

# *Poem in Your Pocket Day*

*April 18, 2019*

Every April, on Poem in Your Pocket Day, people celebrate by selecting a poem, carrying it with them, and sharing it with others throughout the day at schools, bookstores, libraries, parks, workplaces, and on social media using the hashtag #pocketpoem.

Join us in celebrating Poem in Your Pocket Day this year!

**academy of  
american**

**poets**

**Poets.ca**  
THE LEAGUE OF CANADIAN POETS

# *A Guide to Celebrating Poetry in Schools, Communities & Businesses*

Poem in Your Pocket Day was initiated in April 2002 by the Office of the Mayor, in partnership with the New York City Departments of Cultural Affairs and Education, as part of the city's National Poetry Month celebration.

The Academy of American Poets, which launched National Poetry Month in 1996, took Poem in Your Pocket Day to all fifty United States in 2008, encouraging individuals across the country to join in and channel their inner bard.

The Academy of American Poets and the League of Canadian Poets, the latter of which has organized National Poetry Month in Canada since 1998, have teamed up to extend the reach of Poem in Your Pocket Day in North America.

## **Ideas for Celebrating Poem in Your Pocket Day**

The beauty of Poem in Your Pocket Day is its simplicity. Individuals and institutions have generated many creative ways to share poems on this special day—from having children create handmade pockets to tuck their favorite poems into, to handing out poems to commuters at transportation hubs, to distributing poem scrolls in hospitals, nursing homes, and local businesses. The ideas are endless, but here are a few to get you started. And, of course, we invite you to share poems on any day during National Poetry Month and year-round!

### **In Your School**

- If you're a school principal or administrator, organize a school-wide Poem in Your Pocket Day giveaway using the following curated collection of poems.
- Encourage students to choose a poem from our collection, print it out, and post it in a designated area, such as the school cafeteria, hallways, or the student lounge.
- Hold a student reading of the poems they've selected.

### **In Your Classroom**

- Have your students choose a poem from our collection. Ask them to write a letter to a far-away friend or relative detailing what they like about the poem and why they think the recipient would enjoy it. Send the letters and poems so they arrive on Poem in Your Pocket Day.
- Ask your students to select their favorite poem from our collection, choose their favorite lines, and add those lines to a bookmark they can decorate with drawings. Collect the bookmarks and redistribute them, letting each student pick one that's not their own for ongoing use in class.
- Ask your students to memorize a poem and share it with the class.
- Have your students choose a poem to give away. Ask them to print out 20 copies of the poem and come up with a creative way to distribute it, such as in the form of a folded-paper animal or object (see the Appendix for instructions on how to create a folded swan), a decorated scroll, a poem tree, or a bookmark.
- Devote a class lesson to teaching your students about the haiku, a three-line poem with seventeen syllables, written in a 5/7/5 syllable count. (See the Appendix for more about the haiku.) Ask your students to write their own haikus and share them with the class by reading them aloud. Have your students decorate a copy of their haikus with drawings and stickers, then encourage them to give their poems to a family member or friend.
- Organize a class trip for students to visit a nursing home or community center and to read and share their favorite poems.

### **In Your Community**

- Work with your local community officials to get permission to hand out poems in transportation hubs, shopping malls, pedestrian malls, or other areas where people in our community gather.
- Encourage local businesses to participate in Poem in Your Pocket Day by offering discounts to customers who bring in a poem, by posting poems in their establishments, or by distributing poems on bags, cups, or receipts.
- On April 1, write to your local newspaper asking them to publish a poem by a local poet on Poem in Your Pocket Day or to syndicate Poem-a-Day, a digital series available for free from the Academy of American Poets. (For more information, visit [www.poets.org/poetsorg/poem-day](http://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poem-day).)

### **In Your Workplace**

- Stand outside the entrance of your place of work and distribute poems to employees and coworkers as they begin their day.
- Organize a lunch during which your employees or coworkers can take turns reading their favorite poems aloud.
- Ask your employer to encourage employees to choose their favorite poems and post them around the office.
- Place printouts of poems on people's desk chairs before they arrive to work.
- Add a poem or link to a poem to your email signature. In addition to the poems here, you'll find thousands more at Poets.org.
- Email a poem to employees and coworkers, encouraging them to read and share their own favorites throughout the day.
- Jot a favorite line of poetry on the back of your business cards before distributing them.
- Tape a poem to the watercooler.

### **On Social Media**

- Post poems, links to poems, or photos of poems on Facebook, Instagram, Tumblr, or Twitter using the hashtag #pocketpoem.

# *Poems to Share by Contemporary American Poets*

*Null Point by Gabrielle Calvocoressi*

*Remember by Joy Harjo*

*Jackrabbits, Green Onions & Witches Stew by Juan Felipe Herrera*

*Mosquito by Jane Hirshfield*

*The Map by Marie Howe*

*Instructions on Not Giving Up by Ada Limón*

*The Laughing Child by W. S. Merwin*

*Making History by Marilyn Nelson*

*The Rider by Naomi Shihab Nye*

*Utopian by Alicia Ostriker*

*When Giving Is All We Have by Alberto Ríos*

*In Brazil by Tracy K. Smith*

*Unpacking a Globe by Arthur Sze*

*Kissing in Vietnamese by Ocean Vuong*

*The Silver Thread by Afaa Michael Weaver*

# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Null Point*

Gabrielle Calvocoressi

The first thing I learned was to look wide  
at the darkness

and not want anything. He'd say, *Just look  
at the darkness*

*and tell me what you see.* I'd say, *I see stars* or  
*Just the stars, Dad.*

And he'd say, *Don't call them that yet. What do you see?*  
*Just the stars, Dad.*

But then I'd be quiet and let my eyes go and look wide  
at the darkness.

It was like a dome. I think it frightened me to stare  
at the darkness.

*I see light. I see a million little lights.* And he'd say  
*They aren't all stars.*

Some were planets and some were planes and I'd say, *Yeah,*  
*they aren't all stars.*

But not really believe it. But say it so not to feel stupid out there  
in the darkness.

# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Remember*

Joy Harjo

Remember the sky that you were born under,  
know each of the star's stories.

Remember the moon, know who she is.

Remember the sun's birth at dawn, that is the  
strongest point of time. Remember sundown  
and the giving away to night.

Remember your birth, how your mother struggled  
to give you form and breath. You are evidence of  
her life, and her mother's, and hers.

Remember your father. He is your life, also.

Remember the earth whose skin you are:  
red earth, black earth, yellow earth, white earth  
brown earth, we are earth.

Remember the plants, trees, animal life who all have their  
tribes, their families, their histories, too. Talk to them,  
listen to them. They are alive poems.

