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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My Papa’s WaltzMy Papa’s WaltzThe whiskey on your breath

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Still clinging to your shirt.

**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)*