And when you go
I bet you miss your friends
As angry as a breeze
Tugging hard upon the sails
Been moving through these streets forever
From Baltimore to Amsterdam
These things inside me they repeat like broken records
Spinning pretty something's behind my eyes
and when I can't look at you
I can paint your picture perfectly in my mind
and when I get old
I'm gonna miss you all the time
That wind up in the trees
Scattering bluebirds all over the place
Shuffling children and piles of leaves
I wish I was the wind, I'd touch your face
This afternoon with you was something like a letter
The kind that someone writes but never sends
And when your good to me
It makes me blue because someday it's gonna end
And when we pass on
I bet you miss your friends
Bet you miss your friends
I bet you miss your friends

I love this song. I think that this song not only has a great tune to itself, it also has relatable lyrics. To me, it is the type of song that I listen to when I'm in a more solemn or down mood. It is a good song when you need something softer and not too loud and upbeat. The lyrics are very creative and I like how it brings in the perspective of nature and seasons. It really has a familiar touch to it when it describes the idea of how days pass us by and we don't really realize how much we miss people in our lives. It is deep in detail, which I really enjoy about this song. It talks about abstract images from weather to seeing children playing in leaves. It brings in this perspective of youth and growing up and moving on, but never letting go of your past and the friends you make.

GIRL

By Lisa Zaran

Submitted by Ariane Plummer, 11th Grade, HHS

She said she collects pieces of sky,
cuts holes out of it with silver scissors,
bits of heaven she calls them.
Every day a bevy of birds flies rings
around her fingers, my chorus of wives,
she calls them. Every day she reads poetry
from dusty books she borrows from the library,
sitting in the park, she smiles at passing strangers,
yet can not seem to shake her own sad feelings.
She said that night reminds her of a cool hand
placed gently across her fevered brow, said
she likes to fall asleep beneath the stars,
that their streaks of light make her believe
that she too is going somewhere. Infinity,
she whispers as she closes her eyes,
descending into thin air, where no arms
outstretch to catch her.

When I read this poem, something about it jumped out at me. I love the elegant language she uses when describing something. The poem starts out lighthearted, talking about the “silver scissors” with which she cuts out bits of heaven. However, as the poem reads on, it starts to expose many different layers of this seemingly satisfied girl. It starts to reach into her soul and reveal that she is not this wonderfully serene person, rather someone over come with saddened, hidden emotions that she has to keep under the surface. She yearns for something to believe in, some little piece of magic that will save her from her insecurities. In the end, isn’t that what we all want? This poem is so unique because it can relate to many different people under the common theme of a dream. Everyone needs something to reassure themselves that it’s okay; something to hold onto when the future seems bleak. The poem ties everything together with an amazing closing line. “Infinity, she whispers as she closes her eyes, descending into thin air, where no arms outstretch to catch her.”

Hangman

by Maurice Ogden

Submitted by Amanda Stein, 12th Grade, HHS

1.

Into our town the Hangman came.
Smelling of gold and blood and flame
and he paced our bricks with a diffident air
and built his frame on the courthouse square

The scaffold stood by the courthouse side,
Only as wide as the door was wide;
A frame as tall, or little more,
Than the capping sill of the courthouse door

And we wondered, whenever we had the time.
Who the criminal, what the crime.
That Hangman judged with the yellow twist
of knotted hemp in his busy fist.

And innocent though we were, with dread,
We passed those eyes of buckshot lead:
Till one cried: "Hangman, who is he
For whom you raise the gallows-tree?"

Then a twinkle grew in the buckshot eye,
And he gave us a riddle instead of reply:
"He who serves me best," said he,
"Shall earn the rope on the gallows-tree."

And he stepped down. and laid his hand
On a man who came from another land
And we breathed again, for another's grief
At the Hangman's hand was our relief

And the gallows-frame on the courthouse lawn
By tomorrow's sun would be struck and gone.
So we gave him way, and no one spoke.
Out of respect for his Hangman's cloak.

2.

