

Poem in Your Pocket Day

April 26, 2018

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.

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 or during 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 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 Poets

The Red Poppy *by Louise Glück*

Remember *by Joy Harjo*

Here and There *by Juan Felipe Herrera*

Cotton Candy *by Edward Hirsch*

The Weighing *by Jane Hirshfield*

The Moment *by Marie Howe*

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*

Springing *by Marie Ponsot*

When Giving Is All We Have *by Alberto Ríos*

The Owl *by Arthur Sze*

Eleventh Brother *by Jean Valentine*

Imaginary Morning Glory *by C. D. Wright*

national poetry month

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

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.

national poetry month

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.

national poetry month

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.

national **poetry month**

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.

national poetry month

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.

national poetry month

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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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.

national poetry month

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

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

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.

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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.

Contributors' Notes

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.

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 was the U. S. Poet Laureate and served as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 2011 to 2016. He is the author of many collections of poetry, 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 was elected a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets in 2008, and he currently serves as the president of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. He lives in New York City.

Jane Hirshfield's poetry collections include *The Beauty: Poems* (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 served as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 2012 to 2017, and she lives in the San Francisco Bay Area.

Marie Howe is the author of the poetry collections *Magdalene* (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 Guggenheim Foundation, the Bunting Institution, and the National Endowment for the Arts. She currently serves as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets. She lives in New York City.

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.

Khaled Mattawa is the author of four poetry collections, including *Tocqueville* (New Issues Poetry & Prose, 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. 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 *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 is a former Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets 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 serves as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets. She lives in Princeton, New Jersey.

Marie Ponsot is the author of several poetry collections, including *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 was elected a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets in 2010, and she lives in New York City.

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 magazine, a Lannan Literary Award for Poetry, and a Western States Book Award for Translation. Sze served as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 2012 to 2017, and he was the first poet laureate of Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he lives.

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 died in January 2016.

Poems to Share by Contemporary Canadian Poets

Whale Hunt *by Robert Colman*

Swamp Zone *by Joan Conway*

Today I Will Different *by Karin Cope*

Dawn *by Stephanie Cui*

Thirst *by Kim Fahner*

Not Just My Bunions *by Bernice Lever*

Constellations Retreat before This Truck Stop Night *by D. A. Lockhart*

Name Me after a Fish *by Leah MacLean-Evans*

The Metamorphosis of Punctuation Marks *by Diana Manole*

Sel *by Kate Marshall Flaherty*

Nightwalking between Centuries *by Colin Morton*

Two Haiku *by Jacquie Pearce*

Choosing a Friend *by Ayaz Pirani*

Photograph of Earth from Space *by Pamela Porter*

I Have a Problem *by Greg Santos*

Migrations *by Eleonore Schönmaier*

Flight Speed *by Lesley Strutt*

Marcus *by Melanie Thompson*

Resurrections *by Myna Wallin*

There is a voice *by Bānoo Zan*

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Whale Hunt

Robert Colman

“If this breaks you die.”

—A machine shop owner, cradling an airplane part in his hands.

We ask you to pull us further
from land, the harpoon
snug in your side, the seal bladder
ballast above you.

We ask
after we leap from our boats
and pierce your flesh
that you carry our skiffs
as far as your might allows.

Let me roll my bone dice,
clack the dominoes back in place.
There is not one leviathan we do not love
unto death. Who drew whom
into the deeps? Wasn't everything
necessity?

I carved a compass face
on this scrimshaw box
because direction was all I could think,
wind and current
and your back as it breached.

Poem in Your Pocket Day

If they say I must now put away my blade
I would still follow you, all the ropes
you once towed us with stretching unseen
from bulwark and mast, cliff side
and the gaff sail of earth pounded
solid, this doorway.

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Swamp Zone

Joan Conway

That summer the swamp was our world
I rowed with my sister
among bulrushes and pond lilies
waxy cups, a floating garden
flat disk of leaves
platforms for dragonflies
black veined wings
iridescent in sunlight.

That summer my uncle fried up frog legs.
'Just like chicken' he declared
them sitting on a plate coated in flour
at night I dream of slippery bodies surrounding the cabin
throat pouch ballooning taught
vociferous croaking call missing partners.

