**Sixth Grade
Scio Central School
Mrs. Looney
Unit 1 Poems**

Name\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**Sixth Grade Unit 1 Poetry**

Frost, Robert.

“The Road Not Taken.”

The Poetry of Robert Frost: The Collected Poems.

Edited by Edward Connery Lathem. New York: Henry Holt, 1979. (1915)

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,

And sorry I could not travel both

And be one traveler, long I stood

And looked down one as far as I could

To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,

And having perhaps the better claim,

Because it was grassy and wanted wear;

Though as for that the passing there

Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay

In leaves no step had trodden black.

Oh, I kept the first for another day!

Yet knowing how way leads on to way,

I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

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**Sixth Grade Unit 1 Poetry**Giovanni, Nikki. “A Poem for My Librarian, Mrs. Long.” Acolytes. New York: William Morrow, 2007. (2007)

A Poem for My Librarian, Mrs. Long

(You never know what troubled little girl needs a book)

At a time when there was not tv before 3:00 P.M.

And on Sunday none until 5:00

We sat on the front porches watching

The jfg sign go on and off greeting

The neighbors, discussion the political

Situation congratulating the preacher

On his sermon

There was always the radio which brought us

Songs from wlac in nashville and what we would now call

Easy listening or smooth jazz but when I listened

Late at night with my portable (that I was so proud of)

Tucked under my pillow I heard nat king cole and matt dennis, june christy and ella fitzgerald

And sometimes sarah vaughan sing black coffee

Which I now drink

It was just called music

There was a bookstore uptown on gay street

Which I visited and inhaled that wonderful odor

Of new books

Even today I read hardcover as a preference paperback only

As a last resort

And up the hill on vine street

(The main black corridor) sat our carnegie library

Mrs. Long always glad to see you

The stereoscope always ready to show you faraway

Places to dream about

Mrs. Long asking what are you looking for today

When I wanted Leaves of Grass or alfred north whitehead

She would go to the big library uptown and I now know

Hat in hand to ask to borrow so that I might borrow

Probably they said something humiliating since southern

Whites like to humiliate southern blacks

But she nonetheless brought the books

Back and I held them to my chest

Close to my heart

And happily skipped back to grandmother’s house

Where I would sit on the front porch

In a gray glider and dream of a world

Far away

I love the world where I was

I was safe and warm and grandmother gave me neck kissed

When I was on my way to bed

But there was a world

Somewhere

Out there

And Mrs. Long opened that wardrobe

But no lions or witches scared me

I went through
Knowing there would be
Spring

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**Sixth Grade Unit 1 Poetry**

Hughes, Langston.
“I, Too, Sing America.”
The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes. New York: Knopf, 1994. (1925)

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.

They send me to eat in the kitchen

When company comes,

But I laugh,

And eat well,

And grow strong.

Tomorrow,

I’ll be at the table

When company comes.

Nobody’ll dare

Say to me,

“Eat in the kitchen,”

Then.

Besides,

They’ll see how beautiful I am

And be ashamed—

I, too, am America.