The next day's sun looked mildly down
On roof and street in our quiet town
And stark and black in the morning air,
The gallows-tree on the courthouse square.

And the Hangman stood at his usual stand
With the yellow hemp in his busy hand;
With his buckshot eye and his jaw like a pike
And his air so knowing and business like.

And we cried, "Hangman, have you not done
Yesterday. with the alien one?"
Then we fell silent, and stood amazed,
"Oh, not for him was the gallows raised."

He laughed a laugh as he looked at us:
"...Did you think I'd gone to all this fuss
To hang one man? That's a thing I do
To stretch a rope when the rope is new."

Then one cried "Murder!" One cried "Shame!"
And into our midst the Hangman came
To that man's place. "Do you hold," said he,
"with him that was meant for the gallows-tree?"

And he laid his hand on that one's arm.
And we shrank back in quick alarm,
And we gave him way, and no one spoke
Out of fear of his Hangman's cloak.

That night we saw with dread surprise
The Hangman's scaffold had grown in size.
Fed by the blood beneath the chute
The gallows-tree had taken root;

Now as wide, or a little more,
Than the steps that led to the courthouse door,
As tall as the writing, or nearly as tall,
Halfway up on the courthouse wall.

3.

The third he took-we had all heard tell
Was a user and infidel, and
"What," said the Hangman "have you to do
With the gallows-bound, and he a Jew?"

And we cried out, "Is this one he
Who has served you well and faithfully?"
The Hangman smiled: "It's a clever scheme
to try the strength of the gallows-beam."

The fourth man's dark, accusing song
Had scratched out comfort hard and long;
And what concern, he gave us back.
"Have you for the doomed--the doomed and black?"

The fifth. The sixth. And we cried again,
"Hangman, Hangman, is this the last?"
"It's a trick," he said. "that we hangmen know
For easing the trap when the trap springs slow.""

And so we ceased, and asked no more,
As the Hangman tallied his bloody score:
And sun by sun, and night by night,
The gallows grew to monstrous height.

The wings of the scaffold opened wide
Till they covered the square from side to side:
And the monster cross-beam, looking down,
Cast its shadow across the town.

4.
Then through the town the Hangman came
And called in the empty streets my name-
And I looked at the gallows soaring tall
And thought, "There is no one left at all

For hanging." And so he calls to me
To help pull down the gallows-tree.
And I went out with right good hope
To the Hangman's tree and the Hangman's rope.

He smiled at me as I came down
To the courthouse square through the silent town.
And supple and stretched in his busy hand
Was the yellow twist of the strand.

And he whistled his tune as he tried the trap
And it sprang down with a ready snap
And then with a smile of awful command
He laid his hand upon my hand.

"You tricked me. Hangman!" I shouted then.
"That your scaffold was built for other men...
And I no henchman of yours," I cried,
"You lied to me. Hangman. foully lied!"

Then a twinkle grew in the buckshot eye,
"Lied to you? Tricked you?" he said. "Not I.
For I answered straight and I told you true"
The scaffold was raised for none but you.

For who has served me more faithfully
Then you with your coward's hope?" said he,
"And where are the others that might have stood
Side by your side in the common good?,"

"Dead," I whispered, and sadly
"Murdered," the Hangman corrected me:
"First the alien, then the Jew...
I did no more than you let me do."

Beneath the beam that blocked the sky.
None had stood so alone as I
And the Hangman strapped me, and no voice there
Cried "Stay!" for me in the empty square

This is my favorite poem not only because of its significance in history, but of the message it sends. I read this poem in middle school where doing the popular thing and following the crowd seemed like the only option and after reading this it made me encouraged that standing up for what's right even when its not popular is important.

