moving writers' 100 DAYS of Summer Writing

#100DOSW18
movingwriters.org
getting started
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A Picture</th>
<th>An Illustration</th>
<th>Data (Chart, Graph, Map, Statistic)</th>
<th>Words (Sentences, a Short Poem)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>- What do you see?</td>
<td>- What idea is the illustrator/writer communicating?</td>
<td>- What is this data showing?</td>
<td>- What jumps out at you in this writing? What do you notice? What do you like?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- What do you NOT see?</td>
<td>- What do you wonder?</td>
<td>- What is this data NOT showing?</td>
<td>- How are the pieces of this writing put together?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- What do you wonder?</td>
<td>- What does this image make you think about?</td>
<td>- What do you wonder?</td>
<td>- What do you notice about the writer’s punctuation?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- What does this image make you think about?</td>
<td>- How does the image make you feel or react?</td>
<td>- What story (or stories) is this data trying to tell?</td>
<td>- What do you notice about the writer’s word choice?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- How does the image make you feel or react?</td>
<td>- Make your own version of the same illustration!</td>
<td>- What writing might come out of this kind of data?</td>
<td>- What can you take from this writer and put into your own version of this sentence/poem?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- What is the story behind the image?</td>
<td>- What writing might come out of this illustration?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
OR write about anything else that the slides inspires in you!
How to Navigate The Slides:

Your inspiration for writing.

The Source

New York Times Picture of the Week

Click this if you want to find out more or read a whole article!

The teacher who submitted this slide.
100 days of writing inspiration
New York Times Picture of the Week

Pam Hamilton
@allpey
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TYPE</th>
<th>PLACE</th>
<th>PURPOSE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Podcast</td>
<td>Kitchen</td>
<td>Makes me feel like I’m cooking for my witty, politically savvy friends</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lifestyle</td>
<td>Airplane</td>
<td>Imaginary shopping for the best dish drying rack is a great distraction from nerves/hot flossing next to me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magazine</td>
<td>Adirondack Chair</td>
<td>Takes me on a vacation from my phone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Novel</td>
<td>My couch</td>
<td>To not feel left out of elevator/office/party/restroom line chatter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TV Show</td>
<td>Bath tub</td>
<td>Something to read that can handle the inevitable plunge into water</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fashion Magazine</td>
<td>Public transportation</td>
<td>To pretend I’m in a music video</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Music Streaming</td>
<td>Bed</td>
<td>A leisurely Sunday</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
stage one

Early Labor

Justice will not be served until those who are unaffected are as outraged as those who are.

—Benjamin Franklin
You need to click the link and press play to watch the data change month by month!
“That was the thing about restorative justice. It allowed you to hold two things in your head at the same time--that butt-slapping was funny, and also that it wasn't. That asking permission to touch somebody was funny, but that you really didn't want to be touched by somebody who didn't ask. That the girls wanted Jeff to dial back the ass-smacking thing, but that they still liked joking around with him. That the whole thing wasn't a big deal, and that it kind of was”(239).
MODERN DAY SCARLET LETTERS

ESTHER: DECAF DRinker.
FRANCESCA: CAT HATER.
TRISHA: STILL USES HOTMAIL.

HASINA: WROTE SOMETHING GRAMMATICALLY INCORRECT ON THE INTERNET ONCE.
JESSICA: NOT A BIG BEYONCE FAN.
DEMETRIA: DOESN'T REALLY LIKE PIZZA.

FOUR EYES BY GEMMA CORRELL 2014.

Via @gemma-correll
Jay Nickerson @doodlinmunkyboy
“Brave does not mean you’re not scared. It means you go on even though you’re scared.”
“Usually I like riding on trains, especially at night, with the lights on and the windows so black, and one of those guys coming up the aisle selling coffee and sandwiches and magazines.”
From *Turner's Graph of the Week*
Where Children Sleep
By James Mollison

Alex, 9, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

Rebekah O’Dell
@RebekahOdel1
“And in this way, the years passed: a lonely workshop; solid, beautiful things; customers who praised his work but winced at the sigh of his face. It wasn’t a bad life, actually.”
MY NAME IS
Will.
William.
William Holloman.

But to my friends
and people
who know me
know me,
just Will.

So call me Will,
because after I tell you
what I’m about to tell you

you’ll either
want to be my friend
or not
want to be my friend
at all.

