

Poetry is Alive. August 2026

Farewell Summer

Starry Nights



The Road Not Taken

ROBERT FROST

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,

And sorry I could not travel both

And be one traveler, long I stood

And looked down one as far as I could

To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,

And having perhaps the better claim,

Because it was grassy and wanted wear;

Though as for that the passing there

Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay

In leaves no step had trodden black.

Oh, I kept the first for another day!

Yet knowing how way leads on to way,

I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh

Somewhere ages and ages hence:

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—

I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

The Courage Of Shutting- Up

SYLVIA PLATH

The courage of the shut mouth, in spite of artillery!
The line pink and quiet, a worm, basking.
There are black disks behind it, the disks of outrage,
And the outrage of a sky, the lined brain of it.
The disks revolve, they ask to be heard—

Loaded, as they are, with accounts of bastardies.
Bastardies, usages, desertions and doubleness,
The needle journeying in its groove,
Silver beast between two dark canyons,
A great surgeon, now a tattooist,

Tattooing over and over the same blue grievances,
The snakes, the babies, the tits
On mermaids and two-legged dreamgirls.
The surgeon is quiet, he does not speak.

He has seen too much death, his hands are full of it.

So the disks of the brain revolve, like the muzzles of cannon.

Then there is that antique billhook, the tongue,

Indefatigable, purple. Must it be cut out?

It has nine tails, it is dangerous.

And the noise it flays from the air, once it gets going!

No, the tongue, too, has been put by,

Hung up in the library with the engravings of Rangoon

And the fox heads, the otter heads, the heads of dead rabbits.

It is a marvelous object—

The things it has pierced in its time.

But how about the eyes, the eyes, the eyes?

Mirrors can kill and talk, they are terrible rooms

In which a torture goes on one can only watch.

The face that lived in this mirror is the face of a dead man.

Do not worry about the eyes—

They may be white and shy, they are no stool pigeons,

Their death rays folded like flags

Of a country no longer heard of,

An obstinate independency

Insolvent among the mountains.

From The Desiring Field

NATALIE DIAZ

I don't call it sleep anymore.

I'll risk losing something new instead—

like you lost your rosen moon, shook it loose.

But sometimes when I get my horns in a thing—
a wonder, a grief or a line of her—it is a sticky and ruined
fruit to unfasten from,

despite my trembling.

Let me call my anxiety, desire, then.

Let me call it, a garden.

Maybe this is what Lorca meant
when he said, verde que te quiero verde—

because when the shade of night comes,
I am a field of it, of any worry ready to flower in my chest.

My mind in the dark is una bestia, unfocused,
hot. And if not yoked to exhaustion

beneath the hip and plow of my lover,
then I am another night wandering the desire field—

bewildered in its low green glow,

bell the meadow between midnight and morning.
Insomnia is like Spring that way—surprising
and many petaled,

the kick and leap of gold grasshoppers at my brow.

I am struck in the witch hours of want—

I want her green life. Her inside me
in a green hour I can't stop.

Green vein in her throat green wing in my mouth

green thorn in my eye. I want her like a river goes, bending.
Green moving green, moving.

Fast as that, this is how it happens—
soy una sonámbula.

And even though you said today you felt better,
and it is so late in this poem, is it okay to be clear,
to say, I don't feel good,

to ask you to tell me a story
about the sweet grass you planted—and tell it again
or again—

until I can smell its sweet smoke,
leave this thrashed field, and be smooth.

How Do I Love Thee

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight

For the ends of being and ideal grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's

Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.

I love thee freely, as men strive for right.

I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use

In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose

With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,

I shall but love thee better after death.

Nothing Gold Can Stay

ROBERT FROST

Nature's first green is gold,

Her hardest hue to hold.

Her early leaf's a flower;

But only so an hour.

Then leaf subsides to leaf.