Remember the wind. Remember her voice. She knows the  
origin of this universe.

Remember you are all people and all people  
are you.

Remember you are this universe and this  
universe is you.

Remember all is in motion, is growing, is you.

Remember language comes from this.

Remember the dance language is, that life is.

Remember.

# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Jackrabbits, Green Onions & Witches Stew*

**Juan Felipe Herrera**

Jackrabbits, green onions & witches stew

Three dollars & upside down lemons & you

Dinky planet on a skateboard of dynamite

Oh, what to do, chile peppers, Mrs. Oops

Dr. What, Mr. Space Station unscrewed

The *Redbook of Ants* says you better run

No sireee, LOL, blowin' my bubble gum sun



# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Mosquito*

Jane Hirshfield

I say I  
&  
a small mosquito drinks from my tongue

but many say we and hear I  
say you or he and  
hear I

what can we do with this problem

a bowl held in both hands  
cannot be filled by its holder

$x$ , says the blue whale  
 $x$ , say the krill  
solve for  $y$ , says the ocean, then multiply by existence

the feet of an ant make their own sound on the earth

ice is astonished by water

a person misreads  
delirium as delphinium  
and falls into  
a blueness sleepy as beauty when sneezing

the pronoun dozes

# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *The Map*

**Marie Howe**

The failure of love might account for most of the suffering in the world.

The girl was going over her global studies homework

in the air where she drew the map with her finger

touching the Gobi desert,

the Plateau of Tiber in front of her,

and looking through her transparent map backwards

I did suddenly see,

how her left is my right, and for a moment I understood.

# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Instructions on Not Giving Up*

Ada Limón

More than the fuchsia funnels breaking out  
of the crabapple tree, more than the neighbor's  
almost obscene display of cherry limbs shoving  
their cotton candy-colored blossoms to the slate  
sky of Spring rains, it's the greening of the trees  
that really gets to me. When all the shock of white  
and taffy, the world's baubles and trinkets, leave  
the pavement strewn with the confetti of aftermath,  
the leaves come. Patient, plodding, a green skin  
growing over whatever winter did to us, a return  
to the strange idea of continuous living despite  
the mess of us, the hurt, the empty. Fine then,  
I'll take it, the tree seems to say, a new slick leaf  
unfurling like a fist to an open palm, I'll take it all.

# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *The Laughing Child*

**W. S. Merwin**

When she looked down from the kitchen window  
into the back yard and the brown wicker  
baby carriage in which she had tucked me  
three months old to lie out in the fresh air  
of my first January the carriage  
was shaking she said and went on shaking  
and she saw I was lying there laughing  
she told me about it later it was  
something that reassured her in a life  
in which she had lost everyone she loved  
before I was born and she had just begun  
to believe that she might be able to  
keep me as I lay there in the winter  
laughing it was what she was thinking of  
later when she told me that I had been  
a happy child and she must have kept that  
through the gray cloud of all her days and now  
out of the horn of dreams of my own life  
I wake again into the laughing child

# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Making History*

**Marilyn Nelson**

*Blue and White Orlon Snowflake Sweater, Blue Snowpants, Red Galoshes*  
—Smoky Hill AFB, Kansas, 1955

Somebody took a picture of a class  
standing in line to get polio shots,  
and published it in the *Weekly Reader*.  
We stood like that today. And it did hurt.  
Mrs. Liebel said we were Making History,  
but all I did was sqwunch up my eyes and wince.  
Making History takes more than standing in line  
believing little white lies about pain.  
Mama says First Negroes are History:  
First Negro Telephone Operator,  
First Negro Opera Singer At The Met,  
First Negro Pilots, First Supreme Court Judge.  
That lady in Montgomery just became a First  
by sqwunching up her eyes and sitting there.

# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *The Rider*

Naomi Shihab Nye

A boy told me  
if he roller-skated fast enough  
his loneliness couldn't catch up to him,  
the best reason I ever heard  
for trying to be a champion.  
What I wonder tonight  
pedaling hard down King William Street  
is if it translates to bicycles.  
A victory! To leave your loneliness  
panting behind you on some street corner  
while you float free into a cloud of sudden azaleas,  
pink petals that have never felt loneliness,  
no matter how slowly they fell.

# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Utopian*

Alicia Ostriker

My neighbor's daughter has created a city  
you cannot see  
on an island to which you cannot swim  
ruled by a noble princess and her athletic consort  
all the buildings are glass so that lies are impossible  
beneath the city they have buried certain words  
which can never be spoken again  
chiefly the word divorce which is eaten by maggots  
when it rains you hear chimes  
rabbits race through its suburbs  
the name of the city is one you can almost pronounce

# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *When Giving Is All We Have*

Alberto Ríos

*One river gives  
Its journey to the next.*

We give because someone gave to us.  
We give because nobody gave to us.

We give because giving has changed us.  
We give because giving could have changed us.

We have been better for it,  
We have been wounded by it—

Giving has many faces: It is loud and quiet,  
Big, though small, diamond in wood-nails.

Its story is old, the plot worn and the pages too,  
But we read this book, anyway, over and again:

Giving is, first and every time, hand to hand,  
Mine to yours, yours to mine.

You gave me blue and I gave you yellow.  
Together we are simple green. You gave me

What you did not have, and I gave you  
What I had to give—together, we made

Something greater from the difference.



# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *In Brazil*

Tracy K. Smith

*for Adélia Prado*

Poets swagger up and down the shore, I'll bet,  
Wagging their hips in time to the raucous tide.  
They tip back their heads and life sears a path  
Down the throat. At night they dance, don't they,  
Across tiles that might as well be glass, or ice.  
And if they don't want to spend the evening alone,  
They don't. And if they want to wear snow-angels  
Into the sheets of some big empty bed, that's  
What they do, until a dark form takes shape  
On the ceiling overhead. Then they put on a robe  
And kick around looking for some slippers.  
When the poem finally arrives, it grins  
And watches back with wide credulous eyes.

# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Unpacking a Globe*

Arthur Sze

I gaze at the Pacific and don't expect  
to ever see the heads on Easter Island,

though I guess at sunlight rippling  
the yellow grasses sloping to shore;

yesterday a doe ate grass in the orchard:  
it lifted its ears and stopped eating

when it sensed us watching from  
a glass hallway—in his sleep, a veteran

sweats, defusing a land mine.  
On the globe, I mark the Battle of

the Coral Sea—no one frets at that now.  
*A poem can never be too dark,*

I nod and, staring at the Kenai, hear  
ice breaking up along an inlet;

yesterday a coyote trotted across  
my headlights and turned his head

but didn't break stride; that's how  
I want to live on this planet:

alive to a rabbit at a glass door—  
and flower where there is no flower.

# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Kissing in Vietnamese*

**Ocean Vuong**

My grandmother kisses  
as if bombs are bursting in the backyard,  
where mint and jasmine lace their perfumes  
through the kitchen window,  
as if somewhere, a body is falling apart  
and flames are making their way back  
through the intricacies of a young boy's thigh,  
as if to walk out the door, your torso  
would dance from exit wounds.

When my grandmother kisses, there would be  
no flashy smooching, no western music  
of pursed lips, she kisses as if to breathe  
you inside her, nose pressed to cheek  
so that your scent is relearned  
and your sweat pearls into drops of gold  
inside her lungs, as if while she holds you  
death also, is clutching your wrist.

My grandmother kisses as if history  
never ended, as if somewhere  
a body is still  
falling apart.

# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *The Silver Thread*

**Afaa Michael Weaver**

The fern gathers where the water seldom goes  
unless the storms swell this world of wise choices,  
the loud trickle of clear tongues of the stream  
licking the edges of rock, while up ahead a curve  
hides tomorrow from our crystal ball, the thing  
we are afraid to admit we have, the guarantee  
we hide from faith. In the woods our dog is lost  
from time to time, until suddenly we hear her paws  
inside winter's death becoming the yearly promise  
of new undergrowth, her careless paws that beg  
each day for the next bowl of treats, true faith  
in what love yields. The rain stops not long after  
it threatens to soak us with cold and chills, the trees  
open to the gradual break of blue inside the gray,  
turning the clouds naked and white under the sun,  
the stream disappears under a bridge made by men  
so trucks can crawl back and forth over this road  
of dirt with its one row of grass, where our tongues  
make a silver thread finding its way past the fear.

# national poetry month

## Contributors' Notes

Gabrielle Calvocoressi is the author of *Rocket Fantastic* (Persea Books, 2017), *Apocalyptic Swing* (Persea Books, 2009), and *The Last Time I Saw Amelia Earhart* (Persea Books, 2005). She is the recipient of a Stegner Fellowship and a Rona Jaffe Women Writers' Award, among other honors and awards. She lives in Carrboro, North Carolina.

Joy Harjo's poetry collections include *Conflict Resolution for Holy Beings* (W. W. Norton, 2015) and *How We Became Human: New and Selected Poems* (W. W. Norton, 2002). In 2015, she received the Wallace Stevens Award from the Academy of American Poets. Her other honors include the PEN Open Book Award and the American Indian Distinguished Achievement in the Arts Award. A Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets, she lives in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Juan Felipe Herrera was the U. S. Poet Laureate and served as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 2011 to 2016. He is the author of many collections of poetry, including *Notes on the Assemblage* (City Lights, 2015) and *Half of the World in Light: New and Selected Poems* (University of Arizona Press, 2008), a recipient of the PEN/Beyond Margins Award. He lives in Fresno, California.

Jane Hirshfield's poetry collections include *The Beauty: Poems* (Alfred A. Knopf, 2015), which was nominated for the National Book Award, and *Come, Thief* (Alfred A. Knopf, 2011). In 2004, the Academy of American Poets awarded her the Academy Fellowship for distinguished poetic achievement. Her other honors include the Poetry Center Book Award and numerous fellowships. She served as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 2012 to 2017, and she lives in the San Francisco Bay Area.

Marie Howe's poetry collections include *Magdalene* (W. W. Norton, 2017), which was long-listed for the National Book Award. Howe is the recipient of the 2015 Academy of American Poets Fellowship and has also received grants from the Guggenheim Foundation, the Bunting Institution, and the National Endowment for the Arts. She currently serves as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets. She lives in New York City.

Ada Limón is the author of five poetry collections, including *The Carrying* (Milkweed Editions, 2018), which received the National Book Critics Circle Award, and *Bright Dead Things* (Milkweed Editions, 2015), which was a finalist for the National Book Award. The recipient of numerous honors and awards, including a grant from the New York Foundation for the Arts, Limón lives in Lexington, Kentucky, and Sonoma, California.

W. S. Merwin was born in New York City on September 30, 1927. He was the author of numerous poetry collections, including *Garden Time* (Copper Canyon Press, 2016) and *The Shadow of Sirius* (Copper Canyon Press, 2008), which won the 2009 Pulitzer Prize. A former chancellor of the Academy of American Poets and poet laureate of the United States, he died on March 15, 2019.

Marilyn Nelson is the author of numerous books of poetry, including *Faster Than Light: New and Selected Poems, 1996–2011* (Louisiana State University Press, 2012). She has also published several collections of verse for children and young adults, including *How I Discovered Poetry* (Dial Press, 2014). Nelson is the recipient of honors and awards from the Guggenheim Foundation, the National Endowment for the Arts, and the Poetry Society of America, among others. A former poet laureate of Connecticut and Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets, she lives in Connecticut.

Naomi Shihab Nye is the author of several poetry collections, including *The Tiny Journalist* (BOA Editions, 2019), as well as several children's books. In 1988, she received the Academy of American Poets' Lavan Award, and in 2009, she was elected a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets. She has also received awards and fellowships from the International Poetry Forum and the Guggenheim Foundation, among others. She lives in San Antonio, Texas.

Alicia Ostriker is the author of over ten books of poetry, including *Waiting for the Light* (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2017), as well as several books of criticism. Her honors include the Paterson Poetry Award and the William Carlos Williams Award of the Poetry Society of America. She currently serves as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets, and in 2018 she was named New York Poet 2018–2020. She lives in New York City.

Alberto Ríos is the author of several poetry collections, most recently *A Small Story About the Sky* (Copper Canyon Press, 2015). His honors include the 1981 Walt Whitman Award from the Academy of American Poets and the Arizona Governor's Arts Award. Ríos currently serves as the inaugural state poet laureate of Arizona, as well as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets. He lives in Tempe, Arizona.

Tracy K. Smith is the current poet laureate of the United States. She is the author of four poetry collections, including *Wade in the Water* (Graywolf Press, 2018) and *Life on Mars* (Graywolf Press, 2011), which received the 2012 Pulitzer Prize. The recipient of numerous honors and awards, including the 2014 Academy of American Poets Fellowship, Smith lives in New Jersey.

Arthur Sze is the author of nine books of poetry, most recently *Sight Lines* (Copper Canyon Press, 2019). His honors include an American Book Award, the Jackson Poetry Prize from *Poets & Writers* magazine, a Lannan Literary Award for Poetry, and a Western States Book Award for Translation. Sze served as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 2012 to 2017, and he was the first poet laureate of Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he lives.

