

Poetry Presentations

Presentation dates: March 3, 7, 9, 2017

Choose a poem from the list of poems in this booklet. Prepare a 10-15 minute presentation on that poem for the rest of the class. Organize your presentation in whatever way seems suitable to you, but your presentation needs to have the following components:

- Introduction of the poem and its author
- Reading of the poem in class
- A discussion of what the poem is about
- An exchange of ideas and responses in a classroom discussion

As you prepare your presentation, you might want to ask yourself the following questions:

- What does the class need to know before they hear this poem?
- What does the poem sound like? How should I read this poem?
- What is the main message the poem conveys? Why?
- What are the most striking, interesting, significant, or unusual aspects of the poem?

You might finish your presentation by pointing the class to difficult or ambiguous sections of the poem (the parts you still have questions about) and ask for a few responses or interpretations. The class will also want to ask you some questions. You may also choose to come up with an activity that involves the class in an exploration of the poem.

For this assignment, you will be working in pairs of 2.

A sign-up sheet will go around next day to determine which poem you'd like to work on for this assignment.

Evaluation

	Approaching (6)	Meeting (8)	Exceeding (10)
Knowledge/ Understanding	<p>Information presented reflects some knowledge of the poem</p> <p>Information presented reflects some understanding of relevant concepts</p> <p>Information presented reflects some understanding of relationships among concepts in the poem</p>	<p>Information presented reflects solid knowledge of the poem</p> <p>Information presented reflects solid understanding of relevant concepts</p> <p>Information presented reflects solid understanding of relationships among concepts in the poem</p>	<p>Information presented reflects thorough knowledge of the poem</p> <p>Information presented reflects sophisticated understanding of relevant concepts</p> <p>Information presented reflects sophisticated understanding of relationships among concepts in the poem</p>
Communication	<p>Opening introduces topic of the poem</p> <p>Information is presented with some lapses in logic</p> <p>Conclusion is partially clear</p> <p>Use of visuals is effective to some degree</p> <p>Word choice and level of language attempt to suit the purpose and audience</p>	<p>Opening is engaging and clearly introduces topic of the poem</p> <p>Information is presented in a logical sequence</p> <p>Conclusion is clear and effective</p> <p>Use of visuals is effective</p> <p>Word choice and level of language are appropriate to the purpose and audience</p>	<p>Opening is engaging and thought provoking</p> <p>Information is presented logically and insightfully</p> <p>Conclusion is clear, effective, and insightful</p> <p>Visuals are used in highly effective ways</p> <p>Word choice and level of language are skillfully suited to the purpose and audience</p>

/20 marks

The Little Black Boy – William Blake

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O! my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child:
But I am black as if bereav'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree
And sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And pointing to the east began to say.

Look on the rising sun: there God does live
And gives his light, and gives his heat away.
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning joy in the noonday.

And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love,
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear
The cloud will vanish we shall hear his voice.
Saying: come out from the grove my love & care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.

Thus did my mother say and kissed me,
And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy:

I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear,
To lean in joy upon our fathers knee.
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him and he will then love me.

A Letter to the Girl I Used to be – Ethan Smith

Dear Emily,
Every time I watch baseball a voice I no longer recognise whispers
"Ethan, do you remember? When you were going to be the first girl
To play in the major league Seattle mariners rally cap?"
But to honest Emily I don't
Dad told me that like it was someone else's bedtime story
But I do know you had that drive
Didn't let anyone tell you to wear shorts above your knees
Didn't care if boys thought your hair fell on your shoulders just right
But with girls, sleepovers meant the space between your shoulder and hers
Was a 6-inch fatal territory

The year you turned 11
Was the first time you said out loud that you didn't want to live anymore
In therapy you said you wouldn't make it to 21
On my 21st birthday I thought about you
You were right
At 19 you started to fade
I tried to cross you out like a line in my memoir
I wished I could erase completely
And maybe I'm misunderstanding the definition of death
But even though parts of you still exist
You are not here
Most of my friends have never heard your name until now

I've been trying to write this letter for 6 months
I still can't decide if it should be an apology or not

