**POETRY**

**Free Verse**

Bring me all of your dreams,

You dreamers,

Bring me all of your   
Heart melodies

That I may wrap them

In a blue cloud-cloth

Away from the too-rough fingers

Of the world.

--Langston Hughes

**Limerick**

The bottle of perfume that Willie sent

Was highly displeasing to Millicent

Her thanks were so cold

They quarreled, I’m told,

Through that silly scent Willie sent Millicent.

--author unknown

**Cinquain**

penguin

black, white

waddling, swimming, leaping

a tuxedo in the cold water

**Sonnet 18**

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate.

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a date.

Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,

And often is his gold complexion dimmed;

And every fair from fair sometimes declines.

By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;

Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade.

When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see.

--William Shakespeare