Ocean Vuong is the author of *Night Sky with Exit Wounds* (Copper Canyon Press, 2016), which received the T. S. Eliot Prize. Vuong, who was born in Saigon, Vietnam, is the recipient of a Lannan Literary Fellowship, a Ruth Lully and Dorothy Sargent Rosenberg Poetry Fellowship, and a Whiting Award, among other honors. He teaches at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst and lives in Massachusetts.

Afaa Michael Weaver is the author of several books of poetry, including *Spirit Boxing* (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2017) and *The Government of Nature* (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2013), for which he received the Kingsley Tufts Award. He has received fellowships from the Pennsylvania State Arts Council and the Pew Charitable Trusts, among others. He lives in West Cornwall, Connecticut.

# *Poems to Share by Contemporary Canadian Poets*

Spotted Owl as Desire *by Yvonne Blomer*

Brother *by Marilyn Bowering*

Today I Will Different *by Karin Cope*

Dawn *by Stephanie Cui*

Crushed *by Lorne Daniel*

O Sea of Troubles We Did Not Take Arms Against *by Adebe DeRango-Adem*

Ode to Chopsticks *by Fiona Lam*

Beekeeping *by Allison LaSorda*

Constellations Retreat before This Truck Stop Night *by D. A. Lockhart*

Jazz (A Variation) *by Lorie Miseck*

[Untitled] *by kjmunro*

Glom Glom Sunraises *by Charlie Petch*

Still be still be still be *by Harry Posner*

I Have a Problem *by Greg Santos*

Visit *by Sarah Tsiang*



## *Spotted Owl as Desire*

Yvonne Blomer

After Robert Bateman's *Mossy Branches*, *Spotted Owl*

True owl. Old-growth owl. Nocturnal  
owl. The clock turns by you.  
Barking owl. Whistling.  
Hooted notes fall from mossed trees.  
Old-man moss. Knight's Plume moss. Creeping-  
feather moss. Nothing human here except me.  
Your eyes a lure. Shoulder-  
hunched owl. Padded in your brown  
mottled cloak, what are you  
tracking? Fogged-in owl, muffle-  
feathered owl, patience is  
your domain. Bone-lichen  
feathered. Lour-browed.  
Old strix. What are you  
making me into?

## *Brother*

**Marilyn Bowering**

While he studies the stars outdoors, model airplanes spin  
on fine webs in his room. Already he is lifting into the air,  
wings on his heels, a small Hermes signaling to the Great Bear.  
He reaches the outermost planets, he passes the edges of travel,  
and I can no longer steer him homeward.

Still, they say a womb is like a lochan on a hill,  
made of rills and rain and tears,  
and I can watch him from there when I am water  
as I was before

## *Today I Will Different*

**Karin Cope**

You wake, you say  
today will be different, today  
I will do what I do what I must what I will  
today I will    efficient    today  
tasks completed    today    organized today  
my desk in order.  
Today I will    different.  
Do today as if some other un-waylaid by wind  
or whim or want. Someone of will, not wanton  
wondering. What song will you sing then when  
salsa flings you circumsolar when  
lightslant leaps across your foot when  
urgency, like sucking sand, slips seaward and  
beckons you to swim?

# *Dawn*

**Stephanie Cui**

Out in the moonlight  
The trees are glowing white.  
They are fully dressed and await the wind's call.

But the wind is a shy girl at four in the morning,  
And she does not come out to play.  
Dawn slowly tip-toes, blueing the sky.  
I am lost on a path so familiar.

Does darkness lock up my eyelids  
With a key that only belongs to dawn?  
I sneak by buildings,  
They seem unrealistic against the early light.  
Windows lit here and there, like the fading stars.

My footsteps are shaky,  
My voice—the only echo remaining in the world.  
The sun rows the moon across the sky, claiming its throne.  
And I step into the day drunk with awe.

## *Crushed*

Lorne Daniel

The bad news this week relentless, rolling  
past my glazed face. Addictions,  
elections, deaths of the wrong  
people, hypnotic grief. Dazed  
at the roadside today I breathe hot exhaust. Blurred  
tires hiss, rut and groove the grey  
just a step away. Over, over.  
On the shoulder, waiting for a break,  
me and this sleek crow, its cape  
tucked and trim. Light disappears  
or plays, iridescent, depending  
on the moment, the angles between us.  
What impresses me as a semi blows by,  
buffeting, is — yes— that unruffled coat  
but too the shining  
absence of concern. Unblinking.  
Legs spring-loaded, ready  
to jump to some small grain,  
fresh-crushed and nourishing.

# *O Sea of Troubles We Did Not Take Arms Against*

Adebe DeRango-Adem

for many moons we were complete      like a single river  
how beautiful we drifted      & how delirious  
were the times we pretended not to bear      the thirst  
of a hollow earth      as such perhaps we were  
not a river but a collection    of      rapids & yet those pangs  
a clever mix of love      & fear of the real  
a longing      soon to transform  
into a longing to disappear somehow      into the familiar  
softening, from the dusts of the      world  
skylines—do you remember      how we slept  
in mangled ways      looking out to the Atlantic  
being in our element      but no I will not spend my life  
wading waiting      wading  
the answer is that      I have arrived with scars  
to haunt or to be haunted  
    is the question

## *Ode to Chopsticks*

Fiona Lam

Grandfather sets the bowl full of marbles before me.  
I pick up the chopsticks and hover,  
then picture my hand as a heron  
with a long, long beak plunging down  
to pluck each orb, lift it  
through air and held breath  
in a tremulous trip toward the saucer.

Five thousand years of evolution in hand:  
branches honed to stir ancient cauldrons  
become sleek batons of ivory, gold or jade  
adorning an aristocrat's table.  
With their deft dance and dip,  
more adroit than a fork.  
Twin acrobats poised  
to hoist choice morsels—  
crisp shard of duck skin,  
noodle strands, fish cheeks,  
single green pea.

*Let your elders lead, he tells me,  
Never point your chopsticks at a guest.  
Never spear your food like a fisherman.  
Don't tap the side of your bowl like a beggar.  
Keep them by the plate when you rest  
or across the bowl at meal's end. But never  
upright like incense burning  
in an urn for the dead.*

While he watches, stiff bamboo  
grows nimble. One by one  
each small glassy planet arcs up  
then lands with a *clink!*  
The bowl gleams, empty.  
He nods.

## *Beekeeping*

Allison LaSorda

We don white hats and veils to check on your hive—  
push toward each other's newness, curtailed by safety devices.  
A sting's purple welt glares on your left calf. From the box,  
you pull bee-crowded sleeves: workers' movement steady

but erratic, sun strobes their effort. Pointing to hexagons,  
you explain some house larvae, others reflect light  
in honey, still others plastered over with wax. I pretend  
to notice the distinctions, drifting into a future self

who readies ice and tends to your stung skin. A tin smoker  
calms, masks alarm pheromones, & simulates forest fire,  
during which bees will gorge on honey to save their bounty  
and escape. It's not panic, exactly, it's instinct. Still, I relate

to the threat of an ending—the impulse to make meaning by holding  
everything inside yourself at once, as much as you can carry.