My mother would stretch out
on smooth curved rocks
sunning herself
rubbing lotion on her creamy white thighs
wet and slippery
my uncle massaging oil onto her back
laughing down at her
and told us kids to go play.

Poem in Your Pocket Day

In the swamp zone searching for frogs
how they would lie perfectly still
if you stroked their belly
legs dangling open in some private rapture.

Where I crouched
stranded amongst the reeds
long taper of leaves surrounding me,
closer to shore
roots left high and dry
by the end of that summer.

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Today I Will Different

Karin Cope

You wake, you say
today will be different, today
I will do what I do what I must what I will
today I will efficient today
tasks completed today organized today
my desk in order.
Today I will different.
Do today as if some other un-waylaid by wind
or whim or want. Someone of will, not wanton
wondering. What song will you sing then when
salsa flings you circumsolar when
lightslant leaps across your foot when
urgency, like sucking sand, slips seaward and
beckons you to swim?

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Dawn

Stephanie Cui

Out in the moonlight
The trees are glowing white.
They are fully dressed and await the wind's call.

But the wind is a shy girl at four in the morning,
And she does not come out to play.
Dawn slowly tip-toes, blueing the sky.
I am lost on a path so familiar.

Does darkness lock up my eyelids
With a key that only belongs to dawn?
I sneak by buildings,
They seem unrealistic against the early light.
Windows lit here and there, like the fading stars.

My footsteps are shaky,
My voice—the only echo remaining in the world.
The sun rows the moon across the sky, claiming its throne.
And I step into the day drunk with awe.

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Thirst

Kim Fahner

The house sips slowly
at the offerings of
bowls that sit, solitary,
on ancient radiators.

It devours silently,
savouring water
that lowers itself slowly,
reduces itself, erases,
until painted bowls
remain, naked,
with only skin of water
leaving a full moon
on bottom of
concave ceramic.

I fill and then re-fill,
wondering which ghosts
drink at night, what echoes
of memory might dance
through shadows, round
painted corners and through
the French doors.

The house sips, slowly,
reminds me that all things
vanish, with time, with patience.

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Not Just My Bunions

Bernice Lever

Not just my bunions,
they're not that unique:
 red balls in summer,
 purple onions when cold,
cracking the shiny leather
of fashionable shoes,
bulging the sides of slippers,
 perhaps they miss the beat
 when I'm dancing
by their legacy of curved space.

Not just that my whole understanding
 is deformed:
my nose is crooked, too.
It heads left as I move ahead:
 of no use, the hours I spent
 pushing it right with my fist,
 my elbow braced on a wooden school desk,
it has a direction of its own.

My teeth, with early independence,
 left on their own accord,
my eyes keep clicking the dimmer switch
 refusing to focus
on my expanding, free form waistline,
my ears hear their own tune,

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while my mouth sings another:
 all that enters me is changed.

All of me escapes ideal:
 not just my bulky bunions,
there are other things,
 I have my excuses—
 barriers against love.

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Constellations Retreat before This Truck Stop Night

D. A. Lockhart

After sunset these prairies
hide their absence of rise
in the evenness of darkness.
Backlit Flying J road sign
declaring this strip of Wyoming
belongs to the constellation
drawn from diesel vapour
of long-haul truckers coast
bound. Private showers, ample
parking, and 24 hour steak dinners
just rewards for crossing the space
between. In this September hour
you know you make your own
gospel and the only surety
of the upcoming season
is the gristle of your 2 am sirloin
Here, under this portioned out
license plate of a settler highline
across Lakota land, that surety
carries the weight it must
before you sleep through till
dawn in a Ford Ranger cab
at great remove from the sign
that bleaches out the horizon
and expanse of stars beyond.

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Name Me after a Fish

Leah MacLean-Evans

Goldeye or Cichlid

silver and smooth and genderless, make me as an alien, forget

the rules, name me

Corydoras of two halves, name me Coelacanth for surviving

name me Plecostromus name me Trout

name me Catfish

let them imagine my genitals as smooth tough skin, not think to touch them.

Say, let me introduce Pickerel.

Say, have you met my friend Haddock. Say, this is my daughter Herring.

