

## **Sprinter**

Vocals: Kalafina

Lyrics: Yuki Kajiura

By meeting you  
I saw a dream that won't come true  
that's eternity passed by only a second

I'm calling you wanting to protect you  
I embraced you with the fingers I extended  
still shaking

The things we can do is to only, to continue  
crying out  
that we're alive being unable to do anything  
until I lose strength, just that so  
will it reach you? Will I reach?  
Start running immediately by destroying the  
temptations of despair  
to beyond the spiral (world)

I'm calling with my song that's distant and  
struggling  
if I can turn your cheeks toward the sky  
I'm not alone...

Even in this mechanic heart, the naked reality  
(truth)  
was stuffed enough to overflow  
Waving to the yesterday that disappears at the  
speed of light  
to wherever on the bright desert  
we kick up time and run, now  
(Sprinter!)

By facing the wind and waving a torn flag  
on this path without you, for the sake of  
myself I  
move on...  
beyond the spiral (world)...

I want to see you  
I miss you  
I want to see you  
I hold you dear

I'm calling by going against the closing spiral  
us, who are crying and yelling are

Living, existing  
existing, right here...

Nakeeda L. Burns E 210-2

## **The Handmaids Tale**

by Margaret Atwood (Pg; 103)

I would like to steal something from this  
room. I would like to take some small thing,  
the scrolled ashtray, the little sliver pillbox  
from the mantel perhaps, or a dried flower:  
hide it in the folds of my dress or in my  
zippered sleeve, keep it there until this  
evening is over, secrete it in my room, under  
the bed, or in a shoe, or in a slit in the hard  
petit point FAITH cushion. Every once in a  
while I would take it out and look at it. It  
would make me feel that I have power.

## **Snow Flower and the Secret Fan**

by Lisa See (Pg; 60)

...Deep love—true-heart love- must grow.  
Back then I didn't yet understand the burning  
kind of love, so instead I thought about the  
rice paddies I used to see on my daily walks  
down to the river with my brother when I still  
had all my milk teeth. Maybe I could make  
our love grow like a farmer made his crop to  
grow--through hard work, unwavering will,  
and the blessings of nature. How funny that I  
can remember that even now! *Waaa!* I knew  
so little about life, but I knew enough to think  
like a farmer.

**Nakeeda L. Burns E 210-2**

**Let Go**

Vocals: Frou Frou

Lyrics: Imogen Heap, Guy Sigsworth

Drink up baby down  
Are you in or are you out?  
Leave your things behind  
'Cause it's all going off without you  
Excuse me too busy you're writing a tragedy  
These mess-ups  
You bubble-wrap  
When you've no idea what you're like

So, let go  
Jump in  
Oh well, what you waiting for?  
It's all right  
'Cause there's beauty in the breakdown  
So, let go  
Just get in  
Oh, it's so amazing here  
It's all right  
'Cause there's beauty in the breakdown

It gains the more it gives  
Then it rises with the fall  
so hand me that remote  
Can't you see that all that stuffs a side show

Such boundless pleasure  
We've no time for later now  
you can wait your own arrival  
We've twenty seconds to comply

So, let go  
Jump in  
Oh well, what you waiting for?  
It's all right  
'Cause there's beauty in the breakdown  
So, let go  
Just get in  
Oh, it's so amazing here  
It's all right  
'Cause there's beauty in the breakdown

**Phenomenal Woman**

By, Maya Angelou

Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.  
I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's  
size  
But when I start to tell them,  
They think I'm telling lies.  
I say,  
It's in the reach of my arms

The span of my hips,  
The stride of my step,  
The curl of my lips.  
I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.

I walk into a room  
Just as cool as you please,  
And to a man,  
The fellows stand or  
Fall down on their knees.  
Then they swarm around me,  
A hive of honey bees.  
I say,  
It's the fire in my eyes,  
And the flash of my teeth,  
The swing in my waist,  
And the joy in my feet.  
I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.

