1. Limericks
a. There was a young student of Kent
   Who worked doubled up in a tent.
   When his friends asked "Why so?"
   He replied "I don't know,
   I suppose it's my scholarly bent."

b. An avid sightseer named Bernie,
   quite sotted set out on a journey.
   Fell asleep at the wheel
   of his automobile
   and took his last trip on a gurney.

2. For each ecstatic instant
Emily Dickinson  American (1830–86)
For each ecstatic instant
We must an anguish pay
In keen and quivering ratio
To the ecstasy.

3. That she forgot me was the least
Emily Dickinson  American (1830–86)
That she forgot me was the least,
I felt it second pain,
That I was worthy to forget
What most I thought upon.

Faithful, was all that I could boast,
But Constancy became,
To her, by her innominate,
A something like a shame.

4. Debtor
Sara Teasdale  American (1884-1933)
http://www.emule.com/poetry/?page=poe...poem=4268
So long as my spirit still
Is glad of breath
And lifts its plumes of pride
In the dark face of death;
While I am curious still
Of love and fame,
Keeping my heart too high
For the years to tame,
How can I quarrel with fate
Since I can see
I am a debtor to life,
Not life to me?

5. LVI. I’m happiest when most away
Emily Brontë  English (1818-1848)
I'm happiest when most away
I can bear soul from its home of clay
On a windy night when the moon is bright
And the eye can wander through worlds of light.

6. The Dreariest Journey
Percy Bysshe Shelley  English (1792-1822)
I never was attached to that great sect,
Whose doctrine is, that each one should select
Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,
And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend
To cold oblivion, though it is the code
Of modern morals, and the beaten road
Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread,
By the broad highway of the world, and so
With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go.

7. As the Ruin Falls  C.S. Lewis (Clive Staples Lewis)
English (1898-1963)
All this flashy rhetoric about loving you.
I never had a selfless thought since I was born.
I am mercenary and self-seeking through and through;
I want God, you, all friends, merely to serve my turn.

Peace, reassurance, pleasure, are the goals I seek,
I cannot crawl one inch outside my proper skin:
I talk of love - a scholar's parrot may talk Greek -
But, self-imprisoned, always end where I begin.

Only that now you have taught me (but how late) my lack.
I see the chasm. And everything you are was making
My heart into a bridge by which I might get back
From exile, and grow man. And now the bridge is
breaking.

For this I bless you as the ruin falls. The pains
You give me are more precious than all other gains.
8. The Nose on Your Face  Susan Browne  American

In all your life, you will never see your actual face. If you close one eye, you can gaze at the side of your nose, but that's it. Is that why when looking at group photographs, it's yourself you stare at the longest? Sometimes you're mistaken for someone else, and you want to meet her, see for yourself, but even if you met a gang of doppelgangers, you will continue searching in hubcaps, sauce pans, toasters, the backs of spoons, the bases of lamps, in sunglasses, in another person's eyes, and if that person is standing in just the right light, there you are, trying to get closer.

9. two nights before my 72nd birthday
Charles Bukowski  American (1920-1994)

sitting here on a boiling hot night while drinking a bottle of cabernet sauvignon after winning $232 at the track. there's not much I can tell you except if it weren't for my bad right leg I don't feel much different than I did 30 or 40 years ago (except that now I have more money and should be able to afford a decent burial). also, I drive better automobiles and have stopped carrying a switchblade. I am still looking for a hero, a role model, but can't find one. I am no more tolerant of Humanity than I ever was. I am not bored with myself and find that I am the only one I can turn to in time of crisis. I've been ready to die for decades and I've been practicing, polishing up for that end but it's very hot tonight and I can think of little but this fine cabernet, that's gift enough for me. sometimes I can't believe I've come this far, this has to be some kind of goddamned miracle! just another old guy blinking at the forces, smiling a little, as the cities tremble and the left hand rises, clutching something real.

10. Alone With Everybody
Charles Bukowski  American (1920-1994)

the flesh covers the bone and they put a mind in there and sometimes a soul, and the women break vases against the walls and the men drink too much and nobody finds the one but keep looking crawling in and out of beds. flesh covers the bone and the flesh searches for more than flesh.

there's no chance at all: we are all trapped by a singular fate.

nobody ever finds the one.

the city dumps fill the junkyards fill the madhouses fill the hospitals fill the graveyards fill nothing else fills.

11. maggie and milly and molly and may
E.E. Cummings (Edward Estlin Cummings)  American (1894-1962)

maggie and milly and molly and may went down to the beach(to play one day) and maggie discovered a shell that sang so sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles, and milly befriended a stranded star whose rays five languid fingers were; and molly was chased by a horrible thing which raced sideways while blowing bubbles: and may came home with a smooth round stone as small as a world and as large as alone.

For whatever we lose(like a you or a me) it's always ourselves we find in the sea
12. On the Ning Nang Nong  Spike Milligan  
(Terence Alan Patrick Seán Milligan)  Irish (1918-2002)  

On the Ning Nang Nong  
Where the Cows go Bong!  
and the monkeys all say BOO!  
There's a Nong Nang Ning  
Where the trees go Ping!  
And the tea pots jibber jabber joo.  
On the Nong Ning Nang  
All the mice go Clang  
And you just can't catch 'em when they do!  
So its Ning Nang Nong  
Cows go Bong!  
Nong Nang Ning  
Trees go ping  
Nong Ning Nang  
The mice go Clang  
What a noisy place to belong  
is the Ning Nang Ning Nang Nong!!

13. Alone  Edgar Allan Poe  American (1809-1849)  

From childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were; I have not seen  
As others saw; I could not bring  
My passions from a common spring.  
From the same source I have not taken  
My sorrow; I could not awaken  
My heart to joy at the same tone;  
And all I loved, I loved alone.  
Then- in my childhood, in the dawn  
Of a most stormy life- was drawn  
From every depth of good and ill  
The mystery which binds me still:  
From the torrent, or the fountain,  
From the red cliff of the mountain,  
From the sun that round me rolled  
In its autumn tint of gold,  
From the lightning in the sky  
As it passed me flying by,  
From the thunder and the storm,  
And the cloud that took the form  
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)  
Of a demon in my view.

New Zealander/English (1888-1923)  

Across the red sky two birds flying,  
Flying with drooping wings.  
Silent and solitary their ominous flight.  
All day the triumphant sun with yellow banners  
Warred and warred with the earth, and when she yielded  
Stabbed her heart, gathered her blood in a chalice,  
Spilling it over the evening sky.  
When the dark plumaged birds go flying, flying,  
Quiet lies the earth wrapt in her mournful shadow,  
Her sightless eyes turned to the red sky  
And the restlessly seeking birds.