**If You Forget Me :** (**Rudyard Kipling** )

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|  |  |

I want you to know  
  
one thing.   
  
  
  
You know how this is:   
  
if I look   
  
at the crystal moon, at the red branch   
  
of the slow autumn at my window,   
  
if I touch   
  
near the fire   
  
the impalpable ash   
  
or the wrinkled body of the log,   
  
everything carries me to you,   
  
as if everything that exists,   
  
aromas, light, metals,   
  
were little boats   
  
that sail   
  
toward those isles of yours that wait for me.   
  
  
  
Well, now,   
  
if little by little you stop loving me   
  
I shall stop loving you little by little.   
  
  
  
If suddenly   
  
you forget me   
  
do not look for me,   
  
for I shall already have forgotten you.   
  
  
  
If you think it long and mad,   
  
the wind of banners   
  
that passes through my life,   
  
and you decide   
  
to leave me at the shore   
  
of the heart where I have roots,   
  
remember   
  
that on that day,   
  
at that hour,   
  
I shall lift my arms   
  
and my roots will set off   
  
to seek another land.   
  
  
  
But   
  
if each day,   
  
each hour,   
  
you feel that you are destined for me   
  
with implacable sweetness,   
  
if each day a flower   
  
climbs up to your lips to seek me,   
  
ah my love, ah my own,   
  
in me all that fire is repeated,   
  
in me nothing is extinguished or forgotten,   
  
my love feeds on your love, beloved,   
  
and as long as you live it will be in your arms   
  
without leaving mine. 

**Phenomenal Woman :** (**MAYA ANGELOU** )  
  
  
  
  
Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.  
I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size  
But when I start to tell them,  
They think I'm telling lies.  
I say,  
It's in the reach of my arms  
The span of my hips,  
The stride of my step,  
The curl of my lips.  
I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.  
  
I walk into a room  
Just as cool as you please,  
And to a man,  
The fellows stand or  
Fall down on their knees.  
Then they swarm around me,  
A hive of honey bees.  
I say,  
It's the fire in my eyes,  
And the flash of my teeth,  
The swing in my waist,  
And the joy in my feet.  
I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.  
  
Men themselves have wondered  
What they see in me.  
They try so much  
But they can't touch  
My inner mystery.  
When I try to show them  
They say they still can't see.  
I say,  
It's in the arch of my back,  
The sun of my smile,  
The ride of my breasts,  
The grace of my style.  
I'm a woman  
  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.  
  
Now you understand  
Just why my head's not bowed.  
I don't shout or jump about  
Or have to talk real loud.  
When you see me passing  
It ought to make you proud.  
I say,  
It's in the click of my heels,  
The bend of my hair,  
the palm of my hand,  
The need of my care,  
'Cause I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.

**Still I Rise :** (**MAYA ANGELOU** )  
  
  
  
  
You may write me down in history  
  
With your bitter, twisted lies,   
  
You may trod me in the very dirt  
  
But still, like dust, I'll rise.   
  
  
  
Does my sassiness upset you?   
  
Why are you beset with gloom?   
  
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells  
  
Pumping in my living room.   
  
  
  
Just like moons and like suns,   
  
With the certainty of tides,   
  
Just like hopes springing high,   
  
Still I'll rise.   
  
  
  
Did you want to see me broken?   
  
Bowed head and lowered eyes?   
  
Shoulders falling down like teardrops.   
  
Weakened by my soulful cries.   
  
  
  
Does my haughtiness offend you?   
  
Don't you take it awful hard  
  
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines  
  
Diggin' in my own back yard.   
  
  
  
You may shoot me with your words,   
  
You may cut me with your eyes,   
  
You may kill me with your hatefulness,   
  
But still, like air, I'll rise.   
  
  
  
Does my sexiness upset you?   
  
Does it come as a surprise  
  
That I dance like I've got diamonds  
  
At the meeting of my thighs?   
  
  
  
Out of the huts of history's shame  
  
I rise  
  
Up from a past that's rooted in pain  
  
I rise  
  
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,   
  
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.   
  
Leaving behind nights of terror and fear  
  
I rise  
  
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear  
  
I rise  
  
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,   
  
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.   
  
I rise  
  
I rise  
  
I rise.

**The Road Not Taken : (Frost)**  
  
  
Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
  
And sorry I could not travel both  
  
And be one traveller, long I stood   
  
And looked down one as far as I could   
  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;   
  
  
Then took the other, as just as fair,   
  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
  
Though as for that the passing there   
  
Had worn them really about the same,   
  
  
And both that morning equally lay   
  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
  
I doubted if I should ever come back.   
  
  
I shall be telling this with a sigh  
  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:   
  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I  
  
I took the one less travelled by,   
  
And that has made all the difference. 

**Annabel Lee :** (**Edgar Allan Poe**)  
  
  
  
  
It was many and many a year ago,   
  
In a kingdom by the sea,   
  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
  
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;   
  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
  
Than to love and be loved by me.   
  
  
  
I was a child and she was a child,   
  
In this kingdom by the sea;   
  
But we loved with a love that was more than love-  
  
I and my Annabel Lee;   
  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
  
Coveted her and me.   
  
  
  
And this was the reason that, long ago,   
  
In this kingdom by the sea,   
  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;   
  
So that her highborn kinsman came  
  
And bore her away from me,   
  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
  
In this kingdom by the sea.   
  
  
  
The angels, not half so happy in heaven,   
  
Went envying her and me-  
  
Yes!- that was the reason (as all men know,   
  
In this kingdom by the sea)   
  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,   
  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.   
  
  
  
But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
  
Of those who were older than we-  
  
Of many far wiser than we-  
  
And neither the angels in heaven above,   
  
Nor the demons down under the sea,   
  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.   
  
  
  
For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;   
  
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;   
  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
  
Of my darling- my darling- my life and my bride,   
  
In the sepulchre there by the sea,   
  
In her tomb by the sounding sea. 

**Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening :**   
  
  
  
  
Whose woods these are I think I know.   
  
His house is in the village, though;   
  
He will not see me stopping here  
  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.   
  
  
  
My little horse must think it queer  
  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
  
The darkest evening of the year.   
  
  
  
He gives his harness bells a shake  
  
To ask if there is some mistake.   
  
The only other sound's the sweep  
  
Of easy wind and downy flake.   
  
  
  
The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,   
  
But I have promises to keep,   
  
And miles to go before I sleep,   
  
And miles to go before I sleep.   
  
  
  
By **Robert Frost**

**If :**  (**Rudyard Kipling**)  
  
  
  
  
If you can keep your head when all about you  
  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;   
  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,   
  
But make allowance for their doubting too:   
  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,   
  
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,   
  
Or being hated don't give way to hating,   
  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;   
  
  
  
If you can dream---and not make dreams your master;   
  
If you can think---and not make thoughts your aim,   
  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
  
And treat those two impostors just the same:.   
  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,   
  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,   
  
And stoop and build'em up with worn-out tools;   
  
  
  
If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,   
  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,   
  
And never breathe a word about your loss:   
  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,   
  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
  
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"   
  
  
  
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,   
  
Or walk with Kings---nor lose the common touch,   
  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,   
  
If all men count with you, but none too much:   
  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,   
  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,   
  
And---which is more---you'll be a Man, my son!