

Poem in Your Pocket Day

April 27, 2017

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.

Since 2016, 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 across 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 throughout the year!

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 choose 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 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.)

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 for your employees or coworkers to gather and share a meal, as well as their favorite poems by reading them 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 in this guide, you'll find thousands more at www.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 card 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 & Canadian Poets

Grief Without Fantasy by Ronna Bloom

Self-Composed by George Elliott Clarke

Work by Lorna Crozier

Ars Poetica 3 by Amanda Earl

Wish List by Heidi Garnett

The Red Poppy by Louise Glück

Boy and Lawn by Catherine Graham

Dorothy and the First Tornado by Julie Cameron Gray

Remember by Joy Harjo

Here and There by Juan Felipe Herrera

Cotton Candy by Edward Hirsch

The Weighing by Jane Hirshfield

Like Sleeping Dogs by Cornelia Hoogland

The Moment by Marie Howe

cat and door by Doyali Islam

First the Children Stopped Asking for a Ride by Claire Kelly

'Round Midnight by D. A. Lockhart

Big Data on February 8th (A found poem in an e-mail inbox) by Canisia Lubrin

Lyric by Khaled Mattawa

Variation on a Theme *by W. S. Merwin*

Burning the Old Year *by Naomi Shihab Nye*

The Dogs at Live Oak Beach, Santa Cruz *by Alicia Ostriker*

African Masks *by Ayaz Pirani*

Springing *by Marie Ponsot*

Silvija *by Sandra Ridley*

When Giving Is All We Have *by Alberto Ríos*

The Owl *by Arthur Sze*

Poster *by Souvankham Thammavongsa*

Eleventh Brother *by Jean Valentine*

Imaginary Morning Glory *by C. D. Wright*

My Accent *by Anna Yin*

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

Grief Without Fantasy

Ronna Bloom

What I lost
was not going to happen.

I had
what happened.

There was no more.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

Self-Composed

George Elliott Clarke

It's today
That I can see
Daisies play
At being me.

Beaming gold,
They bend and sway—
Limber, bold,
Anarchic, gay.

Holding out
Their leaves like hands,
They don't shout
Or make demands.

They're quiet,
Quite, but not shy:
Their riot
Is their beauty.

If I seem
A weed to some
Eyes, I dream—
And flower I am.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

Work

Lorna Crozier

Lucky the ones who work with animals close by,
the girl who gets up early—even at that hour
dust worrying the grass—before she goes to school
(this is my mother's story) and pumps three hundred strokes
to fill the trough, two brown mares waiting at the gate,
their nostrils flaring with the smell of water from the well
and the smell of her all those mornings, until she is also
what they drink.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

Ars Poetica 3

Amanda Earl

A poem, not all poems, but some poems, or maybe just this poem is uncertain, it falters. A poem crawls on its belly out of shadow, but avoids full-on sunshine. A poem is made from ashes, nightmare, solitude, erasure, the unknown. It names itself or it doesn't. A poem cannot fully articulate or understand the pattern of synapses made by the brain. A poem is a long sentence or a line or a group of lines or a school of images, a fish that swims through uncertain waters. A poem overflows with metaphor or doesn't. You can write a poem. You're allowed to write a poem because you are. There is no reason. A poem is something in your own voice. You don't even have to call it a poem. It belongs to Poetry or it doesn't. A poem is concrete or it isn't. It uses abstraction or plays with cliché or doesn't. It negotiates white space on a page and navigates the air. It is a linguistic gymnast or it's clumsy, it stumbles, it is a blind fumbler in a sky empty of stars. A poem is a way to communicate with others in a language that comes from a deep place inside you. A poem is made of words that are mined like precious stones or unearthed like buried treasure. A poem is pain gently exposed to the dawn, it paints the sky red. It is brave of you to write a poem. To share it with others. Somewhere someone is reading your poem right now and understands just how you feel.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

Wish List

Heidi Garnett

I want to meet a blue parakeet that reads the future
pulling Tarot cards with one delicate outstretched foot,
the hanged man uncovered. I want to own a Corvette,
a 1960 red and white convertible hardtop
and drive around town with my dog Bud. I want
to write love poems as if world peace depends on them. I want
to shape each day like a clump of clay
until it becomes what my hands remember. I want
to see the turnings of things, who and where we already are,
light rising again in the east, the moon
climbing into the world through a trapdoor each night,
my attic a place of worship. I want to see a white-tailed deer
gazing at an inverted image of itself in a frozen lake
and just once the clearly marked tracks of a bobcat
breaking new snow. I want to go home
as if I never left. Like the sun I want to enter
through one door and leave by another.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

The Red Poppy

Louise Glück

The great thing
is not having
a mind. Feelings:
oh, I have those; they
govern me. I have
a lord in heaven
called the sun, and open
for him, showing him
the fire of my own heart, fire
like his presence.
What could such glory be
if not a heart? Oh my brothers and sisters,
were you like me once, long ago,
before you were human? Did you
permit yourselves
to open once, who would never
open again? Because in truth
I am speaking now
the way you do. I speak
because I am shattered.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

Boy and Lawn

Catherine Graham

When I close my eyes I see
the weeds through his head.