But now you will never hear "Emily Smith" announced at a college graduation
Get married, give birth
When the prescribed testosterone started taking effect my body stopped producing the potential for new life every month
I thought about your children, how I wanted them too
I let a doctor remove your breasts so I could stand up straighter
Now even if I somehow had those children I wouldn't be able to nourish them
My body is obsolete
Scarred cosmetic but never C-section

I was 4 days late
There will never be grandparents
I was one week late
They will never hold their lover's sleeping figure
I was 11 days late
They will never breathe in a sunset and a sunrise in the same night
I was 2 weeks late
They will never learn to jump rope
I was 3 weeks late
They will never shout "Watch mummy, watch me on the slide"
I was 2 months late
A piece of us will never wrap their arms around our legs for comfort
Just to keep them from falling down

And I am sorry that this process is so slow and all you can do is wonder if you ever had a place
You did
You still do
Don't forget that
Yours, Ethan
P.S. I never hated you

Hair – Elizabeth Acevedo

My mother tells me to fix my hair. And by “fix,” she means straighten. She means whiten. But how do you fix this ship-wrecked history of hair? The true meaning of stranded, when trusses held tight like African cousins in ship bellies, did they imagine that their great grand-children would look like us, and would hate them how we do? Trying to find ways to erase them out of our skin, iron them out of our hair, this wild tangle of hair that strangles air. You call them wild curls. I call them breathing. Ancestors spiraling. Can’t you see them in this wet hair that waves like hello? They say Dominicans can do the best hair. I mean they wash, set, flatten the spring in any loc – but what they mean is we’re the best at swallowing amnesia, in a cup of [Spanish], dreaming because we’d rather do that than live in this reality, caught between orange juice and milk, between reflections of the sun and whiteness. What they mean is, “Why would you date a black man?” What they mean is, “[Spanish]” What they mean is, “Why would two oppressed people come together? It’s two times the trouble.” What they really mean is, “Have you thought of your daughter’s hair?” And I don’t tell them that we love like sugar cane, brown skin, pale flesh, meshed in pure sweetness. The children of children of fields. Our bodies curve into one another like an echo, and I let my curtain of curls blanket us from the world, how our children will be beautiful. Of dust skin, and diamond eyes. Hair, a reclamation. How I will break pride down their back so from the moment they leave the womb they will be born in love with themselves. Momma that tells me to fix my hair, and so many words remain unspoken. Because all I can reply is,

“You can’t fix what was never broken.”

The Unknown Citizen – Auden

*To JS/07 M 378
This Marble Monument
Is Erected by the State)*

He was found by the Bureau of Statistics to be
One against whom there was no official complaint,
And all the reports on his conduct agree
That, in the modern sense of an old-fashioned word, he was a saint,
For in everything he did he served the Greater Community.
Except for the War till the day he retired
He worked in a factory and never got fired,
But satisfied his employers, Fudge Motors Inc.
Yet he wasn't a scab or odd in his views,
For his Union reports that he paid his dues,
(Our report on his Union shows it was sound)
And our Social Psychology workers found
That he was popular with his mates and liked a drink.
The Press are convinced that he bought a paper every day
And that his reactions to advertisements were normal in every way.
Policies taken out in his name prove that he was fully insured,
And his Health-card shows he was once in hospital but left it cured.
Both Producers Research and High-Grade Living declare
He was fully sensible to the advantages of the Instalment Plan
And had everything necessary to the Modern Man,
A phonograph, a radio, a car and a frigidaire.
Our researchers into Public Opinion are content
That he held the proper opinions for the time of year;
When there was peace, he was for peace: when there was war, he went.
He was married and added five children to the population,
Which our Eugenist says was the right number for a parent of his generation.
And our teachers report that he never interfered with their education.
Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:
Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have heard.

Identity – Julio Noboa Polanco

Let them be as flowers,
always watered, fed, guarded, admired,
but harnessed to a pot of dirt.

I'd rather be a tall, ugly weed,
clinging on cliffs, like an eagle
wind-wavering above high, jagged rocks.

To have broken through the surface of stone,
to live, to feel exposed to the madness
of the vast, eternal sky.
To be swayed by the breezes of an ancient sea,
carrying my soul, my seed,
beyond the mountains of time or into the abyss of the bizarre.

