

AWAKE

By Rumi

Submitted by Renee Ertischek, 1st Grade Teacher, Hillside School

The Breeze at dawn has secrets to tell you.
Don't go back to sleep.
You must ask for what you really want.
Don't go back to sleep.
People are going back and forth across the doorsill
Where the two worlds touch.
The door is round and open.
Don't go back to sleep.

I first heard this poem in one of my favorite yoga classes. The instructor is very athletically strong and has a very soft, pleasing voice. I was enticed with her interpretation and intonation as she read. This poem enters my mind in the morning and throughout the day. It reminds me to make the most of my day, to explore the unknown, to be positive and to be assertive. I love the personification of The Breeze and the concept of the round and open door. It fills me with encouragement and excitement.

Daffodils

By William Wordsworth

Submitted by Gail Watkins, 3rd Grade Teacher, Hillside School

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed-and gazed-but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

I have loved this poem for a very long time. It was introduced to me during a poetry unit in my freshman year of high school. It appeals to the gardener, the poet, and the art lover in me. Wordsworth paints a picture of the beauty and joy of spring that can brighten the darkest of days. This beautiful poem has the power to transport me to another time and another place.

Love Don't Mean

By Eloise Greenfield Submitted by Linda Azif, 2nd Grade Teacher, Hillside Elementary

Love don't mean all that kissing
Like on television
Love means daddy
saying keep your mama company
till I get back
And me doing it

i carry your heart

By e.e. cummings

Submitted by Karen Weinstock, Hillside School

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
i go you go,my dear;and whatever is done
by only me is your doing,my darling)
i fear
not fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want
no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)

One of my newer favorites was discovered last year while listening to a parent read this poem over the loud speaker during morning announcements at Hillside. As a first grade teacher, I was struggling to get the children to listen as they proceeded through their morning routines of unpacking book bags and taking down their chairs. This poem made me stop and well up with tears as I thought immediately of people I love.

The Red Wheelbarrow

By William Carlos Williams

Submitted by Nate Morgan, Art Teacher, Hillside School

so much depends
upon

a red wheel barrow
glazed

with rain water
beside

the white
chickens.

It is a poem that lifts the ordinary to an artistic level. It portrays a scene outside a window of a very sick child that he was attending. There is something very typical about this poem that makes it so unique.