

# *Poem in Your Pocket Day*

*April 27, 2017*

Every April, on Poem in Your Pocket Day, people celebrate by selecting a poem, carrying it with them, and sharing it with others throughout the day at schools, bookstores, libraries, parks, workplaces, and on social media using the hashtag #pocketpoem.

Join us in celebrating Poem in Your Pocket Day this year!

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american**

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THE LEAGUE OF CANADIAN POETS

# *A Guide to Celebrating Poetry in Schools, Communities & Businesses*

Poem in Your Pocket Day was initiated in April 2002 by the Office of the Mayor, in partnership with the New York City Departments of Cultural Affairs and Education, as part of the city's National Poetry Month celebration.

The Academy of American Poets, which launched National Poetry Month in 1996, took Poem in Your Pocket Day to all fifty United States in 2008, encouraging individuals across the country to join in and channel their inner bard.

Since 2016, the Academy of American Poets and the League of Canadian Poets, the latter of which has organized National Poetry Month in Canada since 1998, have teamed up to extend the reach of Poem in Your Pocket Day across North America.

## **Ideas for Celebrating Poem in Your Pocket Day**

The beauty of Poem in Your Pocket Day is its simplicity. Individuals and institutions have generated many creative ways to share poems on this special day—from having children create handmade pockets to tuck their favorite poems into, to handing out poems to commuters at transportation hubs, to distributing poem scrolls in hospitals, nursing homes, and local businesses. The ideas are endless but here are a few to get you started. And, of course, we invite you to share poems on any day—during National Poetry Month and throughout the year!

### **In Your School**

- If you're a school principal or administrator, organize a school-wide Poem in Your Pocket Day giveaway using the following curated collection of poems.
- Encourage students to choose a poem from our collection, print it out, and post it in a designated area, such as the school cafeteria, hallways, or the student lounge.
- Hold a student reading of the poems they've selected.

### **In Your Classroom**

- Have your students choose a poem from our collection. Ask them to write a letter to a far-away friend or relative detailing what they like about the poem and why they think the recipient would enjoy it. Send the letters and poems so they arrive on Poem in Your Pocket Day.
- Ask your students to choose their favorite poem from our collection, choose their favorite lines, and add those lines to a bookmark they can decorate with drawings. Collect the bookmarks and redistribute them, letting each student pick one that's not their own for ongoing use in class.
- Ask your students to memorize a poem and share it with the class.
- Have your students choose a poem to give away. Ask them to print out 20 copies of the poem and come up with a creative way to distribute it, such as in the form of a folded-paper animal or object (see the Appendix for instructions on how to create a folded swan), a decorated scroll, a poem tree, or a bookmark.
- Devote a class lesson to teaching your students about the haiku, a three-line poem with seventeen syllables, written in a 5/7/5 syllable count. (See the Appendix for more about the haiku.) Ask your students write their own haikus and share them with the class by reading them aloud. Have your students decorate a copy of their haikus with drawings and stickers, then encourage them to give their poems to a family member or friend.
- Organize a class trip for students to visit a nursing home or community center and to read and share their favorite poems.

### **In Your Community**

- Work with your local community officials to get permission to hand out poems in transportation hubs, shopping malls, pedestrian malls, or other areas where people in our community gather.
- Encourage local businesses to participate in Poem in Your Pocket Day by offering discounts to customers who bring in a poem, by posting poems in their establishments, or by distributing poems on bags, cups, or receipts.
- On April 1, write to your local newspaper asking them to publish a poem by a local poet on Poem in Your Pocket Day or to syndicate Poem-a-Day, a digital series available for free from the Academy of American Poets. (For more information, visit [www.poets.org/poetsorg/poem-day](http://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poem-day).)

### **In Your Workplace**

- Stand outside the entrance of your place of work and distribute poems to employees and coworkers as they begin their day.
- Organize a lunch for your employees or coworkers to gather and share a meal, as well as their favorite poems by reading them aloud.
- Ask your employer to encourage employees to choose their favorite poems and post them around the office.
- Place printouts of poems on people's desk chairs before they arrive to work.
- Add a poem or link to a poem to your email signature. In addition to the poems in this guide, you'll find thousands more at [www.poets.org](http://www.poets.org).
- Email a poem to employees and coworkers, encouraging them to read and share their own favorites throughout the day.
- Jot a favorite line of poetry on the back of your business card before distributing them.
- Tape a poem to the watercooler.

### **On Social Media**

- Post poems, links to poems, or photos of poems on Facebook, Instagram, Tumblr, or Twitter using the hashtag #pocketpoem.

# *Poems to Share by Contemporary American & Canadian Poets*

*Grief Without Fantasy by Ronna Bloom*

*Self-Composed by George Elliott Clarke*

*Work by Lorna Crozier*

*Ars Poetica 3 by Amanda Earl*

*Wish List by Heidi Garnett*

*The Red Poppy by Louise Glück*

*Boy and Lawn by Catherine Graham*

*Dorothy and the First Tornado by Julie Cameron Gray*

*Remember by Joy Harjo*

*Here and There by Juan Felipe Herrera*

*Cotton Candy by Edward Hirsch*

*The Weighing by Jane Hirshfield*

*Like Sleeping Dogs by Cornelia Hoogland*

*The Moment by Marie Howe*

*cat and door by Doyali Islam*

*First the Children Stopped Asking for a Ride by Claire Kelly*

*'Round Midnight by D. A. Lockhart*

*Big Data on February 8th (A found poem in an e-mail inbox) by Canisia Lubrin*

*Lyric by Khaled Mattawa*

Variation on a Theme *by W. S. Merwin*

Burning the Old Year *by Naomi Shihab Nye*

The Dogs at Live Oak Beach, Santa Cruz *by Alicia Ostriker*

African Masks *by Ayaz Pirani*

Springing *by Marie Ponsot*

Silvija *by Sandra Ridley*

When Giving Is All We Have *by Alberto Ríos*

The Owl *by Arthur Sze*

Poster *by Souvankham Thammavongsa*

Eleventh Brother *by Jean Valentine*

Imaginary Morning Glory *by C. D. Wright*

My Accent *by Anna Yin*

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## *Grief Without Fantasy*

Ronna Bloom

What I lost  
was not going to happen.

I had  
what happened.

There was no more.

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## *Self-Composed*

George Elliott Clarke

It's today  
That I can see  
Daisies play  
At being me.

Beaming gold,  
They bend and sway—  
Limber, bold,  
Anarchic, gay.

Holding out  
Their leaves like hands,  
They don't shout  
Or make demands.

They're quiet,  
Quite, but not shy:  
Their riot  
Is their beauty.

If I seem  
A weed to some  
Eyes, I dream—  
And flower I am.

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## *Work*

Lorna Crozier

Lucky the ones who work with animals close by,  
the girl who gets up early—even at that hour  
dust worrying the grass—before she goes to school  
(this is my mother's story) and pumps three hundred strokes  
to fill the trough, two brown mares waiting at the gate,  
their nostrils flaring with the smell of water from the well  
and the smell of her all those mornings, until she is also  
what they drink.

