POETRY NIGHT at TAA
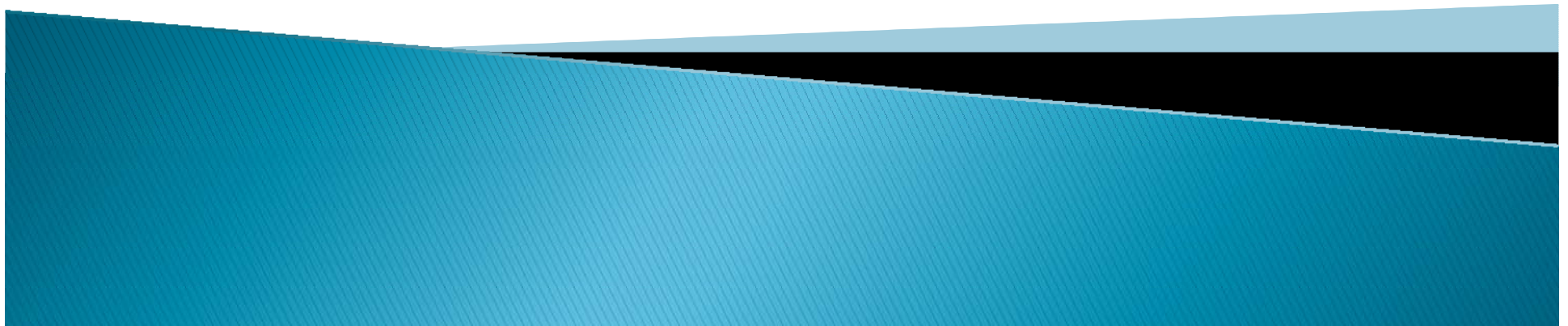
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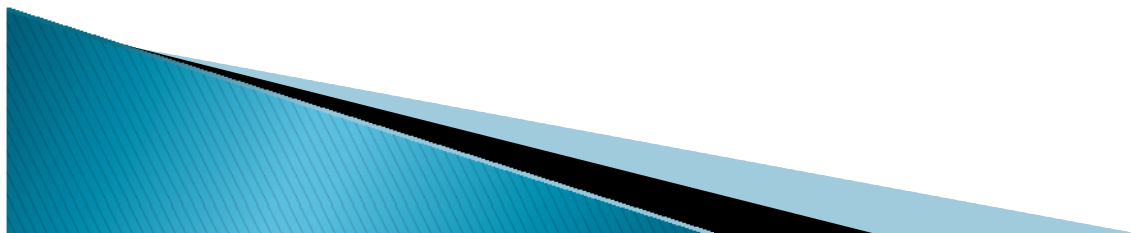http://del.icio.us/Chambere66/poetry

Loveliest of Trees
by Alfred Edward Housman

- Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
  Is hung with bloom along the bough,
  And stands about the woodland ride
  Wearing white for Eastertide.

  Now of my threescore years and ten,
  Twenty will not come again,
  And take from seventy springs a score,
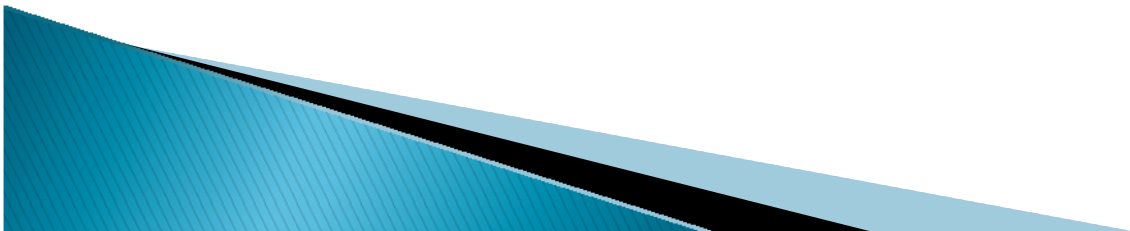 It only leaves me fifty more.

  And since to look at things in bloom
  Fifty springs are little room,
  About the woodlands I will go
  To see the cherry hung with snow.

-

Nothing Gold Can Stay
Robert Frost

Nature's first green is gold,

Her hardest hue to hold.

Her early leaf's a flower;

But only so an hour.

Then leaf subsides to leaf.

So Eden sank to grief,

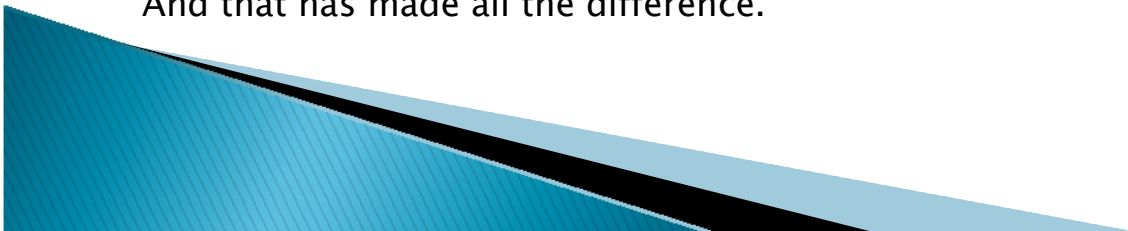So dawn goes down to day.

