

1. Riley Grace Saenim (Wisconsin)

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**It Was Not Fate**  
**By William H. A. Moore**

It was not fate which overtook me,  
Rather a wayward, wilful wind  
That blew hot for awhile  
And then, as the even shadows came, blew cold.  
What pity it is that a man grown old in life's dreaming  
Should stop, e'en for a moment, to look into a woman's eyes.  
And I forgot!  
Forgot that one's heart must be steeled against the east wind.  
Life and death alike come out of the East:  
Life as tender as young grass,  
Death as dreadful as the sight of clotted blood.  
I shall go back into the darkness,  
Not to dream but to seek the light again.  
I shall go by paths, mayhap,  
On roads that wind around the foothills  
Where the plains are bare and wild

**Semifinal Two  
Round Three**

And the passers-by come few and far between.

I want the night to be long, the moon blind.

The hills thick with moving memories,

And my heart beating a breathless requiem

For all the dead days I have lived.

When the Dawn comes—Dawn, deathless, dreaming—

I shall will that my soul must be cleansed of hate,

I shall pray for strength to hold children close to my heart,

I shall desire to build houses where the poor will know

shelter, comfort, beauty.

And then may I look into a woman's eyes

And find holiness, love and the peace which passeth understanding.

2. Jayda Dawn (Indiana)

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**From “The Southland’s Charms and Freedom’s  
Magnitude” (11)  
By Albery Allson Whitman**

11

The stars and stripes that in our standard fly,  
    Immortal symbols of the nation’s might,  
The splendor of night’s orb-emblazoned sky,  
    The blue of day’s eternal depths—the white  
Of Heaven’s peace and spotless purity,  
    And red of morn’s defiance-streaming light,  
Meant nothing which that madcap State would heed,  
Which vowed to spread vile slavery or secede.

3. Aarvi Shah (Alabama)

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**Militants to Certain Other Women**  
**By Katharine Rolston Fisher**

You who pass coldly by when the police rush upon us,

When they wrench away our banners,

(Beautiful banners whose colors cry a demand for liberty)

You who criticize or condemn

(Declaring you “believe in suffrage,

Worked for it in your state, and your mother

knew Susan B. Anthony”)

Can you think in terms of a nation?

Could you die, (or face ridicule) for your belief?

For the freedom of women, for your freedom,

we are fighting;

For your safety we face danger, bear torture;

For your honor endure untellable insult.

To win democracy for you we defend the banners of democracy

Till our banners and our bodies

Are flung together on the pavement,

Waiting at the gates of government,

We have made of our weariness a symbol

Of women's long wait for justice.

We have borne the hunger and hardship of prison,

To open people's eyes

To men's determination to imprison the power of women.

You women who pass coldly by,

Do you imagine your freedom is coming

As a summer wind blows over fields?

Slowly it has advanced by a sixty-years' war,

(Those who have fought in it have not forgotten)

And that war is not won.

Strongly entrenched, the foe sits plotting.

Close to his lines our banners fly,

Signalling where to direct the fire,

Greater forces are needed, reserves and recruits.

Are you for winning or for waiting,

Women who watch the banners go down?

Women who say, "Suffrage is coming,"

While suffrage goes by you into Prussia?

Cease to be content with applauding speeches, and praising politicians.

Patience is shameful.

Awake, rise, and act.

4. MajieAhna Winfrey (Nebraska)

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**My Song**  
**By Joseph Seamon Cotter Sr.**

I sang me a song, a tiny song,  
A song that was sweet to my soul,  
And set it a-float on the sea of chance  
In search of a happy goal.

I said to my song: "Go on, go on  
And lodge in a tender spot  
Of some human soul where the fires of hate  
And selfishness are not."

My song went on but a little space  
And hied it back to me;  
And fell at my feet in a sorry plight—  
The victim of cruelty.

I gazed a moment and quickly saw  
Just how it had come about,  
A cruel critic had caught my song  
And probed the soul of it out.

**Semifinal Two  
Round Three**

O, poor indeed is the human mind

(And why was it ever wrought?)

That can thrive on husk in the form of words,

And not on a sturdy thought.

5. Rory Berg (Georgia)

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**Spring in War-Time**  
**By Sara Teasdale**

I feel the spring far off, far off,

    The faint, far scent of bud and leaf—

Oh, how can spring take heart to come

    To a world in grief,

    Deep grief?

The sun turns north, the days grow long,

    Later the evening star grows bright—

How can the daylight linger on

    For men to fight,

    Still fight?

The grass is waking in the ground,

    Soon it will rise and blow in waves—

How can it have the heart to sway

    Over the graves,

    New graves?

Under the boughs where lovers walked

The apple-blooms will shed their breath—

But what of all the lovers now

Parted by Death,

Grey Death?

