

1. Mari Basaca Fuentes (Nevada)

Charles Sumner
By Charlotte L. Forten Grimké

On seeing some pictures of the interior of his house, Washington, D.C.

Only the casket left, the jewel gone
Whose noble presence filled these stately rooms,
And made this spot a shrine where pilgrims came—
Stranger and friend—to bend in reverence
Before the great, pure soul that knew no guile;
To listen to the wise and gracious words
That fell from lips whose rare, exquisite smile
Gave tender beauty to the grand, grave face.

Upon these pictured walls we see thy peers,—
Poet, and saint, and sage, painter, and king,—
A glorious band;—they shine upon us still;
Still gleam in marble the enchanting forms
Whereupon thy artist eye delighted dwelt;
Thy favorite Psyche droops her matchless face,

Listening, methinks, for the beloved voice
Which nevermore on earth shall sound her praise.

All these remain,—the beautiful, the brave,
The gifted, silent ones; but thou art gone!
Fair is the world that smiles upon us now;
Blue are the skies of June, balmy the air
That soothes with touches soft the weary brow;
And perfect days glide into perfect nights,—
Moonlit and calm; but still our grateful hearts
Are sad, and faint with fear,— for thou art gone!

Oh friend beloved, with longing, tear-filled eyes
We look up, up to the unclouded blue,
And seek in vain some answering sign from thee.
Look down upon us, guide and cheer us still
From the serene height where thou dwellest now;
Dark is the way without the beacon light
Which long and steadfastly thy hand upheld.
Oh, nerve with courage new the stricken hearts
Whose dearest hopes seem lost in losing thee.

2. Aspen Geist (North Dakota)

The Graduate Leaving College
By George Moses Horton

What summons do I hear?

The morning peal, departure's knell;

My eyes let fall a friendly tear,

And bid this place farewell.

Attending servants come,

The carriage wheels like thunders roar,

To bear the pensive seniors home,

Here to be seen no more.

Pass one more transient night,

The morning sweeps the college clean;

The graduate takes his last long flight,

No more in college seen.

The bee, which courts the flower,

Must with some pain itself employ,

And then fly, at the day's last hour,

Home to its hive with joy.

3. Liam McLaughlin (Arizona)

Christmas Bells
By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I heard the bells on Christmas Day

Their old, familiar carols play,

And wild and sweet

The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,

The belfries of all Christendom

Had rolled along

The unbroken song

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,

The world revolved from night to day,

A voice, a chime,

A chant sublime

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth

The cannon thundered in the South,

And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
“There is no peace on earth,” I said;
“For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!”

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
“God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men.”

4. Ellette Whitcomb (Montana)

**She of the Dancing Feet Sings
By Countee Cullen**

And what would I do in heaven, pray,

Me with my dancing feet,

And limbs like apple boughs that sway

When the gusty rain winds beat?

And how would I thrive in a perfect place

Where dancing would be sin,

With not a man to love my face,

Nor an arm to hold me in?

The seraphs and the cherubim

Would be too proud to bend

To sing the feary tunes that brim

My heart from end to end.

The wistful angels down in hell

Will smile to see my face,

And understand, because they fell

From that all-perfect place.

5. Johnson Ailima (American Samoa)

On Liberty and Slavery
By George Moses Horton

Alas! and am I born for this,
To wear this slavish chain?
Deprived of all created bliss,
Through hardship, toil and pain!

How long have I in bondage lain,
And languished to be free!
Alas! and must I still complain—
Deprived of liberty.

Oh, Heaven! and is there no relief
This side the silent grave—
To soothe the pain—to quell the grief
And anguish of a slave?

Come Liberty, thou cheerful sound,
Roll through my ravished ears!
Come, let my grief in joys be drowned,
And drive away my fears.

Say unto foul oppression, Cease:
Ye tyrants rage no more,
And let the joyful trump of peace,
Now bid the vassal soar.