Clover. Dandelion. Wild carrot.
Daisy. I wanted every day

to be Saturday, for the grass
to grow high like the waiting

inside me. Dad paid the boy
to mow. I watched him

turn aisles through my
bedroom window. His glasses

thick and black. I saw
those eyes close up. Green

hovered between us
like the spears on his grave.

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Dorothy and the First Tornado

Julie Cameron Gray

The sky is greening, foaming
like the top of a bubbling pot.
And look, see how the clouds

climb down to dance with us?
How the animals rush up to meet
them, and conduct the thrashing sounds?

The clouds want to circle
on their own, thick rounds
across the fields, growing near.

Shingles, rakes, shovels through
the air—so many things
learning to fly, or could they do

this all along? Come down
from the sky, you silly cows.
Come back to the barn, blown open.

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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.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

Here and There

Juan Felipe Herrera

I sit and meditate—my dog licks her paws
on the red-brown sofa
so many things somehow
it all is reduced to numbers letters figures
without faces or names only jagged lines
across the miles half-shadows
going into shadow-shadow then destruction the infinite light

here and there cannot be overcome
it is the first drop of ink

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

Cotton Candy

Edward Hirsch

We walked on the bridge over the Chicago River
for what turned out to be the last time,
and I ate cotton candy, that sugary air,
that sweet blue light spun out of nothingness.
It was just a moment, really, nothing more,
but I remember marveling at the sturdy cables
of the bridge that held us up
and threading my fingers through the long
and slender fingers of my grandfather,
an old man from the Old World
who long ago disappeared into the nether regions.
And I remember that eight-year-old boy
who had tasted the sweetness of air,
which still clings to my mouth
and disappears when I breathe.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

The Weighing

Jane Hirshfield

The heart's reasons
seen clearly,
even the hardest
will carry
its whip-marks and sadness
and must be forgiven.

As the drought-starved
eland forgives
the drought-starved lion
who finally takes her,
enters willingly then
the life she cannot refuse,
and is lion, is fed,
and does not remember the other.

So few grains of happiness
measured against all the dark
and still the scales balance.

The world asks of us
only the strength we have and we give it.
Then it asks more, and we give it.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

Like Sleeping Dogs

Cornelia Hoogland

cars
nose the neighbour's house—
their wet snouts pointed

with light. It's the moon's
doing, milking
everything with such

cinematic fill

that shadow is
reduced to corners, to
snapping at heels.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

The Moment

Marie Howe

Oh, the coming-out-of-nowhere moment

when, nothing

happens

no what-have-I-to-do-today list

maybe half a moment

the rush of traffic stops.

The whirl of I should be, I should be, I should be

slows to silence,

the white cotton curtains hanging still.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

cat and door

Doyali Islam

For poncho

one night, as i came in, the brightened hall
opened to him / / he saw, almost dared
to stride, sensed his limits, and his eyes were wide.

i shut the door. so there he crouches,
a creature in my mind, bent after new thought.

was it inevitable, the key thrust,
the turn? i remember his pleasure at

a bird's call / her *ti-litt ti-litt* / how all
of him leapt like light to light returning.
darkness soon curtailed, curtailed, his vision.
was it a dutiful hand or a cruel
master who gave glimpse of that golden wing?
did he live by it, or die by it?
solidness suddenly a hushed measure—

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

First the Children Stopped Asking for a Ride

Claire Kelly

Based on Lisa Brawn's art project Helios.

When you coat me with silver leaf
and loose me on the prairies
stripped of the faded-paint saddle
that was all I knew of permanence.
Mice in their soft nests heaved into the cold.
Wasp nests smoked and scraped out,
my head hollow as the bromides I tell myself.
What buzzes my core now, only wind.

I once thought the coins
in my jingle-jangle belly
were my comrades, but they never stayed,
palmed hand to hand. Someone once
stuck tasteless gum behind my left ear
like a kiss. Now that's gone too.

What next, where bison ranged
and where the sun tries to sink
its silly-wolf teeth into me?
Where I'm empowered but untouched, play-
thing, now art. A finicky relic haunted
by children's boisterous voices.
Rays bouncing off like *whatever you say*
bounces off meee and sticks to youuu?

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

'Round Midnight

D. A. Lockhart

The scene opens with fireflies
above an Indiana pond and rain
falling against leaves like hot shrapnel.

And you, alone with your pack of sparklers,
you with thoughts of Wes Montgomery,
sometime around midnight,

And you humming to the flickers
of those fireflies because they are tied
to the shrapnel and the four-four time.

And you know that this scene is a place
you've been before because at the rock candy
core of America we have all been here before.

And alone, you hum that guitar riff, hum it
as if you have played in every window-less
bar room in 1950's Indiana Avenue Indianapolis.

And though you are nothing less than decades
late for that, your crystalized sugar core wants
to play happy to your vigil at this Indiana pond.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

Big Data on February 8th *(A found poem in an e-mail inbox)*

Canisia Lubrin

—Final hours, Hudson's bay extra
Secrets off your tickets
For Literature Matters, this confirms your order
Still early so reset your common globe
Save trouble viewing thieves in your address book
As podcasts abandon their smugglers

On Wednesday January eleventh twenty seventeen
Lost in the cold, the code. People looking at your LinkedIn profile

In February, an eighth of a sound as Obama says goodbye for good in group
email: off with your favourite scents. A piece on finishing a book, a name
or a woman's trouble viewing. Wonder
who assigned your mobile device in the honest company
of the original Tintin?