I'd rather be unseen, and if
then shunned by everyone,
than to be a pleasant-smelling flower,
growing in clusters in the fertile valley,
where they're praised, handled, and plucked
by greedy, human hands.

I'd rather smell of musty, green stench
than of sweet, fragrant lilac.
If I could stand alone, strong and free,
I'd rather be a tall, ugly weed.

Autopsy – Sherman Alexie

Last night, I dreamed that my passport bled.
I dreamed that my passport was a tombstone
For our United States, recently dead.
I dreamed that my passport was made of bone—

That it was a canoe carved out of stone.
“But I can’t swim,” I said. “I will drown
If I can’t make the shore. I’ll die alone
In the salt. No, my body will be found

With millions of bodies, all of them brown.”
I dreamed that my passport was a book of prayers,
Unanswered by the gods, but written down
By fact checkers in suits. “There are some errors

In your papers,” they said. Then took me downstairs
To a room with fingernails on the floor.
I dreamed that my passport was my keyware,
But soldiers had set fire to the doors,

To all doors—a conflagration of doors.
I dreamed that my passport was my priest:
“Sherman, will you battle the carnivores
Or will you turn and abandon the weak?

Will you be shelter? Or will you concede?”
Last night, I dreamed that my passport was alive
When it entered the ICU. It breathed, it breathed,
Then it sighed and closed its eyes. It did not survive.

i am graffiti – Leanne Simpson

i am writing to tell you
that yes, indeed,
we have noticed
you have a new big pink eraser
we are well aware
you are trying to use it.
erasing indians is a good idea
of course
the bleeding-heart liberals
and communists
can stop feeling bad
for the stealing
and raping
and murdering
and we can all move on
we can be reconciled
except, i am graffiti.
except, mistakes were made.
she painted three white Xs
on the wall of the grocery store.
one. two. three.
then they were erased.
except, i am graffiti.

except, mistakes were made.
the Xs were made out of milk
because they took our food.
one. two. three.
then we were erased.
except, i am graffiti.
except, mistakes were made.
we are the singing remnants
left over after
the bomb went off in slow motion
over a century instead of a fractionated
second
it's too much to process, so we make
things instead
we are the singing remnants
left over after
the costumes have been made
collected up
put in a plastic bag, full of intentions
for another time
another project.
except, i am graffiti.
and mistakes were made.

Helen Betty Osborne – Marilyn Dumont

Betty, if I set out to write this poem about you
it might turn out instead
to be about me
or any one of
my female relatives
it might turn out to be
about this young native girl
growing up in rural Alberta
in a town with fewer Indians
than ideas about Indians,
in a town just south of the 'Aryan Nations'

It might turn out to be,
about Anne Mar Aquash, Donald Marshall or Richard Cardinal,
it might turn out to be
about our grandmothers,
beasts of burden in the fur trade
skinning, scraping, pounding, packing,
left behind for 'British Standards of Womanhood,'
left for white-melting-skinned women,
not bits-of-brown women
left here in this wilderness, this colony.

Betty, if I were to write a poem about you
it might turn out to be
about hunting season instead,
about 'open season' on native women
it might turn out to be
about your face young and hopeful
staring back at me hollow now
from a black and white page
it might be about the 'townsfolk'
townsfolk who 'believed native girls were easy'
and 'less likely to complain if a sexual proposition led to violence.'

Betty, if I wrote this poem.

What Do I Remember of the Evacuation – Joy Kogawa

I remember my father telling Tim and me
About the mountains and the train
And the excitement of going on a trip.
What do I remember of the evacuation?
I remember my mother wrapping
A blanket around me and my
Pretending to fall asleep so she would be happy
Although I was so excited I couldn't sleep
(I hear there were people herded
Into the Hastings Park like cattle.
Families were made to move in two hours
Abandoning everything, leaving pets
And possessions at gun point.
I hear families were broken up
Men were forced to work. I heard
It whispered late at night
That there was suffering) and
I missed my dolls.
What do I remember of the evacuation?
I remember Miss Foster and Miss Tucker
Who still live in Vancouver
And who did what they could
And loved the children and who gave me
A puzzle to play with on the train.
And I remember the mountains and I was
Six years old and I swear I saw a giant
Gulliver of Gulliver's Travels scanning the horizon
And when I told my mother she believed it too
And I remember how careful my parents were
Not to bruise us with bitterness
And I remember the puzzle of Lorraine Life
Who said "Don't insult me" when I
Proudly wrote my name in Japanese
And Tim flew the Union Jack
When the war was over but Lorraine
And her friends spat on us anyway
and I prayed to the God who loves
All the children in his sight
That I might be white.

