

Poems Inspired by Poems

*Good poets make what they steal, into
something better, or at least something
different. The good poet welds his theft
into a whole of a feeling which is unique,
utterly different than that from which it
is torn; the bad poet throws it into
something which has no cohesion.*

T.S. Elliot

How I wrote, *Ode to a Nightingale's Lament*.

As I love rhyming pairs, I rearranged *Ode to a Nightingale* into rhyming pairs. I made the lines grammatically sensible, then made changes to lines. As my confidence grew, I rewrote lines and rearranged lines. I rearranged stanzas from despair to hope to wonder. The poem reached a point where I was pleased with every word. I felt the new poem a good part mine. Of course, I would have nothing if not for the original.

To Keats I give credit to, where credit is honorably due.

In the end, it is the reader that must decide if I am a good poet or a bad poet.

I rearranged sonnets into rhyming pairs, then rewrote most of the lines keeping key words and phrases. My *Starlight* poem, from *Bright Star*, is a good example.

Bright Star, Keats composition:

Bright star, would I were stedfast 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 stedfast, 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.

Starlight, my poem:

Star Bright, would I were as stedfast at night,
 I would rise each evening into the sky with delight,
 Above the forest canopy of dark green leaves,
 After listening to cricket music on warm summer eves,
 To glide above valleys and over mountains,
 To nourish angel souls in starlight fountains.
 For my love I will forever shine bright,
 Be her twinkle twinkle little star night light,
 To be awake forever in sweet silent rest,
 Pillowed upon my fair lover's breast,
 To feel it softly fall and gently swell,
 To feel always calm, glowing and well.
 To lay still and listen to her soothing breath,
 To be with her immortal in sweet loving rest.

Poem Credits

I seen the opening quote at Keats House, *The great beauty of poetry. The Road Less Taken*, is a short adaptation of Robert Frost's poem, *The Road Not Taken*.

Modified stanza from Spencer's *Faerie Queene*.

Modified lines from Shakespeare.

Adaptation of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, *To be or not to be*.

Either write something worth reading or do something worth writing, by Benjamin Franklin.

He was a Poet, sure a Lover too, inspired by Keats's, *I stood tip-toe upon a little hill*.

Poetic Spirit, the poetry side of Keats's, *Sleep and Poetry*, with stanzas from his *Epistles* to his brother George and Charles Cowden Clarke.

Daffodils, modified version of Wordsworth's, *Wandering lonely as a cloud*.

Tramping around Scotland, modified version of what Keats wrote.

Keats had wrote a sonnet from which I took words.

Shortened version of Burns's, *My love is a like a red, red rose*.

An Epic Sonnet for Jane, inspired by lines from *Endymion*.

For Valentine's Day, from Lord Byron's, *She Walks in Beauty*.

Edited and updated version of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem, *How Do I Love Thee?*, which is often read at weddings. From Keats-Shelley Memorial House, "English poet of the Victorian age, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, was an admirer of John Keats."

Ode to a Nightingale's Lament, an adaption of, *Ode to a Nightingale*. I re-order the stanza as I was using a computer. Keats had wrote by hand; which was difficult to edit. Also, it seems that the poets of that time preferred to capture their first inspiration. Verses the modern approach of editing, editing, and editing. Hand writing with pen and ink of paper, is difficult to edit.

What Dreams are Made Of, is inspired by Keats's sonnets: *The Day is Gone*, and *I cry your mercy*.

Summer Muse, inspired by *A Red, Red Rose*, Robert Burns. With reference to Tom Jone's song, *Green Green Grass of Home*.

Introducing Lamia, modified lines from the first part of Keats's, *Lamia*. *Composition of a Kiss* is an adaptation of Coleridge's poem.

Starlight, inspired by Keats's *Bright Star*. Keats mentioned Mozart more than once, which got me to thinking about, *Twinkle Twinkle Little Star*, which Mozart wrote music to.

The Tempest, Act 4, scene 1. In *The Tempest*, Shakespeare's last play, he coins the phrase, "into thin air." My version includes lines from Shakespeare's, *As You Like It*, Act II, Scene VII, "All the world's a stage."

Poetic Starlight, includes words, phrases and lines from Shelley's *Adonais*, a poem he wrote in honor of Keats.

Closing lines, *In the wind...*, inspired by *Sleep and Poetry*.