Her Voice

By Oscar Wilde Submitted by Leyda Cordon, 11th Grade, HHS

The wild bee reels from bough to bough
With his furry coat and his gauzy wing,
Now in a lily-cup, and now
Setting a jacinth bell a-swing,
In his wandering;
Sit closer love: it was here I trow
I made that vow,
Swore that two lives should be like one
As long as the sea-gull loved the sea,
As long as the sunflower sought the sun,-
It shall be, I said, for eternity
'Twi'xt you and me!
Dear friend, those times are over and done;
Love's web is spun.
Look upward where the poplar trees
Sway and sway in the summer air,
Here in the valley never a breeze
Scatters the thistledown, but there
Great winds blow fair
From the mighty murmuring mystical seas,
And the wave-lashed leas.
Look upward where the white gull screams,
What does it see that we do not see?
Is that a star? or the lamp that gleams
On some outward voyaging argosy,
Ah! can it be
We have lived our lives in a land of dreams!
How sad it seems.
Sweet, there is nothing left to say
But this, that love is never lost,
Keen winter stabs the breasts of May
Whose crimson roses burst his frost,
Ships tempest-tossed
Will find a harbour in some bay,
And so we may.

And there is nothing left to do
But to kiss once again, and part,
Nay, there is nothing we should rue,
I have my beauty,-you your Art,
Nay, do not start,
One world was not enough for two
Like me and you.

I love many things about this poem the way he talks about nature about how animals see what he doesn't see just makes me think about life. It reminds me of times when I have bin in the park and

i look at the trees and ask myself what do they see all the way up there. I look at the birds that fly above my head and ask myself how can those wings make them fly. I ask so many questions to myself and this poem just reminds me of all the stuff that nature can do. It can remind you of a loved one that you have just lost and make you feel full instead of empty. It makes you feel like if you were that person again. I love the way he describes things so detailed.

Jabberwocky

By Lewis Carroll

Submitted by Deborah Paradise, 11th Grade, HHS

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.
'Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!
He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought--
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.
And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!
One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.
'And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!
He chortled in his joy.
'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

I love this poem for the vivid images that it invokes. Carroll's use of language and his ability to create words make the poem that much more fun and exciting to read. Since there is no textbook definition of what a Jabberwock is, I'm allowed to dream up my own version of the Jabberwock. And most importantly, no matter who reads the poem, each reader's Jabberwock will be different, because everyone has different experiences that help to shape his or her own Jabberwock. With Carroll's imaginative prose, he has created a colorful, exciting world that is so much fun to read about and to explore.

Mannahatta

By Walt Whitman

Submitted by Jenny Findel, 11th Grade, HHS

I was asking for something specific and perfect for my city,
Whereupon lo! upsprang the aboriginal name.

Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid, sane, unruly,
musical, self-sufficient,
I see that the word of my city is that word from of old,
Because I see that word nested in nests of water-bays, superb,
Rich, hemm'd thick all around with sailships and steamships, an
island sixteen miles long, solid-founded,
Numberless crowded streets, high growths of iron, slender, strong,
light, splendidly uprising toward clear skies,
Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me, toward sundown,
The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, larger adjoining islands,
the heights, the villas,
The countless masts, the white shore-steamers, the lighters,
the ferry-boats, the black sea-steamers well-model'd,
The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses of business, the houses
of business of the ship-merchants and money-brokers,
the river-streets,
Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand in a week,
The carts hauling goods, the manly race of drivers of horses, the
brown-faced sailors,
The summer air, the bright sun shining, and the sailing clouds
aloft,
The winter snows, the sleigh-bells, the broken ice in the river,
passing along up or down with the flood-tide or ebb-tide,
The mechanics of the city, the masters, well-form'd, beautiful-
faced, looking you straight in the eyes,
Trottoirs throng'd, vehicles, Broadway, the women, the shops and
shows,
A million people--manners free and superb--open voices--
hospitality--the most courageous and friendly young men,
City of hurried and sparkling waters! city of spires and masts!
City nested in bays! my city!

Although written 107 years ago (1900), this poem still encapsulates so much of what I love about New York City, whether it be the magical changing of seasons, the hustle and bustle of individual lives intertwining with others, or the obvious diversity and openness to new people. Walt Whitman provides me with the same shot of excitement I get when I enter NYC, as when I read his poem.