And I will breathe water in and through me, swim flicking in the slip

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The Metamorphosis of Punctuation Marks

Diana Manole

They spell themselves out and I pretend I understand

comma

stuffed plump commas slither on our skin
seeking the best place to come
to a full stop

semicolon

translucent jade wings ingrained
in bodies of blackness
future flutters still faulted by default
the course of life is not the course of writing
unless

dot dot dot

commas square the circle
like Lilliputian miracle hands

semicolon

if I were to slice them open
at the right time

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acid ink would ooze out
dissolving any scab in its way

semicolon

eagerness
eagerness to lose themselves
into the context
vital mostly when absent
no better than a long-lost lover
an afterthought

semicolon

they have risen indeed
from between the words
like moths shooting for the light
with no memory of the caterpillars
having
to cannibalize themselves
for the sake of
flying

period

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Sel

Kate Marshall Flaherty

I would never scold an onion for causing tears
—Naomi Shihab Nye

I learned
the salt content of tears
is the same as blood
and the sea—

that lysosomes
are healing enzymes,

and sea salt
has nourishing minerals.

We are the same three-fourths water
as the earth.

Grey Dead Sea salt is the same
as pinkish Himalayan;

both, so far from home.

Tears are the same saline
whether they fall to the ground
unnoticed,

Poem in Your Pocket Day

or streak cheeks pressed close
in a refugee boat. They dissolve
the borders, or should.

Let us not wait
for another boy washed up on shore.

Salt, enzyme, saline, suffering—
let fear dissolve
into the pool that is us all.

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Nightwalking between Centuries

Colin Morton

Somewhere between ends and beginnings
alert to the scuff of a shoe in the shadows
a block away, I walk the night streets
of this city midway through self-demolition
—half-metamorphosed half-decayed—
passing shadows of my former self
on streets where storefronts have shifted,
signs altered, brick facades from another century
caught in a bank tower's funhouse mirrors.

And turning a corner I sometimes glimpse
the virtual, the becoming city
as near in time as this red brick
though barely imagined here at street level
where for years I've crossed against the light
and soon the first transhumans will cross,
become one with their devices.

At the edges of vision they pass like shadows
eyes never meeting, as if they don't see me
or if they do do not see me as forebear
—flat-footed, astigmatic, fatally flawed—
an X of flesh in a world of unknowns
caught in reflection between walls of glass.

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Two Haiku

Jacque Pearce

after the rain
my daughter jumps into
each piece of sky

lingering grief...
a trace of Fukushima
in the salmon

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Choosing a Friend

Ayaz Pirani

He's off the list
like Pluto.

I can share apples with that one
but it's formal as Piaget.

She's bitter-gourd,
a pinch of turmeric.

His ear for an echo,
standing like scissors.

Her shrimp-paste face
is tempting

but he looks like drought.
The other, lake effect.

All that's left is that
punctuation mark.

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Photograph of Earth from Space

Pamela Porter

On the outskirts of Luanda, Angola,
Gerald Nduma has walked an hour to school
carrying his chair, which is really
an empty coffee can. Nine years old,
he holds in his other hand a mango
which will be his lunch. At school,
which is really a tree, Gerald
places his lunch beneath his chair.
This day, a missionary has come
with magazines. Gerald takes what
is given him. Soon he does not hear
the teacher's instructions. He does not hear
the students' chatter. He is looking
at the photograph of Earth
floating in a dark sea
which Gerald imagines
is plenteous with fish.

Poem in Your Pocket Day

I Have a Problem

Greg Santos

All I care about is everything.
I like to lie down and look up at the stars,
even when there are none.
I am almost nothing but thoughts and water.

I find mirrors unbearably off-putting.
My children find them droll.
Do you feel that too?
My left hand feels like a cataclysmic storm.

I will never tire of looking at my wife.
Her smile is like a constant sonar beep
in the depths of my chest.
I hear rain even when it's sunny out.

Have you ever squinted at the ocean
so the sky and the water blend until
you don't know where one ends and the other begins?
I'm doing that right now with you.

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Migrations

Eleonore Schönmaier

The police squint

into the glare on the water looking
for small boats. On a clear day
the lightkeeper sees all the way

to Algeria. Over his sofa
hangs a tapestry woven
by his grandmother from red

human hair. Only the birds
travel without papers.
Though often now

their tiny legs
when they perch
on the lighthouse railings

are colour banded.

