

Where Can You Put Your Sorrows?

Write today's poem about where you might park your sorrows, so they weigh on you less heavily.

Boats in the Bay

I will take my trouble and wrap it in a blue handkerchief
And carry it down to the sea.

The sea, as smooth as silk, is as silent as glass;

It does not even whisper

Only the boats, rowed out by the girls in yellow

Ruffle its surface.

It is grey, not blue. It is flecked with boats like midges,

With happy people

Moving soundlessly over the level water.

I will take my trouble and drop it into the water

It is heavy as stone and smooth as a sea-washed pebble.

It will sink under the sea, and the happy people

Will row over it quietly, ruffling the clear water

Little dark boats like midges, skimming silently

Will pass backwards and forwards, the girls singing;

The will never know that they have sailed above sorrow.

Sink heavily and lie still, lie still my trouble.

Winifred Holtby (1898-1935)

In *Ten Poems of Hope*

Candlestick Press (England)

Pack Up Your Sorrows

Song by Mimi & Richard Fariña

No use cryin', talkin' to a stranger,

Namin' the sorrow you've seen.

Too many bad times, too many sad times,
Nobody knows what you mean.

But if somehow you could pack up your sorrows,
And give them all to me,
You would lose them, I know how to use them,
Give them all to me.

No use ramblin', walkin' in the shadows,
Trailin' a wanderin' star.
No one beside you, no one to hide you,
And nobody knows what you are.

But if somehow you could pack up your sorrows,
And give them all to me,
You would lose them, I know how to use them,
Give them all to me.

No use roamin', goin' by the roadside,
Seekin' a satisfied mind.
Too many highways, too many byways,
And nobody's walkin' behind.

But if somehow you could pack up your sorrows,
And give them all to me,
You would lose them, I know how to use them,
Give them all to me. (Repeat)

New Moon

How much it must bear on its back,
a great ball of blue shadow,
yet somehow it shines, keeps up

an appearance. For hours tonight,
I walked beneath it, learning.
I want to be better at carrying sorrow.
If my face is a mask, formed over
the shadows that fill me,
may I smile on the world like the moon.

Ted Kooser
in *Splitting An Order*

Why We Sing

The universe is forever
indifferent to our sorrow

and this is why we
make music of it.

We are god-forgotten
and this is why we dance
the way we do.

why we reach for fire
and other things
that burn

why we learn the language
of everything gone
and turn it into song.

Each day we wake
into a world already lost

and this is why we sing.

William Taylor Jr.
in "New Poetry from One Art" on line