Name: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**Poetry Packet**

**Quarter 3**

**Mrs. McCune**

**RISE**

**Comp/Lit 9**

**Spring 2016**

**Do not go gentle into that good night**

Dylan Thomas

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 *(5)*
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, *(10)*
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. *(15)*

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.

**The Rose that Grew from Concrete**

### Tupac Amaru Shakur

### Did u hear about the rose that grew from a crack

in the concrete
Proving nature's law is wrong it learned 2

walk with out having feet
Funny it seems, but by keeping it's dreams, *(5)*
it learned 2 breathe fresh air.
Long live the rose that grew from concrete
when no one else even cared.

**In the Event of My Demise**

Tupac Amaru Shakur

In the event of my Demise
when my heart can beat no more
I Hope I Die For A Principle
or A Belief that I had Lived 4
I will die Before My Time *(5)*
Because I feel the shadow's Depth
so much I wanted 2 accomplish
before I reached my Death
I have come 2 grips with the possibility
and wiped the last tear from My eyes *(10)*
I Loved All who were Positive
In the event of my Demise

**My Papa’s Waltz**

By Theodore Roethke

The whiskey on your breath

Could make a small boy dizzy;

But I hung on like death:

Such waltzing was not easy.

We romped until the pans *(5)*

Slid from the kitchen shelf;

My mother’s countenance

Could not unfrown itself.

The hand that held my wrist

Was battered on one knuckle; *(10)*

At every step you missed

My right ear scraped a buckle.

You beat time on my head

With a palm caked hard by dirt,

Then waltzed me off to bed *(15)*

Still clinging to your shirt.

**My Boy Builds Coffins**

Florence and the Machine

My boy builds coffins with hammers and nails
He doesn't build ships, he has no use for sails
He doesn't make tables, dressers or chairs
He can't carve a whistle cause he just doesn't care

My boy builds coffins for the rich and the poor *(5)*
Kings and queens; they've all knocked on his door
Beggars and liars, gypsies and thieves
They all come to him 'cause he's so eager to please

My boy builds coffins he makes them all day
But it's not just for work and it isn't for play *(10)*
He's made one for himself
One for me too
One of these days he'll make one for you
For you, for you, for you

My boy builds coffins for better or worse *(15)*
Some say its a blessing, some say its a curse
He fits them together in sunshine or rain
Each one is unique, no two are the same

My boy builds coffins and I think it's a shame
That when each one's been made, he can't see it again *(20)*
He crafts everyone with love and with care
Then it's thrown in the ground, it just isn't fair

My boy builds coffins he makes them all day
But it's not just for work and it isn't for play
He's made one for himself *(25)*
One for me too
One of these days he'll make one for you

**The Cave**

Mumford and Sons

It's empty in the valley of your heart
The sun, it rises slowly as you walk
Away from all the fears
And all the faults you've left behind

The harvest left no food for you to eat *(5)*
You cannibal, you meat-eater, you see
But I have seen the same
I know the shame in your defeat

But I will hold on hope
And I won't let you choke *(10)*
On the noose around your neck

And I'll find strength in pain
And I will change my ways
I'll know my name as it's called again

‘Cause I have other things to fill my time *(15)*
You take what is yours and I'll take mine
Now let me at the truth
Which will refresh my broken mind

So tie me to a post and block my ears
I can see widows and orphans through my tears *(20)*
I know my call despite my faults
And despite my growing fears

But I will hold on hope
And I won't let you choke
On the noose around your neck *(25)*

And I'll find strength in pain
And I will change my ways
I'll know my name as it's called again

So come out of your cave walking on your hands
And see the world hanging upside down *(30)*
You can understand dependence
When you know the maker's land

So make your siren's call
And sing all you want
I will not hear what you have to say (*35)*

‘Cause I need freedom now
And I need to know how
To live my life as it's meant to be

And I will hold on hope
And I won't let you choke *(40)*
On the noose around your neck

And I'll find strength in pain
And I will change my ways
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**Ain't I A Woman?**

Sojourner Truth

Well, children,
where there is so much racket
there must be somethin' out o' kilter.
I think that 'twixt the negroes of the South
and the women of the North *(5)*
all talkin' 'bout rights,
the white men will be in a fix pretty soon.
But what's all this here talkin' 'bout?

That man over there say
That women needs to be helped into carriages, *(10)*
and lifted over ditches,
and to have de best place everywhere.
Nobody ever helps me into carriages,
or over mudpuddles,
or gives me any best place! *(15)*
And ain’t I a woman?

Look at me!
Look at my arm!
I have ploughed,
and planted, *(20)*
and gathered into barns,
and no man could head me!
And ain’t I a woman?

I could work as much
and eat as much as a man -- *(25)*
when I could get it --
and bear the lash as well!
And ain’t I a woman?

I have borne thirteen children,
and seen them most all sold off to slavery, *(30)*
and when I cried out with my mother's grief,
none but Jesus heard me!
And ain’t I a woman?

Then they talks 'bout this thing in the head;
what’s this they call it? *(35)*
'Intellect,'
(whispered someone near).
That’s it, honey.
What's that got to do with women’s rights
or Negro’s rights? *(40)*
If my cup won't hold but a pint,
and yours holds a quart,
wouldn't you be mean
not to let me have my little half-measure full?