The beautiful beginnings you can read on your iPad
For fifty percent off, If you cannot see this email,
Save an extra fifteen on gas. Free shipping on us for being
A loyal member liked one of your tweets, stories from Canada
& the world to come & add to your address book: see how well
You stand out from the crowd—

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

Lyric

Khaled Mattawa

Will answers be found
like seeds
planted among rows of song?

Will mouths recognize
the hunger
in their voices, all mouths in unison,

the ah in harmony, the way words
of hope are more
than truth when whispered?

Will we turn to each other and ask,
how long
has it been...how long since?

A world now, a world then
and each
is seeking a foothold, trying

to remember when we looked
at one another
and found—A world again—Surely

what we long for is at the wheel
contending.

Surely, we'll soon hear
its unearthly groan.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

Variation on a Theme

W. S. Merwin

Thank you my life long afternoon
late in this spring that has no age
my window above the river
for the woman you led me to
when it was time at last the words
coming to me out of mid-air
that carried me through the clear day
and come even now to find me
for old friends and echoes of them
those mistakes only I could make
homesickness that guides the plovers
from somewhere they had loved before
they knew they loved it to somewhere
they had loved before they saw it
thank you good body hand and eye
and the places and moments known
only to me revisiting
once more complete just as they are
and the morning stars I have seen
and the dogs who are guiding me

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

Burning the Old Year

Naomi Shihab Nye

Letters swallow themselves in seconds.
Notes friends tied to the doorknob,
transparent scarlet paper,
sizzle like moth wings,
marry the air.

So much of any year is flammable,
lists of vegetables, partial poems.
Orange swirling flame of days,
so little is a stone.

Where there was something and suddenly isn't,
an absence shouts, celebrates, leaves a space.
I begin again with the smallest numbers.

Quick dance, shuffle of losses and leaves,
only the things I didn't do
crackle after the blazing dies.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

The Dogs at Live Oak Beach, Santa Cruz

Alicia Ostriker

As if there could be a world
Of absolute innocence
In which we forget ourselves

The owners throw sticks
And half-bald tennis balls
Toward the surf
And the happy dogs leap after them
As if catapulted—

Black dogs, tan dogs,
Tubes of glorious muscle—

Pursuing pleasure
More than obedience
They race, skid to a halt in the wet sand,
Sometimes they'll plunge straight into
The foaming breakers

Like diving birds, letting the green turbulence
Toss them, until they snap and sink

Teeth into floating wood
Then bound back to their owners
Shining wet, with passionate speed
For nothing,
For absolutely nothing but joy.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

African Masks

Ayaz Pirani

As a kid I'd hate to lose my way
to the drawers of Ornithology or African masks.

I didn't fancy the Mesa blankets
and said no to all the Walks of Tears, of Fears, of Hunger.

Best was to find myself in the Ice Cream Shop
or Gift Shop,

the white people's diorama
in which they do not disappear from the Earth.

I still don't like pinned butterflies
and pieces of petrified forest you take home in your pockets.

I don't need to see the sunken treasure
brought to dry land.

It's like if there's a gem
on the Queen of England's crown that I know

belongs to my bride,
you won't see me just reach out and take it.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

Springing

Marie Ponsot

In a skiff on a sunrisen lake we are watchers.

Swimming aimlessly is luxury just as walking
loudly up a shallow stream is.

As we lean over the deep well, we whisper.

Friends at hearths are drawn to the one warm air;
strangers meet on beaches drawn to the one wet sea.

What wd it be to be water, one body of water
(what water is is another mystery) (We are
water divided.) It wd be a self without walls,
with surface tension, specific gravity a local
exchange between bedrock and cloud of falling and rising,
rising to fall, falling to rise.

(1962)

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

Silvija

Sandra Ridley

—*an excerpt*

(Wakeful bareness) / we've seen you of this place

As the raw—such / denial / undiscerned as an echo

Unsought and left behind / the ghosted / skyward

As the essential / sylph / shadow / detached from

A great shade / shale eyes / released to darkening

Night / only you are present when the heart stops.

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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.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

The Owl

Arthur Sze

The path was purple in the dusk.
I saw an owl, perched,
on a branch.

And when the owl stirred, a fine dust
fell from its wings. I was
silent then. And felt

the owl quaver. And at dawn, waking,
the path was green in the
May light.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

Poster

Souvankham Thammavongsa

We used to have this poster on the wall. It was an advertisement for Minute Maid. A row of orange groves. It went on top of billboards and was sealed inside the glass of bus shelters. The poster gave my parents a different view than the one we had outside our window. We had only snow and the exhaust pipe from a car parked just outside. It was made of paper that didn't tear. Even if you tried. From afar, the blue in the sky and the green on the ground looked uniform. Up close, they were together a thousand little dots. The blue was made of blue, but the green was of bits of blue and yellow arranged on top of each other. The yellow came first and then the blue. It was the distant looking that brought them together, that filled the space between them. This poster was our future looking in on us, but we didn't see. We didn't see how inside it would be my mother picking oranges in those fields. Her nails cut short, dirt underneath quarter-moon shaped. And her hair would feel like straw and half her face would sag from a stroke. She says not to think on too much of it, she can't taste anything on one side except bitterness.