On Turning Ten

By Billy Collins

Submitted by Claire Capuano, 11th Grade, HHS

The whole idea of it makes me feel
like I'm coming down with something,
something worse than any stomach ache
or the headaches I get from reading in bad light--
a kind of measles of the spirit,
a mumps of the psyche,
a disfiguring chicken pox of the soul.

You tell me it is too early to be looking back,
but that is because you have forgotten
the perfect simplicity of being one
and the beautiful complexity introduced by two.
But I can lie on my bed and remember every digit.
At four I was an Arabian wizard.
I could make myself invisible
by drinking a glass of milk a certain way.
At seven I was a soldier, at nine a prince.

But now I am mostly at the window
watching the late afternoon light.
Back then it never fell so solemnly
against the side of my tree house,
and my bicycle never leaned against the garage
as it does today,
all the dark blue speed drained out of it.

This is the beginning of sadness, I say to myself,
as I walk through the universe in my sneakers.
It is time to say good-bye to my imaginary friends,
time to turn the first big number.

It seems only yesterday I used to believe
there was nothing under my skin but light.
If you cut me I could shine.
But now when I fall upon the sidewalks of life,
I skin my knees. I bleed.

There are so many reasons why I love this poem. There are so many beautiful images on growing up. This poem addresses a topic in which we all go through, a topic in which we all fear and know very well. The feeling that the narrator gives off is so relatable and well said. I think that Billy Collins does a fabulous job of showing the feeling of going from age to age. I can relate to this so well, and this poem is absolutely terrific.

Otherwise

By Jane Kenyon

Submitted by Laura Capucilli, 11th Grade, HHS

I got out of bed
on two strong legs.
It might have been
otherwise. I ate
cereal, sweet
milk, ripe, flawless
peach. It might
have been otherwise.
I took the dog uphill
to the birch wood.
All morning I did
the work I love.

At noon I lay down
with my mate. It might
have been otherwise.
We ate dinner together
At a table with silver
candlesticks. It might
have been otherwise.
I slept in a bed
in a room with paintings
on the walls, and
planned another day
just like this day.
But one day, I know,
it will be otherwise.

Through simplicity and routine it is most inspiring that Jane Kenyon was able to find such solace in her daily life while battling cancer. At this particular time, my dog is battling cancer and while this may pale in comparison to Kenyon's experience I myself find solace in watching him in his simplicity. Even this morning I woke up at 7:30 and after saying that I would wait until after school, I found myself on collegeboard.com getting my SAT scores. My dog's clarity has helped me separate from these beleaguering stresses. Although this poem is melancholic I feel a total sense of relief and renewal as well while reading it. Kenyon is able to detail her daily life in such a way to remind us not to take the great and simple things around us for granted. Her poignant message to enjoy the life that we are given is a reminder not to sacrifice what we love for the pressures that may surround us.

Storm Fear

By Robert Frost

Submitted by Lenny Brandes-Simon, 11th Grade, HHS

When the wind works against us in the dark,
And pelts with snow
The lower chamber window on the east,
And whispers with a sort of stifled bark,
The beast,
'Come out! Come out!'--
It costs no inward struggle not to go,
Ah, no!
I count our strength,
Two and a child,
Those of us not asleep subdued to mark
How the cold creeps as the fire dies at length,--
How drifts are piled,
Dooryard and road ungraded,
Till even the comforting barn grows far away,
And my heart owns a doubt
Whether 'tis in us to arise with day
And save ourselves unaided.

I really enjoy this poem every time I read it. It is so simple, but regardless of its simplicity it illustrates the ultimate conflict of survival with excellent imagery and realism. To me this poem captures the essence of the beast or in essence any conflict or problem. Frost is able to capture the conflict and uncertainty of life and illustrate this concept through the poem. A poet's goal is to capture a feeling or quintessence of something and write it on paper. Here, Frost does just that and he takes the conflicts people face everyday and extracts them into their simplest form of human instinct: survival. It seems that to people, survival is something so familiar but yet the poem tells such a distant story, demonstrating human's primitive nature we rarely associate with.