Either way,
you’ll know me
know me.
“It’s a scowling June morning, and the threat of rain weights my skin and sits on the back of my tongue with a metallic tang. I have plans to go to the Holiday Inn pool with my best friend, EJ, later in the day, and I’m hoping the rain will move through quickly, like it often does on summer days across the plains of North Texas. My precollege summer stretches out before me in mental, sun-drenched Polaroids of joyful freedom. I am eighteen. Nothing lingers. Nothing is permanent.”

“Before and After” by Libba Bray, Hope Nation

Megan Kortlandt
@megankortlandt
“The library was my only blessing. Every time I climbed the stairs, my heart lifted. All day, I looked forward to the happy hours I spent in that beautiful room. My guilt over appa's fate was too heavy to carry up there, and I learned to leave it below, somewhere on the ground floor. I left the house far behind as I walked on the path paved by the books, and every evening, baby Mangalam slept soundly on the bed I made for her on the window seat.”

-Padma Venkatraman, Climbing the Stairs

Morgan Pesek @mepesek
Zauberbear: Paint Chip Poetry

Melissa Wood-Glusac @meliG43
from the poem “Possibilities” by Wislawa Szymborska

(click on the link below for full text of the poem)

I prefer movies.
I prefer cats.
I prefer the oaks along the Warta.
I prefer Dickens to Dostoyevsky.
I prefer myself liking people
to myself loving mankind.
I prefer keeping a needle and thread on hand, just in case
I prefer the color green.
I prefer not to maintain
that reason is to blame for everything.
I prefer exceptions.
I prefer to leave early.
I prefer talking to doctors about something else.
I prefer the old fine-lined illustrations.
I prefer the absurdity of writing poems
to the absurdity of not writing poems...
What’s the most common surname in your state?
“I would love to see a one-week experiment where all parents agree not to say a word to their elementary school children about homework: not ask whether they have it, not lay out the supplies, not set aside the time, not read the instructions.”
Every Color of Every Lightsaber in Star Wars

Blue, or blue not: There is no try
Number of lightsabers by color in 'Star Wars,' in both canon and the extended universe Legends stories

Includes black, silver, bronze, carmine, magenta and turquoise

Fivethirtyeight.com

Allison Marchetti
@allisonmarchett
“Beyonce is to millennials what Christianity was to our grandparents; there’s a societal expectation that you’ll be involved and occasionally perform conspicuous acts of piety...”

The Ringer
Rebekah O'Dell
@rebekahodell1
Where Children Sleep
By James Mollison

Bikram, 9, Melamchi, Nepal
“If I’d been the author, I would’ve stopped thinking about my microbiome. I would’ve told Daisy how much I liked her idea for Mychal’s art project, and I would’ve told her that I did remember Davis Pickett, that I remembered being eleven and carrying a vague but constant fear. I would’ve told her that I remembered once at camp lying next to Davis on the edge of a dock, our legs dangling over, our backs against the rough-hewn planks of wood, staring together up at a cloudless summer sky. I would’ve told her that Davis and I never talked much, or even looked at each other, but it didn’t matter, because we were looking at the same sky together, which is maybe more intimate than eye contact anyway. Anybody can look at you. It’s quite rare to find someone who sees the same world you see.” (Chapter 1, Page 8)
Who is that man in black, walking away from us into the distance? The painter, they say, took a long time finding his vision of the world. The mermaids, if that is what they are under their full-length skirts, sit facing each other all down the street, more of an alley, in front of their gray row houses. They all look the same, like a fair-haired order of nuns, or like prostitutes with chaste, identical faces. How calm they are, with their vacant eyes, their hands in laps that betray nothing. Only one has scales on her dusky dress. It is 1942; it is Europe, and nothing fits. The one familiar figure is the man in black approaching the sea, and he is small and walking away from us.

Taken from Plate 8 of Western Wind: An Introduction to Poetry, 4th ed. Eds. Nims & Mason
“A swallow in flight is graceful, agile, and precise. It hooks, swoops, dives, twists, and beats. It is a dancer, a musician, an arrow.

Usually.