Then that little man in black there, *(45)*
he say women can't have as much rights as men,
'cause Christ wasn’t a woman!
Where did your Christ come from?
Where did your Christ come from?
From God and a woman! *(50)*
Man had nothin' to do with Him.

If the first woman God ever made
was strong enough to turn de world upside down
all alone,
these women together ought to be able to turn it back, and get it right side up again! *(55)*
And now they is asking to do it,
de men better let 'em.

Obliged to ye for hearin' on me,
and now ole Sojourner
haven’t got nothin' more to say.' *(60)*

**The Gates**

Cunninlynguists (Featuring Tonedeff)

Tell the Reverend Harris to pray for me, Lord

 I ain't gonna live

 I don't believe I'm gonna live to get much older

[Tonedeff]

 Lights out, so peaceful, stressless

 Things used to seem so restless 5

 Forgive me please, see I need to address this

 Just haven't been this breathless since I met this

 Woman who lept into my life when I was reckless

 Mothered my blessed kid, but was destined to exit early

 Guess you can say I've been blessed with the best gifts 10

 Reminiscing, holding her necklace in my clenched fist

 Ha, it's funny how we move in sudden directions

 Dedicated my life to the public's protection

 Never remarried cause love's an investment

 Besides, I had a baby girl to worry about 15

 That would struggle to blend in

 Now as I think, a weightlessness is interrupting my senses

 A pulsing tension carries my very frame

 I rise up in ascension - WAIT!

 I try to escape, but I arrive at these gates 20

 I see a figure standing guard who invites me to pray

[Chorus]

 I've tried it all

 At the gates of Hell

 I'm going to lay

 Down, down 25

[Tonedeff]

 I walk towards the figure that's extending it's hand

 I move to enter past the gates yet I'm met with it's grasp

[Deacon]

 Slow down son, there's things to discuss such as family

 But first, let us talk about vanity

[Tonedeff]

 Vanity?? Man, you're sadly mistaken 30

 Either that or your sanity's shaken

 If you'd examine me patiently

 You'd retract on your statement

 I haven't sinned flagrantly, I've acted as faithfully

 As any other single father 35

 Who raised a baby girl graciously

[Deacon]

 Nakedly, she was at your door after her mother's death

 Ignorant to racial anger and other stress

 Later had a mixed baby at her sweet sixteen

 How did that fit within your picnic scene? 40

[Tonedeff]

 Sometimes it's too late to fix these things

 The pristine dream was over

 Had to face the fact she split these genes with his sick seed

 With skin the darkest pigment seen

 And so I kicked and screamed 45

 Until we found the peace that distance brings

[Deacon]

 A mixed raced queen, that was your thoughts about her mama

 Up yonder went her soul, your hate growed from ponders

 On life, being less trife with a white wife

 So any instance of y'alls differences it was slice-slice 50

[Tonedeff]

 Oh my, it's not her race, my daughter's love flies blind

 I couldn't take her making the same mistakes that crushed my life

 I'm dumbstruck by these baseless allegations

 I've saved too many lives of all creeds

 For you to paint me as a racist 55

 I've endangered my own safety to save babies from blazes

 Black, white, latino, even asian on occasion

[Deacon]

 But why so?

[Tonedeff]

 How dare you question my motivation!

[Deacon]

 No need to second guess, your only aim was to be famous 60

 Lord knows, you've left behind scorched souls

 Black children left chilling, later found burnt whole

 So sadly, your glory's to come urgently

 Sentenced to fight fires for eternity

**Beware: Do Not Read This Poem**

Ishmael Reed

tonite, thriller was
abt an ol woman , so vain she
surrounded herself w/
many mirrors

it got so bad that finally she *(5)*
locked herself indoors & her
whole life became the
mirrors

one day the villagers broke
into her house , but she was too *(10)*
swift for them . she disappeared
into a mirror
each tenant who bought the house
after that , lost a loved one to
the ol woman in the mirror : *(15)*
first a little girl
then a young woman
then the young woman/s husband

the hunger of this poem is legendary
it has taken in many victims *(20)*
back off from this poem
it has drawn in yr feet
back off from this poem
it has drawn in yr legs

back off from this poem *(25)*
it is a greedy mirror
you are into the poem . from
the waist down
nobody can hear you can they ?
this poem has had you up to here *(30)*
belch
this poem aint got no manners
you cant call out frm this poem
relax now & go w/ this poem

move & roll on to this poem *(35)*
do not resist this poem
this poem has yr eyes
this poem has his head
this poem has his arms
this poem has his fingers *(40)*
this poem has his fingertips

this poem is the reader & the
reader this poem

statistic : the us bureau of missing persons re-
ports that in 1968 over 100,000 people *(45)*
disappeared leaving no solid clues
nor trace only
a space in the lives of their friends

**White Rabbit**

Jefferson Airplane

One pill makes you larger
And one pill makes you small
And the ones that mother gives you
Don't do anything at all
Go ask Alice *(5)*
When she's ten feet tall

And if you go chasing rabbits
And you know you're going to fall
Tell 'em a hookah smoking caterpillar
Has given you the call to *(10)*
Call Alice
When she was just small

When the men on the chessboard
Get up and tell you where to go
And you've just had some kind of mushroom *(15)*
And your mind is moving low
Go ask Alice
I think she'll know

When logic and proportion
Have fallen sloppy dead *(20)*
And the White Knight is talking backwards
And the Red Queen's "off with her head!"
Remember what the dormouse said;
Feed your head
Feed your head *(25)*