Crashed, inspired by, *Poetic Starlight & Ode to a Nightingale's Lament As a Child*, story of Rick Vandemaele, Mark Langland, and the author.

Ode to Noodles, proof that I can write a poem on my own.

Cheers, My Friend, a sonnet inspired by *Ode to a Nightingale*.

Literary Pilgrimage, begins with lines from *Endymion*.

Home of the Muse, an inspired version of Coleridge's, *Kubla Khan*. The Canadian band, Rush, wrote the song, *Xanadu*, "The last immortal man," based on Coleridge's caves of ice.

Memory's Treasure, lines from: *Memoriam*, by Alfred Lord Tennyson, 1850, a third generation romantic poet.

Illustration credits

Shakespeare's first folio title page, Fanny Brawne's photo and silhouette, Keats hand written *Endymion*, and Coleridge hand written *Kubla Khan*, Brown's drawing of Keats, are from Wikipedia; which are photos in the public domain. Photos, are the author's photos. including photos of his books and travels.

Shakespeare first folio title page, which I have a facsimile copy.

John Keats from my 1829 book, *The Poetical Works of Coleridge*,

Shelley, and Keats.

Skull, photo of the prop I purchased at the new Shakespeare Globe in London.

Poems title page, from Keats House Museum, Hampstead, UK.

He was a Poet, Sure a Lover too engraving, from my copy of *Pirate* by Sir Walter Scott, printed 1901.

Photo of the English Channel, Folkestone, England.

Enhanced modified Keats hand written first lines of *Endymion*.

Photo of my 1857 book, *Keats Works*, first lines of *Endymion*.

Monet's field of daffodils, photo I took at the Vancouver Art Museum.

An Epic Sonnet for Miss Cox engraving from my 1855 *Works of Byron* book. The engraving is titled, *Medora* by A.H. Ritchie.

Photo of a rose in my front yard.

Fanny Brawne, Wikipedia.

Engagement ring of Fanny Brawne, The City of London, Keats House, Hampstead.

John Keats from my 1829 book, *The Poetical Works of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats*.

Severn's painting image of Keats, *Ode to a Nightingale*, is from Walmart online.

Hour glass photo in my house.

Hampstead Heath photo at the end of *Ode to a Nightingale's Lament*.

John Keats mix from my books *Keats Works* and *The Poetical Works of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats*.

Silhouette of Fanny Brawne, Wikipedia.

Drawing by Brown, Isle of Wight, Wikipedia.

Lamia, ..., and Other Poems title page from my 1909 facsimile copy.

Photo I took of *Cupid's Kiss* in the Louvre Museum.

Keats House and Severn's painting are from the book, *The John Keats Memorial Volume*, printed 1921.

Fanny Brawne, Wikipedia.

Title page and frontispiece from my book *The Poetical Works of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats*.

Keats reading a book, from my 1857 book, *Keats Works*.

Bowl of noodles I made.

Robin in the park.

California vineyard north of Sacramento.

Keats House, from the book, *The John Keats Memorial Volume*, 1921.

My London literary travel photos.

Keats hand written first page of *Ode to a Nightingale*, from the book, *The John Keats Memorial Volume*, 1921.

Reference Books

The Life and Letters of John Keats, By Joanna Richardson, printed by The Folio Society, London 1981.

The John Keats Memorial Volume, Published by John Lane Co., London, 1921. The Keats letters, papers, and other relics reproduced in facsimile from the late Sir Charles Dilke's Bequest to the Corporation of Hampstead.

Letters of Fanny Brawne to Fanny Keats 1820-1824, Oxford University Press, 1936.

Life of John Keats, by William Michael Rossetti, printed by Walter Scott, London 1887.

The Poetical Works of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, printed in Paris, 1829.

Family Writers

Grandpa Halsey Purdy was Poet

He liked to write on special occasions such as when we visited at Christmas time, which was every other year.

A Little Mouse

Now Stacy and Pete, I'm going to write
A little poem to night.
I haven't much time, it may be short,
Do you suppose that will be alright?

You see I've been very busy,
There was a little mouse,
And every time I chased him out,
He'd come back in the house.

I'll tell you where he came from,
I saw him on T.V.,
And Snaggle Puss was chasing him,
And he ran up a tree.