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## *Ars Poetica 3*

Amanda Earl

A poem, not all poems, but some poems, or maybe just this poem is uncertain, it falters. A poem crawls on its belly out of shadow, but avoids full-on sunshine. A poem is made from ashes, nightmare, solitude, erasure, the unknown. It names itself or it doesn't. A poem cannot fully articulate or understand the pattern of synapses made by the brain. A poem is a long sentence or a line or a group of lines or a school of images, a fish that swims through uncertain waters. A poem overflows with metaphor or doesn't. You can write a poem. You're allowed to write a poem because you are. There is no reason. A poem is something in your own voice. You don't even have to call it a poem. It belongs to Poetry or it doesn't. A poem is concrete or it isn't. It uses abstraction or plays with cliché or doesn't. It negotiates white space on a page and navigates the air. It is a linguistic gymnast or it's clumsy, it stumbles, it is a blind fumbler in a sky empty of stars. A poem is a way to communicate with others in a language that comes from a deep place inside you. A poem is made of words that are mined like precious stones or unearthed like buried treasure. A poem is pain gently exposed to the dawn, it paints the sky red. It is brave of you to write a poem. To share it with others. Somewhere someone is reading your poem right now and understands just how you feel.

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## *Wish List*

Heidi Garnett

I want to meet a blue parakeet that reads the future  
pulling Tarot cards with one delicate outstretched foot,  
the hanged man uncovered. I want to own a Corvette,  
a 1960 red and white convertible hardtop  
and drive around town with my dog Bud. I want  
to write love poems as if world peace depends on them. I want  
to shape each day like a clump of clay  
until it becomes what my hands remember. I want  
to see the turnings of things, who and where we already are,  
light rising again in the east, the moon  
climbing into the world through a trapdoor each night,  
my attic a place of worship. I want to see a white-tailed deer  
gazing at an inverted image of itself in a frozen lake  
and just once the clearly marked tracks of a bobcat  
breaking new snow. I want to go home  
as if I never left. Like the sun I want to enter  
through one door and leave by another.

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## *The Red Poppy*

**Louise Glück**

The great thing  
is not having  
a mind. Feelings:  
oh, I have those; they  
govern me. I have  
a lord in heaven  
called the sun, and open  
for him, showing him  
the fire of my own heart, fire  
like his presence.  
What could such glory be  
if not a heart? Oh my brothers and sisters,  
were you like me once, long ago,  
before you were human? Did you  
permit yourselves  
to open once, who would never  
open again? Because in truth  
I am speaking now  
the way you do. I speak  
because I am shattered.

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## *Boy and Lawn*

**Catherine Graham**

When I close my eyes I see  
the weeds through his head.

Clover. Dandelion. Wild carrot.  
Daisy. I wanted every day

to be Saturday, for the grass  
to grow high like the waiting

inside me. Dad paid the boy  
to mow. I watched him

turn aisles through my  
bedroom window. His glasses

thick and black. I saw  
those eyes close up. Green

hovered between us  
like the spears on his grave.

## *Dorothy and the First Tornado*

**Julie Cameron Gray**

The sky is greening, foaming  
like the top of a bubbling pot.  
And look, see how the clouds

climb down to dance with us?  
How the animals rush up to meet  
them, and conduct the thrashing sounds?

The clouds want to circle  
on their own, thick rounds  
across the fields, growing near.

Shingles, rakes, shovels through  
the air—so many things  
learning to fly, or could they do

this all along? Come down  
from the sky, you silly cows.  
Come back to the barn, blown open.

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## *Remember*

Joy Harjo

Remember the sky that you were born under,  
know each of the star's stories.

Remember the moon, know who she is.

Remember the sun's birth at dawn, that is the  
strongest point of time. Remember sundown  
and the giving away to night.

Remember your birth, how your mother struggled  
to give you form and breath. You are evidence of  
her life, and her mother's, and hers.

Remember your father. He is your life, also.

Remember the earth whose skin you are:  
red earth, black earth, yellow earth, white earth  
brown earth, we are earth.

Remember the plants, trees, animal life who all have their  
tribes, their families, their histories, too. Talk to them,  
listen to them. They are alive poems.

Remember the wind. Remember her voice. She knows the  
origin of this universe.

Remember you are all people and all people  
are you.

Remember you are this universe and this  
universe is you.

Remember all is in motion, is growing, is you.

Remember language comes from this.

Remember the dance language is, that life is.

Remember.

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## *Here and There*

Juan Felipe Herrera

I sit and meditate—my dog licks her paws  
on the red-brown sofa  
so many things somehow  
it all is reduced to numbers letters figures  
without faces or names only jagged lines  
across the miles half-shadows  
going into shadow-shadow then destruction    the infinite light

here and there    cannot be overcome  
it is the first drop of ink

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## *Cotton Candy*

**Edward Hirsch**

We walked on the bridge over the Chicago River  
for what turned out to be the last time,  
and I ate cotton candy, that sugary air,  
that sweet blue light spun out of nothingness.  
It was just a moment, really, nothing more,  
but I remember marveling at the sturdy cables  
of the bridge that held us up  
and threading my fingers through the long  
and slender fingers of my grandfather,  
an old man from the Old World  
who long ago disappeared into the nether regions.  
And I remember that eight-year-old boy  
who had tasted the sweetness of air,  
which still clings to my mouth  
and disappears when I breathe.

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## *The Weighing*

Jane Hirshfield

The heart's reasons  
seen clearly,  
even the hardest  
will carry  
its whip-marks and sadness  
and must be forgiven.

As the drought-starved  
eland forgives  
the drought-starved lion  
who finally takes her,  
enters willingly then  
the life she cannot refuse,  
and is lion, is fed,  
and does not remember the other.

So few grains of happiness  
measured against all the dark  
and still the scales balance.

The world asks of us  
only the strength we have and we give it.  
Then it asks more, and we give it.

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## *Like Sleeping Dogs*

**Cornelia Hoogland**

cars  
nose the neighbour's house—  
their wet snouts pointed

with light. It's the moon's  
doing, milking  
everything with such

cinematic fill

that shadow is  
reduced to corners, to  
snapping at heels.

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## *The Moment*

**Marie Howe**

Oh, the coming-out-of-nowhere moment

when, nothing

happens

no what-have-I-to-do-today list

maybe half a moment

the rush of traffic stops.

The whirl of I should be, I should be, I should be

slows to silence,

the white cotton curtains hanging still.

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## *cat and door*

Doyali Islam

*For poncho*

one night, as i came in, the brightened hall  
opened to him / / he saw, almost dared  
to stride, sensed his limits, and his eyes were wide.

i shut the door. so there he crouches,  
a creature in my mind, bent after new thought.

was it inevitable, the key thrust,  
the turn? i remember his pleasure at

a bird's call / her *ti-litt ti-litt* / how all  
of him leapt like light to light returning.  
darkness soon curtailed, curtailed, his vision.  
was it a dutiful hand or a cruel  
master who gave glimpse of that golden wing?  
did he live by it, or die by it?  
solidness suddenly a hushed measure—

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## *First the Children Stopped Asking for a Ride*

Claire Kelly

*Based on Lisa Brawn's art project Helios.*

When you coat me with silver leaf  
and loose me on the prairies  
stripped of the faded-paint saddle  
that was all I knew of permanence.  
Mice in their soft nests heaved into the cold.  
Wasp nests smoked and scraped out,  
my head hollow as the bromides I tell myself.  
What buzzes my core now, only wind.