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Poem in Your Pocket Day

Eleventh Brother

Jean Valentine

Rone arm still a swan's wing
The worst had happened before: love—before
I knew it was mine—
turned into a wild
swan and flew
across the rough water

Outsider seedword
until I die
I will be open to you as an egg
speechless red.

national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Imaginary Morning Glory

C. D. Wright

Whether or not the water was freezing. The body
would break its sheathe. Without layer on layer
of feather and air to insulate the loving belly.

A cloudy film surrounding the point of entry. If blue
were not blue how could love be love. But if the body
were made of rings. A loose halo would emerge
in the telluric light. If anyone were entrusted to verify
this rare occurrence. As the petal starts to
dwindle and curl unto itself. And only then. Love,
blue. Hallucinogenic blue, love.

national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

My Accent

Anna Yin

It is charming.
I assure you,
I assure myself;
and choose to believe so.

Languages have colors.
I want to show you my tender blue.
But you cut off with fork and knife,
quicker than my chopstick taps.

My accent grows trees,
trails and winding roads to
westcoast landscape.
It points to the open sky;
yet clouds are too heavy
and form raindrops.

My papers collect them
then dry in silence.
I have hesitated many times
before speaking;
now it develops teeth.
Even with gaps between,
I decide
...this is my voice.

national poetry month

Contributors' Notes

Ronna Bloom has published five books of poetry, most recently *Cloudy with a Fire in the Basement* (Pedlar Press, 2012), shortlisted for the ReLit Award. She is currently poet in residence at Mount Sinai Hospital in Toronto. Bloom developed Rx for Poetry, for which she prescribes poems on the spot and takes them to hospital waiting rooms, conferences, and bookstores.

George Elliott Clarke, Canada's parliamentary poet laureate, was born in Windsor, Nova Scotia, near the Black Loyalist community of Three Mile Plains, in 1960. A graduate of the University of Waterloo, Dalhousie University, and Queen's University, he is now the inaugural E. J. Pratt Professor of Canadian Literature at the University of Toronto. His many honors include the 2001 Governor-General's Award for Poetry, the 2001 National Magazine Gold Medal for Poetry, the 2004 Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Achievement Award, the 2005 Pierre Elliott Trudeau Fellowship Prize, the 2006 Dartmouth Book Award for Fiction, the 2009 Eric Hoffer Book Award for Poetry, appointment to the Order of Nova Scotia in 2006, appointment to the Order of Canada at the rank of officer in 2008, and eight honorary doctorates. He has recently completed his three-year term as the City of Toronto's poet laureate. He divides his time between Toronto, Ontario, and Nova Scotia.

Lorna Crozier is the award-winning author of seventeen books of poetry, including *The Wrong Cat*, *What the Soul Won't Let Go*, *The Blue Hour of the Day: Selected Poems*, and *Whetstone*. She is also the author of *The Book of Marvels: A Compendium of Everyday Things* and the memoir *Small Beneath the Sky*. She is a professor emerita at the University of Victoria and an officer of the Order of Canada, and she has received five honorary doctorates for her contributions to Canadian literature. Born in Swift Current, she now lives in British Columbia.

Amanda Earl is an Ottawa poet, managing editor of Bywords.ca, fallen angel of AngelHouse-Press, visual poet, mischief maker, and fiction writer. Her first poetry book, *Kiki*, was published by Chaudiere Books in 2014. amandaearl.com

Heidi Garnett began writing when she retired from a teaching career. Her writing has been

published in many literary magazines and won or been short-listed for many important prizes, including the British Arvon Prize, Arc Poem of the Year, and the Winston Collins Prize. She published a second poetry book, *Blood Orange*, with Frontenac House Press in the fall of 2016 and completed an MFA in fine arts at the University of British Columbia in 2010.

Louise Glück is the author of over a dozen books of poetry, including *Faithful and Virtuous Night* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2014), which won the 2014 National Book Award in Poetry. Her other honors include the Pulitzer Prize and the Lannan Literary Award for Poetry. In 1999, Glück was elected a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets, and in the fall of 2003, she was appointed the twelfth U.S. poet laureate. She lives in Connecticut.

Catherine Graham's most recent collection, *Her Red Hair Rises with the Wings of Insects*, was a finalist for the Raymond Souster Poetry Award and CAA Poetry Award. She received an Excellence in Teaching Award at the University of Toronto, where she teaches creative writing. She was also the winner of the International Festival of Author's Poetry NOW competition. Her poems have appeared in the *Malahat Review*, *Poetry Ireland Review*, *Poetry Daily*, the *Glasgow Review of Books*, *Literary Review of Canada*, CBC Books, and elsewhere. Her sixth poetry collection, *The Celery Forest*, will be published in 2017, as will her debut novel, *Quarry*.
www.catherinegraham.com

Julie Cameron Gray is originally from Sudbury, Ontario. She is the author of *I* (Palimpsest Press, 2016) and *Tangle* (Tightrope Books, 2013), and her poems have appeared in *The Fiddlehead*, *Prairie Fire*, *Event*, and in *Best Canadian Poetry 2011* (Tightrope Books, 2011). She currently lives in Toronto.

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. She lives in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Juan Felipe Herrera is the current U. S. poet laureate. He served as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 2011 to 2016. He is the author of many poetry collections, 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.

