

KEATS

*Hell to thee, blithe Spirit!—
Hell to thee who walks his round!
With a silent countenance
And flashlight to the frozen ground.*

*Oh destroyer of these yearling loves!
Oh hated one of shadows deep.
Why must you always follow me?
When all I want is sleep.*

CARL SANDBURG

*The fog comes in on little cat's feet.
And then the rain comes in.
And then the sleet,
And the snow,
And the mud,*

*And the cars sit there silently,
Their windows fogged.
And then silently steal away,
(In time for Sunday lunch).*

COLERIDGE

*Liquor, Liquor, everywhere,
But all the students did shrink;
Student Council everywhere,
So there's not a drop to drink.*

SHAKESPEARE

*Though clouds may hide
The vale of tears—
The sublime mystery of years.
Throughout it all my brain
Dost creep;
For with this hangover
I just can't sleep.*

—Bill Armstrong