Soar on the pinions of that dove
Which long has cooed for thee,
And breathed her notes from Afric's grove,
The sound of Liberty.

Oh, Liberty! thou golden prize,
So often sought by blood—
We crave thy sacred sun to rise,
The gift of nature's God!

Bid Slavery hide her haggard face,
And barbarism fly:
I scorn to see the sad disgrace
In which enslaved I lie.

Dear Liberty! upon thy breast,
I languish to respire;
And like the Swan unto her nest,
I'd like to thy smiles retire.

**Semifinal Three
Round Two**

Oh, blest asylum—heavenly balm!
Unto thy boughs I flee—
And in thy shades the storm shall calm,
With songs of Liberty!

6. DB Henderson (Colorado)

The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls
By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown
The traveller hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveller to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

7. Sofia Skuza Rivera (Minnesota)

The Coming Woman
By Mary Weston Fordham

Just look, 'tis quarter past six, love—

And not even the fires are caught;

Well, you know I must be at the office—

But, as usual, the breakfast 'll be late.

Now hurry and wake up the children;

And dress them as fast as you can;

'Poor dearies,' I know they'll be tardy,

Dear me, 'what a slow, poky man!'

Have the tenderloin broiled nice and juicy—

Have the toast browned and buttered all right;

And be sure you settle the coffee:

Be sure that the silver is bright.

When ready, just run up and call me—

At eight, to the office I go,

Lest poverty, grim, should o'ertake us—

'Tis bread and butter,' you know.

The bottom from stocks may fall out,
My bonds may get below par;
Then surely, I seldom could spare you
A nickel, to buy a cigar.

All ready? Now, while I am eating,
Just bring up my wheel to the door;
Then wash up the dishes; and, mind now,
Have dinner promptly at four;

For tonight is our Woman's Convention,
And I am to speak first, you know—
The men veto us in private,
But in public they shout, 'That's so.'

So 'by-by' – In case of a rap, love,
Before opening the door, you must look;
O! how could a civilized woman
Exist, without a man cook.

8. Dovelynn Martinson (Wyoming)

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 Three
Round Two**

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.

9. James Ware (Utah)

Chicago
By Carl Sandburg

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's
Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your
painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.

And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: yes, it is true I have seen the
gunman kill and go free to kill again.

And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women and
children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.

And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my city,
and I give them back the sneer and say to them:

Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive
and coarse and strong and cunning.

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold

slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;
Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted
against the wilderness,
Bareheaded,
Shoveling,
Wrecking,
Planning,
Building, breaking, rebuilding,
Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,
Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,
Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,
Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs
the heart of the people,
Laughing!
Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked,
sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player
with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.

10. Almaz Clawson (Texas)

My House
By Claude McKay

For this peculiar tint that paints my house
Peculiar in an alien atmosphere
Where other houses wear a kindred hue,
I have a stirring always very rare
And romance-making in my ardent blood,
That channels through my body like a flood.

I know the dark delight of being strange,
The penalty of difference in the crowd,
The loneliness of wisdom among fools,
Yet never have I felt but very proud,
Though I have suffered agonies of hell,
Of living in my own peculiar cell.

There is an exaltation of man's life,
His hidden life, that he alone can feel.
The blended fires that heat his veins within,
Shaping his metals into finest steel,

Are elements from his own native earth,
That the wise gods bestowed on him at birth.

Oh each man's mind contains an unknown realm
Walled in from other men however near,
An unimagined in their highest flights
Of comprehension or of vision clear;
A realm where he withdraws to contemplate
Infinity and his own finite state.

Thence he may sometimes catch a god-like glimpse
Of mysteries that seems beyond life's bar;
Thence he may hurt his little shaft at heaven
And bring down accidentally a star,
And drink its foamy dust like sparkling wine
And echo accents of the laugh divine.

