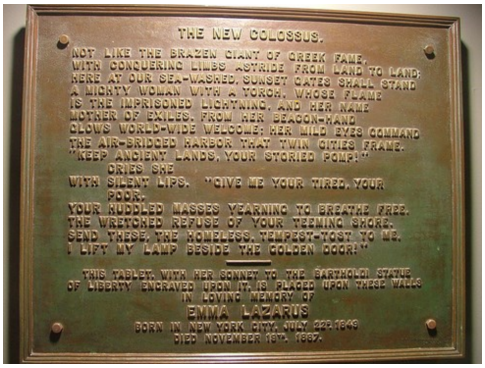
Anthology of Poetry for Citizenship

The New Colossus

By **Emma Lazarus**

Nov 2, 1883

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
Glows 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,
You 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!"



This bronze plaque is located on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty.

[Statue of Liberty - Ellis Island Foundation, Inc.]

- **The Man In The Mirror -** This poem, we originally believed was written by an anonymous prisoner. We have since located the true owner and author of the poem which we incorrectly titled, like so many others, . We have also corrected what we believed to be a spelling mistake in the word pelf to self. The original had the word pelf which is an informal word for money or wealth etc. We have corrected our mistake and replaced self with the correct pelf. We have also included another paragraph which we were not aware of, in the original.

  Our father, Peter "Dale" Wimbrow Sr. wrote the poem "The Guy in the Glass in 1934. It was published in the American magazine at that time and the copyright was assigned to our father. The poem has become also known, incorrectly, as "The Man in the Glass" or sometimes, "The Man in the Mirror", but the thought is the same, the message clear...'you can fool the whole world down the pathway of years, but you can't fool the guy staring back from the glass' Peter Dale Wimbrow, Jr.

The Man in the Glass

By Dale Wimbrow

When you get all you want and you struggle for pelf,
and the world makes you king for a day,
then go to the mirror and look at yourself
and see what that man has to say.
For it isn't your mother, your father or wife
whose judgment upon you must pass,
but the man, whose verdict counts most in your life
is the one staring back from the glass.
He's the fellow to please,
never mind all the rest.
For he's with you right to the end,
and you've passed your most difficult test
if the man in the glass is your friend.
You may be like Jack Horner and "chisel" a plum,
And think you're a wonderful guy,
But the man in the glass says you're only a bum
If you can't look him straight in the eye.
You can fool the whole world,
down the highway of years,
and take pats on the back as you pass.
But your final reward will be heartache and tears
if you've cheated the man in the glass.

King Solomon and the Ants

By John Greenleaf Whittier

Out from Jerusalem
The king rode with his great
War chiefs and lords of state.
And Sheba's queen with them.

Proud in the Syrian sun,
In gold and purple sheen
The dusky Ethiop queen
Smiled on King Solomon

Wisest of men, he knew
The languages of all
The creatures great or small
That trod the earth or flew.

Across an ant-hill led
The king's path, and he heard
Its small folk,and their word
He thus interpreted:

"Here comes the king men greet
As wise and good and just,
To crush us in the dust
Under his heedless feet.

The great king bowed his head,
And saw the wide surprise
Of the Queen of Sheba's eyes
As he told her what they said.

“O king!” she whispered sweet,
“Too happy fate have they
Who perish in thy way
Beneath thy gracious feet!

Thou of the God-lent crown,
Shall these vile creatures dare
Murmur against thee where
The knees of kings kneel down?

“Nay,” Solomon replied,
“The wise and strong should seek
The welfare of the weak;”
And turned his horse aside.

His train, with quick alarm,
Curved with their leader round
The ant-hill’s peopled mound,
And left it free from harm.

The jeweled head bent low;
“O king!” she said, “henceforth
The secret of thy worth
And wisdom well I know.”

“Happy must be the State
Whose ruler heedeth more
The murmurs of the poor
Than flatteries of the great.”

King Solomon and the Ants. Narrative and Legendary Poems. John Greenleaf Whittier. 1892. The Poetical Works in Four Volumes

It Is Not the Critic Who Counts

By Theodore Roosevelt

“It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, who comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who neither know victory nor defeat.”

Influence

By Joseph Norris

Drop a pebble in the water,
And its ripples reach out far;
And the sunbeams dancing on them
May reflect them to a star.
Give a smile to someone passing,
Thereby making his morning glad;
It may greet you in the evening
When your own heart may be sad.
Do a deed of simple kindness;
Though its end you may not see,
It may reach, like widening ripples,
Down a long eternity.

The Busy Man

Anonymous

**If you want to get a favor done
by some obliging friend,
And want a promise, safe and sure,
on which you may depend,**

**Don't go to him who always has
much leisure time to plan,
If you want your favor done,
just ask the busy man.**

**The man with leisure never has
a moment he can spare,
He's always "putting off" until
his friends are in despair.**

**But he whose every waking hour
is crowded full of work
Forgets the art of wasting time,
he cannot stop to shirk.**

**So when you want a favor done,
and want it right away,
Got to the man who constantly
works twenty hours a day.**

**He'll find a moment somewhere,
that has no other use
And help you, while the idle man
is framing an excuse.**

The Grumble Family

Anonymous

There's a family nobody likes to meet;
They live, it is said, on Complaining Street
In the city of Never-Are-Satisfied,
The River of Discontent beside.