Edward Hirsch is the author of several books of poetry, most recently *Gabriel: A Poem* (Alfred A. Knopf, 2014), which was nominated for the National Book Award, as well as the national bestseller *How to Read a Poem and Fall in Love with Poetry* (Harcourt, 1999). He served as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 2009 to 2014. He is the president of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation in New York City, where he lives.

Jane Hirshfield's poetry collections include *The Beauty* (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 Hirshfield the Academy Fellowship for distinguished poetic achievement. Her other honors include the Poetry Center Book Award and numerous fellowships. She currently serves as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets, and she lives in the San Francisco Bay Area.

Cornelia Hoogland's seventh book, *Trailer Park Elegy*, is forthcoming from Harbour Publishing. *Woods Wolf Girl* (Wolsak and Wynn) was a finalist for the ReLit 2011 National Poetry Award. *Sea Level* (Baseline Press), was short-listed for the CBC Literary Prizes. Hoogland has served on international and national literary boards and is the founder and coartistic director of Poetry London, and most recently, of Poetry Hornby Island, in British Columbia Gulf Island, where she lives. www.corneliahoogland.com

Marie Howe's poetry collections include *Magdalene: Poems* (W. W. Norton, 2017) and *The Kingdom of Ordinary Time* (W. W. Norton, 2008), which was a finalist for the Los Angeles Times Book Prize. Howe is the recipient of the 2015 Academy of American Poets Fellowship and has also received grants from the Bunting Institute, the Guggenheim Foundation, and the National Endowment for the Arts. She lives in New York City.

Doyali Islam's poetry has been published in *KROnline* and *The Fiddlehead*. She is the winner of *Arc Poetry's* 2016 Poem of the Year contest and *CV2's* 2015 Young Buck Poetry Prize. Her poem "cat and door" won the League of Canadian Poets' inaugural National Broadsheet Contest in 2017. Doyali's full-length poetry manuscript, "heft and sing," contains formal innovations, including the poetic form that she created, which she has termed the 'parallel poem.'

Examples of her parallel poems can be found in *CV2* (34.2), *Arc Poetry* (79), and *Unpublished City* (June, 2017). An ailurophile and minimalist, she lives in Toronto.

Claire Kelly's first full-length collection, *Maunder*, is available from Palimpsest Press. She has curated a chapbook of emerging Edmonton poets for Frog Hollow Press's City Series. She lives and writes in Edmonton and is currently working on two new poetry manuscripts, one on moving to Alberta from New Brunswick and one on contemporary loneliness.

D. A. Lockhart is the author of *Big Medicine Comes to Erie* (Black Moss Press, 2016). His work has appeared throughout Turtle Island in journals such as *The Malahat Review*, the *Hawai'i Review*, the *Windsor Review*, and Ohio State University's *The Journal*. He holds a MFA in creative writing from Indiana University Bloomington, where he held a Neal-Marshall Graduate Fellowship. Lockhart is a member of the Moravian of the Thames First Nation. He is the publisher at Urban Farmhouse Press.

Canisia Lubrin was born in St. Lucia in 1984. She serves on the advisory board of the Ontario Book Publishers Organization and the editorial board of *The Humber Literary Review*. She teaches writing at Humber College, holds an MFA from the University of Guelph-Humber, and her first forthcoming poetry collection is *Voodoo Hypothesis*.

Khaled Mattawa is the author of four poetry collections, including *Tocqueville* (New Issues, 2010), and he has also translated many volumes of contemporary Arabic poetry. He is the recipient of the 2010 Academy of American Poets Fellowship. Mattawa's other honors include the PEN American Center Poetry Translation Prize and numerous others. He currently serves as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets and lives in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

W. S. Merwin is the author of many books of poetry, including *Garden Time* (Copper Canyon Press, 2017); *The Shadow of Sirius* (Copper Canyon Press, 2008), which won the Pulitzer Prize; and *Selected Translations* (Copper Canyon Press, 2013), which was awarded the Harold Morton Landon Translation Award from the Academy of American Poets. His other honors include the Lannan Literary Award for Lifetime Achievement and the Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize from the Academy of American Poets. He served as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 1988 to 2000 and served as the U.S. poet laureate from 2010

to 2011. He lives in Hawaii.

Naomi Shihab Nye is the author of several poetry collections, including *Transfer* (BOA Editions, 2011), as well as several children's books. In 1988, she received the Academy of American Poets' Lavan Award, and she served as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 2010 to 2015. 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) and *The Old Woman, the Tulip, and the Dog* (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2014), 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. She lives in New York City.

Ayaz Pirani was born in Musoma, Tanzania, to parents born in Kapsabet and Tanga. He grew up in Canada and studied humanities and writing. His degree is from the Vermont College of Fine Arts, where he was a student of the late Jack Myers. His first book, *Happy You Are Here*, was published in 2016.

Marie Ponsot is the author of several poetry collections, including *Collected Poems* (Alfred A. Knopf, 2016), *Easy* (Alfred A. Knopf, 2009), and *The Bird Catcher* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1998), which won the National Book Circle Award. Her honors include the Delmore Schwartz Memorial Prize and the Ruth Lilly Poetry Prize. She served as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 2010 to 2014, and she lives in New York City.