Nothing gold can stay.

The Road Not Taken

Robert Frost

TWO roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;
Then took the other, as just as fair,

And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.
I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Jetliner
Naoshi Koriyama

Now he takes his mark
At the farthest end of the runway
Looking straight ahead, eager, intense
With his sharp eyes shining

He takes a deep, deep breath
With his powerful lungs
Expanding his massive chest
His burning heart beating like thunders

Then… after a few… tense moments… of pondering
He roars at his utmost
And slowly beings to job
Kicking the dark earth hard
And now he begins to run
Kicking the dark earth harder
Then he dashes, dashes like mad, like mad
Howling, shouting, screaming, and roaring

Then with a most violent kick
He shakes off the earth's pull
Softly lifting himself into the air
Soaring higher and higher and higher still
Piercing the sea of clouds
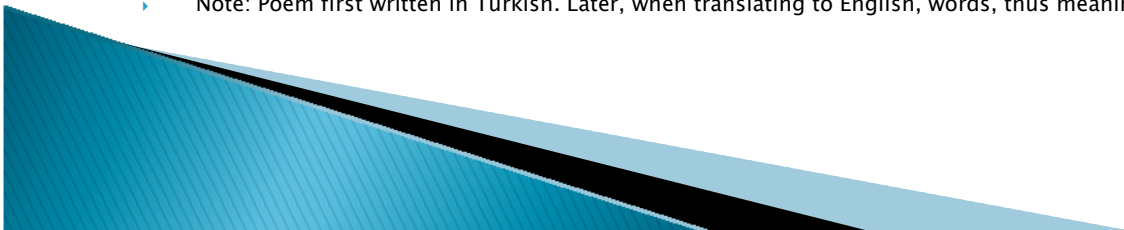Up into the chandelier of stars

Gör (See)

Marlene Denice Elwell 04 July 2003 10:00 P.M.

- See all the young faces
- Read all the young minds
- Hope, for the future
- Hardship pay no mind

-

- See all the workers' tired faces
- Understand their difficult lives
- Working for the future
- Hardship isn't kind

-

- See all the old wrinkled faces
- Savor their wise minds
- Hope, for the future
- Hardship has been sublime

-

- Note: Poem first written in Turkish. Later, when translating to English, words, thus meaning, were altered to adopt a rhyming scheme.
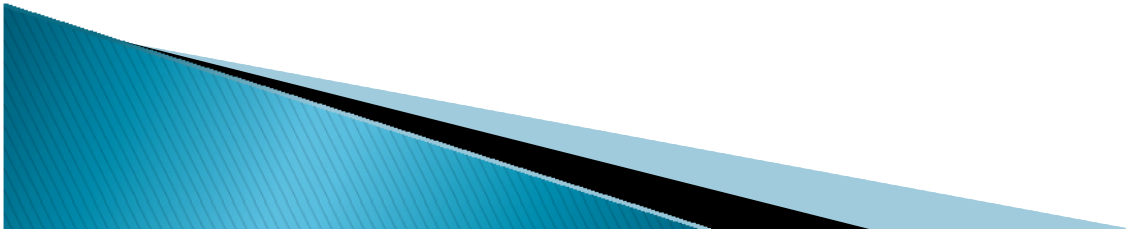
Gör

Marlene Denice Elwell   04 Temmuz 2003 22:00

-
- Bütün genç yüzleri gör
- Bütün genç hayatlari oku
- Ümit, gelecek için
- Güçlüklere aldirma
-
- Bütün isçilerin bitkin yorgun yüzlerini gör
- Onlarin zor hayatlarini anla
- Çalismak gelecek için
- Güçlüklere katlanacaksin
-
- Bütün yasli yüzlerde, geçmisi gör
- Onlarin hatiralarini hisset
- Ümit, gelecek için
- Güçlükler yüce ve zordur

Mutluluk
M. Kemal Yılmaz

Aynada görebiliyorum kendimi;
Yasiyorum öyleyse.
Birseyler yitiyor benden, gizli
Degilmi ki...

Toprakta bu kapkara gölge benimdir,
Uzayip kisalan,
Dogrulup kinlan.
Kivancim sonsuz
Var olmaktan

Sokakta yürüken beni ezmiyor kalabalik,
Sandalyamda tek basima oturuyorum.
Dost, düsman agzinda adim var
Ve mutluyum.

Happiness

I can see myself in the mirror
I must be living, then.
Certain things leave me and go,
Is it not so?

This jet black shadow on the earth is mine
Which lengthens and shortens,
Which straightens and breaks;
My joy is endless
For being alive...

While walking in the street
passersby don't trample me.
I am sitting all alone in my chair.
My name is being whispered by friend and foe
And I am happy.