I once thought the coins  
in my jingle-jangle belly  
were my comrades, but they never stayed,  
palmed hand to hand. Someone once  
stuck tasteless gum behind my left ear  
like a kiss. Now that's gone too.

What next, where bison ranged  
and where the sun tries to sink  
its silly-wolf teeth into me?  
Where I'm empowered but untouched, play-  
thing, now art. A finicky relic haunted  
by children's boisterous voices.  
Rays bouncing off like *whatever you say*  
*bounces off meee and sticks to youuu?*

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## 'Round Midnight

D. A. Lockhart

The scene opens with fireflies  
above an Indiana pond and rain  
falling against leaves like hot shrapnel.

And you, alone with your pack of sparklers,  
you with thoughts of Wes Montgomery,  
sometime around midnight,

And you humming to the flickers  
of those fireflies because they are tied  
to the shrapnel and the four-four time.

And you know that this scene is a place  
you've been before because at the rock candy  
core of America we have all been here before.

And alone, you hum that guitar riff, hum it  
as if you have played in every window-less  
bar room in 1950's Indiana Avenue Indianapolis.

And though you are nothing less than decades  
late for that, your crystalized sugar core wants  
to play happy to your vigil at this Indiana pond.

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## *Big Data on February 8th* *(A found poem in an e-mail inbox)*

**Canisia Lubrin**

—Final hours, Hudson's bay extra  
Secrets off your tickets  
For Literature Matters, this confirms your order  
Still early so reset your common globe  
Save trouble viewing thieves in your address book  
As podcasts abandon their smugglers

On Wednesday January eleventh twenty seventeen  
Lost in the cold, the code. People looking at your LinkedIn profile

In February, an eighth of a sound as Obama says goodbye for good in group  
email: off with your favourite scents. A piece on finishing a book, a name  
or a woman's trouble viewing. Wonder  
who assigned your mobile device in the honest company  
of the original Tintin?

The beautiful beginnings you can read on your iPad  
For fifty percent off, If you cannot see this email,  
Save an extra fifteen on gas. Free shipping on us for being  
A loyal member liked one of your tweets, stories from Canada  
& the world to come & add to your address book: see how well  
You stand out from the crowd—

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## *Lyric*

**Khaled Mattawa**

Will answers be found  
like seeds  
planted among rows of song?

Will mouths recognize  
the hunger  
in their voices, all mouths in unison,

the ah in harmony, the way words  
of hope are more  
than truth when whispered?

Will we turn to each other and ask,  
how long  
has it been...how long since?

A world now, a world then  
and each  
is seeking a foothold, trying

to remember when we looked  
at one another  
and found—A world again—Surely

what we long for is at the wheel  
contending.

Surely, we'll soon hear  
its unearthly groan.

# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Variation on a Theme*

W. S. Merwin

Thank you my life long afternoon  
late in this spring that has no age  
my window above the river  
for the woman you led me to  
when it was time at last the words  
coming to me out of mid-air  
that carried me through the clear day  
and come even now to find me  
for old friends and echoes of them  
those mistakes only I could make  
homesickness that guides the plovers  
from somewhere they had loved before  
they knew they loved it to somewhere  
they had loved before they saw it  
thank you good body hand and eye  
and the places and moments known  
only to me revisiting  
once more complete just as they are  
and the morning stars I have seen  
and the dogs who are guiding me

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## *Burning the Old Year*

Naomi Shihab Nye

Letters swallow themselves in seconds.  
Notes friends tied to the doorknob,  
transparent scarlet paper,  
sizzle like moth wings,  
marry the air.

So much of any year is flammable,  
lists of vegetables, partial poems.  
Orange swirling flame of days,  
so little is a stone.

Where there was something and suddenly isn't,  
an absence shouts, celebrates, leaves a space.  
I begin again with the smallest numbers.

Quick dance, shuffle of losses and leaves,  
only the things I didn't do  
crackle after the blazing dies.

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## *The Dogs at Live Oak Beach, Santa Cruz*

Alicia Ostriker

As if there could be a world  
Of absolute innocence  
In which we forget ourselves

The owners throw sticks  
And half-bald tennis balls  
Toward the surf  
And the happy dogs leap after them  
As if catapulted—

Black dogs, tan dogs,  
Tubes of glorious muscle—

Pursuing pleasure  
More than obedience  
They race, skid to a halt in the wet sand,  
Sometimes they'll plunge straight into  
The foaming breakers

Like diving birds, letting the green turbulence  
Toss them, until they snap and sink

Teeth into floating wood  
Then bound back to their owners  
Shining wet, with passionate speed  
For nothing,  
For absolutely nothing but joy.

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## *African Masks*

Ayaz Pirani

As a kid I'd hate to lose my way  
to the drawers of Ornithology or African masks.

I didn't fancy the Mesa blankets  
and said no to all the Walks of Tears, of Fears, of Hunger.

Best was to find myself in the Ice Cream Shop  
or Gift Shop,

the white people's diorama  
in which they do not disappear from the Earth.

I still don't like pinned butterflies  
and pieces of petrified forest you take home in your pockets.

I don't need to see the sunken treasure  
brought to dry land.

It's like if there's a gem  
on the Queen of England's crown that I know

belongs to my bride,  
you won't see me just reach out and take it.

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## *Springing*

Marie Ponsot

In a skiff on a sunrisen lake we are watchers.

Swimming aimlessly is luxury just as walking  
loudly up a shallow stream is.

As we lean over the deep well, we whisper.

Friends at hearths are drawn to the one warm air;  
strangers meet on beaches drawn to the one wet sea.

What wd it be to be water, one body of water  
(what water is is another mystery) (We are  
water divided.) It wd be a self without walls,  
with surface tension, specific gravity a local  
exchange between bedrock and cloud of falling and rising,  
rising to fall, falling to rise.

(1962)

# national poetry month

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## *Silvija*

Sandra Ridley

—*an excerpt*

(Wakeful bareness) / we've seen you of this place

As the raw—such / denial / undiscerned as an echo

Unsought and left behind / the ghosted / skyward

As the essential / sylph / shadow / detached from

A great shade / shale eyes / released to darkening

Night / only you are present when the heart stops.

# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *When Giving Is All We Have*

Alberto Ríos

*One river gives  
Its journey to the next.*

We give because someone gave to us.  
We give because nobody gave to us.

We give because giving has changed us.  
We give because giving could have changed us.

We have been better for it,  
We have been wounded by it—

Giving has many faces: It is loud and quiet,  
Big, though small, diamond in wood-nails.