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

By T.S. Eliot

Submitted by Julia Pilowsky & Christophe Hollocou, 11th Grade, HHS

S'io credesse che mia risposta fosse
A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,
Questa fiamma staria senza piu scosse.
Ma perciocche giammai di questo fondo
Non torno vivo alcun, s'i'odo il vero,
Senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo.

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.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
There will be time to murder and create,
And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a question on your plate;
Time for you and time for me,
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,

And for a hundred visions and revisions,
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

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

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"
Time to turn back and descend the stair,
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair--
(They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!")
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin--
(They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!")
Do I dare
Disturb the universe?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
I know the voices dying with a dying fall
Beneath the music from a farther room.

So how should I presume?
And I have known the eyes already, known them all--
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,
Then how should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?
And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all--
Arms that are braceleted and white and bare
(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)
Is it perfume from a dress
That makes me so digress?
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.
And should I then presume?
And how should I begin?

* * * *

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes

Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? ...

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

* * * *

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
Smoothed by long fingers,
Asleep ... tired ... or it malingers,
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon a platter,
I am no prophet--and here's no great matter;
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,
Would it have been worth while,
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
To have squeezed the universe into a ball
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,
To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"--
If one, settling a pillow by her head,
Should say: "That is not what I meant at all;
That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while,
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the
floor--
And this, and so much more?--
It is impossible to say just what I mean!
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:
Would it have been worth while
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
And turning toward the window, should say:
"That is not it at all,
That is not what I meant, at all."

* * * *

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant lord, one that will do
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,
Deferential, glad to be of use,
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous--
Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old ... I grow old ...
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.
We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

This poem overwhelms me with unconventional metaphors and comparisons. Instead of a romantic image of the night, it is a patient etherised on a table. The smoke is a cat circling the house, and Prufrock measures his life in coffee spoons. But more importantly, it asks overwhelming questions. "Do I dare/Disturb the universe?" is one of the most frighteningly relevant questions it is possible to ask. Can we really make a difference and change the way of things? Do we really have the strength to force the moment to its crisis? Or are we all, in the end, as old and decaying and futile as Prufrock himself?

Julia Pilowsky

Here I am in a poem. My awkward idiosyncrasies are clearly there for all to see. I feel his simplicity, knowing that he is neither valiant nor powerful, just himself. He knows who he is, and while believing it is nothing to flaunt, he cares about appearances. He has no problem complying that he can act as the "Fool". He has his insecurities ("Shall I part my hair?") and his strengths ("an easy tool, Deferential, glad to be of use, Politic, cautious, and meticulous"). He is an average man, who knows himself; that's all the power you can ask for. The chance to feel concrete while encased in your own flesh.

Christophe Hollocou

Wordy Rappinghood

By Tom Tom Club

Submitted by Emily Meltzer, 11th Grade, HHS

What are words worth?
What are words worth? - words

Words in papers, words in books
Words on TV, words for crooks
Words of comfort, words of peace
Words to make the fighting cease
Words to tell you what to do
Words are working hard for you
Eat your words but don't go hungry
Words have always nearly hung me

What are words worth?
What are words worth? - words

Words of nuance, words of skill
And words of romance are a thrill
Words are stupid, words are fun
Words can put you on the run

Mots pressx, mots sensx,
Mots qui disent la vit? mots maudits, mots mentis,
Mots qui manquent le fruit desprit

What are words worth?
What are words worth? - words

Its a rap race, with a fast pace
Concrete words, abstract words
Crazy words and lying words
Hazy words and dying words
Words of faith and tell me straight
Rare words and swear words
Good words and bad words

What are words worth?
What are words worth? - words

Words can make you pay and pay
Four-letter words I cannot say
Panty, toilet, dirty devil

Words are trouble, words are subtle
Words of anger, words of hate
Words over here, words out there

In the air and everywhere
Words of wisdom, words of strife
Words that write the book I like
Words won't find no right solution
To the planet earth's pollution
Say the right word, make a million
Words are like a certain person
Who can't say what they mean
Don't mean what they say
With a rap rap here and a rap rap there
Here a rap, there a rap
Everywhere a rap rap

Rap it up for the common good
Let us enlist the neighbourhood
It's okay, I've overstood
This is a wordy rappinghood, okay, bye.