No Language is Neutral – Dionne Brand

No language is neutral. I used to haunt the beach at Guaya, two rivers sentinel the country sand, not backra white but nigger brown sand, one river dead and teeming from waste and alligators, the other rumbling to the ocean in a tumult, the swift undertow blocking the crossing of little girls except on the tied up dress hips of big women, then, the taste of leaving was already on my tongue and cut deep into my skinny pigeon toed away, language here was strict description and teeth edging truth. Here was beauty and here was nowhere. The smell of hurrying passed my nostrils with the smell of sea water and fresh fish wind, there was history which had taught my eyes to look for escape even beneath the almost leaves fat as women, the conch shell tiny as sand, the rock stone old like water. I learned to read this from a woman whose hand trembled at the past, then even being born to her was temporary, wet and thrown half dressed among the dozens of brown legs itching to run. It was as if a signal burning like a fer de lance's sting turned my eyes against the water even as love for this nigger beach became resolute.

I Am Not Your Princess – Chrystos

Sandpaper between two cultures which tear
one another apart
I'm not a means by which you can reach
spiritual
understanding or even
learn to do beadwork
I'm only willing to tell you how to make fry
bread
1 cup flour, spoon of salt, spoon of baking
powder
Stir Add milk or water or beer until it holds
together
Slap each piece into rounds
Let rest
Fry in hot grease until golden
This is Indian food
only if you know that Indian is a government
word
which has nothing to do with our names for
ourselves
I won't chant for you
I admit no spirituality to you
I will not sweat with you or ease your guilt
with fine
turtle tales
I will not wear dancing clothes to read
poetry or
explain hardly anything at all
I don't think your attempts to understand us
are going
to work so
I'd rather you left us in whatever peace we
can still
scramble up after all you continue to do
If you send me one more damn flyer about
how to heal
myself
for \$300 with special feminist counseling
I'll probably set fire to something
If you tell me one more time that I'm wise
I'll throw
up on you
Look at me

See my confusion Loneliness fear worrying
about all
our struggles to keep what little is left for us
Look at my heart not your fantasies
Please don't ever again tell me about your
Cherokee
great-great grandmother
Don't assume I know every other Native
Activist
in the world personally
That I even know names of all the tribes
or can pronounce names I've never heard
or that I'm expert at the peyote stitch
If you ever
again tell me
how strong I am
I'll lay down on the ground and moan so
you'll see
at last my human weakness like your own
I'm not strong I'm scraped
I'm blessed with life while so many I've
known are
dead
I have work to do dishes to wash a house to
clean
There is no magic
See my simple cracked hands which have
washed the same
things
you wash See my eyes dark with fear in a
house by
myself
late at night See that to pity me or to adore
me
are the same
1 cup flour, spoon of salt, spoon of baking
powder,
liquid to hold
Remember this is only my recipe There are
many others
Let me rest
here
at least

The Song My Paddle Sings – E. Pauline Johnson

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from
the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
O wind of the west, we wait for you!
Blow, blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favor you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail and unship the mast:
I wooed you long, but my wooing's
past;
My paddle will lull you into rest:
O drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep!
By your mountains steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses
sweep,
Now fold in slumber your laggard
wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed,
My paddle is plying its way ahead,
Dip, dip,
When the waters flip

In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow:
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!
And far to forward the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore;
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe and boil and bound and
splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge
into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We 've raced the rapids; we 're far
ahead:
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir tree rocking its lullaby
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle
sings.

