**Sick**

**by Shel Silverstein**

"I cannot go to school today,"  
Said little Peggy Ann McKay,  
"I have the measles and the mumps,  
A gash, a rash, and purple bumps.  
My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,  
I'm going blind in my right eye.  
My tonsils are as big as rocks,  
I've counted sixteen chicken pox  
And there's one more--that's seventeen,  
And don't you think my face looks green?  
My leg is cut, my eyes are blue--  
It might be instamatic flu.  
I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,  
I'm sure that my left leg is broke--  
My hip hurts when I move my chin,  
My belly button's caving in,  
My back is wrenched, my ankle's sprained,  
My 'pendix pains each time it rains.  
My nose is cold, my toes are numb,  
I have a sliver in my thumb.  
My neck is stiff, my voice is weak,  
I hardly whisper when I speak.  
My tongue is filling up my mouth,  
I think my hair is falling out.  
My elbow's bent, my spine ain't straight,  
My temperature is one-o-eight.  
My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,  
There is a hole inside my ear.  
I have a hangnail, and my heart is--what?  
What's that? What's that you say?  
You say today is---Saturday?  
G'bye, I'm going out to play!"

**The Secret Place**

**by Dennis Lee**

There’s a place I go, inside myself,

Where nobody else can be,

And none of my friends can tell it’s there –

Nobody knows but me.

It’s hard to explain the way it feels,

Or even where I go.

It isn’t a place in time or space,

But once I’m there, I know.

It’s tiny, it’s shiny, it can’t be seen,

But it’s big as the sky at night …

I try to explain and it hurts my brain,

But once I’m there, it’s right.

There’s a place I know inside myself,

And it’s neither big nor small,

And whenever I go, it feels as though

I never left at all.

**Success Is Counted Sweetest**

**by Emily Dickinson**

Success is counted sweetest

By those who ne'er succeed.

To comprehend a nectar

Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple Host

Who took the Flag today

Can tell the definition

So clear of victory

As he defeated – dying –

On whose forbidden ear

The distant strains of triumph

Burst agonized and clear!

**No Man is an Island**

**by John Donne**

No man is an island,

Entire of itself;

Every man is a piece of the continent,

A part of the main.

If a clod be washed away by the sea,

Europe is the less,

As well as if a promontory were:

As well as if a manor of thy friend's

Or of thine own were.

Any man's death diminishes me,

Because I am involved in mankind.

And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls;

It tolls for thee.