

A close-up photograph of three pink chrysanthemum flowers resting on a white lace pillow. The background is softly blurred, showing more of the pillow and a hint of a wooden surface.

2016

Poem on Your Pillow Day

tuesday may 3 • [tweetspeakpoetry.com](http://tweetspeakpoetry.com)

*ts*

# How to Celebrate

Poem on Your Pillow Day is simple to celebrate. Choose a poem from our photo collecton, print, and trim. Or, find a favorite poem elsewhere and copy it onto a small card or piece of paper.

Put the poem on the pillow of a friend, a guest, a child, or your lover. If you like, read the poem aloud together once it's found.

Feel like sharing? Tweet us a pic @tspoetry!

[tweetspeakpoetry.com](http://tweetspeakpoetry.com)



# The Romantic

[tweetspeakpoetry.com](https://tweetspeakpoetry.com)

*ts*

## Spring Dress

I love the unknown in you,  
the unfair, the shy backs of your knees,  
the colony of dimples  
that sleep in moon-shaped huts

leaning

toward your mouth.

– *dave malone*



**Love**

I  
became  
lines  
without  
end.

– *I.I. barkat*

## Up and Down

“Zip me up,” she says.

Strange that a dress  
requires help—  
that vulnerability  
is sewn into it.

The skin on her back  
yields a tiny intimacy:  
forbidden territory  
he’s allowed to ride

for just a second.

She helps him  
straighten his tie or  
brushes off  
the back of his coat,

and if, at the end  
of the evening,  
she helps him  
with his zipper,  
she slides it down, not up.

– *david lee garrison*

# The Poetic Parent

[tweetspeakpoetry.com](https://tweetspeakpoetry.com)

*ts*

## The Journey

The sails unfurl  
the cries ring in the air,  
the ship is on the waves of curls.

Ship rides o'er seas of pearl  
while dragon rests in lair,  
the sails unfurl.

Setting off to lands of kings and earls  
the sailors eat some pears,  
the ship is on the waves of curls.

One seaman's known to love a girl  
one boy climbs up a mount, on dare,  
the sails unfurl.

Some on the ship have seen Arur  
a family has a small pet bear,  
the sails unfurl  
the ship is on the waves of curls.

– *sara barkat, at age 12*



## Brother Bruin

A dancing Bear grotesque and funny  
Earned for his master heaps of money,  
Gruff yet good-natured, fond of honey,  
And cheerful if the day was sunny.  
Past hedge and ditch, past pond and wood  
He tramped, and on some common stood;  
There, cottage children circling gaily,  
He in their midmost footed daily.  
Pandean pipes and drum and muzzle  
Were quite enough his brain to puzzle:  
But like a philosophic bear  
He let alone extraneous care  
And danced contented anywhere.

—*Christina Rossetti, excerpt*

i  
**I love you more**  
than flowers  
and seven tall towers.

For you I have powers  
of love.

– *sonia barkat, at age 7*

LOVE

YOU

# The Good Friend

[tweetspeakpoetry.com](http://tweetspeakpoetry.com)

*ts*

## Nothing Memorized

3.

I have nothing memorized that I could recite for you  
upon my arrival, I will forget everything like your birthday  
and your favorite place, or to visit you on lunch breaks.  
I won't write you notes because I won't remember  
that you like those things I forget about you,  
and I will spend every day getting to know you again  
and never tire of it.

– *David K. Wheeler, excerpt*

## '93 Ford Ranger

I promise I will get your truck back  
the red one we sold  
after I accidentally drowned

it. That water was deeper than it looked.  
I know who bought it—the guy.  
He said he could fix it up.  
I know where he lives. Not far.

Only  
you need to come home. I'm not  
driving the distance by myself in the middle of winter.  
Just send word. Somehow I'll get you those keys.

– *megan willome*

tweetspeakpoetry.com





**And on the pillow cases, ink**

spilled ink spreading across  
the pillow cases, and words  
spreading across the paper.

And across the desert:  
Spilled.

Can you see it amidst  
the dunes?

Always more ink,  
always trying to cover  
and conceal just how fragile  
glass can be.

# The Mischief Maker

[tweetspeakpoetry.com](https://tweetspeakpoetry.com)

*ts*

A close-up photograph of a hand holding a delicate white lace flower. The flower has five petals and a central pearl-like bead. The lace is intricate, with floral patterns and a scalloped edge. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light brown color.

## Manners

Nice  
is what I play  
when I pretend  
that red is pink,  
when I care what  
people think.