Its story is old, the plot worn and the pages too,  
But we read this book, anyway, over and again:

Giving is, first and every time, hand to hand,  
Mine to yours, yours to mine.

You gave me blue and I gave you yellow.  
Together we are simple green. You gave me

What you did not have, and I gave you  
What I had to give—together, we made

Something greater from the difference.

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## *The Owl*

**Arthur Sze**

The path was purple in the dusk.  
I saw an owl, perched,  
on a branch.

And when the owl stirred, a fine dust  
fell from its wings. I was  
silent then. And felt

the owl quaver. And at dawn, waking,  
the path was green in the  
May light.

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## Poster

Souvankham Thammavongsa

We used to have this poster on the wall. It was an advertisement for Minute Maid. A row of orange groves. It went on top of billboards and was sealed inside the glass of bus shelters. The poster gave my parents a different view than the one we had outside our window. We had only snow and the exhaust pipe from a car parked just outside. It was made of paper that didn't tear. Even if you tried. From afar, the blue in the sky and the green on the ground looked uniform. Up close, they were together a thousand little dots. The blue was made of blue, but the green was of bits of blue and yellow arranged on top of each other. The yellow came first and then the blue. It was the distant looking that brought them together, that filled the space between them. This poster was our future looking in on us, but we didn't see. We didn't see how inside it would be my mother picking oranges in those fields. Her nails cut short, dirt underneath quarter-moon shaped. And her hair would feel like straw and half her face would sag from a stroke. She says not to think on too much of it, she can't taste anything on one side except bitterness.

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## *Eleventh Brother*

Jean Valentine

Rone arm still a swan's wing  
The worst had happened before: love—before  
I knew it was mine—  
turned into a wild  
swan and flew  
across the rough water

Outsider seedword  
until I die  
I will be open to you as an egg  
speechless red.

# national poetry month

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## *Imaginary Morning Glory*

C. D. Wright

Whether or not the water was freezing. The body  
would break its sheathe. Without layer on layer  
of feather and air to insulate the loving belly.

A cloudy film surrounding the point of entry. If blue  
were not blue how could love be love. But if the body  
were made of rings. A loose halo would emerge  
in the telluric light. If anyone were entrusted to verify  
this rare occurrence. As the petal starts to  
dwindle and curl unto itself. And only then. Love,  
blue. Hallucinogenic blue, love.

# national poetry month

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## *My Accent*

Anna Yin

It is charming.  
I assure you,  
I assure myself;  
and choose to believe so.

Languages have colors.  
I want to show you my tender blue.  
But you cut off with fork and knife,  
quicker than my chopstick taps.

My accent grows trees,  
trails and winding roads to  
westcoast landscape.  
It points to the open sky;  
yet clouds are too heavy  
and form raindrops.

My papers collect them  
then dry in silence.  
I have hesitated many times  
before speaking;  
now it develops teeth.  
Even with gaps between,  
I decide  
...this is my voice.

# national poetry month

## Contributors' Notes

**Ronna Bloom** has published five books of poetry, most recently *Cloudy with a Fire in the Basement* (Pedlar Press, 2012), shortlisted for the ReLit Award. She is currently poet in residence at Mount Sinai Hospital in Toronto. Bloom developed Rx for Poetry, for which she prescribes poems on the spot and takes them to hospital waiting rooms, conferences, and bookstores.

**George Elliott Clarke**, Canada's parliamentary poet laureate, was born in Windsor, Nova Scotia, near the Black Loyalist community of Three Mile Plains, in 1960. A graduate of the University of Waterloo, Dalhousie University, and Queen's University, he is now the inaugural E. J. Pratt Professor of Canadian Literature at the University of Toronto. His many honors include the 2001 Governor-General's Award for Poetry, the 2001 National Magazine Gold Medal for Poetry, the 2004 Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Achievement Award, the 2005 Pierre Elliott Trudeau Fellowship Prize, the 2006 Dartmouth Book Award for Fiction, the 2009 Eric Hoffer Book Award for Poetry, appointment to the Order of Nova Scotia in 2006, appointment to the Order of Canada at the rank of officer in 2008, and eight honorary doctorates. He has recently completed his three-year term as the City of Toronto's poet laureate. He divides his time between Toronto, Ontario, and Nova Scotia.

**Lorna Crozier** is the award-winning author of seventeen books of poetry, including *The Wrong Cat*, *What the Soul Won't Let Go*, *The Blue Hour of the Day: Selected Poems*, and *Whetstone*. She is also the author of *The Book of Marvels: A Compendium of Everyday Things* and the memoir *Small Beneath the Sky*. She is a professor emerita at the University of Victoria and an officer of the Order of Canada, and she has received five honorary doctorates for her contributions to Canadian literature. Born in Swift Current, she now lives in British Columbia.

**Amanda Earl** is an Ottawa poet, managing editor of Bywords.ca, fallen angel of AngelHouse-Press, visual poet, mischief maker, and fiction writer. Her first poetry book, *Kiki*, was published by Chaudiere Books in 2014. [amandaearl.com](http://amandaearl.com)

**Heidi Garnett** began writing when she retired from a teaching career. Her writing has been

published in many literary magazines and won or been short-listed for many important prizes, including the British Arvon Prize, Arc Poem of the Year, and the Winston Collins Prize. She published a second poetry book, *Blood Orange*, with Frontenac House Press in the fall of 2016 and completed an MFA in fine arts at the University of British Columbia in 2010.

**Louise Glück** is the author of over a dozen books of poetry, including *Faithful and Virtuous Night* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2014), which won the 2014 National Book Award in Poetry. Her other honors include the Pulitzer Prize and the Lannan Literary Award for Poetry. In 1999, Glück was elected a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets, and in the fall of 2003, she was appointed the twelfth U.S. poet laureate. She lives in Connecticut.

**Catherine Graham's** most recent collection, *Her Red Hair Rises with the Wings of Insects*, was a finalist for the Raymond Souster Poetry Award and CAA Poetry Award. She received an Excellence in Teaching Award at the University of Toronto, where she teaches creative writing. She was also the winner of the International Festival of Author's Poetry NOW competition. Her poems have appeared in the *Malahat Review*, *Poetry Ireland Review*, Poetry Daily, the *Glasgow Review of Books*, *Literary Review of Canada*, CBC Books, and elsewhere. Her sixth poetry collection, *The Celery Forest*, will be published in 2017, as will her debut novel, *Quarry*.  
[www.catherinegraham.com](http://www.catherinegraham.com)

**Julie Cameron Gray** is originally from Sudbury, Ontario. She is the author of *I* (Palimpsest Press, 2016) and *Tangle* (Tightrope Books, 2013), and her poems have appeared in *The Fiddlehead*, *Prairie Fire*, *Event*, and in *Best Canadian Poetry 2011* (Tightrope Books, 2011). She currently lives in Toronto.

