

Here are two more poems relating to *The Yearling*, one by a known poet, the other by a student, Gentry Allen, written for her Yearling activity (she used one of the transformation formats). I'm sure you'll see how the first one applies to the novel, but please apply it to your own life and circumstances too. After all, we read literature not only for enjoyment, but to become better, stronger people through what we experience with various characters. "No pain, no gain" I believe was one of Ben Franklin's adages. I know you will see this not only in Jody's life, but in so much of what we've studied over the past two years together. Keep this in mind as you add to your Antholio and as you live.

Victory in Defeat

~Edwin Markham

Defeat may serve as well as victory
To shake the soul and let the glory out.
When the great oak is straining in the wind
The boughs drink in new beauty, and the trunk
Sends down a deeper root on the windward side.
Only the soul that knows the mighty grief
Can know the mighty rapture. Sorrows come
To stretch out spaces in the heart for joy.

Used to...but now

I used to frolic with Flag
He could kick up sun rays
The cranes danced to the sound of my laughter.
Arching his neck and springing towards me
He splashes in the Glen
The Spaniards peeked in to watch us
At night I heard him rustling in his bed, watching over me
It was just me and the fawn
But I remember his eyes and what they looked like
when they saw me
coming with the gun
And now Flag lies silent
And April's returned