|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Fire and Ice**  By Robert Frost  Some say the world will end in fire, Some say in ice. From what I've tasted of desire I hold with those who favor fire. But if it had to perish twice, I think I know enough of hate To say that for destruction ice Is also great And would suffice. | **Fire and Ice**  By Robert Frost  Some say the world will end in fire, Some say in ice. From what I've tasted of desire I hold with those who favor fire. But if it had to perish twice, I think I know enough of hate To say that for destruction ice Is also great And would suffice. |
| **Fire and Ice**  By Robert Frost  Some say the world will end in fire, Some say in ice. From what I've tasted of desire I hold with those who favor fire. But if it had to perish twice, I think I know enough of hate To say that for destruction ice Is also great And would suffice. | **Fire and Ice**  By Robert Frost  Some say the world will end in fire, Some say in ice. From what I've tasted of desire I hold with those who favor fire. But if it had to perish twice, I think I know enough of hate To say that for destruction ice Is also great And would suffice. |
| This Is Just To Say  *William Carlos Williams, 1883 – 1963*  I have eaten  the plums  that were in  the icebox  and which  you were probably  saving  for breakfast  Forgive me  they were delicious  so sweet  and so cold | This Is Just To Say  *William Carlos Williams, 1883 – 1963*  I have eaten  the plums  that were in  the icebox  and which  you were probably  saving  for breakfast  Forgive me  they were delicious  so sweet  and so cold |
| This Is Just To Say  *William Carlos Williams, 1883 – 1963*  I have eaten  the plums  that were in  the icebox  and which  you were probably  saving  for breakfast  Forgive me  they were delicious  so sweet  and so cold | This Is Just To Say  *William Carlos Williams, 1883 – 1963*  I have eaten  the plums  that were in  the icebox  and which  you were probably  saving  for breakfast  Forgive me  they were delicious  so sweet  and so cold |
|  |  |
| Dreams  *Langston Hughes, 1902 – 1967*  Hold fast to dreams  For if dreams die  Life is a broken-winged bird  That cannot fly.  Hold fast to dreams  For when dreams go  Life is a barren field  Frozen with snow. | Dreams  *Langston Hughes, 1902 – 1967*  Hold fast to dreams  For if dreams die  Life is a broken-winged bird  That cannot fly.  Hold fast to dreams  For when dreams go  Life is a barren field  Frozen with snow. |
| Dreams  *Langston Hughes, 1902 – 1967*  Hold fast to dreams  For if dreams die  Life is a broken-winged bird  That cannot fly.  Hold fast to dreams  For when dreams go  Life is a barren field  Frozen with snow. | Dreams  *Langston Hughes, 1902 – 1967*  Hold fast to dreams  For if dreams die  Life is a broken-winged bird  That cannot fly.  Hold fast to dreams  For when dreams go  Life is a barren field  Frozen with snow. |