

Possible poems to use for P1.

"SNOW PIECE"

by Yoko Ono

from "Grapefruit"

1963 summer

Think that snow is falling.

Think that snow is falling everywhere all the time.

When you talk with a person, think that snow is falling between you and on the person.

Stop covering when you think the person is covered by snow.

"The Miracle of Morning"

by Amanda Gorman

I thought I'd awaken to a world in mourning.
Heavy clouds crowding, a society storming.
But there's something different on this golden morning.
Something magical in the sunlight, wide and warming.

I see a dad with a stroller taking a jog.
Across the street, a bright-eyed girl chases her dog.
A grandma on a porch fingers her rosaries.
She grins as her young neighbor brings her groceries.

While we might feel small, separate, and all alone,
Our people have never been more closely tethered.
The question isn't if we can weather this unknown,
But how we will weather this unknown together.

So on this meaningful morn, we mourn and we mend.
Like light, we can't be broken, even when we bend.

As one, we will defeat both despair and disease.
We stand with healthcare heroes and all employees;
With families, libraries, waiters, schools, artists;
Businesses, restaurants, and hospitals hit hardest.

We ignite not in the light, but in lack thereof,
For it is in loss that we truly learn to love.
In this chaos, we will discover clarity.
In suffering, we must find solidarity.

For it's our grief that gives us our gratitude,
Shows us how to find hope, if we ever lose it.
So ensure that this ache wasn't endured in vain:
Do not ignore the pain. Give it purpose. Use it.

Read children's books, dance alone to DJ music.
Know that this distance will make our hearts grow fonder.
From these waves of woes our world will emerge stronger.

We'll observe how the burdens braved by humankind
Are also the moments that make us humans kind;
Let each morning find us courageous, brought closer;
Heeding the light before the fight is over.
When this ends, we'll smile sweetly, finally seeing
In testing times, we became the best of beings.

"All Watched Over by Machines of Loving Grace"

by Richard Brautigan

1967

I like to think (and
the sooner the better!)
of a cybernetic meadow
where mammals and computers
live together in mutually
programming harmony
like pure water
touching clear sky.

I like to think
(right now, please!)
of a cybernetic forest
filled with pines and electronics
where deer stroll peacefully
past computers
as if they were flowers
with spinning blossoms.

I like to think
(it has to be!)
of a cybernetic ecology
where we are free of our labors
and joined back to nature,
returned to our mammal
brothers and sisters,
and all watched over
by machines of loving grace.

Excerpt from "For the Fighting Spirit of the Walnut"

by Takashi Hiraide

translated by Sawako Nakayasu

2008

Things that rain, and things that grow.

They are all that hold my interest.

(Until the things that rain have grown, and the things that grow
have poured.)

Things that grow, and things that rain.

They are all that I desire.

(Until the things that grow cease to grow, and the things that
rain no longer rain a single drop.)

"Just Walking Around"

John Ashberry

1998

What name do I have for you?
Certainly there is not name for you
In the sense that the stars have names
That somehow fit them. Just walking around,

An object of curiosity to some,
But you are too preoccupied
By the secret smudge in the back of your soul
To say much and wander around,

Smiling to yourself and others.
It gets to be kind of lonely
But at the same time off-putting.
Counterproductive, as you realize once again

That the longest way is the most efficient way,
The one that looped among islands, and
You always seemed to be traveling in a circle.
And now that the end is near

The segments of the trip swing open like an orange.
There is light in there and mystery and food.
Come see it.
Come not for me but it.
But if I am still there, grant that we may see each other.

Various Haikus

by Basho

One insect
asleep on a leaf
can save your life

A bell at sunset
no one to hear it
this spring evening

With every gust of wind
the butterfly changes its
place on the willow

On Wed, Sep 12, 2018, at 11:00 AM, Jeesoo wrote:

it's rilke who said
no feeling is final
but what if
the point of life
isn't to feel
everything
still i cried on
your bed last week
feeling moved by
how states of matter
keep moving so easily
amazed that summer had
gone whether or not
there is ever enough
time to recognize
all the forms of what's
good and what is
true under the bar's
yellow neon light i
felt both inside that
asmr feeling walking
home next to you

by Jeesoo Lee

from "Touchscreen Poems"

2019

veryinteractive.net/link

Other good ways to find poems:

(1)

Ask your friends or family what their favorite poems are

(2)

Search online:

Go to <https://www.poetryfoundation.org> and browse

Going to <https://are.na> and searching for “poem” ... if you find one you like,
see what else it’s connected to

(3)

Search in a physical place:

Go to the Princeton library, poetry section

Go to a bookstore & ask for the poetry section