Nightfall,  
Too dark to read the page  
Too cold.  
**- Jack Kerouac**

From across the lake,  
Past the black winter trees,  
Faint sounds of a flute.   
**- Richard Wright**

Light of the moon  
Moves west, flowers' shadows  
Creep eastward.

* **Yosa Buson**

***Disappointments* by Vivian Gilbert Zabel**

Every life has a room  
where memories are stored:  
A box of special occasions here,  
Shelves of shared laughter there.

But back in the shadows  
Lurks a trunk locked tight,  
Not to be opened and searched.  
There hide disappointments  
Which darken every heart.

# **I, Too**

**BY**[**LANGSTON HUGHES**](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/langston-hughes)

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—

I, too, am America.

# **Director’s Cut**

## [**Dora Malech**](https://www.poets.org/node/44810)

Opening shot: morning. Mid-May. Mid-maybe,  
misgiving, mistake, mid-take your time repeating after me  
so long, so longing, lost and short of breath. Start  
to finished lines means each between-the-line by heart

where hem reacts to haw—close shot—the big to-do list,  
lights and stunts, month and mouth made-up to fit  
the ending. Try the goodbye on for size. Lather, rinse,  
repeat sweet nothings, catch phrase and a slow release.

The shower scene fades to soliloquy, last forwarding address  
on the saloon soundstage, fired blanks, ketchup on a blouse,  
then aftermath and ever after. I have to say,  
the camera loves you when the credits roll and you play

dead. Fast forward and you flail out like my marionette.  
Rewind, you ride right backward toward me out of that sunset.

# **A Young Man**

## [**Jericho Brown**](https://www.poets.org/node/45819)

We stand together on our block, me and my son,  
Neighbors saying our face is the same, but I know  
He’s better than me: when other children move

Toward my daughter, he lurches like a brother  
Meant to put them down. He is a bodyguard  
On the playground. He won’t turn apart from her,

Empties any enemy, leaves them flimsy, me  
Confounded. I never fought for so much—  
I calmed my daughter when I could cradle

My daughter; my son swaggers about her.   
He won’t have to heal a girl he won’t let free.   
They are so small. And I, still, am a young man.

In him lives my black anger made red.  
They play. He is not yet incarcerated.

**The Smooth Operator**

I had a phone meeting with Ted  
Whom it turns out was ill in his bed  
He thought it was muted  
And went on and pooted  
To find he’d pushed “speaker” instead

**-Unknown**

**A Beaut**

There was a young girl on a tower  
Who looked just as fresh as a flower  
Her hair was like silk,   
Her skin smooth as milk,  
But her breath made the strongest knight cower.  
  
**-Unknown**

**Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good NightDylan Thomas (1914-1953)**

*Do not go gentle into that good night,*

*Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*Though wise men at their end know dark is right,*

*Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night,*

*Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright*

*Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,*

*And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,   
Do not go gentle into that good night,*

*Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight*

*Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,   
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*And you, my father, there on the sad height,*

*Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

**Mad Girl’s Love SongSylvia Plath (1932-1963)**

*I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead,*

*I lift my lids and all is born again.  
(I think I made you up inside my head)*

*The stars go waltzing out in blue and red,*

*And arbitrary darkness gallops in.  
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.*

*I dreamed that you bewitched me into bed*

*And sung me moon-struck, kissed me quite insane.  
(I think I made you up inside my head).*

*God topples from the sky, hell’s fires fade:*

*Exit seraphim and enter Satan’s men:  
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.*

*I fancied you’d return the way you said.*

*But I grow old and I forget your name.  
(I think I made you up inside my head).*

*I should have loved a thunderbird instead;*

*At least when spring comes they roar back again.  
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.  
(I think I made you up inside my head).*

**Ode To Autumn - Poem by John Keats**  
Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;  
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cell.  
  
Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.  
  
Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,---  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
Then in a wailful choir, the small gnats mourn  
Among the river sallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft  
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

# **Annabel Lee**

**BY**[**EDGAR ALLAN POE**](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/edgar-allan-poe)

It was many and many a year ago,   
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know   
 By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought   
  Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
  In this kingdom by the sea,  
But we loved with a love that was more than love—   
I and my Annabel Lee—   
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven   
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,   
In this kingdom by the sea,   
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling   
My beautiful Annabel Lee;   
So that her highborn kinsmen came   
And bore her away from me,   
To shut her up in a sepulcher  
   In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,   
Went envying her and me—   
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,   
In this kingdom by the sea)   
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,   
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love   
Of those who were older than we—   
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in Heaven above   
Nor the demons down under the sea  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul   
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams   
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;   
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes   
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;   
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side   
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,   
In her sepulchre there by the sea—  
   In her tomb by the sounding sea.

**HOWEL BY**[**ALLEN GINSBERG**](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/allen-ginsberg)

***For Carl Solomon***

**I**

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked,

dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix,

angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night,

who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat up smoking in the supernatural darkness of cold-water flats floating across the tops of cities contemplating jazz,

who bared their brains to Heaven under the El and saw Mohammedan angels staggering on tenement roofs illuminated,

who passed through universities with radiant cool eyes hallucinating Arkansas and Blake-light tragedy among the scholars of war,

who were expelled from the academies for crazy & publishing obscene odes on the windows of the skull,

who cowered in unshaven rooms in underwear, burning their money in wastebaskets and listening to the Terror through the wall,

who got busted in their pubic beards returning through Laredo with a belt of marijuana for New York,

who ate fire in paint hotels or drank turpentine in Paradise Alley, death, or purgatoried their torsos night after night

with dreams, with drugs, with waking nightmares, alcohol and cock and endless balls,

incomparable blind streets of shuddering cloud and lightning in the mind leaping toward poles of Canada & Paterson, illuminating all the motionless world of Time between,

Peyote solidities of halls, backyard green tree cemetery dawns, wine drunkenness over the rooftops, storefront boroughs of teahead joyride neon blinking traffic light, sun and moon and tree vibrations in the roaring winter dusks of Brooklyn, ashcan rantings and kind king light of mind,

who chained themselves to subways for the endless ride from Battery to holy Bronx on benzedrine until the noise of wheels and children brought them down shuddering mouth-wracked and battered bleak of brain all drained of brilliance in the drear light of Zoo,

who sank all night in submarine light of Bickford’s floated out and sat through the stale beer afternoon in desolate Fugazzi’s, listening to the crack of doom on the hydrogen jukebox,

who talked continuously seventy hours from park to pad to bar to Bellevue to museum to the Brooklyn Bridge,

a lost battalion of platonic conversationalists jumping down the stoops off fire escapes off windowsills off Empire State out of the moon. . .