Old Snaggle puss went up the tree,
And chased him off the screen.
That darned old Snaggle Puss sometimes,
Can be most awful mean.

I guess that little mousie then
Will have to stay with me,
Until Snaggle Puss comes on again
And he sneaks back on T.V.

From Santa

We were in Nova Scotia, for Christmas, Santa Claus always knew where to find us. Following is a letter that Santa typed on his old typewriter for us.

North Pole, December 25, 1968

Dear Peter and Stacey:

Now Peter and Stace, you naughty boys,
You didn't believe in me.
If you had been up when I arrived,
I would have been easy for you to see,

That t'was I who filled your stockings
with Christmas gifts for you.
If you want me to come again next year,
Look out what you say and do.

And don't you say those naughty things,
That there is no Santa Clause,
Or you'll find your stocking Christmas morn
As empty as it ever was.

How do you think an old man feels
When he comes to all young folk,
And finds they don't believe in him?
Do you think, he thinks it's a joke ?

Now Peter and Stace , you better wise up,
Or when Christmas comes next year,
Instead of filling your stockings up,
I'll give you each a tin ear.

Just one more chance, I'm giving you,
To believe in old Santa Clause,
And when I come again next year,
Don't forget what this warning was.

I'm willing to bury the hatchet,
And forget all those things you said.
I wish you a Merry Christmas
While you're sound asleep in your bed.

HO. HO. HO. From ,
Santa.

I was Born

I was born in Little River on a dark and stormy night,
And it wasn't till next morning that I really saw the Light.

There stood old Sarry Dobsin, who had just delivered me,
I think it was ironic, she was the first one I should see.

She was Titty-O-Ti-Tum's mother, an old girl without much
grace,
And although she didn't look it, she was of the human race.

But she looked real good to me, it was dark where I had been,
And I opened up my eyes and I gave a little grin.

I survived her care and treatment, though it wasn't orthodox,
She was kind and sweet and gentle, like my father's big ole ox.

I grew up fairly quickly, with Pizzer Wizzer for a friend,
Addie Dobbie lived just next door, and Mosie Tird around the
bend.

In those days we knew no culture! though I am sure that it was
there,
It was really quite pronounced, in fact the stigma filled the air.

Anyway I grew up quickly, I guess I must have been quite
strong.
Though I didn't get much culture, I did learn right from wrong.

Those times were really rugged, any job there was you'd take,
So I became a teacher, a bear living one could make.

I first taught in West Skunk's Misery, a lovely little place,
Now when I think of how I taught, I have to go and hide my face.

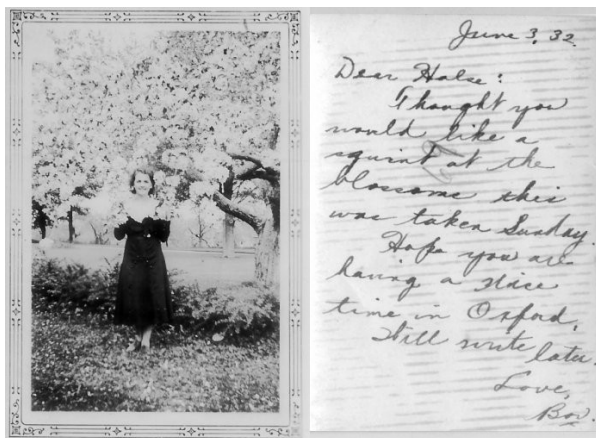
I was migratory then for years, as I went from school to school,
One or two years in a place, was usually the rule.



I became aware of sex, somewhere along the line,
And I found a little woman, who said she would be mine.

My gosh, how she was sweet, how I loved the little thing,
And I married her that fall, cause I couldn't wait till spring.

And she's gotten sweet and sweeter, as the years have slipped away,
I still love that little darling more and more, from day to day.



Though my head has gotten bald, and what hair there is grey,
Her hair is still dark blond, for she colours it that way.