Sandra Ridley is the author of four books of poetry: *Fallout*, *Post-Apothecary*, *The Counting House*, and *Silvija* (BookThug, 2016). She has taught poetry at Carleton University and has mentored poets through Ottawa's Supportive Housing and Mental Health Services "Footprints to Recovery" program for people living with mental illness. In 2015, she was nominated for the Ontario Arts Council's K.M. Hunter Artist Award for Literature.

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.

Arthur Sze is the author of nine books of poetry, most recently *Compass Rose* (Copper Canyon Press, 2014). His honors include an American Book Award, the Jackson Poetry Prize from Poets & Writers, a Lannan Literary Award for Poetry, and a Western States Book Award for Translation. Sze currently serves as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets, and he was the first poet laureate of Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he lives.

Souvankham Thammavongsa is the author of three poetry books: *Light* (2013), *Found* (2007), and *Small Arguments* (2003). She has read her poems at the Guggenheim Museum in New York City and has been in residence at Yaddo.

Jean Valentine is the author of several poetry collections, including *Shirt in Heaven* (Copper Canyon Press, 2015). She is the recipient of the 2009 Wallace Stevens Award from the Academy of American Poets. Her other honors include the National Book Award and the Shelley Memorial Prize from the Poetry Society of America. She lives in New York City.

C. D. Wright was the author of several poetry collections, including *Shall Cross* (Copper Canyon Press, 2016) and *One With Others* (Copper Canyon Press, 2010), which received the Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize from the Academy of American Poets. Among her numerous honors are a Lannan Literary Award and a Whiting Award. Wright served as state poet of Rhode Island from 1994 to 1999, and in 2013, she was elected a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets. She passed away in January 2016.

Anna Yin is Mississauga's inaugural poet laureate and is the author of seven poetry books, including *Seven Nights with the Chinese Zodiac* (2015) and *Nightlights* (2017), both published by Black Moss Press. Yin won the 2005 Ted Plantos Memorial Award, two MARTY Awards, a 2013 Professional Achievement Award from the Cross-cultural Professionals Association of Canada, and two scholarships from the West Chester University Poetry Conference. Her poems have appeared in *Arc Poetry*, *The New York Times*, *China Daily*, CBC Radio, *World Journal*, and *Poetry East West*. She teaches Poetry Alive at colleges, schools, and libraries.

www.annapoetry.com

Poems to Share from the Public Domain

Spellbound *by Emily Brontë*

Oread *by H. D.*

Wild Nights—Wild Nights! *by Emily Dickinson*

Holy Sonnet 14 *by John Donne*

Summer in the South *by Paul Laurence Dunbar*

Design *by Robert Frost*

Bright Star *by John Keats*

The Tropics of New York *by Claude McKay*

Afternoon on a Hill *by Edna St. Vincent Millay*

Anthem for Doomed Youth *by Wilfred Owen*

Sonnet 18 *by William Shakespeare*

Storm Ending *by Jean Toomer*

Song of Myself, I *by Walt Whitman*

A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal *by William Wordsworth*

The Lake Isle of Innisfree *by W. B. Yeats*

For biographies of these poets, visit www.poets.org.

national **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Spellbound

Emily Brontë

The night is darkening round me,
The wild winds coldly blow;
But a tyrant spell has bound me
And I cannot, cannot go.

The giant trees are bending
Their bare boughs weighed with snow.
And the storm is fast descending,
And yet I cannot go.

Clouds beyond clouds above me,
Wastes beyond wastes below;
But nothing drear can move me;
I will not, cannot go.

national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Oread

H. D.

Whirl up, sea—
Whirl your pointed pines.
Splash your great pines
On our rocks.
Hurl your green over us—
Cover us with your pools of fir.

national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Wild Nights—Wild Nights!

Emily Dickinson

Wild Nights — Wild Nights!
Were I with thee
Wild Nights should be
Our luxury!

Futile — the winds —
To a heart in port —
Done with the compass —
Done with the chart!

Rowing in Eden —
Ah, the sea!
Might I moor — Tonight —
In thee!

national **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Holy Sonnet 14

John Donne

Batter my heart, three-personed God, for you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurped town, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end.
Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captived, and proves weak or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved fain,
But am betrothed unto your enemy:
Divorce me, untie or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

national **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Summer in the South

Paul Laurence Dunbar

The oriole sings in the greening grove
As if he were half-way waiting,
The rosebuds peep from their hoods of green,
Timid and hesitating.

The rain comes down in a torrent sweep
And the nights smell warm and piney,
The garden thrives, but the tender shoots
Are yellow-green and tiny.

Then a flash of sun on a waiting hill,
Streams laugh that erst were quiet,
The sky smiles down with a dazzling blue
And the woods run mad with riot.

national **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Design

Robert Frost

I found a dimpled spider, fat and white,
On a white heal-all, holding up a moth
Like a white piece of rigid satin cloth—
Assorted characters of death and blight
Mixed ready to begin the morning right,
Like the ingredients of a witches' broth—
A snow-drop spider, a flower like a froth,
And dead wings carried like a paper kite.

