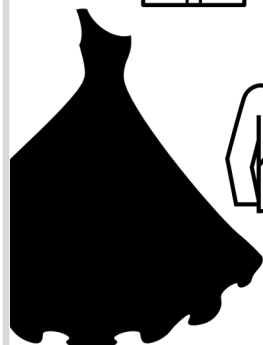
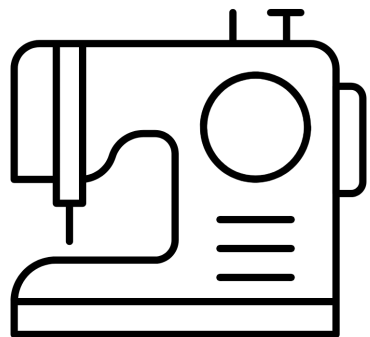


Printing note—

Print pages 2-3 two-sided on the short edge and the front and back should line up.

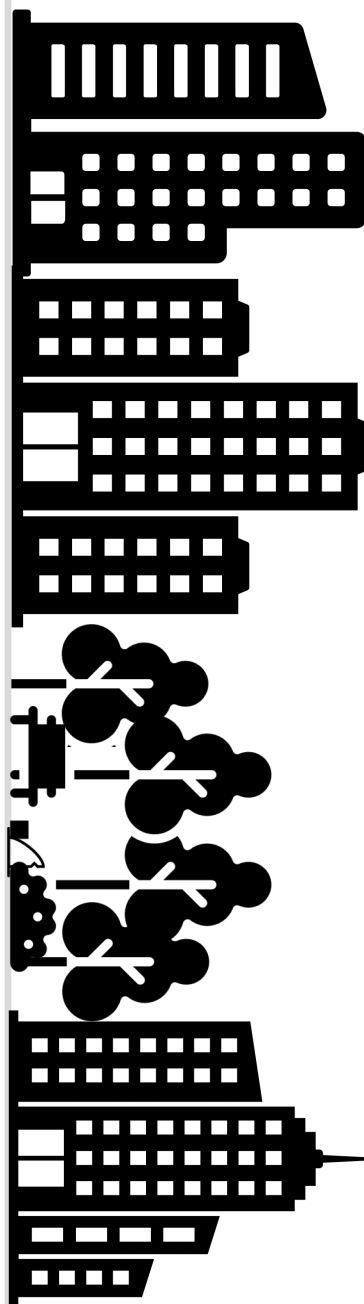
Cardstock is recommended.



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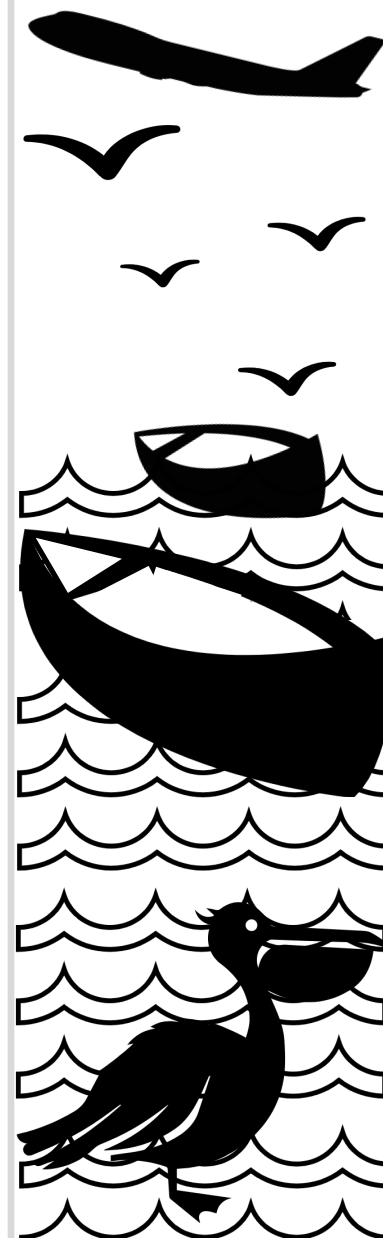
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for Lurline McGregor

Ah, ah cries the crow arching  
toward the heavy sky over  
the marina.  
Lands on the crown of the  
palm tree.

