

## 2<sup>nd</sup> Quarter Memory Poems

### **You Came, Too**

*by Nikki Giovanni*

I came to the crowd seeking friends  
I came to the crowd seeking love  
I came to the crowd for understanding

I found you

I came to the crowd to weep  
I came to the crowd to laugh

You dried my tears  
You shared my happiness

I went from the crowd seeking you  
I went from the crowd seeking me  
I went from the crowd forever

You came, too

### **The New Dog**

*by Linda Pastan*

Into the gravity of my life,  
the serious ceremonies  
of polish and paper  
and pen, has come

this manic animal  
whose innocent disruptions  
make nonsense  
of my old simplicities--

as if I needed him  
to prove again that after  
all the careful planning,  
anything can happen.

## **A Dream Deferred**

*By Langston Hughes*

What happens to a dream deferred?  
Does it dry up  
Like a raisin in the sun?  
Or fester like a sore—  
And then run?  
Does it stink like rotten meat?  
Or crust and sugar over—  
like a syrupy sweet?  
Maybe it just sags  
like a heavy load.  
Or does it explode?

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### **Limericks (You must learn two of the three)**

There was a young belle of old Natchez  
Whose garments were always in patchez.  
When comments arose  
On the state of her clothes,  
She replied, "When Ah itchez, Ah scratchez."  
—Ogden Nash

A flea and a fly in a flue  
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?  
Said the fly, "let us flee!"  
"Let us fly!" said the flea.  
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.  
—Ogden Nash

There was a young lady named Bright  
who traveled much faster than light.  
She set out one day  
in a relative way,  
and came back the previous night.  
—Anonymous