**A Dream Within A Dream**

by Edgar Allan Poe

Take this kiss upon the brow!  
And, in parting from you now,  
Thus much let me avow--  
You are not wrong, who deem  
That my days have been a dream;  
Yet if hope has flown away  
In a night, or in a day,  
In a vision, or in none,  
Is it therefore the less gone?  
All that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand--  
How few! yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the deep,  
While I weep--while I weep!  
O God! can I not grasp  
Them with a tighter clasp?  
O God! can I not save  
One from the pitiless wave?  
Is all that we see or seem  
But a dream within a dream?

Reference: <http://100.best-poems.net/dream-within-dream.html>

# Life is fine

## by Langston Hughes

I went down to the river,  
I set down on the bank.  
I tried to think but couldn't,  
So I jumped in and sank.

I came up once and hollered!  
I came up twice and cried!  
If that water hadn't a-been so cold  
I might've sunk and died.

But it was Cold in that water! It was cold!

I took the elevator  
Sixteen floors above the ground.  
I thought about my baby  
And thought I would jump down.

I stood there and I hollered!  
I stood there and I cried!  
If it hadn't a-been so high  
I might've jumped and died.

But it was High up there! It was high!

So since I'm still here livin',  
I guess I will live on.  
I could've died for love--  
But for livin' I was born

Though you may hear me holler,  
And you may see me cry--  
I'll be dogged, sweet baby,  
If you gonna see me die.

Life is fine! Fine as wine! Life is fine!

Reference: <http://100.best-poems.net/life-fine1.html>

# Be Glad Your Nose is on Your Face

## by Jack Prelutsky

Be glad your nose is on your face,  
not pasted on some other place,  
for if it were where it is not,  
you might dislike your nose a lot.

Imagine if your precious nose  
were sandwiched in between your toes,  
that clearly would not be a treat,  
for you'd be forced to smell your feet.

Your nose would be a source of dread  
were it attached atop your head,  
it soon would drive you to despair,  
forever tickled by your hair.

Within your ear, your nose would be  
an absolute catastrophe,  
for when you were obliged to sneeze,  
your brain would rattle from the breeze.

Your nose, instead, through thick and thin,  
remains between your eyes and chin,  
not pasted on some other place--  
be glad your nose is on your face!

Reference: http://100.best-poems.net/be-glad-your-nose-your-face.html