6. Lillian Baker (Arkansas)

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**The New Colossus**  
**By Emma Lazarus**

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,  
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;  
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand  
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame  
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name  
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand  
Glow world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command  
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.  
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she  
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

7. Miriam Mantara (Kansas)

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**Friendship After Love**  
**By Ella Wheeler Wilcox**

After the fierce midsummer all ablaze

Has burned itself to ashes, and expires

In the intensity of its own fires,

There come the mellow, mild, St. Martin days

Crowned with the calm of peace, but sad with haze.

So after Love has led us, till he tires

Of his own throes, and torments, and desires,

Comes large-eyed friendship: with a restful gaze,

He beckons us to follow, and across

Cool verdant vales we wander free from care.

Is it a touch of frost lies in the air?

Why are we haunted with a sense of loss?

We do not wish the pain back, or the heat;

And yet, and yet, these days are incomplete.

8. Emma Oleson (Iowa)

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**The Paradox**  
**By Paul Laurence Dunbar**

I am the mother of sorrows,

I am the ender of grief;

I am the bud and the blossom,

I am the late-falling leaf.

I am thy priest and thy poet,

I am thy serf and thy king;

I cure the tears of the heartsick,

When I come near they shall sing.

White are my hands as the snowdrop;

Swart are my fingers as clay;

Dark is my frown as the midnight,

Fair is my brow as the day.

Battle and war are my minions,

Doing my will as divine;

I am the calmer of passions,

Peace is a nursling of mine.

Speak to me gently or curse me,  
    Seek me or fly from my sight;  
I am thy fool in the morning,  
    Thou art my slave in the night.

Down to the grave will I take thee,  
    Out from the noise of the strife;  
Then shalt thou see me and know me—  
    Death, then, no longer, but life.

Then shalt thou sing at my coming,  
    Kiss me with passionate breath,  
Clasp me and smile to have thought me  
    Aught save the foeman of Death.

Come to me, brother, when weary,  
    Come when thy lonely heart swells;  
I'll guide thy footsteps and lead thee  
    Down where the Dream Woman dwells.

9. Mallory Lott (Louisiana)

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**Suppose**  
**By Phoebe Cary**

Suppose, my little lady,

Your doll should break her head,

Could you make it whole by crying

Till your eyes and nose are red?

And would n't it be pleasanter

To treat it as a joke;

And say you 're glad "T was Dolly's

And not your head that broke?"

Suppose you 're dressed for walking,

And the rain comes pouring down,

Will it clear off any sooner

Because you scold and frown?

And would n't it be nicer

For you to smile than pout,

And so make sunshine in the house

When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,

Is very hard to get,

Will it make it any easier

For you to sit and fret?

And would n't it be wiser

Than waiting like a dunce,

To go to work in earnest

And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,

And some a coach and pair,

Will it tire you less while walking

To say, "It is n't fair?"

And would n't it be nobler

To keep your temper sweet,

And in your heart be thankful

You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,

Nor the way some people do,

Do you think the whole creation

Will be altered just for you?

And is n't it, my boy or girl,

The wisest, bravest plan,

Whatever comes, or does n't come,

To do the best you can?

10. Sarah Wheatley (Oklahoma)

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**To a Young Dancing Girl**  
**By Elsa Gidlow**

Golden-eyed girl, do you see what I see?

Do you see behind the veil that Life

laughs through?

Golden-eyed girl, I would like to laugh

with you.

But my veil is torn, and I see things pass

Like shadows in the depths of a crystal glass.

Golden-eyed girl, you are young as springtime,

Your great eyes are dreamful, your rare

lips sweet.

Shadows matter little to youth with dancing feet

All of Life's skeletons wear gay dresses

And youth is deceived by even Death's caresses.

Golden-eyed girl, you have years to dance and

wonder

Before your Life's curtain will wear into holes

**Semifinal Two  
Round Three**

And let you see the hopelessness hidden in souls.

You have many moons of laughter, many

years to go

Before you'll learn how heavy dancing feet

can grow.

11. Bella Slone (Kentucky)

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**The Light of Stars**  
**By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**

The night is come, but not too soon;  
And sinking silently,  
All silently, the little moon  
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven  
But the cold light of stars;  
And the first watch of night is given  
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?  
The star of love and dreams?  
O no! from that blue tent above,  
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,  
When I behold afar,  
Suspended in the evening skies,  
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand  
And smile upon my pain;  
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,  
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light  
But the cold light of stars;  
I give the first watch of the night  
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,  
He rises in my breast,  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,  
That readest this brief psalm,  
As one by one thy hopes depart,  
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

12. Elayjah Earles (Mississippi)

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**Let No Charitable Hope  
By Elinor Wylie**

Now let no charitable hope  
Confuse my mind with images  
Of eagle and of antelope:  
I am by nature none of these.

I was, being human, born alone;  
I am, being woman, hard beset;  
I live by squeezing from a stone  
The little nourishment I get.

In masks outrageous and austere  
The years go by in single file;  
But none has merited my fear,  
And none has quite escaped my smile.

