



VARIOUS
T R A N S C E N D E N T A L I S T D O E T S
F R O M
D I F F E R E N T E R A S



THE WORLDS NEED

Kindness

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

**O many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.**

'Fragment'

a poem by Amy Lowell

**What is poetry? Is it a mosaic
Of coloured stones which curiously are wrought
Into a pattern? Rather glass that's taught
By patient labor any hue to take
And glowing with a sumptuous splendor, make
Beauty a thing of awe; where sunbeams caught,
Transmuted fall in sheafs of rainbows fraught
With storied meaning for religion's sake.**

"Some of us were born to greatness and some of us have it thrust upon us, but some of us choose to be more than what we might have been had we chosen mediocrity" -- Henry David Thoreau

My Turn To Sing
By
William Henley

This is not a song ever sung before
The words are new and fresh
The message came from a new source
And the voice you hear has never been heard before
This song's words are different than have ever been heard before
Some of the words have been said but have never had this meaning
Some of the lyrics have been sung but they were never group in this way
But most of the words are new
The words have meaning as never before
The words are being defined as they are spoken
They are words that may sound familiar but they were never said like this before
This is not a new song
Others have tried to sing it
Others have tried to write the words
Others have tried to make the meaning and the message work out
But this song is special
There is only one person that can sing it
And that person is me
For this is my song and it is my turn to sin

Invictus

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll.
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

William Ernest Henley

FOG

**The fog comes
on little cat feet.**

**It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.
Carl Sandburg**

Come slowly

poem by Emily Dickinson

**Come slowly, Eden
Lips unused to thee.
Bashful, sip thy jasmines,
As the fainting bee,
Reaching late his flower,
Round her chamber hums,
Counts his nectars -alights,
And is lost in balms!**

Eros

a poem by Ralph Waldo Emerson

**The sense of the world is short,
Long and various the report,
To love and be beloved;
Men and gods have not outlearned it,
And how oft soe'er they've turned it,
'Tis not to be improved.**

it is at moments after i have dreamed

by e.e. cummings

**_it is at moments after i have dreamed
of the rare entertainment of your eyes,
when (being fool to fancy)
i have deemed with your peculiar mouth my heart made wise;
at moments when the glassy darkness
holds the genuine apparition of your smile
(it was through tears always)
and silence moulds such strangeness as was mine a little while; moments
when my once more illustrious arms are filled with fascination,
when my breast wears the intolerant brightness of your charms:
one pierced moment whiter than
the rest -turning from the tremendous lie of sleep
i watch the roses of the day grow deep.**

**Morning at the window
a poem by T S Eliot**

Morning at the Window

**They are rattling breakfast plates in basement kitchens,
And along the trampled edges of the street
I am aware of the damp souls of housemaids
Sprouting despondently at area gates.**

**The brown waves of fog toss up to me
Twisted faces from the bottom of the street,
And tear from a passer-by with muddy skirts
An aimless smile that hovers in the air
And vanishes along the level of the roofs.**

The Sight

By Sanchi

And this is the knowin' of it
There is the ones what were born for greatness
There is the ones what was born to exist
There was the ones what made a difference
And the ones what watched 'em do it.
And this is the believin' of it all
There is the ones they all believed in
There is the ones which just could barely do the knowin'
There is the ones that doubt it all
And there is the ones what soared with the eagles
That had the knowin' and believin' in 'em
And this is the sights they did the seein' on
They is the ones what we all knew was great and sees it
They is the ones what made us believe in the impossible
They is the ones that made a difference
And this ones is in you
Believe in who you is
Know what you is capable of
And have the sight to see that this world's needs
Rest in ones like you