What had that flower to do with being white,
The wayside blue and innocent heal-all?
What brought the kindred spider to that height,
Then steered the white moth thither in the night?
What but design of darkness to appall?—
If design govern in a thing so small.

national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Bright Star

John Keats

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

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

Afternoon on a Hill

Edna St. Vincent Millay

I will be the gladdest thing
Under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flowers
And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
Up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
And then start down!

national **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Anthem for Doomed Youth

Wilfred Owen

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.
What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

national **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Sonnet 18

William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rst in his shade,
When in eternal lines to Time thou grow'st.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

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 Myself, I

Walt Whitman

I Celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil,
 this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and
 their parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never
 forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

national
poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

*A Slumber Did My
Spirit Seal*

William Wordsworth

A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

W. B. Yeats

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee;
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

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.*

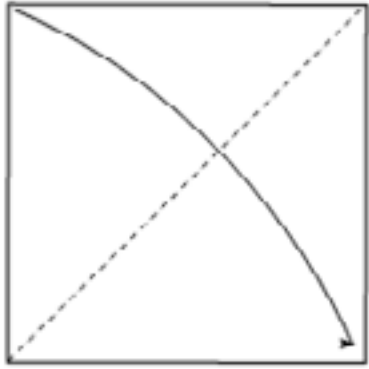
Haiku was traditionally written in the present tense and focused on associations between images. There was a pause at the end of the first or second line, and a “season word,” or kigo, specified the time of year.

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.

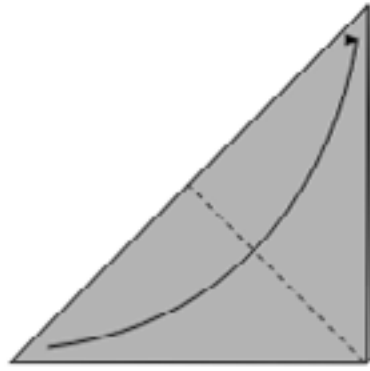
To read more examples of poems written in the haiku form, visit www.poets.org/haiku.

To read about other poetic forms, such as the acrostic, the cinquain, and the sonnet, visit www.poets.org.