**Joy Harjo's** poetry collections include *Conflict Resolution for Holy Beings* (W. W. Norton, 2015) and *How We Became Human: New and Selected Poems* (W. W. Norton, 2002). In 2015, she received the Wallace Stevens Award from the Academy of American Poets. Her other honors include the PEN Open Book Award and the American Indian Distinguished Achievement in the Arts Award. She lives in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

**Juan Felipe Herrera** is the current U. S. poet laureate. He served as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 2011 to 2016. He is the author of many poetry collections, including *Notes on the Assemblage* (City Lights, 2015) and *Half of the World in Light: New and Selected*

*Poems* (University of Arizona Press, 2008), a recipient of the PEN/Beyond Margins Award. He lives in Fresno, California.

**Edward Hirsch** is the author of several books of poetry, most recently *Gabriel: A Poem* (Alfred A. Knopf, 2014), which was nominated for the National Book Award, as well as the national bestseller *How to Read a Poem and Fall in Love with Poetry* (Harcourt, 1999). He served as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 2009 to 2014. He is the president of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation in New York City, where he lives.

**Jane Hirshfield's** poetry collections include *The Beauty* (Alfred A. Knopf, 2015), which was nominated for the National Book Award, and *Come, Thief* (Alfred A. Knopf, 2011). In 2004, the Academy of American Poets awarded Hirshfield the Academy Fellowship for distinguished poetic achievement. Her other honors include the Poetry Center Book Award and numerous fellowships. She currently serves as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets, and she lives in the San Francisco Bay Area.

**Cornelia Hoogland's** seventh book, *Trailer Park Elegy*, is forthcoming from Harbour Publishing. *Woods Wolf Girl* (Wolsak and Wynn) was a finalist for the ReLit 2011 National Poetry Award. *Sea Level* (Baseline Press), was short-listed for the CBC Literary Prizes. Hoogland has served on international and national literary boards and is the founder and coartistic director of Poetry London, and most recently, of Poetry Hornby Island, in British Columbia Gulf Island, where she lives. [www.corneliahoogland.com](http://www.corneliahoogland.com)

**Marie Howe's** poetry collections include *Magdalene: Poems* (W. W. Norton, 2017) and *The Kingdom of Ordinary Time* (W. W. Norton, 2008), which was a finalist for the Los Angeles Times Book Prize. Howe is the recipient of the 2015 Academy of American Poets Fellowship and has also received grants from the Bunting Institute, the Guggenheim Foundation, and the National Endowment for the Arts. She lives in New York City.

**Doyali Islam's** poetry has been published in *KROnline* and *The Fiddlehead*. She is the winner of *Arc Poetry's* 2016 Poem of the Year contest and *CV2's* 2015 Young Buck Poetry Prize. Her poem "cat and door" won the League of Canadian Poets' inaugural National Broadsheet Contest in 2017. Doyali's full-length poetry manuscript, "heft and sing," contains formal innovations, including the poetic form that she created, which she has termed the 'parallel poem.'

Examples of her parallel poems can be found in *CV2* (34.2), *Arc Poetry* (79), and *Unpublished City* (June, 2017). An ailurophile and minimalist, she lives in Toronto.

**Claire Kelly's** first full-length collection, *Maunder*, is available from Palimpsest Press. She has curated a chapbook of emerging Edmonton poets for Frog Hollow Press's City Series. She lives and writes in Edmonton and is currently working on two new poetry manuscripts, one on moving to Alberta from New Brunswick and one on contemporary loneliness.

**D. A. Lockhart** is the author of *Big Medicine Comes to Erie* (Black Moss Press, 2016). His work has appeared throughout Turtle Island in journals such as *The Malahat Review*, the *Hawai'i Review*, the *Windsor Review*, and Ohio State University's *The Journal*. He holds a MFA in creative writing from Indiana University Bloomington, where he held a Neal-Marshall Graduate Fellowship. Lockhart is a member of the Moravian of the Thames First Nation. He is the publisher at Urban Farmhouse Press.

**Canisia Lubrin** was born in St. Lucia in 1984. She serves on the advisory board of the Ontario Book Publishers Organization and the editorial board of *The Humber Literary Review*. She teaches writing at Humber College, holds an MFA from the University of Guelph-Humber, and her first forthcoming poetry collection is *Voodoo Hypothesis*.

**Khaled Mattawa** is the author of four poetry collections, including *Tocqueville* (New Issues, 2010), and he has also translated many volumes of contemporary Arabic poetry. He is the recipient of the 2010 Academy of American Poets Fellowship. Mattawa's other honors include the PEN American Center Poetry Translation Prize and numerous others. He currently serves as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets and lives in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

**W. S. Merwin** is the author of many books of poetry, including *Garden Time* (Copper Canyon Press, 2017); *The Shadow of Sirius* (Copper Canyon Press, 2008), which won the Pulitzer Prize; and *Selected Translations* (Copper Canyon Press, 2013), which was awarded the Harold Morton Landon Translation Award from the Academy of American Poets. His other honors include the Lannan Literary Award for Lifetime Achievement and the Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize from the Academy of American Poets. He served as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 1988 to 2000 and served as the U.S. poet laureate from 2010

to 2011. He lives in Hawaii.

**Naomi Shihab Nye** is the author of several poetry collections, including *Transfer* (BOA Editions, 2011), as well as several children's books. In 1988, she received the Academy of American Poets' Lavan Award, and she served as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 2010 to 2015. She has also received awards and fellowships from the International Poetry Forum and the Guggenheim Foundation, among others. She lives in San Antonio, Texas.

**Alicia Ostriker** is the author of over ten books of poetry, including *Waiting for the Light* (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2017) and *The Old Woman, the Tulip, and the Dog* (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2014), as well as several books of criticism. Her honors include the Paterson Poetry Award and the William Carlos Williams Award of the Poetry Society of America. She currently serves as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets. She lives in New York City.

**Ayaz Pirani** was born in Musoma, Tanzania, to parents born in Kapsabet and Tanga. He grew up in Canada and studied humanities and writing. His degree is from the Vermont College of Fine Arts, where he was a student of the late Jack Myers. His first book, *Happy You Are Here*, was published in 2016.

**Marie Ponsot** is the author of several poetry collections, including *Collected Poems* (Alfred A. Knopf, 2016), *Easy* (Alfred A. Knopf, 2009), and *The Bird Catcher* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1998), which won the National Book Circle Award. Her honors include the Delmore Schwartz Memorial Prize and the Ruth Lilly Poetry Prize. She served as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 2010 to 2014, and she lives in New York City.

**Sandra Ridley** is the author of four books of poetry: *Fallout*, *Post-Apothecary*, *The Counting House*, and *Silvija* (BookThug, 2016). She has taught poetry at Carleton University and has mentored poets through Ottawa's Supportive Housing and Mental Health Services "Footprints to Recovery" program for people living with mental illness. In 2015, she was nominated for the Ontario Arts Council's K.M. Hunter Artist Award for Literature.

**Alberto Ríos** is the author of several poetry collections, most recently *A Small Story About the*

*Sky* (Copper Canyon Press, 2015). His honors include the 1981 Walt Whitman Award from the Academy of American Poets and the Arizona Governor's Arts Award. Ríos currently serves as the inaugural state poet laureate of Arizona, as well as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets. He lives in Tempe, Arizona.