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Flight Speed

Lesley Strutt

yellow finch sun-framed the window smeared
with the wet eye of a woodpecker
lying on the stones now neck broken

no wonder I take off for weeks on end
“What are you looking for?” you ask

I want flight speed when I don't stop to think
I can get anywhere fast fling myself at my own reflection
find something good and hard

Marcus

Melanie Thompson

“There is lipstick smeared across my mirror. I have crushed so many tubes that I am left with a palette of shades of pink, orange, and red; a myriad of feminine torment. There are still strands of hair woven in my carpet from two fortnights ago, when I took Mother’s pruning shears to the blonde lying across my shoulders and hacked myself a straw nest. I thought the hatred would fall off in the golden clumps, but I can easily find it in each glass reflection. Last week I cracked a rib from wearing shirts three sizes too small and my brother laughed and called me crazy, said he could take the knife to my chest whenever I was ready. But I’ve already tried. They won’t come off.”

—My name is ~~Isabelle~~ Marcus and I am a boy

Poem in Your Pocket Day

Resurrections

Myna Wallin

My mother is alive again
in my dreams.
And so is my father,
though they rarely appear together.

In one variation
my mother returns to visit,
her cancer healed.
We talk for a bit & she whispers
Don't tell your father I was here.

I ask her why she doesn't stay,
admitting, embarrassed,
I thought you were dead.
No, *there's no such thing* & laughs lightly
though she can't explain why her visits
are so infrequent.

Immortality makes sense at night.
My father's heart seems strong again
as he rushes around with purpose.
Sometimes he tells me not to worry.
It will be all right.

My mother though is still frail,
and we hold each other, rocking.

Poem in Your Pocket Day

In the morning I'm startled that
I remember her touch—
the exact pressure of her hand on mine.

Poem in Your Pocket Day

There is a voice

Bānoo Zan

that sings your song

opens your veins to
blood

There is a voice
who is not you

gives you words
you never had

invites you
to the allegory
of the cave

There is a voice
in whose tales
you are a myth

shatters your pettiness
and makes you whole

There is a voice
that claims you—

abyss and wings and all

Poem in Your Pocket Day

There is a voice
that is yours

when you cross
your borders

There is a voice—

Take yourself
out of its way

Let it sing
through you

Let it make you
a song—

There is a voice

Contributors' Notes

Robert Colman is a Newmarket, Ontario-based writer and editor. He is the author of two full-length poetry collections, *Little Empires* (Quattro Books, 2012) and *The Delicate Line* (Exile Editions, 2008), as well as the chapbook *Factory* (Frog Hollow Press, 2015).

Joan Conway is a Terrace-based poet, blogger, and multidisciplinary artist who has a deep respect for the culture and geography of the north, which strongly influences her work. Her poetry has appeared in several publications including *Dreamland*, *Northword*, and in the Caitlin Press anthology *Unfurled: Collected Poetry by Northern BC Women*.

Karin Cope is a poet, sailor, photographer, scholar, rural activist, blogger and associate professor at NSCAD University in the Division of Art History and Contemporary Culture, where she teaches courses in creative and critical writing, gender and sexuality studies, pedagogy, art and environment and other topics. Her publications include scholarly works, popular histories, short stories, policy papers, blogs and poetry; her artworks include photographs, installations, performances, videos, guerrilla theatre and mixed media and online works.

Stephanie Cui is the 2018 winner of the League of Canadian Poets' Jessamy Stursberg Poetry Prize for young poets. Her poem was winner in the junior category.

Kim Fahner lives and writes in Sudbury, Ontario. She was the fourth poet laureate of the city of Greater Sudbury (2016–2018), and the first woman to be appointed to the role. Fahner has published four volumes of poetry, including *You Must Imagine the Cold Here* (Scrivener Press, 1997), *braille on water* (Penumbra Press, 2001), *The Narcoleptic Madonna* (Penumbra Press, 2012), and *Some Other Sky* (Black Moss Press, 2017). Fahner has also completed a novel, a piece of historical fiction set in Northern Ontario, titled *The Donoghue Girl*. She is a member of the League of Canadian Poets, the Writers' Union of Canada, and PEN Canada.