# *Constellations Retreat before This Truck Stop Night*

D. A. Lockhart

After sunset these prairies  
hide their absence of rise  
in the evenness of darkness.  
Backlit Flying J road sign  
declaring this strip of Wyoming  
belongs to the constellation  
drawn from diesel vapour  
of long-haul truckers coast  
bound. Private showers, ample  
parking, and 24 hour steak dinners  
just rewards for crossing the space  
between. In this September hour  
you know you make your own  
gospel and the only surety  
of the upcoming season  
is the gristle of your 2 am sirloin  
Here, under this portioned out  
license plate of a settler highline  
across Lakota land, that surety  
carries the weight it must  
before you sleep through till  
dawn in a Ford Ranger cab  
at great remove from the sign  
that bleaches out the horizon  
and expanse of stars beyond.

## *Jazz (A Variation)*

Lorie Miseck

A minor key swings open the blue door  
of the heart. Brass and unhinged  
sound unwinds. Sunset slides  
down the day's spine. Slides down to  
the hour of smoke and wine,  
to artless sway of belonging.  
To the one, to the lonely, to the only  
to each of us held in  
evening's aching arms. Listen  
to the division of chord and time.  
And time again. Listen. Listen,  
we take our night with one part wisdom  
and five parts song.

And the darkness goes on for miles.

*[untitled]*

kjmunro

low winter sun

the mist

from a mandarin

## *Glom Glom Sunraises*

**Charlie Petch**

Dawn was especially noisy today,  
as the three suns sprouted from horizon,  
as the lamprey loons sung whale songs,  
as your tentacle slipped from my gilled side.

I opened one eyeball,  
to see the shine of us.  
Watched feathered spider flies  
steal the dust of our skin.

Having no other eyeball to open,  
I slip from our volcano dome,  
to scavenge hopplepops for our breakfast,  
follow their giggles to find them.

Your 7 limbs seem heavy for you today.  
So we turn off the magnets  
and float instead,  
tango in mid air.

You push branches from my cheek,  
ask if I want to go see our egg sack.  
I spin around your head three times,  
because this is how we spell love.

## *Still be still be still be*

Harry Posner

Still be still be still be  
Calm or calm or calm or  
Pla cid oh pla cid oh pla cid oh  
Re lax re lax re lax re  
Ding for pleasure  
Ding for dinner  
Ring for treasure  
The pleasure of your  
Company your tympani  
Your thrum drum not  
Hum drum you're some fun  
You are we are when we are  
To gather our each our sweet  
Peach the reach of fresh flesh  
Enmeshed arms legs held  
Melded melted to gather  
in the cool pool so still  
be still be still be still  
my beat ing heart

## *I Have a Problem*

**Greg Santos**

All I care about is everything.  
I like to lie down and look up at the stars,  
even when there are none.  
I am almost nothing but thoughts and water.

I find mirrors unbearably off-putting.  
My children find them droll.  
Do you feel that too?  
My left hand feels like a cataclysmic storm.

I will never tire of looking at my wife.  
Her smile is like a constant sonar beep  
in the depths of my chest.  
I hear rain even when it's sunny out.

Have you ever squinted at the ocean  
so the sky and the water blend until  
you don't know where one ends and the other begins?  
I'm doing that right now with you.

## *Visit*

**Sarah Tsiang**

I saw my father yesterday,  
sitting on the wall of his mausoleum.  
He held my hand and told me he forgave me  
and I asked, for what?

He smelled of apples, an autumn of leaves  
for skin. I remember you like this, I said,  
a harvest—an orchard of a man.

He opened his shirt, plucked a plum  
from his lungs and held it out to me.  
Everything, he said, is a way of remembering.

## Contributors' Notes

Yvonne Blomer served as the City of Victoria's poet laureate from 2015 to 2018. She is the author of *Sugar Ride: Cycling from Hanoi to Kuala Lumpur* (Palimpsest Press, 2017) and she edited *Refugium: Poems for the Pacific* (Caitlin Press, 2017). Her chapbook *Elegies for Earth* won Leaf Press's Overleaf Chapbook Contest in 2017. She lives in Victoria, British Columbia.

Marilyn Bowering is a poet and novelist. She lives on Vancouver Island.

Karin Cope is the author of scholarly works, popular histories, short stories, policy papers, blogs and poetry; her artworks include photographs, installations, performances, videos, guerrilla theatre and mixed media and online works. She teaches at NSCAD University in the Division of Art History and Contemporary Culture.

Stephanie Cui received the League of Canadian Poets' 2018 Jessamy Stursberg Poetry Prize for young poets.

Lorne Daniel has published three books of poetry, and his work has been included in anthologies and periodicals across Canada, the U.S. and the U.K.. He lives in Victoria, British Columbia.

Adebe DeRango-Adem is the author of three full-length poetry collections: *The Unmooring* (Mansfield Press, 2018); *Terra Incognita* (Inanna Publications, 2015), which was nominated for the Pat Lowther Memorial Award; and *Ex Nihilo* (Frontenac House, 2010), which was a finalist for the Dylan Thomas Prize.

Fiona Tinwei Lam has authored two poetry books, including *Enter the Chrysanthemum* (Caitlin Press, 2009). She also edited *The Bright Well: Canadian Poems on Facing Cancer* (Leaf Press, 2011). She has received The New Quarterly's Nick Blatchford Prize and was a finalist for the City of Vancouver Book Award. Her work appears in over thirty anthologies, including *The Best of the Best Canadian Poetry: 10th Anniversary Edition* (Tightrope Books, 2017).



Allison LaSorda's work has appeared in *The Fiddlehead*, *North American Review*, *Shenandoah*, and *Hazlitt*, and she was nominated for a 2018 National Magazine Award for Personal Journalism.

D. A. Lockhart is the author of *The Gravel Lot that was Montana* (Mansfield Press, 2018), *This City at the Crossroads* (Black Moss Press, 2017), and *Big Medicine Comes to Erie* (Black Moss Press, 2016). He holds an MFA from Indiana University–Bloomington, where he held a Neal Marshall Fellowship in Creative Writing. He has received grants from the Ontario Arts Council and the Canada Council for the Arts. He is a pukuwankoamimens of the Lenape nation and a member of the Moravian of the Thames First Nation, and he lives in Waawiiyaatanong on the south shore of the Detroit River.