Ah, ah slaps the urgent cove  
of ocean swimming through  
the slips.  
We carry canoes to the edge  
of the salt.

Ah, ah groans the crew with  
the weight, the winds cutting  
skin.  
We claim our seats. Pelicans  
perch in the draft for fish.

Ah, ah beats our lungs and  
we are racing into the  
waves.  
Though there are worlds be-  
low us and above us, we are  
straight ahead.

Ah, ah tattoos the engines of  
your plane against the sky—  
away from these waters.  
Each paddle stroke follows  
the curve from reach to loss.

Ah, ah calls the sun from a  
fishing boat with a pale, yel-  
low sail. We fly by on our  
return, over the net of eterni-  
ty thrown out for stars.

Ah, ah scrapes the hull of my  
soul. Ah, ah.

\*\*\*\*\*

Joy Harjo  
“Ah, Ah”  
*How We Became Human:  
New and Selected Poems:  
1975-2001* (2002)

let ruin end here

let him find honey  
where there was  
once a slaughter

let him enter the  
lion’s cage  
& find a field of  
lilacs

let this be the  
healing

& if not let it be

\*\*\*\*\*

Danez Smith  
“little prayer”  
*Don’t Call Us  
Dead* (2017)

Everything contains  
some silence. Noise gets  
its zest from the  
small shark's-tooth  
shaped fragments  
of rest angled  
in it. An hour  
of city holds maybe  
a minute of these  
remnants of a time  
when silence reigned,  
compact and dangerous  
as a shark. Sometimes  
a bit of a tail  
or fin can still  
be sensed in parks.

\*\*\*\*\*

Kay Ryan  
“Sharks’ Teeth”  
*The Niagara River* (2005)

Miss Murphy in first grade  
wrote its name in chalk  
across the board and told us  
it was roaring down the  
stormtracks  
of the Milky Way at frightful  
speed  
and if it wandered off its course  
and smashed into the earth  
there’d be no school tomorrow.  
A red-bearded preacher from  
the hills  
with a wild look in his eyes  
stood in the public square  
at the playground’s edge  
proclaiming he was sent by God  
to save every one of us,  
even the little children.  
“Repent, ye sinners!” he  
shouted,  
waving his hand-lettered sign.  
At supper I felt sad to think  
that it was probably  
the last meal I’d share  
with my mother and my sisters;  
but I felt excited too  
and scarcely touched my plate.  
So mother scolded me  
and sent me early to my room.  
The whole family’s asleep  
except for me. They never heard  
me steal  
into the stairwell hall and climb  
the ladder to the fresh night air.

Look for me, Father, on the roof  
of the red brick building  
at the foot of Green Street –  
that’s where we live, you know,  
on the top floor.  
I’m the boy in the white flannel  
gown  
sprawled on this coarse gravel  
bed  
searching the starry sky,  
waiting for the world to end.

\*\*\*\*\*

Stanley Kunitz  
“Halley’s Comet”  
*Passing Through* (1997)

The path to ABC Business School  
was paid for by a lucky sign:  
ALTERATIONS, QUALIFIED  
SEAMSTRESS INQUIRE WITHIN.  
Tested on sleeves, hers  
never puckered—puffed or sleek,  
leg-o’-mutton or raglan—  
they barely needed the damp  
cloth  
to steam them perfect.

Those were the afternoons.  
Evenings  
she took in piecework, the  
treadle machine  
with its locomotive whirl  
traveling the lit path of the  
needle  
through quicksand taffeta  
or velvet deep as a forest.  
*And now and now* sang the  
treadle,  
*I know, I know. ...*

And then it was day again, all  
morning  
at the office machines, their  
clack and chatter  
another journey—rougher,  
that would go on forever  
until she could break a hundred  
words  
with no errors—ah, and then

no more postponed groceries,  
and that blue pair of shoes!

\*\*\*\*\*

Rita Dove  
“My Mother Enters the Work  
Force”  
*On the Bus with Rosa Parks*  
(1997)