

Poetry Potluck Thanksgiving Celebration November 12, 2025

A Christmas Carol

By Christina Rossetti 1830-1894

In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter, long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him, nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away when He comes to reign.
In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him, whom cherubim, worship night and day,
Breastful of milk, and a mangerful of hay;
Enough for Him, whom angels fall before,
The ox and ass and camel which adore.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
But His mother only, in her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the beloved with a kiss.

What can I give Him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;
If I were a Wise Man, I would do my part;
Yet what I can I give Him: give my heart.

Japanese Lullaby

Eugene Field 1850-1895

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,—
Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes,—
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks, "Is he sleeping—
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish, and moaning—
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

In a Station of the Metro

Ezra Pound 1885-1972

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;
Petals on a wet, black bough.

The Lammas Hireling

by Ian Duhig 1954

After the fair, I'd still a light heart
and a heavy purse, he struck so cheap.
And cattle doted on him: in his time
mine only dropped heifers, fat as cream.
Yields doubled. I grew fond of company
that knew when to shut up. Then one night,

disturbed from dreams of my dear late wife,
I hunted down her torn voice to his pale form.
Stock-still in the light from the dark lantern,
stark-naked but for one bloody boot of fox-trap,
I knew him a warlock, a cow with leather horns.
To go into the hare gets you muckle sorrow,

the wisdom runs, muckle care. I levelled

and blew the small hour through his heart.
The moon came out. By its yellow witness
I saw him fur over like a stone mossaing.
His lovely head thinned. His top lip gathered.
His eyes rose like bread. I carried him

in a sack that grew lighter at every step
and dropped him from a bridge. There was no
splash. Now my herd's elf-shot. I don't dream
but spend my nights casting ball from half-crowns
and my days here. Bless me Father for I have sinned.
It has been an hour since my last confession.

A Note On Animals

by N. Scott Momaday

Do elephants quest? I have seen them lumbering with purpose. Young foxes are so bold as to tease large predatory birds. Ravens watch. Penguins are poker-faced comedians, The Little Tramps of the polar ice. North of Greenland's dog equator, the dogs are alert even as they sleep. Teddy bears are cute and cuddly. Real bears are humiliated. Horses are majestic; the head of a blooded horse is among the most noble images in the world. Within every tropical bush the promise of an iguana. The buffalo is the animal representation of the sun. The nature of whales is Godlike. Of all creatures the mosquito is the most irritating and the lest necessary. Cats are more dangerous and less intelligent than they appear. Dogs are less dangerous and more intelligent than they appear. The pedigree of dogs is the most distinguished; all dogs are descended from wolves. Wolves are superior and misunderstood. Snakes are the wise Keepers of the underworld. The less said about marmots, the better. Man is the most arrogant of the apes.

599 Emily Dickinson (Franklin)

There is a pain - so utter
It swallows substance up -
Then covers the Abyss with Trance -
So Memory can step
Around - across - upon it -

As one within a Swoon -
Goes safely - where an open eye -
Would drop Him - Bone by Bone

#403 Emily Dickinson (Franklin)

I reason, Earth is short -
And Anguish - absolute -
And many hurt
But, what of that?

I reason, we could die -
The best Vitality
Cannot excel Decay
But, what of that?

I reason, that in Heaven -
Somehow, it will be even
Some new Equation, given -
But, what of that?