

NEWS from the LC

Have a Question? Just Ask Us!

Maine Veteran Shares Poetry with MTA

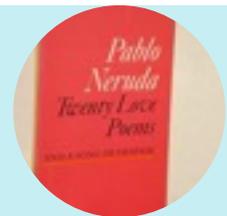
Mt. Ararat welcomed poet and veteran Terry Grasse for discussion and poetry reading. Mr. Grasse came by invitation from Mrs. Lianna Fenimore in the English department. This was his 8th annual visit to MTA. The presentation was attended by Mr. Dever's history students as well.

Mr. Grasse told stories and answered student questions about his time served in the Vietnam war. Writing poetry, he told the students, helped him recover after suffering from Post-traumatic Stress Syndrome for decades. His poetry is simple, pure, and relatable. "He's not afraid to put his soul into his poetry," Mrs. Fenimore says. "I love that he uses it as an outlet and that it has changed his life."



"The students spend a lot of time looking at film, short stories, memoirs, poems, and a full text [*The Things They Carried*, Tim O'Brien] from the war and he puts this all in perspective for them with an authentic and first hand experience."

Some students use Mr. Grasse as source for their "What's True" essay at the end of the unit. They all write him a Thank You note after his visit. "Students are appreciative of him coming because it made everything that we've learned real."



Twenty Love Poems
by Pablo Neruda



Looking for the Gulf Motel
by Richard Blanco



19 Varieties of Gazelle
by Naomi Shihab Nye
Poems of the Middle East



TECH TIP

Printing Problems? First try turning your WiFi OFF, then back ON.



TECH TIP

Crowded desktop? Organize your files with folders and labels.

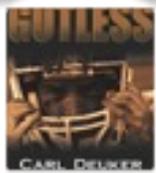


TECH TIP

Questions about Google Drive? Come see us in the LC, we can help!



The Best Time Travel Stories of the 20th Century Edited by Harry Turtledove and Martin H. Greenberg. "The book collects eighteen novellas, novelettes and short stories by various science fiction authors"



Gutless, Carl Deuker. "From the author of Gym Candy comes a novel of football and bullying, finding friends and finding courage."



The Martian, Anthony Weir. "Six days ago astronaut Mark Watney become one of the first people to walk on Mars. Now he's sure he'll be the first person to die there."



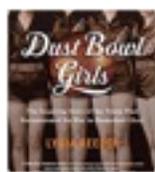
Comics Confidential: Thirteen Graphic Novelists Talk Story, Craft, and Life Outside the box Leonard S. Marcus, Editor.



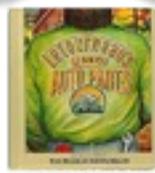
All the Bright Places, Jennifer Niven. "When Finch and Violet meet on the ledge of the bell tower at school...it's unclear who saves whom."



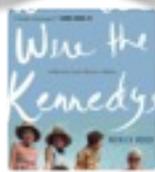
Eleven Seconds: A Story of Tragedy, Courage & Triumph, by Travis Roy. with E. M. Swift



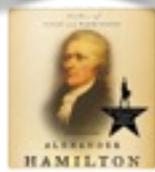
Dust Bowl Girls, Lydia Reeder. "The inspiring story of the team that barnstormed its way to basketball glory."



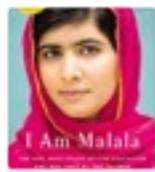
Letourneau's Used Auto Parts, Carolyn Chute. "If you think there are a slew of Beans in Egypt, Maine, then you ought to get a load of the Letourneau's who infest the town...."



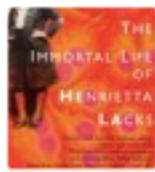
When We Were the Kennedys, Monica Wood. Maine memoirist tells story of growing up in Mexico, Me. after her father died unexpectedly.



Alexander Hamilton Rod Chernow. Extraordinary history of one of America's founding fathers. Inspiration for popular musical.



I Am Malala, Christina Lamb, Malala Yousafzai, and Patricia McCormick. Winner of the Nobel Peace Prize.



The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks, Rebecca Skloot. Compelling nonfiction book tells story of amazing and all-but forgotten American woman hero whose cells helped revolutionize modern medicine. Soon to be HBO miniseries with Oprah Winfrey.

POETRY READING EVENT APRIL 4TH IN THE LEARNING COMMONS

- Please join us in the Learning Commons on Wednesday April 4th during Advsiriy & AST to hear **Gary Lawless** read some of his poems.

APRIL IS
POETRY
MONTH

CALL FOR STUDENT & STAFF POETS

- Do you write poetry? Please join us on Wednesday April 4th to join our Poetry Reading in the Learning Commons. See LC Staff anytime to sign up!

Maybe *for Craig* by Richard Blanco

Maybe it was the billboards promising
paradise, maybe those fifty-nine miles
with your hand in mine, maybe my sexy
roadster, the top down, maybe the wind
fingering your hair, sun on your thighs
and bare chest, maybe it was just the ride
over the sea split in two by the highway
to Key Largo, or the idea of Key Largo.
Maybe I was finally in the right place
at the right time with the right person.
Maybe there'd finally be a house, a dog
named Chu, a lawn to mow, neighbors,
dinner parties, and you forever obsessed
with crossword puzzles and Carl Jung,
reading in the dark by the moonlight
at my bedside every night. Maybe. Maybe
it was the clouds paused at the horizon,
the blinding fields of golden sawgrass,
the mangrove islands tangled, inseparable
as we might be. Maybe I should've said
something, promised you something,
asked you to stay awhile, maybe.

I Like For You To Be Still by Pablo Neruda

I like for you to be still: it is as though you were
absent,
and you hear me from far away and my voice does
not touch you.
It seems as though your eyes had flown away
and it seems that a kiss had sealed your mouth.

As all things are filled with my soul
you emerge from the things, filled with my soul.
You are like my soul, a butterfly of dream,
and you are like the word Melancholy.

I like for you to be still, and you seem far away.
It sounds as though you were lamenting, a butterfly
cooing like a dove.
And you hear me from far away, and my voice does
not reach you:
Let me come to be still in your silence.

And let me talk to you with your silence
that is bright as a lamp, simple as a ring.
You are like the night, with its stillness and
constellations.
Your silence is that of a star, as remote and candid.

I like for you to be still: it is as though you were
absent,
distant and full of sorrow as though you had died.
One word then, one smile, is enough.
And I am happy, happy that it's not true.

THE TRAY by Naomi Shihab Nye

Even on a sorrowing day
the little white cups without handles
would appear
filled with steaming hot tea
in a circle on the tray,
and whatever we were able
to say or not to say,
the tray would be passed,
we would sip
in silence,
it was another way
lips could be speaking together,
opening on the hot rim,