Arrivals – Paul Yee

a solitary seagull
on silent wings

the morning
broken
by its insistent
caw
cutting
through wind
through rivers of
air
colliding
over cold ocean
lonely ships
and so we arrive

water
at once
both ocean and
bridge
dividing and
linking
ancient lands
ancient peoples
ancient songs

horizon
a thin line
slender
thickening
the wife's
eyebrow
(I wonder, does
she worry for
me?)

the distant rim
dark
then light.

haze
taking shape
grey

then green
shimmering
to crisp clear jade

islands of giant
trees
dark pillars
cliffs of raw rock
knife edges
ocean creatures
slippery, shiny
sunning on stones
wide eyes
calm with sky.

Our feet land
and then float.

How light we are!

Slop meals in
steerage
sicken and kill
weaker men.

Dry leaves
escape their
branches
and freely float.

Toss a pebble:
perfect circles
spread through
water.

Only words
disappoint us.

Legs land
on granite
ground
and find no
peace.

Onward
Forward
Ahead.

Hurry, hurry,
hurry.
Hungry mouths at
home.

The wife, she
warned," Watch
your step.
If you can't walk,
you can't work."

Feet from paddy
mud
and stone paths
centuries smooth
were free to
wander
knew no danger
only honor.

Buy boots.
Animal leather
stiff and hard
guard
against treachery
underfoot.

Quicksand mud
swallows horse
dung.
Flimsy bridges of
fallen logs
rot inside.

A rock suddenly
flies.
A frog, croaking,
scolds us.

We upset the
balance
of its universe.

Good
to smile again.
Good
to hear birds
singing
again.

If only everyone
here
could smile
or sing
this land
so ample
so open
so pure

On moonless
nights
we shiver
in shirts too thin.
Fear rises
as snow falls
and white is
supreme.

The forest is still,
but alive.
Tread softly,
many have come
earlier.

Who speaks for
the wind?
Who speaks for
the river?
Who lets us stay?

I Go Back to May 1937 – Sharon Olds

I see them standing at the formal gates of their colleges,
I see my father strolling out
under the ochre sandstone arch, the
red tiles glinting like bent
plates of blood behind his head, I
see my mother with a few light books at her hip
standing at the pillar made of tiny bricks,
the wrought-iron gate still open behind her, its
sword-tips aglow in the May air,
they are about to graduate, they are about to get married,
they are kids, they are dumb, all they know is they are
innocent, they would never hurt anybody.
I want to go up to them and say Stop,
don't do it—she's the wrong woman,
he's the wrong man, you are going to do things
you cannot imagine you would ever do,
you are going to do bad things to children,
you are going to suffer in ways you have not heard of,
you are going to want to die. I want to go
up to them there in the late May sunlight and say it,
her hungry pretty face turning to me,
her pitiful beautiful untouched body,
his arrogant handsome face turning to me,
his pitiful beautiful untouched body,
but I don't do it. I want to live. I
take them up like the male and female
paper dolls and bang them together
at the hips, like chips of flint, as if to
strike sparks from them, I say
Do what you are going to do, and I will tell about it.

1992 – Liz Howard

This is our welfare half
a duplex with mint green
siding shrugged between
rail yard and main street
logging trucks and trains
shake the foundation so
much I mistake them for god
forever it is winter mom
dissolves into mentholated
smoke and Coffee-Mate at
the kitchen table painting
orcas and nor'easters in burnt
umber and verdigris until
the fuel we burn for heat
dissipates I find
my brother sitting
blue-tinged in his crib
mucus freezing to his
tiny upper lip come
spring he gets up on two
feet to press his left hand
onto her canvas leaves his
mark in the sky just over
where a suggestion
of light snuck out
through the rippled
storm cloud a copper
coin shining onto where
the waters calm at a
distance from the
anonymous
shore

Ellie: An Inventory of Being – Eleanor Wait

I am Ellie.
I am twenty years old.
I am a student, but never a co-ed.
A girl, afraid to be a woman.

If I stand very tall I am 65 inches high.
I have blue eyes streaked with gray
And tarnished brown hair
That gets in them.

Sometimes I wear it in a bun
And I am Emily Dickinson or Louisa Alcott
Or in pigtails and play hopscotch
In front of Mellon Institute.
Or let it just hang,
And run down Chapel Hill anyway.

I am a student, and a lady, and a child;
Almost a woman, but always a girl.

I love rare steak and burnt potato chips.

