

**"Poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge,
human thoughts, human passions, emotion and language."**

Samuel Taylor Coleridge
English, 1772-1834

The Road Not Taken

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.

Robert Frost
American, 1874-1963

The Winds of Fate

One ship drives east and another drives west
With the selfsame winds that blow.
 'Tis the set of the sails
 And not the gales
Which tells us the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate
As we voyage along through life:
 'Tis the set of a soul
 That decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox
American, 1850-1919

To See The World

To see the world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

William Blake
English, 1757-1827