

**Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night**  
**By Dylan Thomas**

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

**If I Can Stop One Heart from Breaking**  
**by Emily Dickinson**

If I can stop one heart from breaking,  
I shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin  
Unto his nest again,  
I shall not live in vain.

**Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening**  
By [Robert Frost](#)

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

**Hoods**  
by Paul B. Janeczko

In black leather jackets,  
watching Spider work  
the wire coat hanger  
into Mrs. Koops car,  
they remind me of crows  
huddled around a road kill.  
Startled,  
They looked up,  
then back  
as Spider,  
who nodded once, setting them free  
toward me.  
I bounded away,  
used a parking meter  
to whip me around the corner  
past Janelli's meter  
the darkened Pine Street Grille,  
and the steamed windows  
of Sudsy's Modern Laundromat.  
I climbed-two at a time-  
the granite steps  
of the Free Public Library  
and pushed back thick wooden doors  
as the pursuing pack stopped-  
sinners at the door of a church.

From the corner table of the reference room  
I watched them  
pacing,  
head turning every time the door opened,  
pacing,  
until Spider arrived  
to draw them away.  
I waited, fingering hearts,  
initials carved into the table,  
grinning as I heard myself telling Raymond  
of my death-defying escape.