I am older than Neenie,
Younger than Lea'
I love the smell of Arpege and mud flats.
I drink tea with lemon and sugar with coffee.
Daffodils laugh, but blue-bells depress me.
I'm afraid of trolls.

I like raisins with oatmeal, and in the sun.
I work the best under pressure.
I like shiny fingernails and jazz, but
I hate Altman's and mini-skirts.
I like small rooms lined with book, and
braided rugs, and
Pillows, because I like to sit on the floor.

I like fountain pens and brown notebooks
and blue ink and
I don't believe in god, but I don't tell
Anyone anymore,
And my children will go to church,
Because I love Christmas.

I love pearls.
I like garnets better than rubies,
And topaz more than diamonds.
But someday I want a diamond,
And a gold band
Forever.

But not just now.

Someday I want a girl named Jeannie and a
Boy named Mike –
But they'll have to wait,
Because I want to be a person first.

Subject to change.

I believe that women are more than equal,
But keep quiet about it.
I know that there are 435 members of the
House of Representatives
But I don't understand why more of them
Aren't Negroes and women.

Rachel Carson and Margaret Chase Smith
Were my high school ideals.
Now I'd add (quietly) Jean Kerr.

I'm an anti-feminist.
I love to travel alone.

I'm crazy about noodles and tuna fish
And pizza with pepperoni and Jello.
I hate clutter unless it's books.

I love cozy slippers and lacy underwear
And going barefoot in the mud.
I make spaghetti in a popcorn popper, and
Always add paprika.
I am in love with chipmunks, pigeons, and
4 x 6 envelopes.
I read Dickens and Ferlinghetti.

I love wind and rain and snowmen,
And Baroque music and Barbara Streisand,

Even if she's trite.
And I don't like earrings or hairspray
Or soap operas and I adore commercials.

I love fireplaces with real fires,
And front porches with creaky swings
And noisy typewriters.

I like strawberry milkshakes and frosted
lipsticks.
I'd like to be cultured, but love WABC
And I daydream at the symphony.

I love to get dressed up,
But I don't waste time doing it.
I hate alarm clocks and television sets
But I couldn't live without them.

I'd rather walk than ride
But I'll drive anywhere.
I'm honest to a proudly-self conscious fault,
And I'm corrupt to a deeper meaning.
I wish sex were legal –
But I went through a phase
Of wishing human sacrifice were too.

I don't want to grow up
But I'm scared to stay young.

I eat too much, sometimes,
And talk too much, often,
And wish I could sleep too much, always.

If the world were a stage
I'd feel more comfortable in it.

I'm a loner, but I love being lonely.
I'm a conformist, except when I think.
I have horrible nightmares, and wild
daydreams,
And I couldn't live without either.

I spend too much money on velvet hair
ribbons
And funny cards and books of plays.
Hamlet and Antigone are my ideals, but
Creon and I are one.

I think too fast.
I hate grease paint, but I love crowds.

I love Degas, but I don't think I like
Horses or ballet.
I've always wanted to be the first woman
president,
And a marine biologist,
And literary lioness,
And an archaeologist
But I'm allergic to dust.

I don't want anyone to understand me,
But people think they do
And they're probably right.

If I were rich the first place I'd go
Would be Scotland.
The second would be Stratford
And the third would be Disneyland.

I need someone to need me
Because then I need them too.
I'm a deadly realist,
But I pretend to be idealistic.
I used to think there was no such thing as
love,
Now I'm not so sure.

I never want to go to the moon,
But I'd love to see penguins.
I've always felt that horses
Were incomplete zebras.

I'm funny
But most of the time it's intentional.

I get migraine headaches.

I either love or hate October and March;
I haven't decided yet.
I like men who know that
Women are people too,
And I hate crew cuts and red hair.

I'm a drama major because there are only
five of us.

I support the minority, but
If I were Jewish, I'd be a conservative.
If I were a Democrat, I'd be liberal.
I'm in favour of staying in Viet Nam
But I hate war.

I may be in love
And it scares me,
But he doesn't.

I love to see the sunrise,
But I hate to get up in the morning.
I'm perennially frustrated
Because I can't know everything,
And I'm annually concerned about self.

My name is Ellie
And this is 1967.