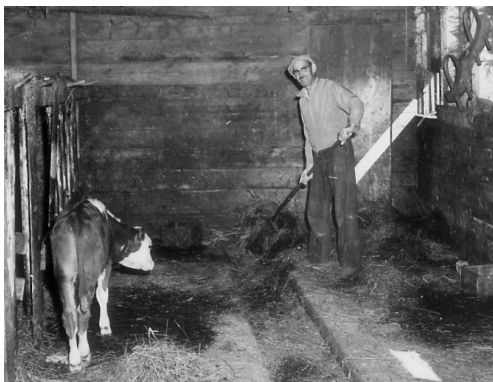


Well, a war came up in Europe, later on one in Japan,
Says I, we've got to win them, and I'm just the man that can.

I soon Rushed down the Axis, then I headed for Japan,
When they heard that I was coming, they surrendered, to a man.



Then I bought a farm in Granville, and I really raised a stink,
For I could really pitch it, then I began to think.



Many children are not learning, and since I had won the war,
Maybe I should go back teaching, they would learn a whole lot
more.

So I taught in Bridgetown High School, if you heard of the kind
work I've done,
Please don't remark about it, not even just for fun.



I taught in Bridgetown High School for fifteen years or so,
Till I decided that I'd had it, it was time for me to go.

They turned me out to pasture, where the grass was green and tall,

And from that day up to this one, I have really had a ball.

By Grandpa Halsey Purdy



Taxi Cab and the Three Trucks

By Rachel Thurston

Once upon a time in a far away forest there was a cozy and quaint garage. In this garage lived three trucks, a blue truck, a red truck and a purple truck.

One day the trucks decided to go out for a long drive. While they were gone, a yellow Taxi Cab drove up to their garage. He honked and when no one answered he decided to let himself in. Taxi Cab was running empty on fuel and when he entered the garage he spotted a work bench. On this work bench there were three cans of fuel: a big one for the blue truck, a medium one for the red truck, and a small one for the purple truck.

Taxi Cab rumbled up to the first can which was filled with diesel. Taxi Cab tried the diesel but it made his engine run funny so he moved over to the medium can. The medium can was filled with gas. Taxi Cab tried the gas but didn't like it because it made his exhaust pipe blow black smoke. The smallest fuel can was filled with propane and when Taxi Cab tried this one his engine revved in delight and his exhaust pipe puffed cleanly. Taxi Cab quickly filled his tank until the smallest can was empty.

Taxi Cab was feeling quite full and rumbled into the middle of the garage. In the center, he found three truck lifts. A large one for the blue truck, a medium one for the red truck, and a small one for the purple truck.

He drove onto the large lift which shot him into the air like a rocket and then dropped him back down like a rock. Taxi Cab quickly backed off of that lift because it was way too fast for him. He idled onto the medium lift which began to move up slowly, like a snail. In fact it was taking so long that Taxi Cab yawned and drove off it before it was barely off the ground. He carefully drove onto the smallest lift, which moved up and down at just the right pace. Taxi Cab was having so much fun that he didn't notice the smoke coming from the lift. All of a sudden

there was a loud BANG and he dropped back to the ground. He had broken the lift.

Taxi Cab dusted himself off and decided he was too tired to play anymore anyways. He turned around and drove out the back door of the garage. When he was outside he found himself in a parking lot with three stalls. A gravel one for the blue truck, a muddy one for the red truck and a paved one for the purple truck.

Taxi Cab backed himself into the gravel spot, but the gravel was lumpy and hurt his tires. He tried the muddy spot but the mud was very squishy and he almost got stuck. Finally he drove into the paved spot and it was just right so he turned off his engine and went to sleep.

A little while later the three trucks returned from their drive. They were out of fuel, needed new tires and very very tired. They drove into the garage and over to the work bench where they had left their fuel cans.

"Someone's been trying my fuel," boomed Blue truck.

"Someone's been trying my fuel," honked Red truck.

"Someone's been trying my fuel, and they've used it all up," squeaked purple truck.

The three trucks idled into the lift area.

"Someone's been using my lift," yelled Blue truck.

"Someone's been using my lift," mumbled Red truck.

"Someone's been using my lift and they've broken it," cried purple truck.

Then the three trucks revved through the back door to the parking lot.

"Someone's been parking in my spot," hollered Blue truck.

"Someone's been parking in my spot," clamored Red truck.

"Someone's been parking in my spot... And he's still there," squealed purple truck.

The three trucks gathered around the paved parking spot where Taxi Cab was snoozing.

Taxi Cab stirred and then woke up with a start. He was embarrassed to find himself surrounded by these colorful trucks whose stuff he had used, and broken, without permission. He started his engine and zoomed away as fast as he could, calling apologies until he was out of sight.