Men themselves have wondered  
What they see in me.  
They try so much  
But they can't touch  
My inner mystery.  
When I try to show them  
They say they still can't see.  
I say,  
It's in the arch of my back,  
The sun of my smile,  
The ride of my breasts,  
The grace of my style.  
I'm a woman

Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.

Now you understand  
Just why my head's not bowed.  
I don't shout or jump about  
Or have to talk real loud.  
When you see me passing  
It ought to make you proud.  
I say,  
It's in the click of my heels,  
The bend of my hair,  
the palm of my hand,  
The need of my care,  
'Cause I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman  
That's me.

Jen Harrington

A nail.  
A nickel.  
A snail.  
A pickle.  
A twisted-up  
slinky.  
A ring for  
my pinky.  
A blackened  
banana.  
A love note  
from Hannah.  
My doodles  
of rockets.  
The lint from  
my pockets.  
A fork-like  
utensil.  
But sorry...  
no pencil.

Kenny Nesbitt

*My Hippo Has the Hiccups*

"You buy furniture. You tell yourself, this is the last sofa I will ever need in my life. Buy the sofa, then for a couple years you're satisfied that no matter what goes wrong, at least you've got your sofa issue handled. Then the right set of dishes. Then the perfect bed. The drapes. The rug. Then you're trapped in your lovely nest, and the things you used to own, now they own you."

Chuck Palahniuk

*Fight Club*

My nostril smells awesome inside of my nose,  
a bit like the bloom of a newly-picked rose.  
It started this morning--I couldn't say why--  
and all day it's smelled like banana cream pie.

It has the aroma of freshly-baked bread  
with hot melted butter and blackberry spread,  
and maybe the breeze of a warm afternoon,  
that follows a thunderstorm early in June.

It smells like a pine forest, right by a lake,  
and chocolate chip cookies my mom likes to bake,  
like kettle corn pop-popping over a fire,  
and laundry, the moment it's out of the dryer.

My nostril smells awesome, so I have a plan

to sit and enjoy it as long as I can.  
Don't ask how it happened; I really can't say.  
Perhaps it's my finger that's smelling this way.

Kenny Nesbitt  
*My Hippo Has the Hiccups*

No matter what we do/no matter what we say/ we're the song inside the tune/ full of beautiful  
mistakes / and everywhere we go/ the sun will always shine/ and tomorrow we might awake on  
the other side

Christina Aguilera/Linda Perry

Because I could not stop for Death,  
He kindly stopped for me;  
The carriage held but just ourselves  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,  
And I had put away  
My labor, and my leisure too,  
For his civility.

We passed the school, where children strove  
At recess, in the ring;  
We passed the fields of gazing grain,  
We passed the setting sun.

Or rather, he passed us;  
The dews grew quivering and chill,  
For only gossamer my gown,  
My tippet only tulle.

We paused before a house that seemed  
A swelling of the ground;  
The roof was scarcely visible,  
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries, and yet each  
Feels shorter than the day  
I first surmised the horses' heads  
Were toward eternity.

Emily Dickinson

"On a large enough time line, the survival rate for everyone will drop to zero."  
*Fight Club*

Adrianna Campagna

Creative Writing MWF

**“A Long, Long Sleep” by Emily Dickinson**

A long, long sleep, a famous sleep  
That makes no show for dawn  
By stretch of limb or stir of lid, --  
An independent one.

Was ever idleness like this?  
Within a hut of stone  
To bask the centuries away  
Nor once look up for noon?

**Pink Floyd’s “Another Brick in the Wall Part 2” (Waters) 3:56**

We don't need no education We dont need no thought control  
No dark sarcasm in the classroom  
Teachers leave them kids alone Hey! Teachers! Leave them kids alone!  
All in all it's just another brick in the wall. All in all you're just another brick in the wall.