13. Eliza Aldridge (Michigan)

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**A Lady**  
**By Amy Lowell**

You are beautiful and faded,  
Like an old opera tune  
Played upon a harpsichord;  
Or like the sun-flooded silks  
Of an eighteenth-century boudoir. In your eyes  
Smoulder the fallen roses of outlived minutes,  
And the perfume of your soul  
Is vague and suffusing,  
With the pungence of sealed spice-jars.  
Your half-tones delight me,  
And I grow mad with gazing  
At your blent colors.

My vigor is a new-minted penny,  
Which I cast at your feet.  
Gather it up from the dust  
That its sparkle may amuse you.

14. Sarah Williamson (Tennessee)

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**To a Great Lady in My Small House**  
**By Mark Van Doren**

You were too kind to come at all.

The door closed on you, and my hall

Shivered in sudden naked shame.

I whispered it was not to blame

And followed you within, to where

You were awaited by my chair.

It was so small, and you sat down

With a so gracious smile—a frown

Would have gone better with that wall;

You were too kind to smile at all.

You stretched a hand toward the grate;

Its welcome was inadequate.

You looked about you and pretended

The carpet and the picture blended.

I looked—and all my furnishings

Had turned their heads: the sorry things!

You said you felt at home—a lie

My misery was finished by.

Even your guilelessness was gall.

You were too kind to come at all.

15. David D'Aguilar (Puerto Rico)

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**Mountain Storm**  
**By Younghill Kang**

Black clouds, lion-shaped,

White clouds, elephant-like, yonder.

Crash! Crash! Thundering as if breaking the sky into two pieces.

Slash! Slash! Lightening to cut the mountain top off.

The Storm extends from sky to earth,

Youth's vigour, love's passion, beauty's rapture.

Then Pearl-drops of hail – hundreds of jade-pieces,

Tok-tok-tok-tok-tok, monastery jingling bell.

Again soft slender rain.

Sh! Sh! Sh! Sh! Sh! whispering to the lover's ear alone:

"I love you, I love you, ever, ever, ever, ever."

16. Esinam Agama (Florida)

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**Early Affection**  
**By George Moses Horton**

I lov'd thee from the earliest dawn,  
    When first I saw thy beauty's ray,  
And will, until life's eve comes on,  
    And beauty's blossom fades away;  
And when all things go well with thee,  
With smiles and tears remember me.

I'll love thee when thy morn is past,  
    And wheedling gallantry is o'er,  
When youth is lost in age's blast,  
    And beauty can ascend no more,  
And when life's journey ends with thee,  
O, then look back and think of me.

I'll love thee with a smile or frown,  
    'Mid sorrow's gloom or pleasure's light,  
And when the chain of life runs down,

Pursue thy last eternal flight,  
When thou hast spread thy wing to flee,  
Still, still, a moment wait for me.

I'll love thee for those sparkling eyes,  
To which my fondness was betray'd,  
Bearing the tincture of the skies,  
To glow when other beauties fade,  
And when they sink too low to see,  
Reflect an azure beam on me.

17. Salvador Gonzalez (Missouri)

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**The Plains of Peace**  
**By Olivia Ward Bush-Banks**

Again my fancy takes its flight,  
And soars away on thoughtful wing,  
Again my soul thrills with delight,  
And this the fancied theme, I sing,  
From Earthly scenes awhile, I find release,  
And dwell upon the restful Plains of Peace.

The Plains of Peace are passing fair,  
Where naught disturbs and naught can harm,  
I find no sorrow, woe or care,  
These all are lost in perfect calm,  
Bright are the joys, and pleasures never cease,  
For those who dwell on the Plains of Peace.

No scorching sun or blighting storm,  
No burning sand or desert drear,  
No fell disease or wasting form,  
To mar the glowing beauty here.

Decay and ruin ever must decrease,  
Here on the fertile, healthful Plains of Peace.

What rare companionship I find,  
What hours of social joy I spend,  
What restfulness pervades my mind,  
Communing with congenial friend.  
True happiness seems ever to increase,  
While dwelling here upon the Plains of Peace.

Ambitions too, are realized,  
And that which I have sought on earth,  
I find at last idealized,  
My longings ripen into worth,  
My fondest hopes no longer fear decease,  
But bloom forth brightly on the Plains of Peace.

'Tis by my fancy, yet 'tis true,  
That somewhere having done with Earth,  
We shall another course pursue,  
According to our aim or worth,  
Our souls from mortal things must find release,  
And dwell immortal on the Plains of Peace.

18. Jaden Conley (Illinois)

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**Enigma**  
**By Leonora Speyer**

It would be easy to forgive,  
If I could but remember;  
If I could hear, lost love of mine,  
The music of your cruelties,  
Shaking to sound the silent skies,  
Could voice with them their song divine,  
Red with pain's leaping ember:  
It would be easy to forgive,  
If I could but remember.  
It would be easy to forget,  
If I could find lost Sorrow;  
If I could kiss her plaintive face,  
And break with her her bitter bread,  
Could share again her woeful bed,  
And know with tears her pale embrace.  
Make yesterday, to-morrow:  
It would be easy to forget,

If I could find lost Sorrow.