

Wiersze i piosenki konkursowe

do Ogólnopolskiego Konkursu Plastycznego „Ameryka wierszem malowana. Poezja i piosenka amerykańska inspiracją dla malarstwa”

Wiersze:

I Hear America Singing by Walt Whitman

I Hear America singing, the varied carols I hear;
Those of mechanics--each one singing his, as it should be, blithe and strong;
The carpenter singing his, as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his, as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work;
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat--the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck;
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench--the hatter singing as he stands;
The wood-cutter's song--the ploughboy's, on his way in the morning, or at the noon intermission, or at sundown;
The delicious singing of the mother--or of the young wife at work--or of the girl sewing or washing--Each singing what belongs to her, and to none else;
The day what belongs to the day--At night, the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing, with open mouths, their strong melodious songs.

The New Colossus by Emma Lazarus

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glow world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

Columbus by Ogden Nash

Once upon a time there was an Italian,
And some people thought he was a rascalion,
But he wasn't offended,
Because other people thought he was splendid,
And he said the world was round,

And everybody made an uncomplimentary sound,
But he went and tried to borrow some money from Ferdinand
But Ferdinand said America was a bird in the bush and he'd rather have a berdinand,
But Columbus' brain was fertile, it wasn't arid,
And he remembered that Ferdinand was married,
And he thought, there is no wife like a misunderstood one,
Because if her husband thinks something is a terrible idea she is bound to think it a good one,
So he perfumed his handkerchief with bay rum and citronella,
And he went to see Isabella,
And he looked wonderful but he had never felt sillier,
And she said, I can't place the face but the aroma is familiar,
And Columbus didn't say a word,
All he said was, I am Columbus, the fifteenth-century Admiral Byrd,
And, just as he thought, her disposition was very malleable,
And she said, Here are my jewels, and she wasn't penurious like Cornelia the mother of the Gracchi, she
wasn't referring to her children, no, she was referring to her jewels, which were very very valuable,
So Columbus said, Somebody show me the sunset and somebody did and he set sail for it,
And he discovered America and they put him in jail for it,
And the fetters gave him welts,
And they named America after somebody else,
So the sad fate of Columbus ought to be pointed out to every child and every voter,
Because it has a very important moral, which is, Don't be a discoverer, be a promoter.

***Autumn Dusk in Central Park* by Evelyn Scott**

Featureless people glide with dim motion through a quivering blue silver;
Boats merge with the bronze-gold welters about their keels.
The trees float upward in gray and green flames.
Clouds, swans, boats, trees, all gliding up a hillside
After some gray old women who lift their gaunt forms
From falling shrouds of leaves.

Thin fingered twigs clutch darkly at nothing.
Crackling skeletons shine.
Along the smutted horizon of Fifth Avenue
The hooded houses watch heavily
With oily gold eyes.

***The Subway* by Joyce Kilmer**

Tired clerks, pale girls, street cleaners, business men,
Boys, priests and harlots, drunkards, students, thieves,
Each one the pleasant outer sunshine leaves;
They mingle in this stifling, loud-wheeled pen.
The gate clangs to--we stir--we sway--and then
We thunder through the dark. The long train weaves
Its gloomy way. At last above the eaves
We see awhile God's day, then night again.

Hurled through the dark--day at Manhattan Street,
The rest all night. That is my life, it seems.
Through sunless ways go my reluctant feet.
The sunlight comes in transitory gleams.
And yet the darkness makes the light more sweet,
The perfect light about me--in my dreams.

***The Hudson* by Margareta V. Faugeres**

Through many a blooming wild and woodland green
The Hudson's sleeping waters winding stray;
Now 'mongst the hills its silvery waves are seen,
Through arching willows now they steal away;
Now more majestic rolls the ample tide,
Tall waving elms its clovery borders shade,
And many a stately dome, in ancient pride
And hoary grandeur, there exalts its head.
There trace the marks of culture's sunburnt hand,
The honeyed buckwheat's clustering blossoms view--
Dripping rich odors, mark the beard-grain bland,
The loaded orchard, and the flax-field blue;
The grassy hill, the quivering poplar grove,
The copse of hazel, and the tufted bank,
The long green valley where the white flocks rove,
The jutting rock, o'erhung with ivy dank;
The tall pines waving on the mountain's brow,
Whose lofty spires catch day's last lingering beam;
The bending willow weeping o'er the stream,
The brook's soft gurglings, and the garden's glow.