What are words worth?
What are words worth? - words

What are words worth?
What are words worth? - words

He'll stop ... Don't stop ... Stop.

I love this poem because of its irony. Words, which are so complicated and can express so much and can be so specific, are being used in the poem to express multitudes of ideas. Words are described in so many ways in this poem, yet words are what describe and define our lives. I think the part that is written in French is especially humorous because although I personally do not speak French and have no idea what it says, I appreciate the universal use language, and that regardless of what I understand, I do know that words are something that everyone on the planet uses to express themselves. The question repeated is “What are words worth?” which I believe raises an interesting point. Words are worth so much, and this poem gives examples of how words can affect peoples’ lives, examples of these being: “words can make you pay and pay” and “say the right word, make a million”. This poem uses simple words to describe something so complex, which is why I am so compelled by it.

Volver/Return

By Berta G. Montalvo, translated by Lori M. Carlson
Submitted by Carla Puente, 10th Grade, HHS

Volver

Que no vuelcan los ayeres
que se quedan asi en el ayer.
Que no vuelvan los suenos malos,
ni los buenos tampoco.
Es mejor que el hoy alumbre un mañana
que no tenga que volver.

Return

Yesterdays: do not return
remain in yesteryear.
Bad dreams: do not come back,
nor good dreams either.
Better that today shine on tomorrow
that will lead us to the future.

I like this poem because you don't have to worry about what happen before and what is going to happen tomorrow just live today.

Asylum

By Breyten Breytenbach

Submitted by Ethan Molomot, 11th Grade, HHS

I

at first those closest to you shot holes in you
and the sly spider of the night
he who waits in every corner of every room
swarmed right through these red doors of daybreak
and the trail of shiny thread choked your veins
the blood sinks for ever into the ground
the broken body lies, obscene
raped, in a manger, in a stable
the lips grin-did they want to say a last “goodbye”?
the teeth are a trampled gate
a broken-down wall
the eyes are open but there’s nothing to see
small sentry boxes of an uninhabited realm
two bees in the honey and the light petrified
the breath trembles somewhere far off among birds in trees
and the body is already embalmed
with the erotic perfume of decay-
you become a web of dazzling bone...

come and slaver up the holes again
make the body airtight please
and spin a film over our eyes
so that we can never see how a hero dies
how the secrets of his carcass are looked upon by mortals

II

the journey in the land of the lonely
is a journey without hostels through a land without borders
all along a sea without shores
only with love as beacons

in the land of the blind all colors are unbelievable
every sound is the witness
of the silver language of mutes
with only love as darkness

with only love as lighthouses
a barrier against the sea
of the notes in a throat where foam
must break open
like a machine-gun’s whispered message

stuttered out in code by the mute
in the ears of the deaf
who can write it down for the blind
with only love as ink

because the machine-gun gives away the secret
to reveal all secrets
because the machine-gun opens the way
and washes your feet
and places before you the bread and the wine
and so you come back home
only with love as the body for your death

Ever since I researched this poem in my Poetry and Short Stories class last year Mr. Breytenbach has continued to mesmerize me with his words of pain. This poem speaks of a country's betrayal of a man so fit on making it better. A true proponent of anti-apartheid beliefs in Africa, Mr. Breytenbach has a rather dramatic love story in his past in which he was denied a visa back to Africa (along with his wife) due to the fact that his wife was Vietnamese, no matter how docile or righteous she may seem. In reaction to a uncalled for banishment from his motherland, Africa, he became a spy for a group but was then thrown in jail. What once was his place of sanctuary now is the only place he is not allowed unless in chains. This poem speaks universally against all stereotyping and bigotry and of the machine gun like damage ethnic ridicule can do to all of humanity, shouldn't we all have Asylum?

spring

By Neal Layton Submitted by Gricelda Moscoso, Grade 10, HHS

late in the season,
late in the day,
the sun's sinking low
on the western bay.
I whispered to god,
'can you show me a way
to bottle the glow
of this warm, spring day?