The three trucks refueled, fixed the smallest lift, and snuggled into their parking stalls for the night.

Taxi Cab raced all the way home. He felt so bad for what he had done, he decided that in the future he would be polite and ask for the right to use things that belonged to other trucks.

And they all lived in harmony, happily ever after.

Few of Branden's Grade 8 Poems

Night

Lights of the sky fade away,
 Diurnal nights unconscious,
 Stars, ethereal lights up above,
 Spark and glow like an eternal flame
 of the tenebrous night.

Stars integrate, form constellations,
 Celestial pictures illuminate the night,
 Encased in perfect harmony,
 They dance and laugh.
 Personifying the animals
 Whom they sought to represent.

Nocturnal flights enrich the night,
 Leathery wings fly by fast.
 Hunts are neither silent or loud,
 A brutal struggle to writhe through,
 Yet so tranquil and brilliant.

The night is alive,
 reanimated from diurnal threats.
 Gas, construction and aluminum,
 Destroy, corrode this landscape,
 Annihilating all life,
 For no fault of their own.
 Yet we caused their demise.
 A war never to be won.

Dawn arises for the next day.
 Diurnal nights regain control.
 Night, no longer animated,
 Lifeless, waiting for rebirth.

As one Sun brings one thousand dawns.
For each night is different,
Delivering new surprises,
Either good or ill,
Yet there is change.
Nightmare Revision
Every evening as diurnal nights grow weary
Nocturnal nights again gain control.
Plunging the world into ethereal darkness
For unconscious souls around.

Delicately vulnerable, dreams tranquil in their minds,
The Nightmare seeks the most exuberant of them all.
Their hooves storm through their minds,
Stomping euphoria into dreams of utter despair.

The mind, now under the Nightmare's appease,
It plays around, torturing its client
Until a scream tears through the night serenity,
Then will the Nightmare find another victim.

Zombies

I'm in the middle of a graveyard, it's the dead of night.
The air smells chilly, with a tinge of fright.
Then I see something move,
But there's nothing much to prove.
I cannot believe,
I'm ready to leave.

There's nothing much to plunder
When your six feet under.
So they rose to the ground
To mess around.
I can't believe my eyes
When they really do arise
Their heads above the soil, their faces contractive,
They sure are dumb, and none to attractive.

I begin to run, and fall on my knee.
 And out popped a zombie from under me.
 I have just been caught in a undertoe
 But this is quite literal for you to know.
 I kicked around in utter desperation
 With little on me and no inspiration.
 I try to scream, but my mouth is dry,
 This is the end, I think I'm gonna die.
 But out came a man who is made of pie.

The graveyard ghouls are down and weak
 Looking for something good to eat
 Like New York Cheesecake.
 But I can't tell you why
 Or you may never try
 To visit the graveyard in the dead of night.

Shake-A-Spear

Bonna: You speak in riddles ethereal thief
 You steal your light from the golden reef
 I pay my penance you Shakespearean infection
 You deserve no place among my affection

Moon: I am no ass, as my name may suggest
 Although thy enjoy thy Shakespearean jest
 I am the master of riddles
 And Bonna Fide fiddles
 Yet you confuse me not the lest

Bonna: All I ask is to see my Anna Banana
 And I won't reveal intelligence to thy golden savannah

Moon: Agreed, agreed your penance paid
 And with that my body will fade
 Wake at morn to golden Cantana
 And thou shall find thou sweet Anna

The Garden

Flourishes with colors of the rainbow,
Plant life springs out everywhere. Bells chime while the birds
sing.
Leaves fall to the ground as pollen fills the air.
Squirrels coming and going steeling our fruit.
Rain falls and wets the leaves, soaks the dirt and floods the bird
bath.
Darkness fills the sky as the forces of nature blast the Earth.
Hail puts holes in the leaves, makes a peaceful tap as it falls to
the ground.
Orange leaves cover the floor as a cool breeze chills your
innards.
Straggling leaves cling on to the tree hoping not to fall to the
ground.
The sky is the color of amber as it sets.
Geese quack as they migrate to the south, not seen till the next
year.
Flower buds close and return to the original green and brown.
Colors disappear, and fall to the dirt to be swept away.
Coldness wraps the plants as frost forms on the rooftops
The tree wrapped in an icy blanket with nothing but branches
bare
The cloudy grey sky shines no light and the sun can't find a way
to pierce the clouds.
The plants shiver bearing no fruits nor vegetables.
Rain is the source of food as it drenches the land. Never
stopping.
Until a bud opens and others start to follow to fill the garden
with beautiful colors.

