



2017

Poem on Your Pillow Day

tuesday may 2 • 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!

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The Romantic

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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

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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

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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*

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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

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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*

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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

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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

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Kelle 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

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