Then he may fall into a drunken sleep
And wake up in his same house painted blue
Or white or green or red or brown or black—
His house, his own, whatever be the hue.
But things for him will not be what they seem
To average men since he has dreamt his dream!

11. Damien Andre Deen (South Dakota)

The New Day
By Fenton Johnson

From a vision red with war I awoke and saw the Prince of

Peace hovering over No Man's Land.

Loud the whistles blew and the thunder of cannon was

drowned by the happy shouting of the people.

From the Sinai that faces Armageddon I heard this chant

from the throats of white-robed angels:

Blow your trumpets, little children!

From the East and from the West,

From the cities in the valley,

From God's dwelling on the mountain,

Blow your blast that Peace might know

She is Queen of God's great army.

With the crying blood of millions

We have written deep her name

In the Book of all the Ages;

With the lilies in the valley,

With the roses by the Mersey,

With the golden flower of Jersey
We have crowned her smooth young temples.
Where her footsteps cease to falter
Golden grain will greet the morning,
Where her chariot descends
Shall be broken down the altars
Of the gods of dark disturbance.
Nevermore shall men know suffering,
Nevermore shall women wailing
Shake to grief the God of Heaven.
From the East and from the West,
From the cities in the valley,
From God's dwelling on the mountain,
Little children, blow your trumpets!

From Ethiopia, groaning 'neath her heavy burdens, I heard
the music of the old slave songs.

I heard the wail of warriors, dusk brown, who grimly
fought the fight of others in the trenches of Mars.

I heard the plea of blood-stained men of dusk and the
crimson in my veins leapt furiously.

Forget not, O my brothers, how we fought
In No Man's Land that peace might come again!
Forget not, O my brothers, how we gave

Red blood to save the freedom of the world!
We were not free, our tawny hands were tied;
But Belgium's plight and Serbia's woes we shared
Each rise of sun or setting of the moon.
So when the bugle blast had called us forth
We went not like the surly brute of yore
But, as the Spartan, proud to give the world
The freedom that we never knew nor shared.
These chains, O brothers mine, have weighed us down
As Samson in the temple of the gods;
Unloosen them and let us breathe the air
That makes the goldenrod the flower of Christ.
For we have been with thee in No Man's Land,
Through lake of fire and down to Hell itself;
And now we ask of thee our liberty,
Our freedom in the land of Stars and Stripes.

I am glad that the Prince of Peace is hovering over No Man's Land.

12. Lillian Braly (California)

Saturday's Child
By Countee Cullen

Some are teathed on a silver spoon,

 With the stars strung for a rattle;

I cut my teeth as the black raccoon—

 For implements of battle.

Some are swaddled in silk and down,

 And heralded by a star;

They swathed my limbs in a sackcloth gown

 On a night that was black as tar.

For some, godfather and goddame

 The opulent fairies be;

Dame Poverty gave me my name,

 And Pain godfathered me.

For I was born on Saturday—

 “Bad time for planting a seed,”

Was all my father had to say,

 And, “One mouth more to feed.”

**Semifinal Three
Round Two**

Death cut the strings that gave me life,

And handed me to Sorrow,

The only kind of middle wife

My folks could beg or borrow.

13. Hadas Frish (New Mexico)

Why We Oppose Pockets for Women
By Alice Duer Miller

1. Because pockets are not a natural right.
2. Because the great majority of women do not want pockets. If they did they
would have them.
3. Because whenever women have had pockets they have not used them.
4. Because women are required to carry enough things as it is, without the
additional burden of pockets.
5. Because it would make dissension between husband and wife as to whose
pockets were to be filled.
6. Because it would destroy man's chivalry toward woman, if he did not have to
carry all her things in his pockets.
7. Because men are men, and women are women. We must not fly in the face of
nature.

8. Because pockets have been used by men to carry tobacco, pipes, whiskey
flasks, chewing gum and compromising letters. We see no reason to suppose
that women would use them more wisely.