I picked this poem because it talks about God and because I think that it's nice to talk about the seasons. I love the spring. Spring is my favorite season because my dad's birthday is in spring.

T- Shirt

By Jane Medina

Submitted by Johnny Machado, Grade 9, HHS

Spanish Version

?Teacher?

George, por favor, llamame 'Mrs.Roberts.'

Si, Teacher.

George, por favor, no me llames 'teacher.'

Si, T- Digo, Mrs. Roberts.

?Entiendes, George? llamarme por mi apellido indica respeto.

Si....Mrs. Roberts.

Ademas, cuando lo dices tu, suena a 't-shirt.' !No quiero convertirme en una playera!

?Mrs. Roberts?

Si, George.

Por favor, llamame Jorge.

English Version

Teacher?

George, please call me 'Mrs.Roberts.'

Yes, Teacher.

George, please don't call me 'teacher.'

Yes, T- I mean, Mrs. Roberts.

You see, George, it's a sign of respect to call me by my last name.

Yes...Mrs. Roberts.

Besides, when you say it, it sounds like 't-shirt.' I don't want to turn into a t-shirt!

Mrs. Roberts?

Yes, George?

Please, call me Jorge.

I picked this poem because it talks about respect. Not only the student respecting the teacher, but the two of them having respect for each other.

My House

By Annette Mbaye D'erneville

Submitted by Juan Quispe, Grade 10, HHS

I have built my house
Without sand, without water
My mother's heart
Forms a great wall
My father's arms
The floor and the roof
My sister's laughter
The doors and the windows
My brother's eyes
Light up the house
My home feels good
My home is sweet

When I came to America to live with my mother, I felt homesick. I missed my father and my sister. They came to America a year after me. Now we live together once again. Although we miss our home country, this poem has showed me that my family really is my home.

I, too, sing America

By Langston Hughes Submitted by Junior Carela, Grade 9, HHS

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
I'll be at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed--

This poem is important because it shows how there was racism in America in that time. People treated him different because he is brown. He deserves respect because he is an American too.

The Furthest Distance In The World

By Rabindranath Tagore, translated by muyv

Submitted by Xue Chen, 11th Grade, HHS

The furthest distance in the world
Is not between life and death
But when I stand in front of you
Yet you don't know that
I love you

The furthest distance in the world
Is not when I stand in front of you
Yet you can't see my love
But when undoubtedly knowing the love from both
Yet cannot be together

The furthest distance in the world
Is not being apart while being in love
But when plainly can not resist the yearning
Yet pretending you have never in my heart.

The furthest distance in the world
Is not you have never been in my heart
But using one's indifferent heart
To dig an uncrossable river
For the one who loves you

I found this poem really beautiful. It is originally an Indian poem that had been translated into Chinese. Somebody translated it into English. I like the Chinese version better, because I can really feel the poem when I am reading. The sadness of lovers that can't be together is fully expressed.

September 9/11 Poem

Written and Submitted by Pilar Martinez, 9th Grade, HHS

On that September morning
the world seemed just right
The sun warmed my body and made me love Manhattan
I pranced light-footed into the lobby of the North tower,
dreaming coffee in my nostrils and wanting to play hooky for the day
My office called to me like a siren
I wasn't lured, instead I strolled and chatted
A horrible screaming boom exploded in my head, an eerie shutter ran up my spine
my soul warned me, there was silence and screams, smoke and smells unknown and
vibrations not understood
An angel screamed to me "get out, get out, get out!"
My adrenaline body rushed me out the door to the outside plaza
People were gathered like a theater drama, some screaming, some faces turned skyward,
some muttering "the world is ending"
I stood frozen in time; a body whizzed past me and splattered on the cement
The world melted into a blood and ash firing nightmare
I ran sobbing from the twins, as they crumbled on that September 9/11, mourning