Lorie Miseck is a poet and photographer. She lives in Edmonton, Alberta.

Originally from Vancouver, Canada, kmunro moved to the Yukon Territory in 1991. Her first poetry collection is forthcoming with Red Moon Press in 2019. She also co-edited the anthology of crime-themed haiku *Body of Evidence: a collection of killer 'ku* (Catkin Press, 2017).

Charlie Petch's work has been published in *Matrix*, *Descant*, *Toronto Quarterly*, and other journals. They are the creative director and founder of "Hot Damn It's A Queer Slam."

Harry Posner is the author of six books of poetry and fiction, and he has produced several spoken word CDs. He currently serves as Dufferin County's first poet laureate.

Greg Santos is the author of *Blackbirds* (Eyewear Publishing, 2018), *Rabbit Punch!* (DC Books, 2014), and *The Emperor's Sofa* (DC Books, 2010). He holds an MFA in creative writing from The New School in New York City. His writing has appeared in *The Walrus*, *Geist*, *Queen's Quarterly*, *Cha: An Asian Literary Journal*, and The Best American Poetry Blog. He regularly works with at-risk communities and teaches writing and literature at the Thomas More Institute. He is the poetry editor of *carte blanche* and lives in Montreal.

Sarah Yi-Mei Tsiang is the author of ten books, including picture books, poetry, and fiction. She is currently an adjunct professor of creative writing at the University of British Columbia.

# Poems to Share from the Public Domain

Moonrise *by H.D.*

To Make a Prairie *by Emily Dickinson*

Life *by Paul Laurence Dunbar*

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening *by Robert Frost*

Tanka (I) *by Sadakichi Hartmann*

When I Rise Up *by Georgia Douglas Johnson*

The New Colossus *by Emma Lazarus*

The Tropics of New York *by Claude McKay*

Wild Swans *by Edna St. Vincent Millay*

Assured *by Alexander Posey*

Fog *by Carl Sandburg*

Faults *by Sara Teasdale*

The Eagle *by Alfred Lord Tennyson*

Storm Ending *by Jean Toomer*

Song of the Open Road, 1 *by Walt Whitman*

*For biographies of these poets, visit [www.poets.org](http://www.poets.org).*

# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Moonrise*

H.D.

Will you glimmer on the sea?  
Will you fling your spear-head  
On the shore?  
What note shall we pitch?

We have a song,  
On the bank we share our arrows—  
The loosed string tells our note:

*O flight,  
Bring her swiftly to our song.  
She is great,  
We measure her by the pine-trees.*

# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *To Make a Prairie*

Emily Dickinson

To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee, —  
One clover, and a bee,  
And revery.  
The revery alone will do  
If bees are few.

# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Life*

Paul Laurence Dunbar

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,  
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,  
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,  
And never a laugh but the moans come double;  
    And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes precious,  
With a smile to warm and the tears to refresh us;  
And joy seems sweeter when cares come after,  
And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter;  
    And that is life!

# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*

**Robert Frost**

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep.  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Tanka (I)*

Sadakichi Hartmann

Winter? Spring? Who knows?  
White buds from the plumbtrees wing  
And mingle with the snows.  
No blue skies these flowers bring,  
Yet their fragrance augurs Spring.

# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *When I Rise Up*

**Georgia Douglas Johnson**

When I rise up above the earth,  
And look down on the things that fetter me,  
I beat my wings upon the air,  
Or tranquil lie,  
Surge after surge of potent strength  
Like incense comes to me  
When I rise up above the earth  
And look down upon the things that fetter me.



# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *The New Colossus*

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  
Glow 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!”

**national**  
**poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

# *The Tropics of New York*

**Claude McKay**

Bananas ripe and green, and ginger root  
Cocoa in pods and alligator pears,  
And tangerines and mangoes and grape fruit,  
Fit for the highest prize at parish fairs,

Sat in the window, bringing memories  
of fruit-trees laden by low-singing rills,  
And dewy dawns, and mystical skies  
In benediction over nun-like hills.

My eyes grow dim, and I could no more gaze;  
A wave of longing through my body swept,  
And, hungry for the old, familiar ways  
I turned aside and bowed my head and wept.

# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Wild Swans*

Edna St. Vincent Millay

I looked in my heart while the wild swans went over.  
And what did I see I had not seen before?  
Only a question less or a question more;  
Nothing to match the flight of wild birds flying.  
Tiresome heart, forever living and dying,  
House without air, I leave you and lock your door.  
Wild swans, come over the town, come over  
The town again, trailing your legs and crying!

# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Assured*

Alexander Posey

Be it dark; be it bright;  
Be it pain; be it rest;  
Be it wrong; be it right—  
It must be for the best.

Some good must somewhere wait,  
And sometime joy and pain  
Must cease to alternate,  
Or else we live in vain.

# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Fog*

**Carl Sandburg**

The fog comes  
on little cat feet.

It sits looking  
over harbor and city  
on silent haunches  
and then moves on.

# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Faults*

Sara Teasdale

They came to tell your faults to me,  
They named them over one by one;  
I laughed aloud when they were done,  
I knew them all so well before,—  
Oh, they were blind, too blind to see  
Your faults had made me love you more.

# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *The Eagle*

Alfred Lord Tennyson

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Storm Ending*

Jean Toomer

Thunder blossoms gorgeously above our heads,  
Great, hollow, bell-like flowers,  
Rumbling in the wind,  
Stretching clappers to strike our ears . . .  
Full-lipped flowers  
Bitten by the sun  
Bleeding rain  
Dripping rain like golden honey—  
And the sweet earth flying from the thunder.



# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Song of the Open Road, 1*

Walt Whitman

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,  
Healthy, free, the world before me,  
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,  
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,  
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,  
Strong and content I travel the open road.

The earth, that is sufficient,  
I do not want the constellations any nearer,  
I know they are very well where they are,  
I know they suffice for those who belong to them.

(Still here I carry my old delicious burdens,  
I carry them, men and women, I carry them with me wherever I go,  
I swear it is impossible for me to get rid of them,  
I am fill'd with them, and I will fill them in return.)

# Appendix

## Haiku

A traditional Japanese haiku is a three-line poem with seventeen syllables, written in a 5/7/5 syllable count. Often focusing on images from nature, haiku emphasizes simplicity, intensity, and directness of expression.

