

Poems

by the Foundations in Literature and History
Class of 2018



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The Ballad of the Little Pig
by Francesca Milani

There was a little piggy
And her name was Alice E.
She loved to run and jump
And squeal around her family.

She's often proper, pink, and plump
So carefree and so cute,
But sometimes falls into the trough
And gets the master's boot.

One night while Alice sweetly slept,
Content and without want,
A shadowed figure crept inside
And stole the little runt.

He ran into his broken shack
And roughly put her down,
She raced in circles breaking things,
All falling to the ground.

His mother's pitcher, father's pipe
Came crashing to the floor,
And there was little Alice
Running straight for the front door.

The robber stared and stood, quite stunned,
"What happened to my meal?"
While Alice jumped to Mother's arms
And squealed a happy squeal.

Ode to the Wandering Albatross
by Lucas Mohan

The wind arises high and strong,
Chaotic, loud, and long.
The wings unfold, unfold, unfold;
Aloft in flight so bold.

Down far below a bird doth stir.
He glides for stretches sure.
An instinct sounding like a gong,
Extensive in its song.

With sadness far behind he glides;
With freedom in front he flies.
Determination on his face,
A flight with steady pace.

A wanderer searches far and near,
In sight the land so dear.
He swoops and dives and then arrives.
With feet ashore he thrives.

Much later when the seasons end,
The time he must not spend.
Back on the route his wings spread high,
As home comes swiftly nigh.

Bloody Sunday
by Eliza Copeland

Segregation was the ruling,
But this shouldn't be,
For the law they were dueling
So the marchers were marching

A barricade they met
That the police had set
The police said, "Go."
The marchers said, "No."

"You have till one, two, three!
Then we'll fire upon thee!"
The marchers wouldn't go—
Oh, the woe, the woe.

The men behind the barricade
Were not nice at all,
Who came and hit the marchers
With rods and whips of gall.

The marchers went home
Bedraggled and harmed
And that is the tale
Of sad bloody Sunday.

The Lemonade Stand
by Lila Murdock

I wanted a Kindle of my own
So how could I earn the money?
A lemonade stand was my thought
Dad said, "I'll help honey."

Saturday night time to prepare
The flavors to be served.
Setting up my table and chair
This corner I've reserved.

Smile and wave to make someone's day
Is what my dad taught me.
"Fifty cents," is what I did say,
The response was nice to see.

We've made a friend with Mr. Joe,
For him a labeled cup.
The cars line up and come and go
So many cups filled up.

Generous people I did meet
I sometimes wonder why
So many people I did greet
My Kindle I did buy.

Duncan and the Vet
by Andrew James Stevens

My collie, Duncan, hates the car;
Much more he hates the vet.
My mother tells him, "In you go!"
And he begins to fret.

Reluctantly he clammers in—
He starts to drool and pant.
The bumpy car begins to go;
He tries to stand, but can't.

We've reached our destination now,
We walk into the vet's.
With tail between his legs he goes;
The place is packed with pets.

Back in the room for his exam
He climbs up on a chair.
The vet says, "Hi," and checks his heart
Beneath his furry hair.

She checks his teeth and gives a shot;
My dog a sigh does heave.
For his reward he gets a treat—
And finally he can leave!

Trojan Hero
by Cecilia Volpe

Hector stands at the Trojan gate
His loving wife by his side
she's weeping with their son in hand
his fate so hard to abide

Please my husband do not leave me
I fear your death is near
just stay behind these walls for me
and raise our son who's mere

My dear Andromache don't cry
but I will not stay here
my duty is to fight for Troy
and I will persevere

And as for my little son
my biggest pride and joy
once this horrid war is over
I'll spend time with my boy

And after that hero died
once more his son and wife
saw his face but it was lifeless,
such a great man lost his life