Bernice Lever, a writer, editor and teacher, creates poetry on Bowen Island. Her tenth book of poems was *Red Letter Day* (Black Moss Press, 2014). She edited WAVES, *Fine Canadian*

Literature, at York University, Toronto, 1972–1987. Lever’s travels have let her read poems on five continents. Her grammar and composition book (now a CD or free PDF) is *The Colour of Words*. Although she is active in many national writing organizations in Canada, she is now delighted to be on the west coast again, writing PEACE poems for World Poetry.

D. A. Lockhart is the author of *The Gravel Lot that was Montana* (forthcoming from Mansfield Press), *This City at the Crossroads* (Black Moss Press, 2017), and *Big Medicine Comes to Erie* (Black Moss Press, 2016). He holds an MFA from Indiana University–Bloomington where he held a Neal Marshall Fellowship in Creative Writing. He has received grants from the Ontario Arts Council and the Canada Council for the Arts. He is a pukuwankoamimens of the Lenape nation and a member of the Moravian of the Thames First Nation, and he lives in Waawiiyaatanong on the south shore of the Detroit River.

Leah MacLean-Evans lives on the unceded territory of the Algonquin Anishnaabeg people. She’s the 2017 fiction winner of the Blodwyn Memorial Prize. Her writing has appeared in *Qwerty*, *untethered*, *Ottawater*, *On Spec Magazine*, and elsewhere. She has an MFA in writing from the University of Saskatchewan and is the proofreader of *Grain Magazine*.

Diana Manole is a writer, translator, and scholar who was born in Romania and currently lives in Toronto, Canada. A Pushcart Prize nominee, her poetry in English (co-translated with Adam J. Sorkin—or written originally therein) has appeared in magazines in the United States, the United Kingdom, Canada, and South Africa. Her poems have also been translated into and published in French, German, Polish, Spanish, Albanian, and Belarusian, while her translations of Canadian poetry have been featured in major Romanian magazines. *B&W*, her latest collection of poems, was published in 2015 by Tracus Arte (Bucharest, Romania) in a bilingual English-Romanian edition.

Kate Marshall Flaherty is a poet, teacher, editor, and performer. She has five books of poetry, including *Reaching V* (Guernica Editions) and *Radiant* (Inanna Press 2019). Her work has been published in numerous Canadian and international journals and anthologies, has been shortlisted for Descant’s Best Canadian Poem, the Pablo Neruda Poetry Prize, the Thomas Merton Poetry of the Sacred Prize and the Robert Frost Poetry Award.

Colin Morton is an award-winning Canadian poet who has published ten books of poetry, a novel, and many reviews and essays. His poems have been translated into French, Spanish, Urdu,

and Albanian, and have been adapted by Canadian, American and Hungarian composers. He co-produced the animated poetry film *Primiti too taa*.

Jacquie Pearce grew up on Vancouver Island. She has published poetry, short nonfiction, and several novels for children. Her haiku have won awards and appeared in a variety of publications, including the *Haiku Canada Review*, *Frogpond*, *The Red Moon Anthology*, and *Of Skin on Skin*, an anthology of erotic haiku.

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 Vermont College of Fine Arts, where Pirani was a student of the late Jack Myers. His first book, *Happy You Are Here*, was published in 2016. His second book, *Kabir's Jacket Has a Thousand Pockets*, is forthcoming from Mawenzi House.

Pamela Porter is the author of the Governor General's Award winning *The Crazy Man*, as well as ten other books of poetry. She lives in a big thicket of firs and ferns, animals domestic and wild, and a few humans. She likens poetry to a feather, which ends in air and begins in blood.

Greg Santos is the author of *Rabbit Punch!* (DC Books, 2014) and *The Emperor's Sofa* (DC Books, 2010). He holds an MFA in creative writing from The New School in New York City. His writing has appeared in *The Walrus*, *Geist*, *Queen's Quarterly*, *Cha: An Asian Literary Journal*, and The Best American Poetry Blog. He regularly works with at-risk communities and teaches writing and literature at the Thomas More Institute. He is the poetry editor of *carte blanche* and lives in Montreal with his wife and two children. His new book, *Blackbirds*, is forthcoming from Eyewear Publishing spring of 2018.