***Night Travel* by Esther Belin**

I.
I like to travel to L.A. by myself
My trips to the crowded smoggy polluted by brown
indigenous and immigrant haze are healing.
I travel from one pollution to another.
Being urban I return to where I came from
My mother
survives in L.A.
Now for over forty years.

I drive to L.A. in the darkness of the day
on the road before CHP
one with the dark
driving my black truck
invisible on my journey home.

The dark roads take me back to my childhood
riding in the camper of daddy's truck headed home.
My brother, sister and I would be put to sleep in the camper
and sometime in the darkness of the day
daddy would clime into the cab with mom carrying a thermos full of coffee and some Pendleton blankets
And they would pray
before daddy started the truck
for journey mercies.
Often I'd rise from my lullaby sleep and stare into the darkness of the road
the long darkness empty of cars
Glowy from daddy's headlights and lonesome from Hank Williams' deep and twangy voice singing of cold
nights and cheatin' hearts.

About an hour from Flagstaff
the sun would greet us
and the harsh light would break the darkness
and we'd be hungry from travel and for being almost home.

II.
I know the darkness of the roads
endless into the glowy path before me
lit by the moon high above and the heat rising from my truck's engine.
The humming from tires whisper mile after mile
endless alongside roadside of fields shadowy from glow.

I know the darkness of the roads
It swims through my veins
dark like my skin
and silenced like a battered wife.
I know the darkness of the roads
It floods my liver
pollutes my breath
yet I still witness the white dawning.

Piosenki

Alicia Keys: Empire State of Mind (Part II) Broken Down

Ooh..... New York x2

Grew up in a town that is famous as a place of movie scenes
Noise is always loud, there are sirens all around and the streets are mean
If I can make it here, I can make it anywhere, that's what they say
Seeing my face in lights or my name on marquees found down on Broadway

Even if it ain't all it seems, I got a pocket full of dreams
Baby, I'm from New York
Concrete jungle where dreams are made of
There's nothing you can't do
Now you're in New York
These streets will make you feel brand new

Big lights will inspire you
Hear it from New York, New York, New York!

On the avenue, there ain't never a curfew, ladies work so hard
Such a melting pot, on the corner selling rock, preachers pray to God
Hail a gypsy-cab, takes me down from Harlem to the Brooklyn Bridge
Some will sleep tonight with a hunger far more than an empty fridge

I'm gonna make it by any means, I got a pocket full of dreams
Baby, I'm from New York
Concrete jungle where dreams are made of
There's nothing you can't do
Now you're in New York
These streets will make you feel brand new
Big lights will inspire you
Hear it from New York, New York, New York!

One hand in the air for the big city,
Street lights, big dreams all looking pretty
No place in the world that can compare
Put your lighters in the air, everybody say yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

In New York
Concrete jungle where dreams are made of
There's nothing you can't do
Now you're in New York
These streets will make you feel brand new
Big lights will inspire you
Hear it from New York!

Frank Sinatra: *New York, New York*

Start spreadin' the news
I'm leaving today
I want to be a part of it
New York, New York

These vagabond shoes
Are longing to stray
Right through the very heart of it
New York, New York

I want to wake up in a city
That doesn't sleep
And find I'm king of the hill
Top of the heap

These little town blues
Are melting away
I'll make a brand new start of it
In old New York

If I can make it there

I'll make it anywhere
It's up to you
New York, New York
New York, New York

I want to wake up in a city
That never sleeps
And find I'm a number one
Top of the list
King of the hill
A number one

These little town blues
Are melting away
I'm gonna make a brand new start of it
In old New York

And if I can make it there
I'm gonna make it anywhere
It's up to you
New York, New York
New York