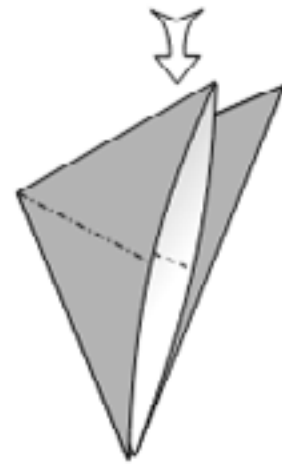
How to Create a Folded Swan



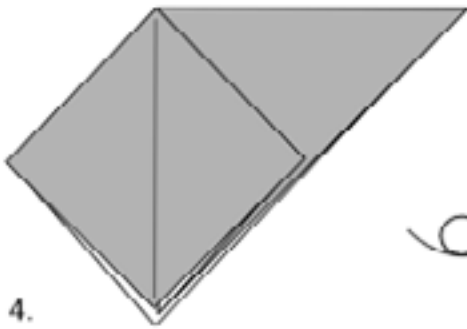
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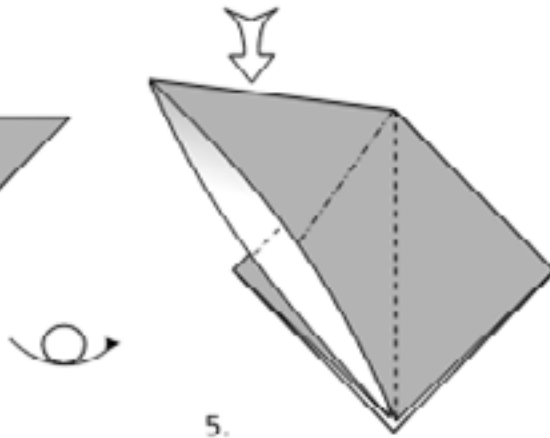
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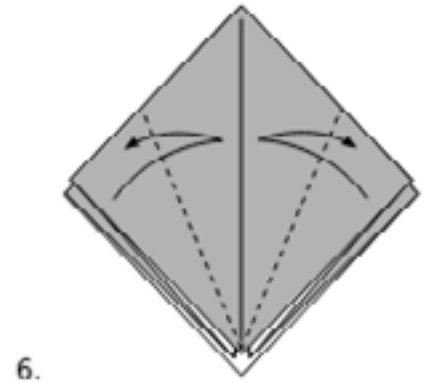
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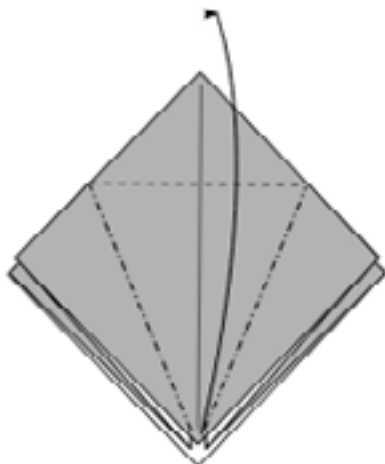
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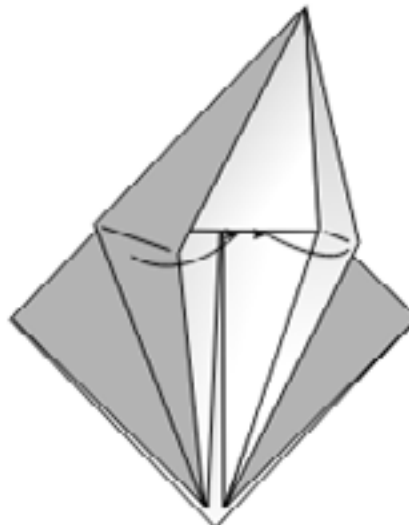
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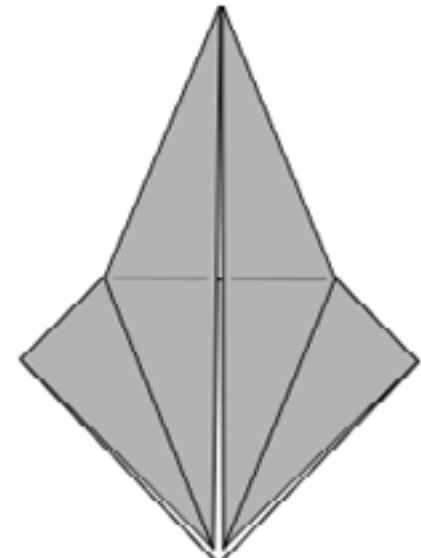
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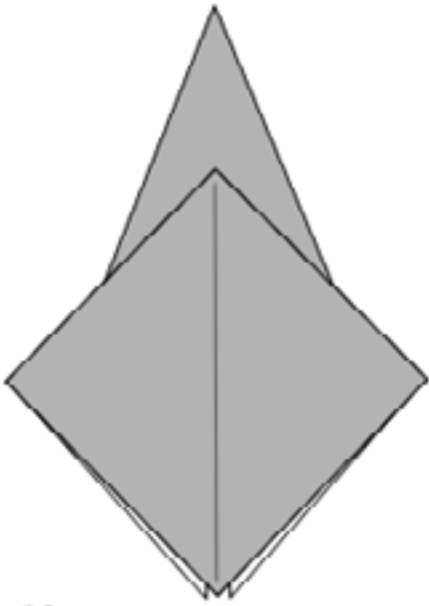
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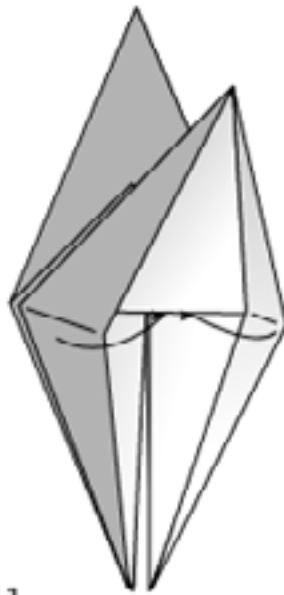
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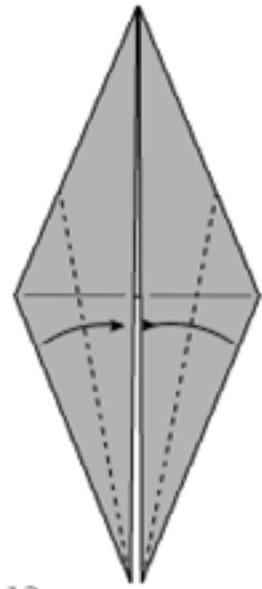
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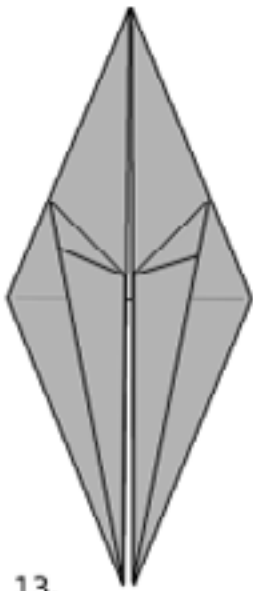
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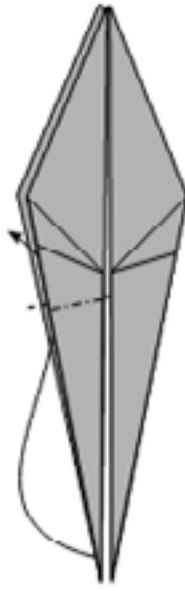
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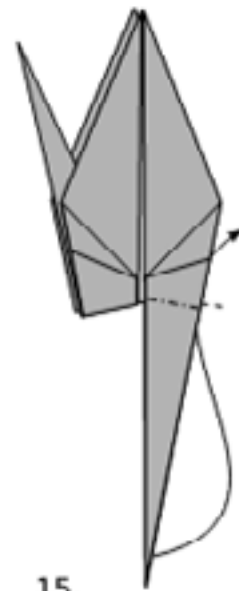
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13.



14.



15.



16.



17.



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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. Launched in 2006, Poem-a-Day is now distributed via email, web, and social media to 350,000+ readers free of charge and is available for syndication. For more information, visit www.poets.org/poetsorg/poem-day.

Teach This Poem

Inspired by the success of our popular syndicated series Poem-a-Day, in 2014 we launched 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. To read the series and for more information, visit 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 teachers to bring even more poems into classrooms! For more information, visit 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.

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; the American Poets Prizes; an annual series of poetry readings and special events; and its education program.

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.

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