So Eden sank to grief,

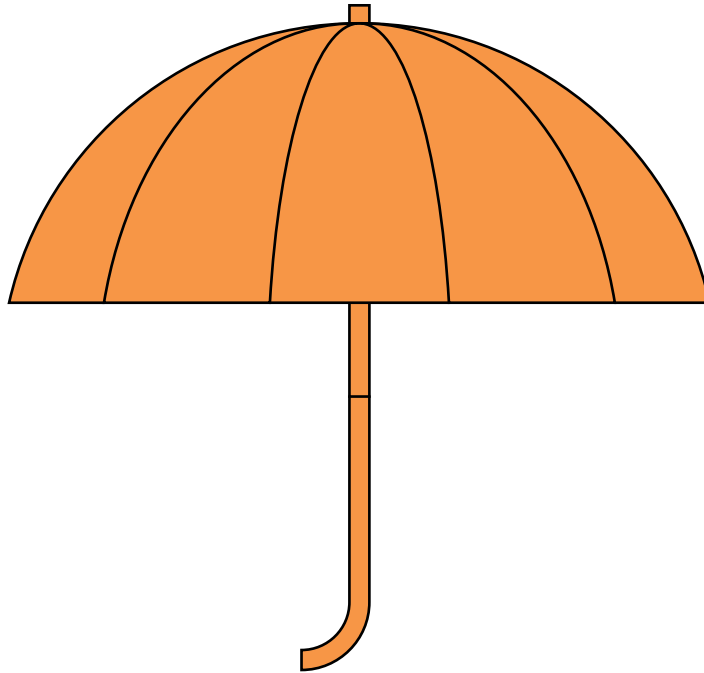
So dawn goes down to day.

Nothing gold can stay.

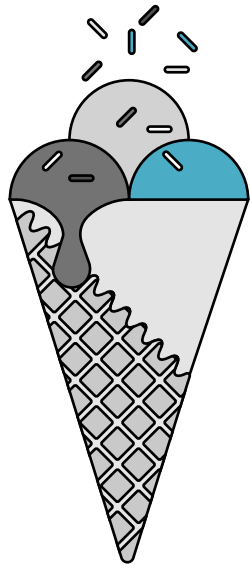
WILL YOU WRITE WITH US?

Imagine you are lying down in the golden yellow sands of summer. The sounds of wave play like a lullaby, claiming the long-awaited fall of the leaves. We are here, right next to sea, autumn is coming.

- a. This is your umbrella for the upcoming rain. Can you think of five things that you wish to protect this season? Maybe some of them were already with you, and for some of them you just wish to take under your umbrella now. Write them under your umbrella.



- b. Luckily, we have also a long-standing ice cream shop that decided to give out couple of free cones today. You can choose three flavors, which ones do you like?



- c. Taste the flavors you have chosen. Can you relate them to the feelings you have? For example, maybe a difficult victory could feel like bitter chocolate, while a sweet experience may taste like cherries, a bitter cherry could mean a heavenly cozy feeling during winter after years of dark. You can identify your own unique experiences. Describe it in detail as much as you could.
- d. There is a bonfire right next to that yellow roof house that we always look through while walking. Young people are sitting down, playing card games, and one of them obviously has a guitar. Which song are you hearing now? The tunes... The fire light... The incoming night breeze on your cheeks, wandering through your hairline. Can you name the song? A couple of words from lyrics too, if you are in the mood. Write it up. You can also describe the senses that this song brings to you, do you feel empowered, happier, or sad, understood, and perhaps heard?



DANCE IT OUT, WRITE IT UP.

Since we are joining to the bonfire group, there is this idea coming up in the conversation, what if we write a song together? We have a bit of tunes, the words in our pockets. Can you choose words and phrases from your umbrella and ice cream box? Then imagine your song and lyrics, how would they dance together – fused in the sand of wild blue sea, and beat like a fire. Feel free to draw pictures, imagine, make a mind map... However, you feel like it – this is your canvas – words are not in a straight order, they are circling the paper, and we can any time choose one of them, put next to another – just like an open sushi bar.

Up for a challenge? If you are with a friend group, you can fold the paper and pass yours to the circle. Read the word box of others and try to write this part from their experiences. You can take a picture if you wish.

Writer's Block

Dear reader, thank you for reaching out till here. We are delighted that you are reading and writing with us. We hope to bring some breeze and change into the rush of life, and the world's rising apathy, leaving emotions and empathy in demise. You earned one star of Poetry is Alive. Collect five stars, send us proof of exercise, and receive your free little gift – until then we are still proud of you, and want to give you this for keeping poetry alive!