**Arthur Sze** is the author of nine books of poetry, most recently *Compass Rose* (Copper Canyon Press, 2014). His honors include an American Book Award, the Jackson Poetry Prize from Poets & Writers, a Lannan Literary Award for Poetry, and a Western States Book Award for Translation. Sze currently serves as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets, and he was the first poet laureate of Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he lives.

**Souvankham Thammavongsa** is the author of three poetry books: *Light* (2013), *Found* (2007), and *Small Arguments* (2003). She has read her poems at the Guggenheim Museum in New York City and has been in residence at Yaddo.

**Jean Valentine** is the author of several poetry collections, including *Shirt in Heaven* (Copper Canyon Press, 2015). She is the recipient of the 2009 Wallace Stevens Award from the Academy of American Poets. Her other honors include the National Book Award and the Shelley Memorial Prize from the Poetry Society of America. She lives in New York City.

**C. D. Wright** was the author of several poetry collections, including *Shall Cross* (Copper Canyon Press, 2016) and *One With Others* (Copper Canyon Press, 2010), which received the Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize from the Academy of American Poets. Among her numerous honors are a Lannan Literary Award and a Whiting Award. Wright served as state poet of Rhode Island from 1994 to 1999, and in 2013, she was elected a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets. She passed away in January 2016.

**Anna Yin** is Mississauga's inaugural poet laureate and is the author of seven poetry books, including *Seven Nights with the Chinese Zodiac* (2015) and *Nightlights* (2017), both published by Black Moss Press. Yin won the 2005 Ted Plantos Memorial Award, two MARTY Awards, a 2013 Professional Achievement Award from the Cross-cultural Professionals Association of Canada, and two scholarships from the West Chester University Poetry Conference. Her poems have appeared in *Arc Poetry*, *The New York Times*, *China Daily*, CBC Radio, *World Journal*, and *Poetry East West*. She teaches Poetry Alive at colleges, schools, and libraries.

[www.annapoetry.com](http://www.annapoetry.com)

# Poems to Share from the Public Domain

Spellbound *by Emily Brontë*

Oread *by H. D.*

Wild Nights—Wild Nights! *by Emily Dickinson*

Holy Sonnet 14 *by John Donne*

Summer in the South *by Paul Laurence Dunbar*

Design *by Robert Frost*

Bright Star *by John Keats*

The Tropics of New York *by Claude McKay*

Afternoon on a Hill *by Edna St. Vincent Millay*

Anthem for Doomed Youth *by Wilfred Owen*

Sonnet 18 *by William Shakespeare*

Storm Ending *by Jean Toomer*

Song of Myself, I *by Walt Whitman*

A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal *by William Wordsworth*

The Lake Isle of Innisfree *by W. B. Yeats*

For biographies of these poets, visit [www.poets.org](http://www.poets.org).

# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Spellbound*

**Emily Brontë**

The night is darkening round me,  
The wild winds coldly blow;  
But a tyrant spell has bound me  
And I cannot, cannot go.

The giant trees are bending  
Their bare boughs weighed with snow.  
And the storm is fast descending,  
And yet I cannot go.

Clouds beyond clouds above me,  
Wastes beyond wastes below;  
But nothing drear can move me;  
I will not, cannot go.

# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Oread*

H. D.

Whirl up, sea—  
Whirl your pointed pines.  
Splash your great pines  
On our rocks.  
Hurl your green over us—  
Cover us with your pools of fir.

**national**  
**poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

*Wild Nights—Wild Nights!*

Emily Dickinson

Wild Nights — Wild Nights!  
Were I with thee  
Wild Nights should be  
Our luxury!

Futile — the winds —  
To a heart in port —  
Done with the compass —  
Done with the chart!

Rowing in Eden —  
Ah, the sea!  
Might I moor — Tonight —  
In thee!

# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Holy Sonnet 14*

**John Donne**

Batter my heart, three-personed God, for you  
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;  
That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend  
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.  
I, like an usurped town, to another due,  
Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end.  
Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend,  
But is captived, and proves weak or untrue.  
Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved fain,  
But am betrothed unto your enemy:  
Divorce me, untie or break that knot again,  
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,  
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,  
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Summer in the South*

**Paul Laurence Dunbar**

The oriole sings in the greening grove  
As if he were half-way waiting,  
The rosebuds peep from their hoods of green,  
Timid and hesitating.

The rain comes down in a torrent sweep  
And the nights smell warm and piney,  
The garden thrives, but the tender shoots  
Are yellow-green and tiny.

Then a flash of sun on a waiting hill,  
Streams laugh that erst were quiet,  
The sky smiles down with a dazzling blue  
And the woods run mad with riot.

# national poetry month

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Design*

Robert Frost

I found a dimpled spider, fat and white,  
On a white heal-all, holding up a moth  
Like a white piece of rigid satin cloth—  
Assorted characters of death and blight  
Mixed ready to begin the morning right,  
Like the ingredients of a witches' broth—  
A snow-drop spider, a flower like a froth,  
And dead wings carried like a paper kite.

What had that flower to do with being white,  
The wayside blue and innocent heal-all?  
What brought the kindred spider to that height,  
Then steered the white moth thither in the night?  
What but design of darkness to appall?—  
If design govern in a thing so small.

# **national poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Bright Star*

**John Keats**

Bright star! would I were steadfast 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 steadfast, 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.

# **national poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *The Tropics of New York*

**Claude McKay**

Bananas ripe and green, and ginger root  
Cocoa in pods and alligator pears,  
And tangerines and mangoes and grape fruit,  
Fit for the highest prize at parish fairs,

Sat in the window, bringing memories  
of fruit-trees laden by low-singing rills,  
And dewy dawns, and mystical skies  
In benediction over nun-like hills.

My eyes grow dim, and I could no more gaze;  
A wave of longing through my body swept,  
And, hungry for the old, familiar ways  
I turned aside and bowed my head and wept.

# **national poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Afternoon on a Hill*

**Edna St. Vincent Millay**

I will be the gladdest thing  
Under the sun!  
I will touch a hundred flowers  
And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds  
With quiet eyes,  
Watch the wind bow down the grass,  
And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show  
Up from the town,  
I will mark which must be mine,  
And then start down!

# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Anthem for Doomed Youth*

**Wilfred Owen**

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?  
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.  
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle  
Can patter out their hasty orisons.  
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;  
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,  
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;  
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.  
What candles may be held to speed them all?  
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes  
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.  
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;  
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,  
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Sonnet 18*

**William Shakespeare**

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,  
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rst in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to Time thou grow'st.  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Storm Ending*

**Jean Toomer**

Thunder blossoms gorgeously above our heads,  
Great, hollow, bell-like flowers,  
Rumbling in the wind,  
Stretching clappers to strike our ears . . .  
Full-lipped flowers  
Bitten by the sun  
Bleeding rain  
Dripping rain like golden honey—  
And the sweet earth flying from the thunder.

