



# **5<sup>th</sup> Grade Poetry Study Quarter 3**

**Mr. Cunningham**

**Imagine School at Town Center**

# *A Talisman* - Marianne Moore

Under a splintered mast,  
torn from the ship and cast  
near her hull,

a stumbling shepherd found,  
embedded in the ground,  
a sea-gull

of lapis lazuli,  
a scarab of the sea,  
with wings spread---

curling its coral feet,  
parting its beak to greet  
men long dead.

# *A Talisman* by Marianne Moore



# ***Snow Toward Evening*** - Melville Cane

Suddenly the sky turned gray,  
The day,  
Which had been bitter and chill,  
Grew soft and still.

Quietly

From some invisible blossoming tree  
Millions of petals cool and white  
Drifted and blew,  
Lifted and flew,  
Fell with the falling night.

*Snow Toward Evening*  
by Melville Cane



# *Mice* – Rose Fyleman

I think mice

Are rather nice.

Their tails are long,  
Their faces small,  
They haven't any  
Chins at all.

Their ears are pink,  
Their teeth are white,  
They run about  
The house at night  
They nibble things  
They shouldn't touch  
And no one seems  
To like them much.

But I think mice

Are nice.

# *Mice* by Rose Fyleman



# *The Reminder* – Thomas Hardy

While I watch the fireplace blaze  
Paint the room with **ruddy rays**,  
Something makes my vision glide  
To the frosty scene outside.

There, to reach a rotting berry,  
**Toils** a **thrush**, -**constrained** to very  
**Dregs** of food by **sharp distress**,  
Taking such with thankfulness.

Why, O starving bird, when I  
**One day's joy would justify**,  
And put misery out of view,  
Do you make me notice you!



*The Reminder* by Thomas Hardy



# *I Dream A World* – Langston Hughes

I dream a world where man  
No other man will **scorn**,  
Where love will bless the earth  
And peace its path **adorn**.  
I dream a world where ALL  
Will know sweet freedom's way,  
Where **greed** no longer **saps** the soul  
Nor **avarice blights** our day.

A world I dream where black or white,  
Whatever race you be,  
Will share the **bounties** of the earth  
And every man is free,  
Where **wretchedness** will hang its head  
And joy, like a pearl,  
**Attends** the needs of all mankind---  
Of such I dream, my world!

# *I Dream A World* by Langston Hughes



“Hold fast to dreams,  
for if dreams die,  
life is a broken winged bird  
that cannot fly.”

-Langston Hughes

# *This is Just to Say...* - William Carlos Williams

I have eaten  
the plums  
that were in  
the icebox

And which  
you were probably  
saving  
for breakfast

Forgive me  
they were delicious  
so sweet  
and so cold



*This  
is  
Just  
to  
Say*

by  
William  
Carlos  
Williams

# ***The Falling Star*** – Sara Teasdale

I saw a star slide down the sky,  
Blinding the north as it went by,  
Too burning and too quick to hold,  
Too lovely to be bought or sold,  
Good only to make wishes on  
And then forever to be gone.

