

## Pocket Poetry

### A Short Anthology

Clip your favorite poem, tuck it in your wallet, and pull it out to share with others — or read it to yourself until you've memorized it.

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#### AMERICA

##### The New Colossus

(displayed at the Statue of Liberty)

Emma Lazarus

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,  
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;  
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand  
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame  
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name  
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand  
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command  
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.  
“Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she  
With silent lips. “Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”

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##### America the Beautiful

Katharine L. Bates

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain;  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood,  
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for heroes proved  
In liberating strife,  
Who more than self their country loved,  
And mercy more than life!  
America! America!  
May God thy gold refine,  
Till all success be nobleness,  
And every gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam,  
Undimmed by human tears!  
America! America!  
God mend thine every flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self control,  
Thy liberty in law.

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SEASONS

in just-  
e.e. cummings

in Just-  
spring    when the world is mud-  
luscious the little  
lame balloonman  
whistles    far    and wee

and eddieandbill come  
running from marbles and  
piracies and it's  
spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful  
the queer  
old balloonman whistles  
far    and    wee  
and bettyandisbel come dancing  
from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's  
spring  
and  
the  
goat-footed  
balloonMan    whistles  
far  
and  
wee

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To a Young Child  
Gerard Manley Hopkins

Margaret, are you grieving

Over Goldengrove unleaving?  
Leaves, like the things of man, you  
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?  
Ah! as the heart grows older  
It will come to such sights colder  
By & by, nor spare a sigh  
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;  
And yet you will weep & know why.  
Now no matter, child, the name:  
Sorrow's springs áre the same.  
Nor mouth had, no, nor mind expressed  
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:  
It is the blight man was born for,  
It is Margaret you mourn for.

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DEATH

Crossing the Bar  
Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

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Requiem  
Robert Louis Stevenson  
(His own epitaph)

Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie.

Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.  
This be the verse you grave for me:  
Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.

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GRIEF

To a Dying Girl

Clinton F. Larson

How quickly must she go?  
She calls dark swans from mirrors everywhere:  
From halls and porticos, from pools of air.  
How quickly must she know?  
They wander through the fathoms of her eye,  
Waning southerly until their cry  
Is gone where she must go.  
How quickly does the cloudfire streak the sky,  
Tremble on the peaks, then cool and die?  
She moves like evening into night,  
Forgetful as swans forget their flight  
Or spring the fragile snow,  
So quickly she must go.

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On My First Son

Ben Jonson

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;  
My sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy.  
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,  
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.  
Oh, could I lose all father now! For why  
Will man lament the state he should envy?  
To have so soon 'scaped world's and flesh's rage,  
And if no other misery, yet age!  
Rest in soft peace, and, asked, say, Here doth lie  
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry.  
For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such  
As what he loves may never like too much.

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HUMOR

Fleas

Ogden Nash

Adam

Had 'em.

The Catsup Bottle

Ogden Nash

First a little  
Then a lottle.

FUTURE

Fire and Ice

Robert Frost

Some say the world will end in fire;  
Some say in ice.  
From what I've tasted of desire  
I hold with those who favor fire.  
But if it had to perish twice,  
I think I know enough of hate  
To know that for destruction ice  
Is also great  
And would suffice.

CHOICES

If

Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think — and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,

And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings — nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And —which is more — you'll be a Man, my son!

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### The Road Not Taken

Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that, the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

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SOUL

Invictus

William Ernest Henley

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll.  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

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from Ode on Intimations of Immortality  
William Wordsworth

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
    Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
        And cometh from afar:  
    Not in entire forgetfulness,  
        And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
    From God, who is our home.

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LOVE  
Ruth 1:16-17

Entreat me not to leave thee,  
or to return from following after thee:  
for whither thou goest, I will go;  
and where thou lodgest, I will lodge:  
thy people shall be my people,  
and thy God my God:  
Where thou diest, will I die,  
and there will I be buried:

the Lord do so to me, and more also,  
if ought but death part thee and me.

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### How Do I Love Thee?

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love with a passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints, I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life! and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

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### My Mistress' Eyes

William Shakespeare

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.

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### When in Disgrace with Fortune and Men's Eyes

William Shakespeare

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweep my outcast state  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries

And look upon myself and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

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GOD  
23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:  
he leadeth me beside the still waters.  
He restoreth my soul:  
he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness  
for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley  
of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:  
for thou art with me;  
thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.  
Thou preparest a table before me  
in the presence of mine enemies:  
thou anointest my head with oil;  
my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me  
all the days of my life: and I will dwell  
in the house of the Lord for ever.

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Abide with Me, 'Tis Eventide  
M. Lowrie Hofford

Abide with me; 'tis eventide.  
The day is past and gone;  
The shadows of the evening fall;  
The night is coming on.  
Within my heart a welcome guest,  
Within my home abide.  
O Savior, stay this night with me;

Behold, 'tis eventide.

Abide with me; 'tis eventide.  
Thy walk today with me  
Has made my heart within me burn,  
As I communed with thee.  
Thy earnest words have filled my soul  
And kept me near thy side.  
O Savior, stay this night with me;  
Behold, 'tis eventide.

Abide with me; 'tis eventide,  
And lone will be the night  
If I cannot commune with thee  
Nor find in thee my light.  
The darkness of the world, I fear,  
Would in my home abide.  
O Savior, stay this night with me;  
Behold, 'tis eventide.

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### Amazing Grace

John Newton

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me.  
I once was lost but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas Grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And Grace, my fears relieved.  
How precious did that Grace appear  
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares  
I have already come;  
'Tis Grace that brought me safe thus far  
And Grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me.  
His word my hope secures.  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,

I shall possess within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

When we've been here ten thousand years  
Bright shining as the sun.  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we've first begun.