Haiku began in thirteenth-century Japan as the opening phrase of renga, an oral poem, generally 100 stanzas long, which was also composed syllabically. The much shorter haiku broke away from renga in the sixteenth-century, and was mastered a century later by Matsuo Basho, who wrote this classic haiku:

*An old pond!  
A frog jumps in—  
the sound of water.*

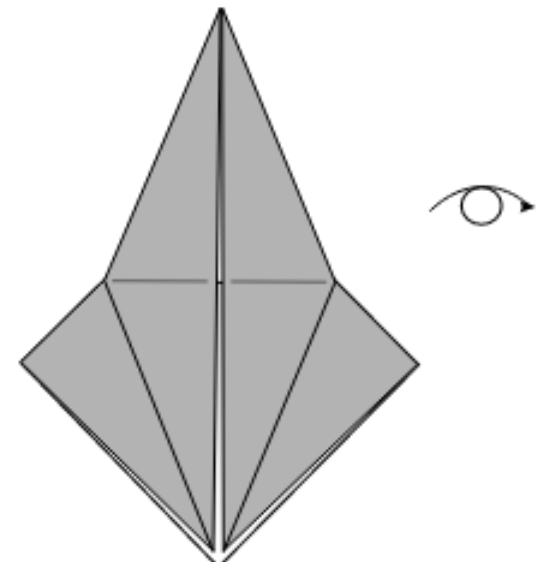
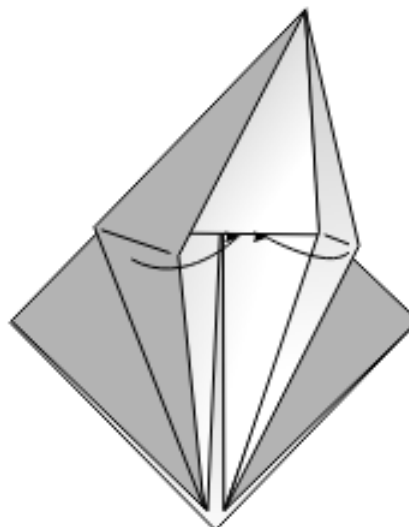
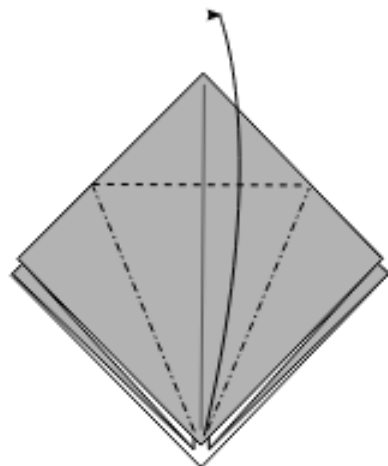
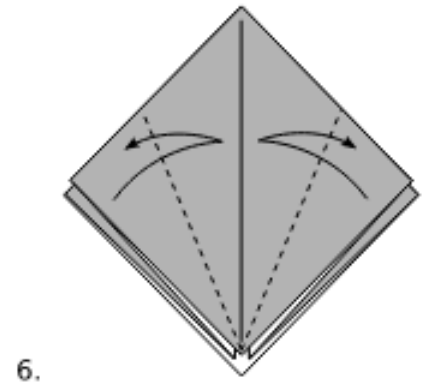
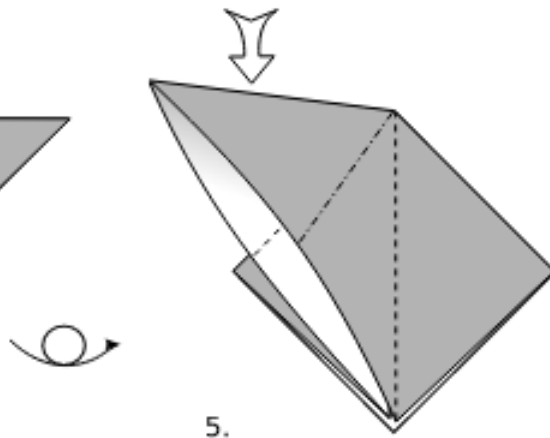
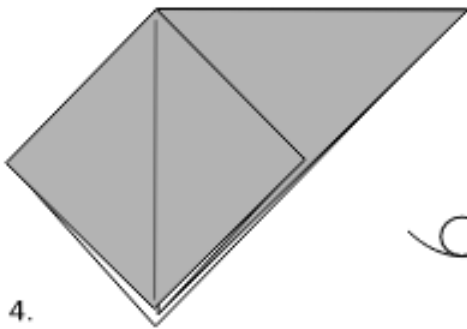
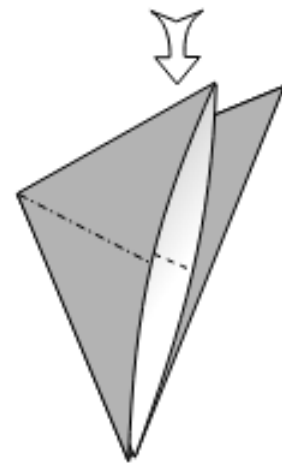
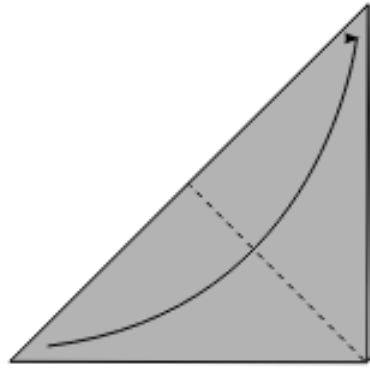
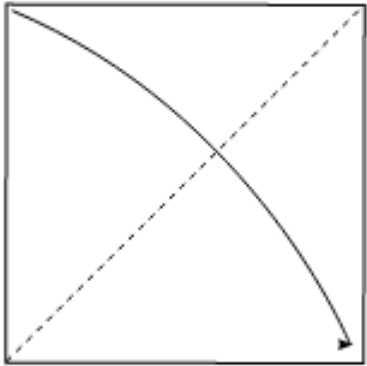
Haiku was traditionally written in the present tense and focused on associations between images. There was a pause at the end of the first or second line, and a “season word,” or kigo, specified the time of year.

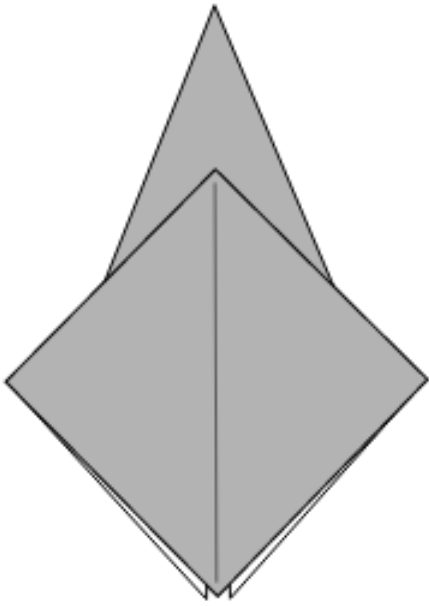
As the form has evolved, many of these rules—including the 5/7/5 practice—have been routinely broken. However, the philosophy of haiku has been preserved: the focus on a brief moment in time; a use of provocative, colorful images; an ability to be read in one breath; and a sense of sudden enlightenment and illumination.