*The Falling Star* by Sara Teasdale



# *Hope* – Emily Dickinson

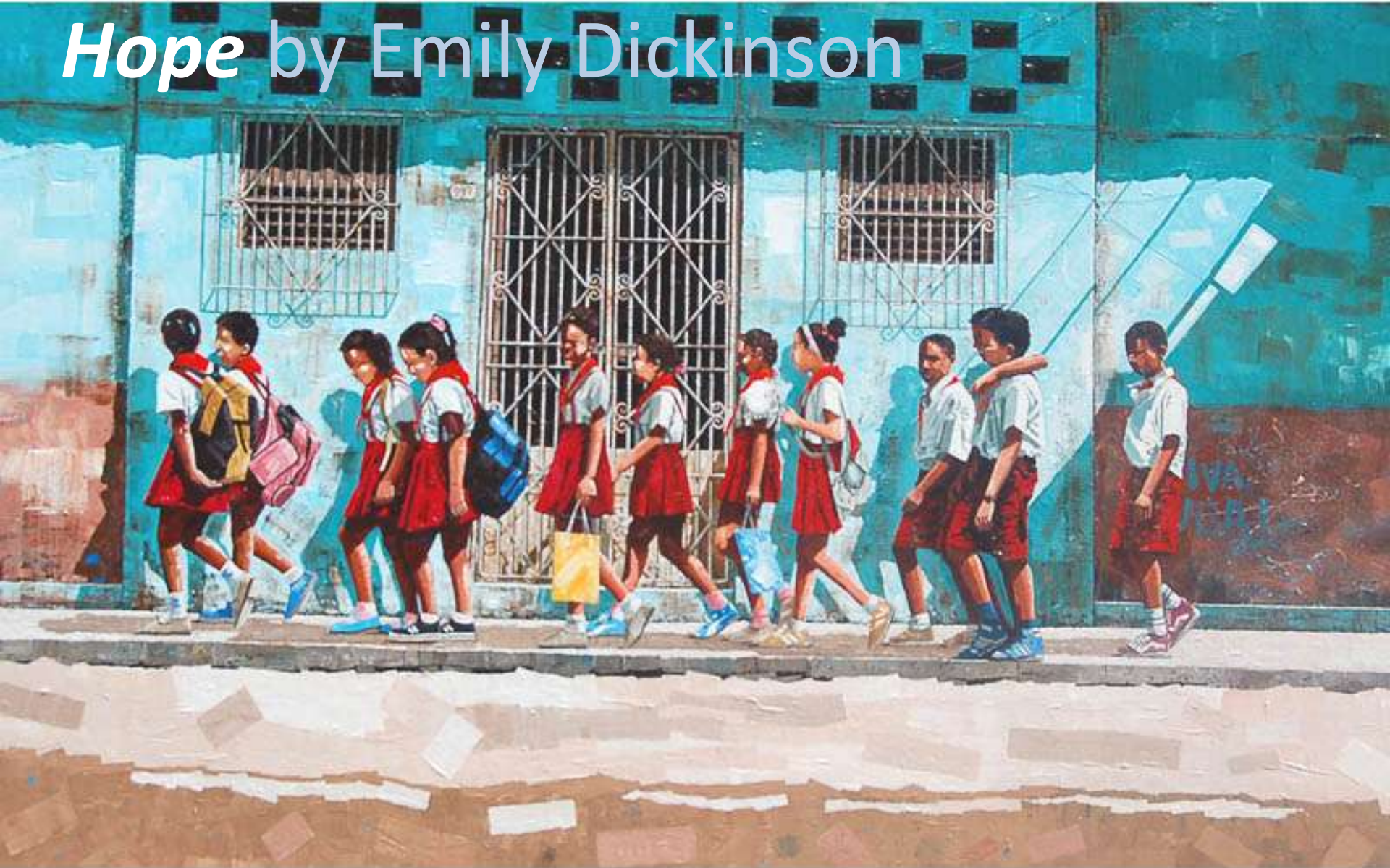
Hope is the thing with feathers  
That **perches** in the soul,  
And sings the tune--without the words,  
And never stops at all,

And sweetest in the **gale** is heard;  
And **sore** must be the storm  
That could **abash** the little bird  
That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the **chillest** land,  
And on the strangest sea;  
Yet, never, in **extremity**,  
It asked a **crumb** of me.



# *Hope* by Emily Dickinson



# *Encounter* – Czeslaw Milosz

*CHES-wawf MEE-wawsh*

We were riding through frozen fields in a wagon at dawn.  
A red wing rose in the darkness.

And suddenly a hare ran across the road.  
One of us pointed to it with his hand.

That was long ago. Today neither of them is alive,  
Not the hare, nor the man who made the gesture.

O my love, where are they, where are they going  
The flash of a hand, streak of movement, rustle of pebbles.  
I ask not out of sorrow, but in wonder.

*Encounter*

by Czeslaw Milosz



# *Experiment **Degustatory*** – Ogden Nash

A **gourmet** challenged me to eat

A tiny bit of rattlesnake meat,

**Remarking**, “Don’t look **horror-stricken**.

You’ll find it tastes a lot like chicken.”

It did.

Now chicken I cannot eat,

Because it tastes like rattlesnake meat.

# *Experiment Degustatory* by Ogden Nash