**Pink Floyd’s “Wish You Were Here” (Waters, Gilmour) 5:17**

So, so you think you can tell Heaven from Hell, Blue skys from pain.  
Can you tell a green field From a cold steel rail?  
A smile from a veil? Do you think you can tell?

**Kings of Leon “Closer” Lyrics**

Drivin' by the strangle of vain  
Showin' no mercy I'll do it again  
Open up your eyes  
You keep on crying, baby I'll <sup>weep</sup> you dry  
Skies are beneath me  
I see a storm bubbling up from the sea

9-11 by Lois

My whole world is falling down Nine one one, nine one one.

In smoke and debris our loved ones drown

Nine one one, we say.

Husbands, brothers, sons, and dads

Nine one one, nine one one,

Wives and sisters, daughters, moms,

All come to help that day.

Senseless deaths from hate and war,

Nine one one, nine one one,

In our homeland or yonder shore,

When will it go away?

Our children need us to be there,

Nine one, one, nine one, one,

To give them tender love and care that drives their fears away.

Ron Pritz Yanson  
Anthology

**You Found Me** lyrics  
The Fray

I found God  
On the corner of First and Amistad  
Where the west was all but won  
All alone  
Smoking his last cigarette  
I said, "Where have you been?"  
He said, "Ask anything"/

Where were you  
Where everything was falling apart?  
All my days were spent by the telephone  
It never rang  
And all I needed was a call  
It ever came  
To the corner of First and Amistad  
Lost and insecure  
You found me, you found me  
Lyin' on the floor  
Surrounded, surrounded  
Why'd you have to wait?  
Where were you? Where were you?  
Just a little late  
You found me, you found me

In the end  
Everyone ends up alone  
Losing her  
The only one who's ever known  
Who I am  
Who I'm not, who I wanna be  
No way to know  
How long she will be next to me

Lost and insecure  
You found me, you found me  
Lyin' on the floor  
Where were you? Where were you?  
Lost and insecure  
You found me, you found me  
Lyin' on the floor  
Surrounded, surrounded  
Why'd you have to wait?  
Where were you? Where were you?

Just a little late  
You found me, you found me

Early morning  
The city breaks  
I've been callin'  
For years and years and years and years  
And you never left me no messages  
Ya never send me no letters  
You got some kinda nerve  
Taking all my world

Lost and insecure  
You found me, you found me  
Lyin' on the floor  
Where were you? Where were you?  
Lost and insecure  
You found me, you found me  
Lyin' on the floor  
Surrounded, surrounded  
Why'd you have to wait?  
Where were you? Where were you?  
Just a little late  
You found me, you found me  
Why'd you have to wait?  
To find me, to find me

**Fire and Ice**  
Robert Frost

Some say the world will end in fire,  
Some say in ice.  
From what I've tasted of desire  
I hold with those who favor fire,  
But if it had to perish twice,  
I think I know enough of hate  
To say that for destruction ice  
Is also great  
And would suffice.

**Ron Pritz Yanson  
Anthology**

**1000 Words lyrics**  
Sweetbox

I know that you're hiding things  
Using gentle words to shelter me  
Your words were like a dream  
But dreams could never fool me  
Not that easily

I acted so distant then  
Didn't say goodbye before you left  
But I was listening  
You'll fight your battle far from me  
Far too easily

"Save your tears 'cause I'll come back"  
I could hear that you whispered as you  
walked through that door  
But still I swore to hide the pain when I turn  
back the pages  
Shouting might have been the answer  
What if I'd cried my eyes out and begged  
you not to depart?  
But now I'm not afraid to say what's in my  
heart

**Though a thousand words  
Have never been spoken  
They'll fly to you  
Crossing over the time and distance holding  
you  
Suspended on silver wings**

**And a thousand words  
One thousand confessions  
Will cradle you  
Making all of the pain you feel seem far  
away  
They'll hold you forever**

**The dream isn't over yet  
Though I often say I can forget  
I still relive that day  
You've been there with me all the way  
I still hear you say**