They growl at that and they growl at this;
Whatever comes, there is something amiss;
And whether their station be high or humble,
They are all known by the name of Grumble.

The weather is always too hot or cold;
Summer and winter alike they scold.
Nothing goes right with the folks you meet
Down on that gloomy Complaining Street.

They growl at the rain and they growl at the sun;
In fact, their growling is never done.
And if everything pleased them, there isn't a doubt
They'd growl that they'd nothing to grumble about!

But the queerest thing is that not one of the same
Can be brought to acknowledge his family name;
For never a Grumbler will own that he
Is connected with it at all, you see.

The worst thing is that if anyone stays
Among them too long, he will learn their ways;
And before he dreams of the terrible jumble
He's adopted into the family of Grumble.

And so it were wisest to keep our feet
From wandering into Complaining Street;
And never to growl, whatever we do,
Lest we be mistaken for Grumblers, too.

Let us learn to walk with a smile and a song,
No matter if things do sometimes go wrong;
And then, be our station high or humble,
We'll never belong to the family of Grumble!

ATTITUDE

By Charles Swindoll

The longer I live, the more I realize the impact of attitude on life.
Attitude, to me, is more important than facts.
It is more important than the past, than education, than money, than circumstances, than failures, than successes,
than what others think or say or do.
It is more important than appearance, giftedness or skill.
It will make or break a company… a church… a home.
The remarkable thing is we have a choice everyday regarding the attitude we will embrace for that day.
We cannot change our past… we cannot change the fact that people will act in a certain way.
We cannot change the inevitable.
The only thing we can do is play on the one string we have, and that is our attitude…
I am convinced that life is 10% what happens to me and 90% how I react to it.
And so it is with you…
we are in charge of our attitudes.

Additional Poems and Resources:

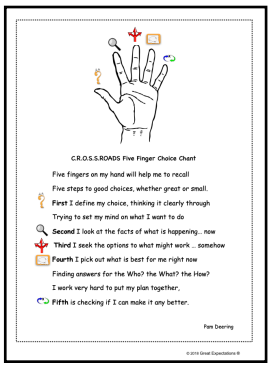
- **"The Question"** - Author Unknown

- **"Our Heroes"** by **Pheobe Cary**, The Children's Book of Heroes, **William Bennett**

- **"Dare to Be"** by **Steve Maraboli**; **"Dare to Be"** (printable)

- **Poems and Literature about Choice**

- **Five Finger C.R.O.S.S.ROADS Chant** with emoji cues



C.R.O.S.S.ROADS Five Finger Choice Chant

Five fingers on my hand will help me to recall
Five steps to good choices, whether great or small.
First I define my choice, thinking it clearly through
Trying to set my mind on what I want to do
Second I look at the facts of what is happening... now
Third I seek the options to what might work ... somehow
Fourth I pick out what is best for me right now
Finding answers for the Who? the What? the How?
I work very hard to put my plan together,
Fifth is checking if I can make it any better.

Pam Deering

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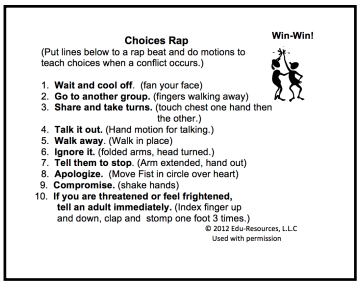
- **4x4 Choice Rap**



Choices Rap

(Put lines below to a rap beat and do motions to teach choices when a conflict occurs.)

1. **Wait and cool off.** (fan your face)
2. **Go to another group.** (fingers walking away)
3. **Share and take turns.** (touch chest one hand then the other.)
4. **Talk it out.** (Hand motion for talking.)
5. **Walk away.** (Walk in place)
6. **Ignore it.** (folded arms, head turned.)
7. **Tell them to stop.** (Arm extended, hand out)
8. **Apologize.** (Move Fist in circle over heart)
9. **Compromise.** (shake hands)
10. **If you are threatened or feel frightened, tell an adult immediately.** (Index finger up and down, clap and stomp one foot 3 times.)

Win-Win!

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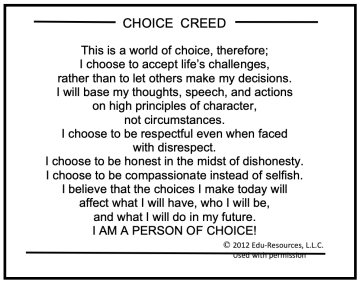
- **4x4 Choice Creed**



CHOICE CREED

This is a world of choice, therefore;
I choose to accept life's challenges,
rather than to let others make my decisions.
I will base my thoughts, speech, and actions
on high principles of character,
not circumstances.
I choose to be respectful even when faced
with disrespect.
I choose to be honest in the midst of dishonesty.
I choose to be compassionate instead of selfish.
I believe that the choices I make today will
affect what I will have, who I will be,
and what I will do in my future.
I AM A PERSON OF CHOICE!

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- **School/Class Pledges Poems and Songs** - 13 Elementary poems and songs

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