14. Jade Terriss Talamo (Washington)

Come Let Us Be Friends
By Sarah Lee Brown Fleming

Come, let us be friends, you and I,

E'en though the world doth hate at this hour;

Let's bask in the sunlight of a love so high

That war cannot dim it with all its armed power.

Come, let us be friends, you and I,

The world hath her surplus of hatred today;

She needeth more love, see, she droops with a sigh,

Where her axis doth slant in the sky far away.

Come, let us be friends, you and I,

And love each other so deep and so well,

That the world may grow steady and forward fly,

Lest she wander towards chaos and drop into hell.

15. Brielle Brandon (Guam)

A Nation's Strength
By William Ralph Emerson

What makes a nation's pillars high

And its foundations strong?

What makes it mighty to defy

The foes that round it throng?

It is not gold. Its kingdoms grand

Go down in battle shock;

Its shafts are laid on sinking sand,

Not on abiding rock.

Is it the sword? Ask the red dust

Of empires passed away;

The blood has turned their stones to rust,

Their glory to decay.

And is it pride? Ah, that bright crown

Has seemed to nations sweet;

But God has struck its luster down

In ashes at his feet.

**Semifinal Three
Round Two**

Not gold but only men can make

A people great and strong;

Men who for truth and honor's sake

Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,

Who dare while others fly...

They build a nation's pillars deep

And lift them to the sky.

16. Emma Keen (Oregon)

From One Who Stays
By Amy Lowell

How empty seems the town now you are gone!
A wilderness of sad streets, where gaunt walls
Hide nothing to desire; sunshine falls
Eery, distorted, as it long had shone
On white, dead faces tombed in halls of stone.
The whirl of motors, stricken through with calls
Of playing boys, floats up at intervals;
But all these noises blur to one long moan.
What quest is worth pursuing? And how strange
That other men still go accustomed ways!
I hate their interest in the things they do.
A spectre-horde repeating without change
An old routine. Alone I know the days
Are still-born, and the world stopped, lacking you.

17. Monroe Williams (Idaho)

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18. Kai Gammarino (Hawaii)

On Children
By Kahlil Gibran

And a woman who held a babe against her bosom said, Speak to us of Children.

And he said:

Your children are not your children.

They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.

They come through you but not from you,

And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.

You may give them your love but not your thoughts,

For they have their own thoughts.

You may house their bodies but not their souls,

For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.

You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.

For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.

You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth.

The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and He bends you with His might that His arrows may go swift and far.

Let your bending in the archer's hand be for gladness;

**Semifinal Three
Round Two**

For even as He loves the arrow that flies, so He loves also the bow that is
stable.

19. Cassie Lumba (Alaska)

Poetry
By Marianne Moore

I too, dislike it: there are things that are important beyond all this fiddle.

Reading it, however, with a perfect contempt for it, one discovers that there is
in

it after all, a place for the genuine.

Hands that can grasp, eyes

that can dilate, hair that can rise

if it must, these things are important not because a
high-sounding interpretation can be put upon them but because they are
useful; when they become so derivative as to become unintelligible, the

same thing may be said for all of us—that we

do not admire what

we cannot understand. The bat,

holding on upside down or in quest of something to

eat, elephants pushing, a wild horse taking a roll, a tireless wolf under

a tree, the immovable critic twinkling his skin like a horse that feels a flea, the

base—

ball fan, the statistician—case after case

could be cited did

one wish it; nor is it valid

to discriminate against “business documents and

school-books”; all these phenomena are important. One must make a distinction

however: when dragged into prominence by half poets, the result is not poetry,

nor till the autocrats among us can be

“literalists of

the imagination”—above

insolence and triviality and can present

for inspection, imaginary gardens with real toads in them, shall we have

it. In the meantime, if you demand on the one hand, in defiance of their
opinion—

the raw material of poetry in

all its rawness, and

that which is on the other hand,

genuine, then you are interested in poetry.