"Wait for me, I'll write you letters"  
I could see how you stammered with your  
eyes to the floor  
But still I swore to hide the doubt when I  
turn back the pages  
Anger might have been the answer  
What if I'd hung my head and said I  
couldn't wait?  
But now I'm strong enough to know its not  
too late

**'Cause a thousand words  
Call out through the ages  
They'll fly to you  
Even though I can't see, I know they're  
reaching you  
Suspended on silver wings**

**Oh, a thousand words  
One thousand embraces  
Will cradle you  
Making all of your weary dreams so far  
away  
They'll hold you forever**

**Oh, a thousand words  
Have never been spoken  
They'll fly to you  
They'll carry you home and back into my  
arms  
Suspended on silver wings ohhhh**

**And a thousand words  
Call out through the ages  
They'll cradle you  
Turning all of the lonely years to only days  
They'll hold you forever  
Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh  
A Thousand Words**

**Ron Pritz Yanson**  
**Anthology**

**All That is Gold Does Not Glitter**

John Ronald Reuel Tolkien

All that is gold does not glitter.  
Not all those who wander are lost:  
The old that is strong does not wither.  
Deep roots are not reached by the frost.  
From the ashes a fire shall be woken.  
A light from the shadows shall spring:  
Renewed shall be blade that was broken.  
The crownless again shall be king.

**What if God was one of us lyrics**

Joan Osborne

If God had a name, what would it be  
And would you call it to his face  
If you were faced with him in all his glory  
What would you ask if you had just one  
question

And yeah yeah God is great yeah yeah God  
is good  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

**What if God was one of us?**  
**Just a slob like one of us**  
**Just a stranger on the bus**  
**Trying to make his way home**

**If God had a face what would it look like?**  
**And would you want to see**  
**If seeing meant that**  
**you would have to believe**  
**in things like heaven and in Jesus and the**  
**saints and all the prophets (\*)**

And yeah yeah God is great yeah yeah God  
is good

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

**What if God was one of us**  
**Just a slob like one of us**  
**Just a stranger on the bus**  
**Trying to make his way home**  
**He's trying to make his way home**  
**Back up to heaven all alone**  
**Nobody calling on the phone**  
**Except for the pope maybe in Rome**

And yeah yeah God is great yeah yeah God  
is good

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

**What if God was one of us**  
**Just a slob like one of us**  
**Just a stranger on the bus**  
**Trying to make his way home**  
**Like a holy rolling ston**  
**Back up to heaven all alone**  
**Just trying to make his way home**  
**Nobody calling on the phone**  
**except for the Pope maybe in Rome(\*)**

Bethany Chisholm  
9/13/09  
ENG201  
Class Anthology

**i carry your heart with me**

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in  
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere  
i go you go,my dear; and whatever is done  
by only me is your doing,my darling)  
i fear  
no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want  
no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)  
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant  
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows  
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud  
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows  
higher than the soul can hope or mind can hide)  
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)

e.e. cummings

**This is Just to Say**

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.

William Carlos Williams

Bethany Chisholm  
9/13/09  
ENG201  
Class Anthology

**Hazel Tells Laverne**

last night  
im cleanin out my  
howard johnsons ladies room  
when all of a sudden  
up pops this frog  
musta come from the sewer  
swimmin aroun and tryin ta  
climb up the sida the bowl  
so i goes ta flushm down  
but sohhelpmegod he starts talkin  
bout a golden ball  
an how i can be a princess  
me a princess  
well my mouth drops  
all the way to the floor  
an he says  
kiss me just kiss me  
once on the nose  
well i screams  
ya little green pervert  
an i hitsm with my mop  
an has ta flush  
the toilet three times  
me  
a princess  
--Katharyn Howd Machan

Bethany Chisholm  
9/13/09  
ENG201  
Class Anthology

**“This is the First Day of my Life”**

This is the first day of my life  
I swear I was born right in the doorway  
I went out in the rain suddenly everything changed  
They're spreading blankets on the beach