Eleonore Schönmaier's most recent books are *Dust Blown Side of the Journey* (2017) and *Wavelengths of Your Song* (2013) both published by McGill-Queen's University Press. Her poetry has been set to music by Canadian, Dutch, Scottish, American, and Greek composers. She has won the Alfred G. Bailey Prize, the Earle Birney Prize, and has been twice shortlisted for the Bridport Prize. Her poetry has been published in *The Best Canadian Poetry* and has also been translated into Dutch and German.

Lesley Strutt is a poet, playwright, essayist, novelist, and blogger living in Merrickville, Ontario. Her writing has appeared in anthologies, e-zines, as well as journals such as *Montreal Serai*, *CV2*, *Prairie Fire*, *Ottawater*, *The Literary Review*, *Bywords*, and the *Canadian Woman Studies*

Journal. Her chapbook *Small as Butterflies* won the 2015 Tree Chapbook prize. Her first full-length collection of poems, *Window Ledge*, will be published by Inanna Publications.

Melanie Thompson is the 2018 winner of the League of Canadian Poets' Jessamy Stursberg Poetry Prize for young poets. Her poem was winner in the senior category.

Myna Wallin is a Toronto poet and prose writer. She received her MA in English from University of Toronto. Her first collection of poetry, *A Thousand Profane Pieces*, was published by Tightrope Books in 2006. Her second book, the novel *Confessions of a Reluctant Cougar*, was also published by Tightrope Books in 2010. Her next book of poetry, *Anatomy of An Injury*, is forthcoming from Inanna Publications in spring 2018.

Bānoo Zan is a poet, translator, teacher, editor, and poetry curator, with more than 160 published poems and poetry-related pieces as well as three books. *Song of Phoenix: Life and Works of Sylvia Plath*, was reprinted in Iran in 2010. *Songs of Exile*, her first poetry collection, was released in 2016 in Canada by Guernica Editions. It was shortlisted for Gerald Lampert Memorial Award by the League of Canadian Poets in 2017. *Letters to My Father*, her second poetry book, was published in 2017 by Piquant Press in Canada. She is the founder of Shab-e She'r (Poetry Night), a poetry reading and open mic series in Toronto.

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'rest 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.*