# **national** **poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *Song of Myself, I*

**Walt Whitman**

I Celebrate myself, and sing myself,  
And what I assume you shall assume,  
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,  
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil,  
    this air,  
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and  
    their parents the same,  
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,  
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,  
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never  
    forgotten,  
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,  
Nature without check with original energy.

**national**  
**poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

*A Slumber Did My  
Spirit Seal*

**William Wordsworth**

A slumber did my spirit seal;  
I had no human fears:  
She seemed a thing that could not feel  
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;  
She neither hears nor sees;  
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,  
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

# **national poetry month**

Poem in Your Pocket Day

## *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*

**W. B. Yeats**

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:  
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee;  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

# Appendix

## Haiku

A traditional Japanese haiku is a three-line poem with seventeen syllables, written in a 5/7/5 syllable count. Often focusing on images from nature, haiku emphasizes simplicity, intensity, and directness of expression.

Haiku began in thirteenth-century Japan as the opening phrase of renga, an oral poem, generally 100 stanzas long, which was also composed syllabically. The much shorter haiku broke away from renga in the sixteenth-century, and was mastered a century later by Matsuo Basho, who wrote this classic haiku:

*An old pond!  
A frog jumps in—  
the sound of water.*

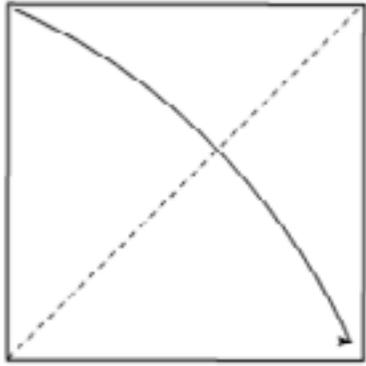
Haiku was traditionally written in the present tense and focused on associations between images. There was a pause at the end of the first or second line, and a “season word,” or kigo, specified the time of year.

As the form has evolved, many of these rules—including the 5/7/5 practice—have been routinely broken. However, the philosophy of haiku has been preserved: the focus on a brief moment in time; a use of provocative, colorful images; an ability to be read in one breath; and a sense of sudden enlightenment and illumination.

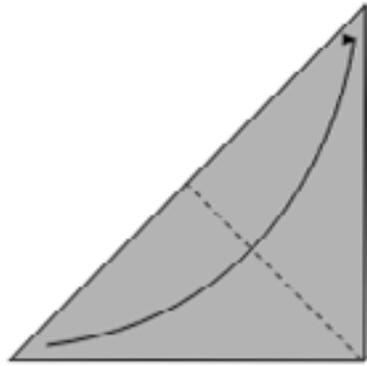
To read more examples of poems written in the haiku form, visit [www.poets.org/haiku](http://www.poets.org/haiku).

To read about other poetic forms, such as the acrostic, the cinquain, and the sonnet, visit [www.poets.org](http://www.poets.org).

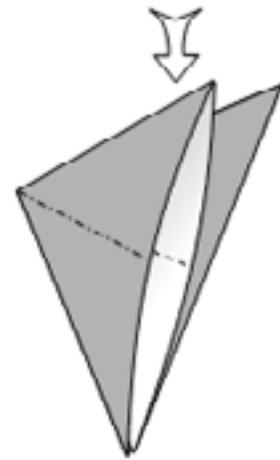
# How to Create a Folded Swan



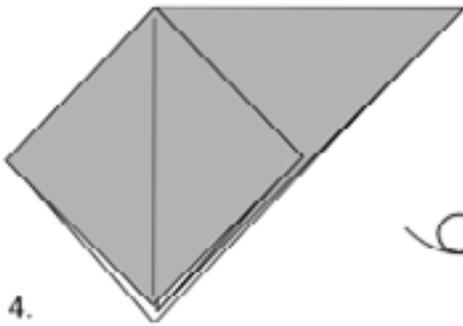
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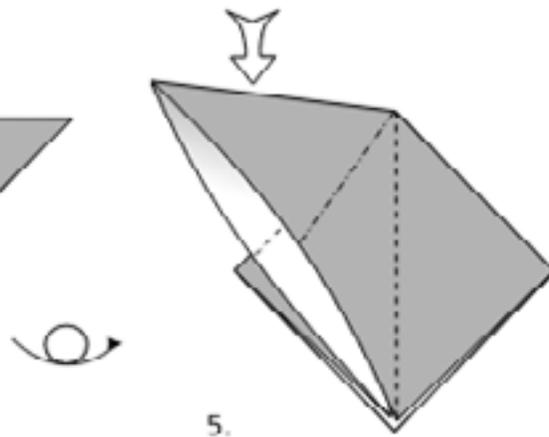
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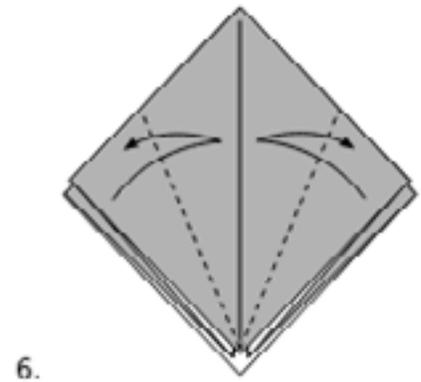
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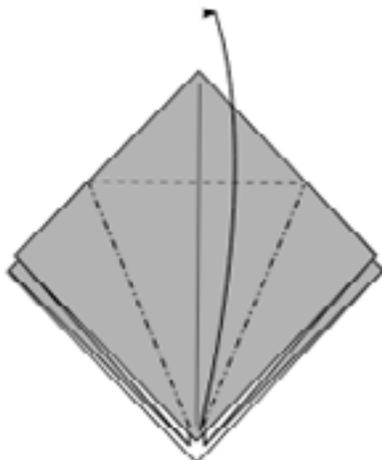
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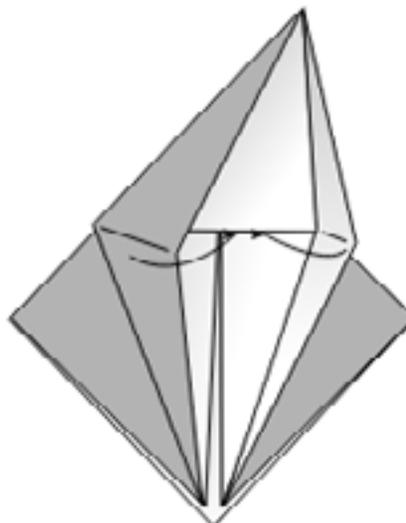
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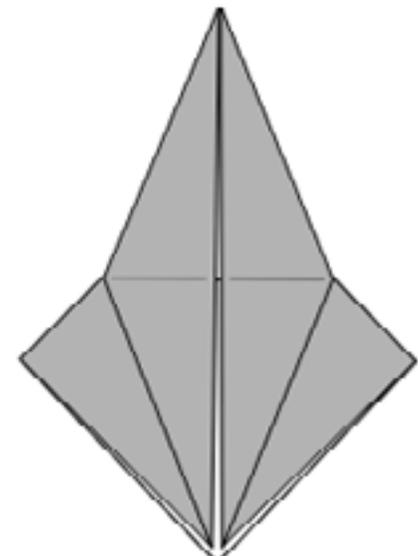
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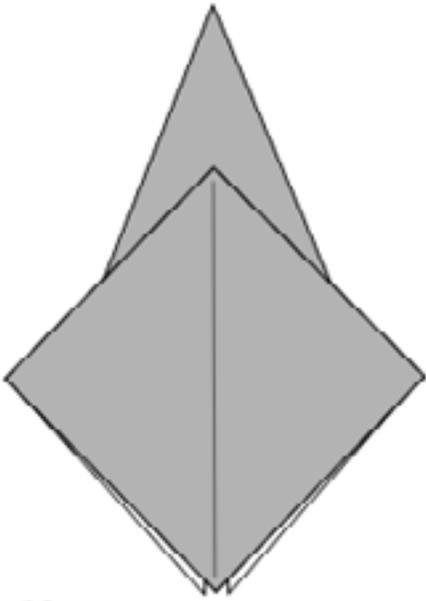
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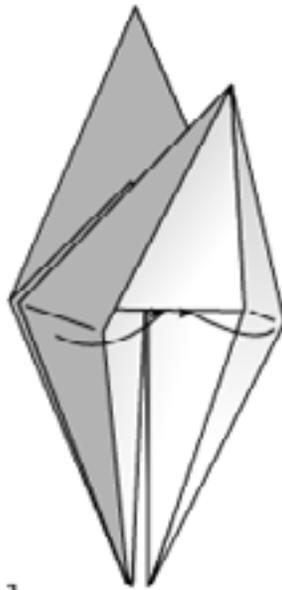
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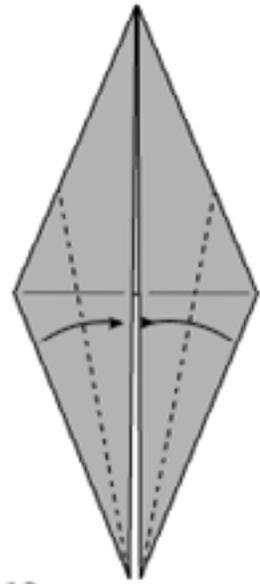
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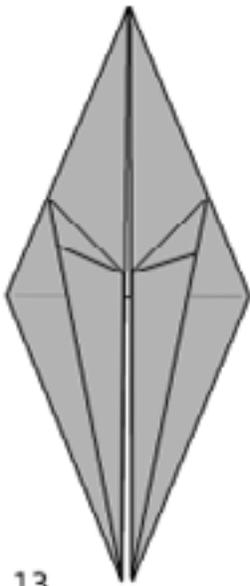
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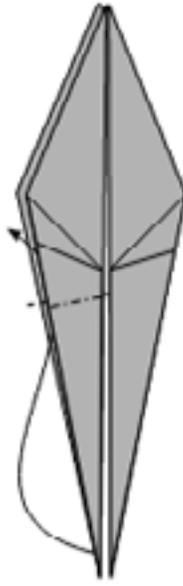
11.