Yours is the first face that I saw  
I think I was blind before I met you  
Now I don't know where I am  
I don't know where I've been  
But I know where I want to go

And so I thought I'd let you know  
That these things take forever  
I especially am slow  
But I realize that I need you  
And I wondered if I could come home

Remember the time you drove all night  
Just to meet me in the morning  
And I thought it was strange you said everything changed  
You felt as if you'd just woke up  
And you said “this is the first day of my life  
I'm glad I didn't die before I met you  
But now I don't care I could go anywhere with you  
And I'd probably be happy”

So if you want to be with me  
With these things there's no telling  
We just have to wait and see  
But I'd rather be working for a paycheck  
Than waiting to win the lottery  
Besides maybe this time is different  
I mean I really think you like me

-Bright Eyes

Bethany Chisholm  
9/13/09  
ENG201  
Class Anthology

**My Papa's Waltz**

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  
Slid from the kitchen shelf;  
My mother's countenance  
Could not unfrown itself.

The hand that held my wrist  
Was battered on one knuckle;  
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  
Still clinging to your shirt.

-Theodore Roethke

**From Pride and Prejudice**

Elizabeth was much too embarrassed to say a word. After a short pause, her companion added, "You are too generous to trifle with me. If your feelings are still what they were last April, tell me so at once. My affections and wishes are unchanged, but one word from you will silence me on this subject forever." Elizabeth feeling all the more than common awkwardness and anxiety of his situation, now forced herself to speak; and immediately, though not very fluently, gave him to understand, that her sentiments had undergone so material a change, since the period to which he alluded, as to make her receive with gratitude and pleasure, his present assurances

Class Anthology Pieces

Mothers and Daughters

The arm-in-arm-mother-daughter-stroll  
in villages and shopping malls  
evenings and weekends  
the walk-talk slow,  
arm-in-arm  
    around the world.

Sometimes they feed one another  
memories sweet as hot bread  
and lemon tea. Sometimes it's mother-stories  
the young one can't remember:

"When you were new, I'd nest you  
in one arm, while I cooked,  
whisper, what am I to do with you?"

Sometimes it's tug  
-of-war that started in the womb  
the fight for space  
the sharp jab deep inside  
as the weight shifts,  
arm-in-arm  
    around the world

always the bodytalk thick,  
always the recipes  
hints for feeding  
more with loss.

By Pat Mora

Fear

Today the ghetto knows a different fear,  
Close in its grip, Death wields an icy scythe.  
An evil sickness spreads a terror in its wake,  
The victims of its shadow weep and writhe.

Today a father's heartbeat tells his fright  
And mothers end their heads into their hands.  
Now children choke and die with typhus here,  
A bitter tax is taken from their bands.

My heart still beats inside my breast  
While friends depart for other worlds.  
Perhaps it's better --- who can say? ---  
Than watching this, to die today?

No, no, my God, we want to live!  
Not watch our numbers melt away.  
We want to have a better world,  
We want to work---we must not die!

By Eva Pickova, 12 years old, Terezin Concentration Camp  
Translated from the Czech by Jeanne Nemcova

Touched By an Angel

We, unaccustomed to courage  
exiles from delight  
live coiled in shells of loneliness  
until love leaves its high holy temple  
and comes into our sight  
to liberate us into life.

Love arrives  
and in its train come ecstasies  
old memories of pleasure  
ancient histories of pain.  
Yet if we are bold,  
love strike away the chains of fear  
from our souls.

We are weaned from our timidity  
In the flush of love's light  
we dare be brave  
And suddenly we see  
that love costs all we are  
and will ever be.  
Yet it is only love  
which sets us free.

By Maya Angelou

Where the Sidewalk Ends

There is a place where the sidewalk ends  
And before the street begins,  
And there the grass grows soft and white,  
And there the sun burns crimson bright,  
And there the moon-bird rests from his flight  
To cool in the peppermint wind.

