

10 Ways to Celebrate National Poetry Month

1. Read a book of poetry.
2. Memorize a poem.
3. Write a poem. Write another... & another!
4. Put poetry in unexpected places - leave a poem on someone's windshield or doorstep, post poems on public bulletin boards...
5. Attend a poetry reading. Read at an open mic! (Try Poetry at the Grounds - every 3rd Thursday every month. Email zanncarter@gmail.com for details)
6. Snail-mail a poem. E-mail a poem.
7. Add verse to your email signature.
8. Celebrate **Poem in Your Pocket Day**.
April 28
9. Start a commonplace book.
10. Sign up for a poetry class or workshop.

To see the Summer Sky
Is Poetry, though never in a Book it lie -
True Poems flee.
~Emily Dickinson

See more ways to celebrate this month and subscribe to the free newsletter at the American Academy of Poets site: www.poets.org - and while you're there, check out the remarkable amount of Cool Poetry Stuff they have, most is free.

SOME POEMS FOR YOUR POCKET

Draw a crazy picture,
Write a nutty poem,
Sing a mumble-gumble song,
Whistle through your comb.

Do a looney-gooney dance
'cross the kitchen floor,
Put something in the world
That ain't been there before.
--Shel Silverstein

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw ; whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.
--Samuel Taylor Coleridge (excerpt, *Frost at Midnight*)

AT PEACE

Very close to my twilight, I bless you, Life,
Because you never gave me a false hope,
Or unfair jobs, or undeserved grief;
Because at the end of my tough road I see,
That I was the architect of my own destiny,
what if I did take the honey or vinegar of things,
It was because in them I put vinegar or delicious honey,
When I planted roses I always reaped roses.

True, to my youth, winter will follow:
Still, you never told me May would last forever.
without a doubt my grief gave me some long nights,
And in return I had some of serene sanctity.
I loved, was loved, the sun kissed my face.

Life, you owe me nothing! Life, we are at peace.
--Amado Nervo