

a collection of favorite poems



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In Celebration of Poem in Your Pocket Day  
April 26, 2012

**We like poems.**  
**Yes we do.**  
**We like poems.**  
*How about you?*



Our favorite window-themed poetry, smattered with some of our just plain favorites, plus one or two created by you. Jump to the back to discover the poet.



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# Now Close The Windows

Now close the windows and hush all the fields;  
If the trees must, let them silently toss;  
No bird is singing now, and if there is,  
Be it my loss.

It will be long ere the marshes resume,  
It will be long ere the earliest bird:  
So close the windows and not hear the wind,  
But see all wind-stirred.

# When I Become An Artist

When I become an artist

I will paint pictures of hot Houston summers

The days of construction and the banging  
of a hammer when a house is being built on my  
street

The endless days of heat and people jumping  
on the concrete without shoes

The different animals that creep and buzz at night

The people outside running on a cool morning and  
people walking their dogs

The birds chirping in the early morning and the sun  
shining through the small cracks in the closed  
window blinds when you wake up

The music of the ice cream truck—soft, loud,  
louder, soft again—

The rare dark, stormy afternoons

The cars driving by making a woo000SSsssh sound

The smell of not too much in the air

# The Walloping Window Blind

A capital ship for an ocean trip  
Was the Walloping Window Blind.  
No gale that blew dismayed her crew  
Or troubled the captain's mind.

The man at the wheel was taught to feel  
Contempt for the wildest blow.  
And it often appeared when the weather had cleared  
That he'd been in his bunk below.

The boatswain's mate was very sedate,  
Yet fond of amusement too;  
And he played hopscotch with the starboard watch  
While the captain tickled the crew.

And the gunner we had was apparently mad  
For he stood on the cannon's tail,  
And fired salutes in the captain's boots  
In the teeth of a booming gale.

The captain sat in a commodore's hat  
And dined in a royal way  
On toasted pigs and pickles and figs  
And gummery bread each day.

But the rest of us ate from an odious plate  
For the food that was given the crew  
Was a number of tons of hot cross buns  
Chopped up with sugar and glue.

We all felt ill as mariners will  
On a diet that's cheap and rude,  
And the poop deck shook when we dipped the cook  
In a tub of his gluesome food.

Then nautical pride we laid aside,  
And we cast the vessel ashore  
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poohpooh smiles  
And the Anagzanders roar.

Composed of sand was that favored land  
And trimmed in cinnamon straws;  
And pink and blue was the pleasing hue  
Of the Tickletoeteasers claws.

We climbed to the edge of a sandy ledge  
And soared with the whistling bee,  
And we only stopped at four o'clock  
For a pot of cinnamon tea.

From dawn to dark, on rubagub bark  
We fed, till we all had grown  
Uncommonly thin. Then a boat blew in  
On a wind from the torriby zone.

She was stubby and square, but we didn't much care,  
And we cheerily put to sea.  
We plotted a course for the Land of Blue Horse,  
Due west 'cross the Peppermint Sea.



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# Windows and Curtains Playing

An architect designs a house with windows;  
the house soon becomes a home.

The windows ask the curtains  
to come out to play with them.

As the windows allow the breeze to blow,  
pass them.

The curtains begin to flutter in the breeze  
as if to dance about the floor.

The floor rises up to meet the curtains  
as if to act as a dance partner

The windows and curtains play well together,  
As the sun goes down to kiss the earth late  
in the evening.

The moon rises up to take the night.  
The curtains rest a while until morning comes again.

As the blinds have rested all day, they come down  
to close off the world from the home.  
Once again allowing for quite until daybreak.  
As the window and curtains wait to dance again  
once more in the sunlight.



# Windows

Looking from outside into an open window one never sees as much as when one looks through a closed window. There is nothing more profound, more mysterious, more pregnant, more insidious, more dazzling than a window lighted by a single candle. What one can see out in the sunlight is always less interesting than what goes on behind a windowpane. In that black or luminous square life lives, life dreams, life suffers.

Across the ocean of roofs I can see a middle-aged woman, her face already lined, who is forever bending over something and who never goes out. Out of her face, her dress, and her gestures, out of practically nothing at all, I have made up this woman's story, or rather legend, and sometimes I tell it to myself and weep.

If it had been an old man I could have made up his just as well.

And I go to bed proud to have lived and to have suffered in some one besides myself.

Perhaps you will say "Are you sure that your story is the really one?" But what does it matter what reality is outside myself, so long as it has helped me to live, to feel that I am, and what I am?

## Looking Out the Window Poem

The sounds of traffic  
die over the back lawn  
to occur again in the low  
distance.

The voices, risen, of  
the neighborhood cannot  
maintain that pitch  
and fail briefly, start  
up again.

Similarly my breathing rises  
and falls while I look out  
the window of apartment  
number three in this slum,  
hoping for rage, or sorrow.

They don't come to me  
anymore. How can I lament  
anything? It is all  
so proper, so much  
as it should be, now

the nearing cumulus  
clouds, ominous,  
shift, they are like the  
curtains, billowy,  
veering at the apex  
of their intrusion on the room.  
If I am alive now,  
it is only

to be in all this  
making all possible.  
I am glad to be  
finally a part  
of such machinery. I was  
after all not so fond  
of living, and there comes  
into me, when I see  
how little I liked  
being a man, a great joy.

Look out our astounding  
clear windows before evening.  
It is almost as if  
the world were blue  
with some lubricant,  
it shines so.



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# I dwell in Possibility

I dwell in Possibility –  
A fairer House than Prose –  
More numerous of Windows –  
Superior – for Doors –

Of Chambers as the Cedars –  
Impregnable of eye –  
And for an everlasting Roof  
The Gambrels of the Sky –

Of Visitors – the fairest –  
For Occupation – This –  
The spreading wide my narrow Hands  
To gather Paradise –

# i carry your heart with me

i carry your heart with me (i carry it in  
my heart) i am never without it (anywhere  
i go you go, my dear; and whatever is done  
by only me is your doing, my darling)

i fear

no fate (for you are my fate, my sweet) i want  
no world (for beautiful you are my world, my true)  
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant  
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows  
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud  
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which grows  
higher than the soul can hope or mind can hide)  
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)



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