Let us leave this place where the smoke blows black  
And the dark street winds and bends.  
Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow  
We shall walk with a walk that is measured and slow,  
And watch where the chalk-white arrows go  
To the place where the sidewalk ends.

Yes we'll walk with a walk that is measured and slow,  
And we'll go where the chalk-white arrows go,  
For the children, the mark, and the children, the know  
The place where the sidewalk ends.

By Shel Silverstein

Woman

She, the river  
said to him, the sea:

All my life  
I've been dissolving myself  
and flowing towards you  
for your sake  
in the end it was I  
who turned into the sea  
a woman's gift  
is as large as the sky  
but you went on  
worshipping yourself  
you never thought  
of becoming a river  
and merging  
with me

By Hira Bansode  
Translated from the Marathi by Vinay Dharwadker

Elizabeth Seawright  
English 210 Section 2  
14 September 2009  
Professor Stenta

"Three Novels I won't write soon" by Margaret Atwood (from The Tent)

1. WORM ZERO

In this novel all the worms die. That would include the nematodes. Also anything wormlike in shape, though it may not be a worm proper. Should grubs be included? Should maggots? I'll know better once I get thoroughly into this thing. Worms, anyway. Those in the earth, and those in the water. Those inside fish. Those inside dogs. Those inside people, such as pinworms, roundworms, and tapeworms. They die, each and every one. It's not all downside. Or it's not all downside at first. But quite soon - because the earthworms are now defunct, and that's important - the soil is no longer circulating in the usual fashion. Worm dung is no longer extruded at the surface, wormholes no longer allow rain to penetrate. Valuable nutrients remain sealed in layers of subsoil. Formerly productive fields turn to granite. Crops become stunted and then won't grow at all. Famine gets going.

Who shall we follow in the course of this doleful story? I vote for Chris and Amanda. They are a nice young couple who've had great sex in Chapter One, or possibly Chapter Two. Then realization has dawned on them, ruining their plans to renovate their kitchen and install a new round eco-friendly refrigerator that pops up out of the kitchen counter. They flee to their summer cottage, as civic order breaks down in the once-thriving town where they live and people start eating their cats and goldfish and the dried ornamental sunflowers in their living room arrangements. Amanda who is the optimist of the pair, tries to grow some Tiny Tim tomatoes in the pathetic little patch of ground they once only used for petunias. Chris is a realist. He looks disaster squarely in its wormless face. (Yes - it's come to me! - the maggots have perished as well, which explains the various animal carcasses littering the cottage premises, gnawed on by crows and such, but not cleaned up neatly the way maggots would have done it.) Last scene: Amanda is trying to poke holes in the flint-hard soil with a knitting needle. Chris comes out of the house. He has a cup containing their last scrapings of decaf instant coffee. "At least we're together," says Amanda. Or should I have Chris yell, "where are you, fucking worms, when we need you most?" Maybe Amanda should yell it. That would be unexpected and might show that her character has developed. Now that this has happened - this cathartic, revealing, and somehow inspiriting yell - a small, still-wriggling worm might be discovered in the corner of the garden, copulating with itself. It would sound a note of plangent hope. I always like to end on those

"I, Too" 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.

"No Children" The Mountain Goats

I hope that our few remaining friends give up on trying to save us  
I hope we come up with a fail-safe plot to piss off the dumb few that forgave us.  
I hope the fences we mended, fall down beneath their own weight  
and I hope we hang on past the last exit I hope it's already too late  
And I hope the junkyard a few blocks from here someday burns down.  
And I hope that the rising black smoke carries me far away and I never come back to  
this town again. In my life. I hope I lie. And tell everyone you were a good wife.  
And I hope you die. I hope we both die.