– *I.I. barkat*





## Good Neighbors

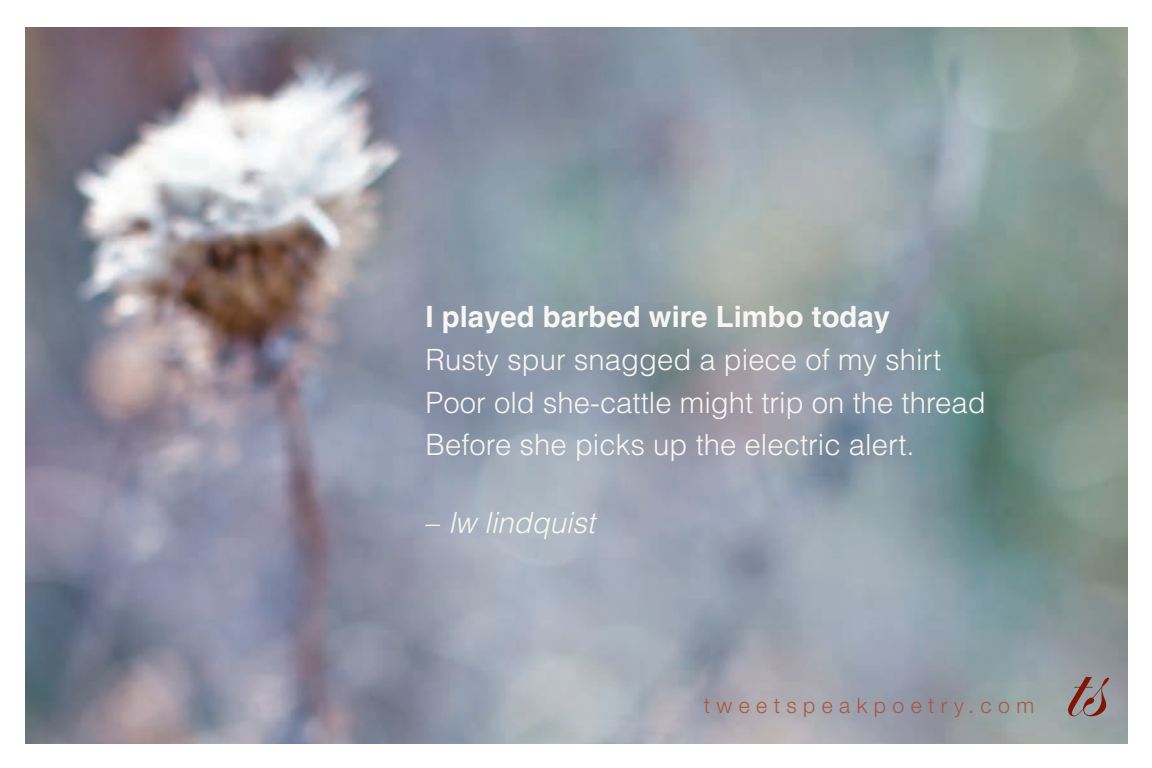
He wondered how she knew about the Cheetos;  
he thought he'd washed the orange dust off clean.  
Did she note down each case of beef burritos  
the dry-ice truck delivered, sight unseen?

And what about the Snickers bags? Did she  
use high-powered binoculars to scan?  
Did she note down each luscious wheel of Brie,  
each sugared soda in its cheerful can?

What was her interest here? What did she make  
of diet gone awry? Or his dismay,  
as he insanely wolfed each dwindling cake?  
What were her thoughts, one whole backyard away?

He thought he'd call her up, ask her to dine.  
He'd better buy another box of wine.

– *james cummins*



**I played barbed wire Limbo today**

Rusty spur snagged a piece of my shirt  
Poor old she-cattle might trip on the thread  
Before she picks up the electric alert.

– *Iw lindquist*

# The Weary Traveler

[tweetspeakpoetry.com](https://tweetspeakpoetry.com)

*ts*

## Travelling

This is the spot:—how mildly does the sun  
Shine in between the fading leaves! the air  
In the habitual silence of this wood  
Is more than silent: and this bed of heath,  
Where shall we find so sweet a resting-place?  
Come!—let me see thee sink into a dream  
Of quiet thoughts,—protracted till thine eye  
Be calm as water when the winds are gone  
And no one can tell whither.—my sweet friend!  
We two have had such happy hours together  
That my heart melts in me to think of it.

– *william wordsworth*

## So We'll Go No More a Roving

So, we'll go no more a roving  
So late into the night,  
Though the heart be still as loving,  
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,  
And the soul wears out the breast,  
And the heart must pause to breathe,  
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,  
And the day returns so soon,  
Yet we'll go no more a roving  
By the light of the moon.

– *lord byron*



**Spring's first butterfly**

pale yellow flutter  
on the wind!

– *I.I. barkat*

# Poem on Your Pillow Day many thanks to

## Photographer

Kelly Sauer

## Poem Sources

“Love,” “The Journey,” “Manners,” & “Spring’s first butterfly,” *InsideOut*, International Arts Movement

“Spring Dress,” *O: Love Poems from the Ozarks*, T. S. Poetry Press

“Up and Down,” *Playing Bach in the D.C. Metro*, Browser Books Publishing

“I Love You More,” *Love: Etc.*, T. S. Poetry Press

“Nothing Memorized,” excerpt, *Contingency Plans*, T. S. Poetry Press

All other poems are public domain.