To read more examples of poems written in the haiku form, visit [www.poets.org/haiku](http://www.poets.org/haiku).

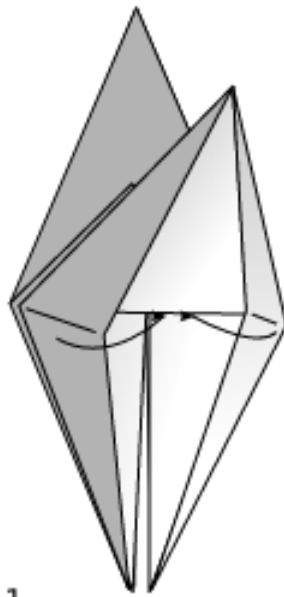
To read about other poetic forms, such as the acrostic, the cinquain, and the sonnet, visit [www.poets.org](http://www.poets.org).

# How to Create a Folded Swan

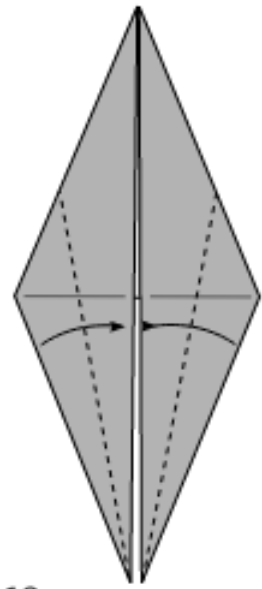




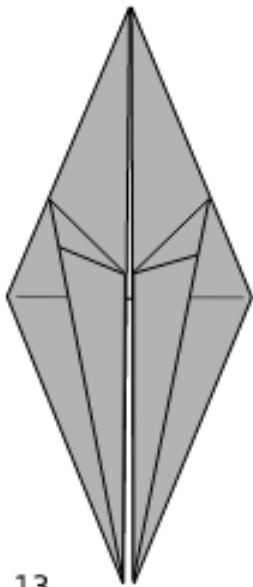
10.



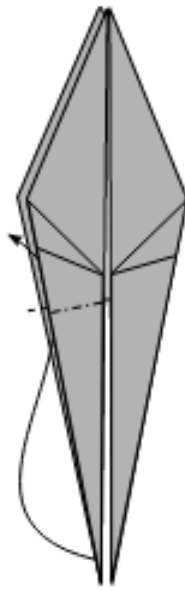
11.



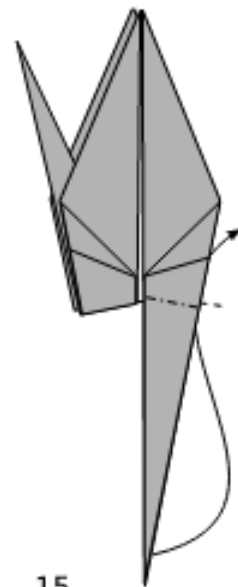
12.



13.



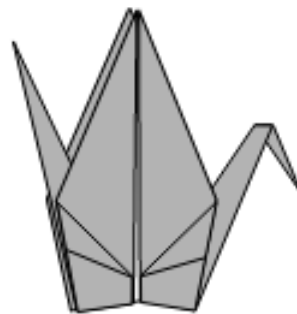
14.



15.



16.



17.



Diagram by Andrew Hudson, Public Diagram Project. Used with permission of the Creative Commons Attribution 3.0 United States License.

# Other Resources

## Poem-a-Day

Poem-a-Day is the original and only daily digital poetry series featuring over 200 new, previously unpublished poems by today's talented poets each year. On weekdays, poems are accompanied by exclusive commentary by the poets. The series highlights classic poems on weekends. For more information, visit [www.poets.org/poetsorg/poem-day](http://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poem-day).

## Teach This Poem

Produced for K-12 educators, Teach This Poem features one poem a week from our online poetry collection, accompanied by interdisciplinary resources and activities designed to help teachers quickly and easily bring poetry into the classroom. The series is curated by our Educator in Residence, Dr. Madeleine Fuchs Holzer, and is available for free via email. For more information, visit [www.poets.org/poetsorg/teach-poem](http://www.poets.org/poetsorg/teach-poem).

## Poetry Lesson Plans

The Academy of American Poets presents lesson plans, most of which align with Common Core State Standards, and all of which have been reviewed by our Educator in Residence with an eye toward developing skills of perception and imagination. We hope they will inspire the educators in our community to bring even more poems into your classrooms! For more information, visit [www.poets.org/poetsorg/lesson-plans](http://www.poets.org/poetsorg/lesson-plans).

## National Poetry Month

National Poetry Month is the largest literary celebration in the world, with tens of millions of readers, students, K-12 teachers, librarians, booksellers, literary events curators, publishers, bloggers, and, of course, poets marking poetry's important place in our culture and our lives.

While we celebrate poets and poetry year-round, the Academy of American Poets was inspired by the successful celebrations of Black History Month (February) and Women's History Month (March), and founded National Poetry Month in April 1996 with an aim to:

- highlight the extraordinary legacy and ongoing achievement of American poets,
- encourage the reading of poems,
- assist teachers in bringing poetry into their classrooms,
- increase the attention paid to poetry by national and local media,
- encourage increased publication and distribution of poetry books, and
- encourage support for poets and poetry.

For more information, visit [www.poets.org/npm](http://www.poets.org/npm).

### **The Academy of American Poets**

The Academy of American Poets is the largest membership-based nonprofit organization fostering an appreciation for contemporary poetry and supporting American poets. For over three generations, the organization has connected millions of people to great poetry through programs such as National Poetry Month, the largest literary celebration in the world; Poets.org, one of the leading poetry sites online; American Poets, a biannual magazine; an annual series of poetry readings and special events; and its education programs.

### **The League of Canadian Poets**

The League of Canadian Poets is the professional organization for established and emerging Canadian poets. Founded in 1966 to nurture the advancement of poetry in Canada, and the promotion of the interests of poets, it now comprises over 700 members. The League serves the poetry community and promotes a high level of professional achievement through events, networking, projects, publications, mentoring and awards. It administers programs and funds for governments and private donors and encourages an appreciative readership and audience for poetry through educational partnerships and presentations to diverse groups. As the recognized voice of Canadian poets, it represents their concerns to governments, publishers, and society at large, and maintains connections with similar organizations at home and abroad. The League strives to promote equal opportunities for poets from every literary tradition and cultural and demographic background.