I hope I cut myself shaving tomorrow. I hope it bleeds all day long.  
Our friends say it's darkest before the sun rises. We're pretty sure they're all  
wrong.  
I hope it stays dark forever. I hope the worst isn't over. I hope you blink before I  
do.  
And I hope I never get sober.  
And I hope when you think of me years down the line you can't find one good thing to  
say.  
And I'd hope that if I found the strength to walk out, you'd stay the hell out of my  
way.  
I am drowning. There is no sign of land. You are coming down with me. Hand in  
unloveable hand. And I hope you die. I hope we both die.

"shredder sequel" Little wings

The shredder's skate ramp will be spared, but he'll have to cut his long hair. And  
the tennis that he used to wear will so soon be replaced by two soles made out of  
air. And though it's just been a short while his maneuvers have gone out of style.  
His shorts are too short year for sure he was wild but they kids today laugh when  
they see that the shredder is not what he was. His buddies believe it's because the  
last spill left him shook up. He's had enough. Concrete's unkind. He sadly sighs.  
Behind the wheel of his hatchback he cries:

All of my buddies have fled, and now it's alone that I shred. I drive around  
everyday listening to music I already have in my head. These cul de sacs still have  
their ways with my heart at the end of the day. And I act like I don't hear a thing  
when I ride by the parking lot and I hear them say that the shredder is not what he  
seems. when he's frightened he casually leans. He'll knock all the skin off his  
knees right before he brushes the dirt that doesn't hurt but he's got he's got tears  
in his eyes when he sleeps. Tears in his eyes when he sleeps.

"The Swim Team" Miranda July from No One Belongs Here more than You

This story won't be very long, because the amazing thing about that year was  
that almost nothing happened. The citizens of Belvedere thought my name was Maria. I  
never said it was Maria, but somehow this got started, and I was overwhelmed by the  
task of telling all three people my real name. These three people were named  
Elizabeth, Kelda and Jack Jack. I don't know why Jack twice, and I'm not completely  
sure about the name Kelda, but that's what it sounded like, and that's the sound I  
made when I called her name. I knew these people because I gave them swimming  
lessons. This is the real meat of my story because of course there are no bodies of  
water near Belvedere and no pools...

...I taught them all the strokes I knew. The butterfly was just incredible, like  
nothing you've ever seen. I thought the kitchen floor would give in and turn to  
liquid and away they would go, with Jack Jack in the lead. He was precocious, to say  
the least. He actually moved across the floor, bowl of salt water and all. He'd come  
pounding back into the kitchen from a bedroom lap, covered with sweat and dust, and  
Kelda would look up at him, holding her book in both hands, and just beam. Swim to

me, he'd say, but she was too scared and it actually takes a huge amount of upper-body strength to swim on land...  
...It was just two hours a week, but all the other hours were in support of those two. On Tuesday and Thursday mornings, I'd wake up and think: Swim Practice. On the other mornings, I'd wake up and think: No Swim Practice. When I saw one of my students around town say, at the gas station or the store, I'd say something like: Have you been practicing that needle-nose dive? And they would respond: I'm working on it, Coach! I know it's hard for you to imagine me as someone called "Coach." I had a very different identity in Belvedere, that's why it was so difficult to talk about it with you. I never had a boyfriend there; I didn't make art, I wasn't artistic at all, I was kind of a jock. I was totally a jock - I was the coach of a swim team. If I had thought this would be at all interesting to you I would have told you earlier, and maybe we would still be going out. It's been three hours since I ran into you at the bookstore with the woman in the white coat. What a fabulous white coat. You are obviously completely happy and fulfilled already, even though we only broke up about two weeks ago. I wasn't even totally sure we were broken up until I saw you with her. You seem incredibly faraway to me, like something on the other side of a lake. A dot so small that it isn't male or female or young or old; it is just smiling. Who I miss now, tonight? Is Elizabeth, Kelda, and Jack Jack. They are dead, of this I can be sure. What a tremendously sad feeling. I must be the saddest swim coach in all of history.