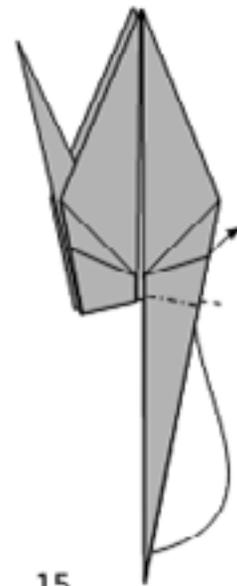
12.



13.



14.



15.



16.



17.



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# Other Resources

## Poem-a-Day

Poem-a-Day is the original and only daily digital poetry series featuring over 200 new, previously unpublished poems by today's talented poets each year. On weekdays, poems are accompanied by exclusive commentary by the poets. The series highlights classic poems on weekends. Launched in 2006, Poem-a-Day is now distributed via email, web, and social media to 350,000+ readers free of charge and is available for syndication. For more information, visit [www.poets.org/poetsorg/poem-day](http://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poem-day).

## Teach This Poem

Inspired by the success of our popular syndicated series Poem-a-Day, in 2014 we launched Teach This Poem. Produced for K-12 educators, Teach This Poem features one poem a week from our online poetry collection, accompanied by interdisciplinary resources and activities designed to help teachers quickly and easily bring poetry into the classroom. The series is curated by our Educator in Residence, Dr. Madeleine Fuchs Holzer, and is available for free via email. To read the series and for more information, visit [www.poets.org/poetsorg/teach-poem](http://www.poets.org/poetsorg/teach-poem).

## Poetry Lesson Plans

The Academy of American Poets presents lesson plans, most of which align with Common Core State Standards, and all of which have been reviewed by our Educator in Residence with an eye toward developing skills of perception and imagination. We hope they will inspire teachers to bring even more poems into classrooms! For more information, visit [www.poets.org/poetsorg/lesson-plans](http://www.poets.org/poetsorg/lesson-plans).

## National Poetry Month

National Poetry Month is the largest literary celebration in the world, with tens of millions of readers, students, K-12 teachers, librarians, booksellers, literary events curators, publishers, bloggers, and, of course, poets marking poetry's important place in our culture and our lives.

While we celebrate poets and poetry year-round, the Academy of American Poets was inspired by the successful celebrations of Black History Month (February) and Women's History Month (March), and founded National Poetry Month in April 1996 with an aim to:

- highlight the extraordinary legacy and ongoing achievement of American poets,
- encourage the reading of poems,
- assist teachers in bringing poetry into their classrooms,
- increase the attention paid to poetry by national and local media,
- encourage increased publication and distribution of poetry books, and
- encourage support for poets and poetry.

For more information, visit [www.poets.org/npm](http://www.poets.org/npm).

### **The Academy of American Poets**

The Academy of American Poets is the largest membership-based nonprofit organization fostering an appreciation for contemporary poetry and supporting American poets. For over three generations, the organization has connected millions of people to great poetry through programs such as National Poetry Month, the largest literary celebration in the world; Poets.org, one of the leading poetry sites online; *American Poets*, a biannual magazine; the American Poets Prizes; an annual series of poetry readings and special events; and its education program.

### **The League of Canadian Poets**

The League of Canadian Poets is the professional organization for established and emerging Canadian poets. Founded in 1966 to nurture the advancement of poetry in Canada, and the promotion of the interests of poets, it now comprises over 700 members. The League serves the poetry community and promotes a high level of professional achievement through events, networking, projects, publications, mentoring and awards. It administers programs and funds for governments and private donors and encourages an appreciative readership and audience for poetry through educational partnerships and presentations to diverse groups. As the recognized voice of Canadian poets, it represents their concerns to governments, publishers, and society at large, and maintains connections with similar organizations at home and abroad. The League strives to promote equal opportunities for poets from every literary tradition and cultural and demographic background.

# *From Our Sponsors*

## **National Association of Poetry Therapy**