by Riley, 2006

I am Canadian

Inspired by Riley's poem, my poem was published in my University's magazine, 2007 issue. I am a published poet :-)

"I-am-Canadian"

Living outside of Canada, I look forward
to receiving my On Manitoba magazine.
It reminds me of my university years...

(This reader wrote the following poem.)

I-am-Canadian

*Hear the crush of winter's blinding white
snow under foot,*

Feel the crisp cold air on your face,

*Watch as the sky explodes into the
brilliant Aurora Borealis.*

*In spring, the air is fresh with the sound
of running spring waters,*

*Taste the clarity and brilliance of icy
snow melt streams,*

*Walk the towering mountains, gaze at
the aqua blue of the mineral lakes.*

*Wonder at the rainbows over yellow
gold of endless summer prairie fields,*

*Patiently watch the deep blue sky turn
into blazing oranges and reds,*

*And then into the twinkling diamonds
of the night time summer sky.*

*Taste the succulent bright flavours of the
fruits, vegetables, and wines of harvest,*

*Watch the greens of mighty oaks, maples,
and birch turn to the reds,*

oranges, and yellows

*That mother natures uses to paint her
amazing canvases of life.*

*If you travel the vastness of Canada, and
experience its wonders,*

From the adventurous Pacific Coast,

*Into the cultures of the Canadian
French and Native Indians,*

*And onto the merriments of the Atlantic
Maritimes...*

*You will feel as I do, proud to be
Canadian.*

Writers, editors and crew, thank you for
producing On Manitoba; it is a quality
publication and a good read.

Stacy David Thurston [BA/98]
Foster City, CA

See you at Homecoming 2008

Dear sir/madam,

I would like to thank you for sharing the
current news with me. I am planning to
participate in homecoming next year.
Please, keep on sending me the alumni
news.

The news is very interesting and I
appreciate all your efforts to keep it
going.

Thank you very much.

Yours sincerely,

Isaac Olarewaju [Med/86]
Lagos, Nigeria



Good Night Grandma Story

A rehearsed conversation I regularly had with Branden before sleep. Branden's lines are italic, the other lines are mine.



Night, night Grandma.

Night, night Grandma.

What does Grandma say?

Night, night, my best boy.

Your her best boy aren't you?

Night, night, Grandpa.

Night, night Grandpa.

What's Grandpa say?

Night, night, Buckshot.

Grandpa calls you Buckshot, doesn't he?

Night, night Great Grandma.

Night, night Great Grandma.

What does Great Grandma say?

Night, night, great Branden.

Night, night uncle Peter and aunt Cathy.
Night, night uncle Peter and aunt Cathy.
 What does uncle Peter and aunt Cathy say?
Night, night nephew Branden.

Night, night cousin Tyrel and Brody.
Night, night cousin Tyrel and Brody.
 What does cousin Tyrel and Brody say?
Night, night cousin Branden.

Night, night Di-Ye-Ma.
 Night, night Di-Ye-Ma.
 What does Di-Ye-Ma say?
 Joe-Tao.
 She speaks Chinese, doesn't she?

Night, night Leung-Shu-Guy.
Night, night Leung-Shu-Guy.
 What does Shoe-Guy say?
Nothing.
 He doesn't speak much does he?

Night, night Gong-Gong.
Night, night Gong-Gong.
 What does Gong-Gong say?
 Joe-Tao.
 He also speaks Chinese.
 And he says, "Let's go Yum-Cha in the morning."

Night, night Mommy.
Night, night Mommy.
 What does Mommy say?
Love you too.

Night, night little Riley feller.
Night, night little Riley feller.
What does little Riley feller say?
Night, night.
Riley's getting bigger, isn't he?



Night, night Daddy.
Night, night Daddy.
What does Daddy say?
Night, night Monkey Man, see you tomorrow.
Will I see you tomorrow?
Night, night Monkey Man, I will see you tomorrow.