Andrew Moawad  
Engl 210  
Anthology

**Shel Silverstein - Picture Puzzle Piece**

One picture puzzle piece  
Lyin' on the sidewalk,  
One picture puzzle piece  
Soakin' in the rain,  
It might be a button of blue  
On the coat of the woman  
Who lived in a shoe,  
It might be a magical bean,  
Or a fold in the red  
Velvet robe of a queen,  
It might be the one little bite  
Of the apple her stepmother  
Gave to Snow White,  
It might be the veil of a bride  
Or a bottle with some evil genie inside,  
It might be a small tuft of hair  
On the big bouncy belly  
Of Bobo the Bear,  
It might be a bit of the cloak  
Of the Witch of the West  
As she melted to smoke,  
It might be a shadowy trace  
Of a tear that runs down an angel's face,  
Nothing has more possibilities  
Than one old wet picture puzzle piece.

**Walt Whitman - O Captain! My Captain!**

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
    But O heart! heart! heart!  
    O the bleeding drops of red,  
    Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
    Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells; Rise up--for you the flag is flung--for  
you the bugle trills, For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths--for you the shores  
a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning:  
Here Captain! dear father!  
This arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream that on the deck  
You've fallen cold and dead.

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still, My father does not feel my arm,  
he has no pulse nor will, The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and  
done, From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;  
Exult, O shores, and ring O bells!  
But I, with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

**Bob Dylan - Positively 4th Street**

You got a lotta nerve  
To say you are my friend  
When I was down  
You just stood there grinning

You got a lotta nerve  
To say you got a helping hand to lend  
You just want to be on  
The side that's winning

You say I let you down  
You know it's not like that  
If you're so hurt  
Why then don't you show it

You say you lost your faith  
But that's not where it's at  
You had no faith to lose  
And you know it

I know the reason  
That you talk behind my back  
I used to be among the crowd  
You're in with

Do you take me for such a fool  
To think I'd make contact  
With the one who tries to hide  
What he don't know to begin with

You see me on the street  
You always act surprised  
You say, "How are you?" "Good luck"  
But you don't mean it

When you know as well as me  
You'd rather see me paralyzed  
Why don't you just come out once  
And scream it

No, I do not feel that good  
When I see the heartbreaks you embrace  
If I was a master thief  
Perhaps I'd rob them

And now I know you're dissatisfied  
With your position and your place  
Don't you understand  
It's not my problem

I wish that for just one time  
You could stand inside my shoes  
And just for that one moment  
I could be you

Yes, I wish that for just one time  
You could stand inside my shoes  
You'd know what a drag it is  
To see you

**Emily Dickinson - Because I could not stop for Death**

Because I could not stop for Death  
He kindly stopped for me  
The Carriage held but just Ourselves  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste  
And I had put away  
My labor and my leisure too,  
For his civility

We passed the School, where Children strove  
At recess in the ring  
We passed the fields of gazing grain

We passed the setting sun.

Or rather, he passed us  
The dews drew quivering and chill  
For only Gossamer, my gown  
My tippet only tulle.

We paused before a house that seemed  
A swelling of the ground  
The roof was scarcely visible  
The cornice in the ground.

Since then 'tis centuries and yet  
Feels shorter than the day  
I first surmised the horses' heads  
Were toward eternity.

### **Jack Prelutsky - Be Glad Your Nose is on Your Face**

Be glad your nose is on your face,  
not pasted on some other place,  
for if it were where it is not,  
you might dislike your nose a lot.

Imagine if your precious nose  
were sandwiched in between your toes,  
that clearly would not be a treat,  
for you'd be forced to smell your feet.

Your nose would be a source of dread  
were it attached atop your head,  
it soon would drive you to despair,<sup>3</sup>  
forever tickled by your hair.

Within your ear, your nose would be  
an absolute catastrophe,  
for when you were obliged to sneeze,  
your brain would rattle from the breeze.

Your nose, instead, through thick and thin,  
remains between your eyes and chin,  
not pasted on some other place  
be glad your nose is on your face!