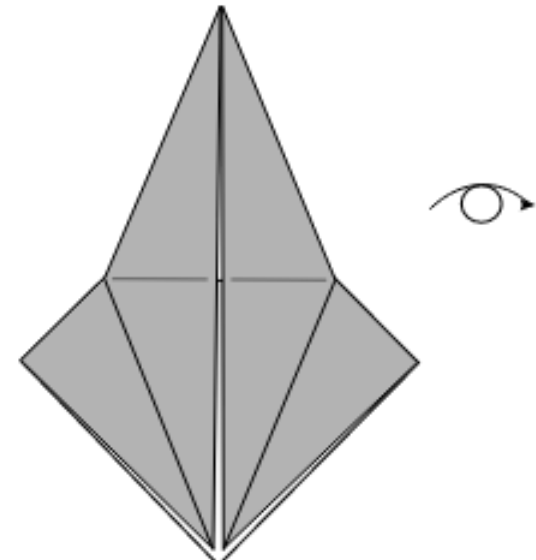
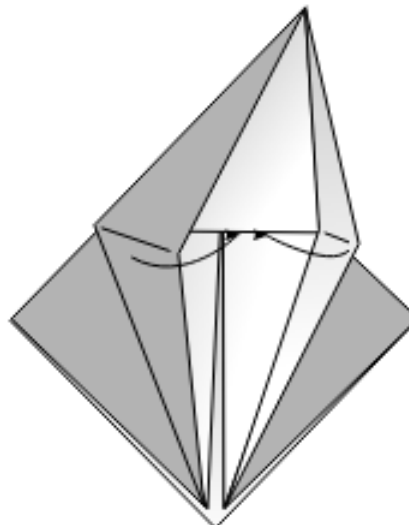
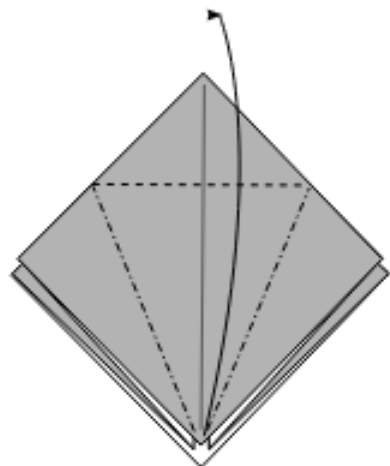
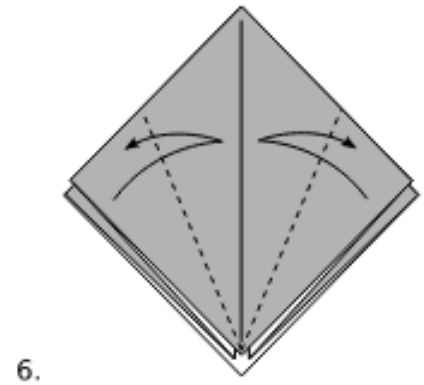
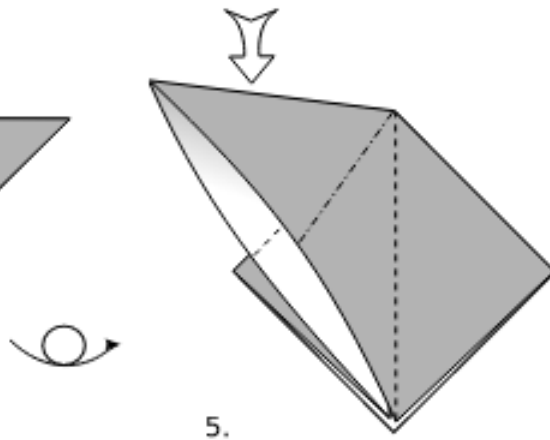
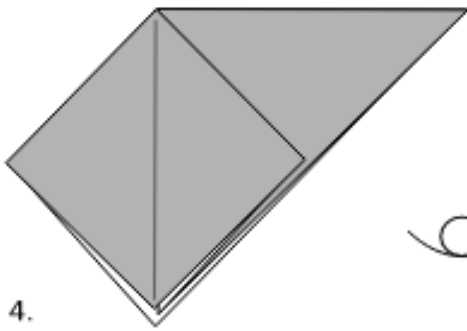
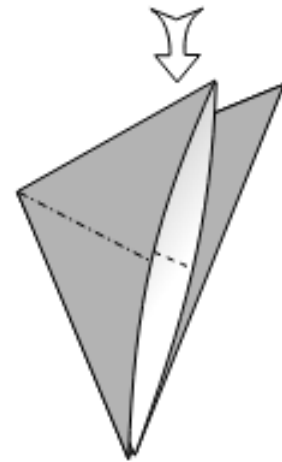
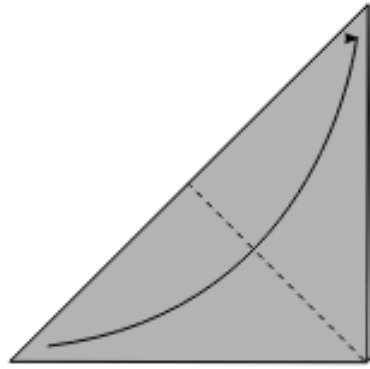
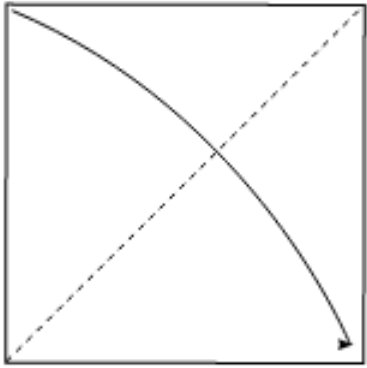
Haiku was traditionally written in the present tense and focused on associations between images. There was a pause at the end of the first or second line, and a “season word,” or kigo, specified the time of year.

