

Trees, by Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is
pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing
breast

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may, in Summer,
Wear a nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has
lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Thinking, by Walter D. Wintle

If you think you are beaten, you
are,
If you think you dare not, you
don't.
If you like to win, but you think
you can't, it is almost certain you
won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost,
For out in the world we find,
Success begins with a fellow's will:
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you
are;
You've got to think high to rise,
You've got to be sure of yourself
before you can ever win a prize.

Life's battles, don't always go
To the stronger or faster man
But sooner or later the man who
wins is the man who thinks he can!

Invictus, by William Ernest Henley

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the
scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.