

**Station #1**

{ Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

{ Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

-Dylan Thomas

"Do not go gentle into that good night"

**Station #1**

{ He rocks in the treetops all day long  
Hoppin' and a-boppin' and singing his song  
All the little birds on Jaybird Street  
Love to hear the robin go tweet-tweet-tweet.

{ Every little swallow, every chick-a-dee  
Every little bird in the tall oak tree  
The wise old owl, the big black crow  
Flappin' their wings signin' "go bird, go."

- Bobby Day, "Rockin' Robin"

**Station #1**

{ Let me make the songs for the people,  
Songs for the old and young;  
Songs to stir like a battle-cry  
Wherever they are sung.

{ Not for the clashing of sabres,  
For carnage nor for strife;  
But songs to thrill the hearts of men  
With more abundant life.

- Frances Ellen Watkins Harper

"Songs for the People"

**Station #1**

I.  
{ Winter? Spring? Who knows?  
White buds from the plumbtrees wing  
And mingle with the snows.  
No blue skies these flowers bring,  
Yet their fragrance augurs Spring.

II.  
{ Oh, were the white waves,  
Far on the glimmering sea  
That the moonshine laves,  
Dream flowers drifting to me,—  
I would cull them, love, for thee.  
- Sadakichi Hartmann "Tanka"

**Station #2**

*The Iliad* is a Greek poem by Homer with over 15,000 lines. It tells the tale of the anger of Achilles during the war between the Greeks and the Trojans. It also tells of many battles and heroic ventures near the end of the war, and mentions the gods' interference as they favor various characters.

**Station #2**

*The Odyssey* is a Greek poem by Homer with over 12,000 lines. It tells the tale of Odysseus as he journeys home to Ithaca from the Trojan War. On the way he faces many adventures and obstacles to reaching his destination - including a man-eating cyclops, sirens, captivity on the island of Calypso and more. When he does arrive home, he must defeat the many suitors who have gathered to court his wife.

<p><b>Station #3</b> <b>pup-py (2)</b></p>	<p><b>Station #3</b> <b>hip-po-po-ta-mus (5)</b></p>
<p><b>Station #3</b> <b>dra-gon (2)</b></p>	<p><b>Station #3</b> <b>bear (1)</b></p>
<p><b>Station #3</b> <b>pump-kin (2)</b></p>	<p><b>Station #3</b> <b>ri-di-cu-lous (4)</b></p>
<p><b>Station #4</b> <b>cat, hat, bat</b></p>	<p><b>Station #4</b> <b>twitter, glitter, fritter</b></p>
<p><b>Station #4</b> <b>hairy back in a scary sack</b></p>	<p><b>Station #4</b> <b>wavy eels make gravy meals</b></p>
<p><b>Station #5</b></p> <p>I felt a Funeral, in my Brain, And Mourners to and fro Kept treading – treading – till it seemed That Sense was breaking through –</p> <p>And when they all were seated, A Service, like a Drum – Kept beating – beating – till I thought My Mind was going numb –</p> <p>And then I heard them lift a Box And creak across my Soul With those same Boots of Lead, again, Then Space – began to toll,</p> <p>As all the Heavens were a Bell, And Being, but an Ear, And I, and Silence, some strange Race Wrecked, solitary, here –</p> <p>And then a Plank in Reason, broke, And I dropped down, and down – And hit a World, at every plunge, And Finished knowing – then –</p> <p>-Emily Dickinson, "I felt a Funeral in my Brain"</p>	<p><b>Station #5</b></p> <p>When I rise up above the earth, And look down on the things that fetter me, I beat my wings upon the air, Or tranquil lie, Surge after surge of potent strength Like incense comes to me When I rise up above the earth And look down upon the things that fetter me.</p> <p>- Georgia Douglas Johnson "When I rise up"</p> <p><b>Station #5</b></p> <p>Not a song of golden "Greek," Wafted from Aegean shores, Not from an Olympian height Come my simple syllables: But from the northern of Wisconsin, From the land of the Oneidas, From the chieftain clan Cornelius, From the friendly Iroquois Comes the greeting of the wampum And a tribute, humble, simple, From the pines' soft, lingering murmurs, From the "pleasant water courses," From the morn-kissed, mighty highlands, From the breezes and the flowers Nodding secrets to each other, From the din of metropolitans, From the wisdom of their sages, I have caught this sage's epic.</p> <p>... - Laura Cornelius Kellogg "A Tribute to the Future of my Race"</p>