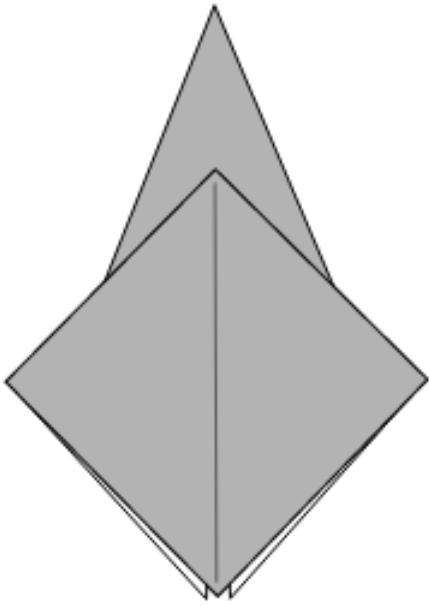
As the form has evolved, many of these rules—including the 5/7/5 practice—have been routinely broken. However, the philosophy of haiku has been preserved: the focus on a brief moment in time; a use of provocative, colorful images; an ability to be read in one breath; and a sense of sudden enlightenment and illumination.

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

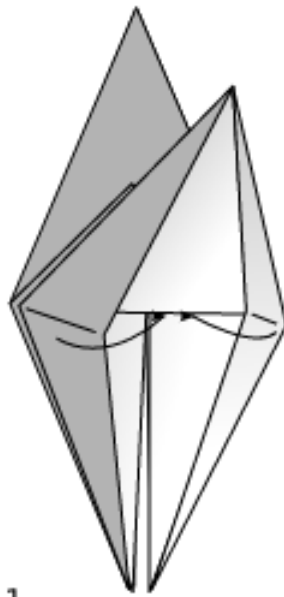
To read about other poetic forms, such as the acrostic, the cinquain, and the sonnet, visit www.poets.org.

How to Create a Folded Swan

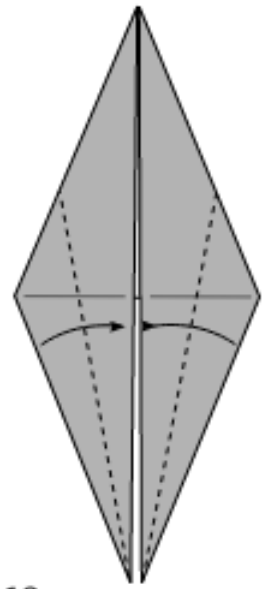




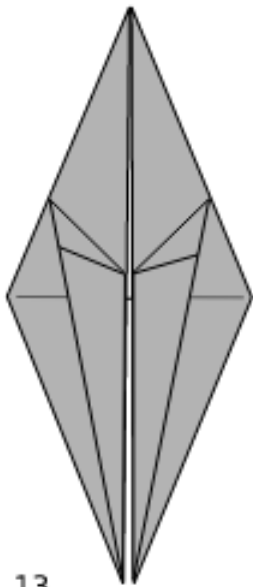
10.



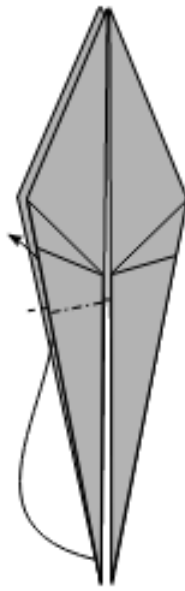
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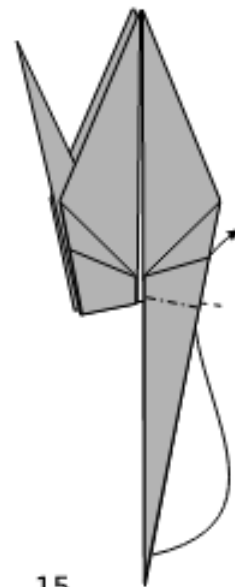
12.



13.



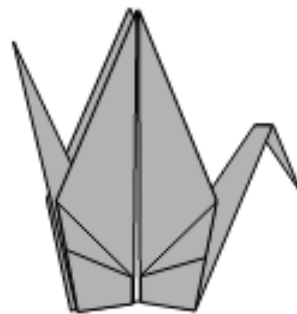
14.



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 450,000+ 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, Teach This Poem is produced for K-12 teachers and 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. 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 the educators in our community to bring even more poems into your 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; an annual series of poetry readings and special events; and its education programs.

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.