This swallow stumbled from tree to tree. No arabesques. No gathering speed. Its spotted breast lost feathers by the fistful. Its eyes were dull. It hit the trunk of an alder tree and tumbled into the arms of a pine...” (p.255)
Where Children Sleep
By James Mollison
Instructions

Gather your mistakes, rinse them with honesty and self-reflection,

let dry until you can see every choice and the regret becomes brittle,

cover the entire surface in forgiveness,

remind yourself that you are human

and this too is a gift.
Portion of Americans who have eaten a pint of ice cream in one sitting: 1/2

Portion of those who felt guilty afterward: 2/5

Who felt ill: 1/10
Safe Islands

Mari Andrew

Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahODell1
Estimated number of Britons over 65 who have not spoken with friends or family in more than a month: 200,000

Date on which the UK appointed a minister for loneliness: 1/17/2018
“You see, I grew up poor, in the Rust Belt, in an Ohio steel town that has been hemorrhaging jobs and hope for as long as I can remember....The statistics tell you that kids like me face a grim future--that if they’re lucky, they’ll manage to avoid welfare; and if they’re unlucky, they’ll die of a heroin overdose, as happened to dozens in my small hometown just last year.”

(Vance 1-2)
“I don’t care that we are not at my house like we planned, and I don’t care that you still use a sippy cup at night, even though we are almost in second grade. I don’t care that you sometimes cry because you miss your daddy, who you don’t even remember. I don’t care that you write you Ns backward and that you sometimes read nap instead of pan, which means you have to go to summer school this year. I don’t care that your cheeks and your neck and your ears flush bright pink when you are asked to read out loud in class, or that you sometimes have trouble coming up with ideas for a story. I have plenty of ideas for both of us.”
A slower field at this year’s Boston Marathon

Finish time for winners of the Boston Marathon, by country
“It doesn’t matter if divorce shreds the muscles of our hearts so that they hardly beat without a struggle. It doesn’t matter if trust-fund money is running out; if credit card bills go unpaid on the kitchen counter. It doesn’t matter if there’s a cluster of pill bottles on the bedside table.

It doesn’t matter if one of us is desperately, desperately in love.” (p.2)
“Then I see him. He’s tall, lean, and wearing all black: black T-shirt, black jeans, black sneakers, and a black knit cap that covers his hair completely. He’s white with a pale honey tan and his face is starkly angular. He jumps down from his perch at the back of the truck and glides across the driveway, moving as if gravity affects him differently than it does the rest of us.”
“There was always so much life around the pond: other people, mostly women and girls, who had come to fill their own containers; many kinds of birds, all flap and twitter and caw; herds of cattle that had been brought to the good grazing by the young boys who looked after them.”
“But sometimes things happen that aren’t so good. When they occur, I’ve learned that there’s not much you can do except stand tall and reach deep.” (p. 34)
July Heart

Reflective Patriotism

The Power of a Flowing Dress or Caftan to Make Me Feel Like a Goddess, the Power of Sweat to Make Me Feel Like a Monster

Obligation to Feel More Carefree

Bare Feet Nostalgia

The Strangeness of Feeling Sad on a Bright Hot Day

Insomnia

Kids Playing in Fire Hydrant Spray Emotions

Mari Andrew

Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahODell1
“You can’t change how other people think and act, but you’re in full control of you. When it comes down to it, the only question that matters is this: If nothing in the world ever changes, what type of man are you gonna be?”
Gmornig.
Give me all the words
in all the languages from all the alphabets
And three lifetimes
I’ll need all three to find the right words
to describe
how good it is to see you again
Go get em today
More People Live Inside This Circle Than Outside Of It

There are more people living inside this circle than outside of it.

Image credits: washingtonpost.com

Washington Post

Hattie Maguire
@TeacherHattie
Americans Who Say They Use...

- Blue circle: Facebook
- Black circle: Snapchat
- Purple circle: Instagram

Age:
- 18-24
- 25-29
- 30-49
- 50-64
- 65+

DATA: PEW RESEARCH
“Here he was, jumping off a boat into the Maine waters; here he was, as a child, larkily peeing from a cabin window with two young cousins; here he was, living in Italy and learning Italian by flirting; here he was, telling a great joke; here he was, an ebullient friend, laughing and filling the room with his presence.”
Mari Andrew

Rebekah O'Dell

PLAYLISTS

RUNNING: The 3 Blocks I Run Really Fast

RUNNING: The 2 Miles I Sort Of Jog/Walk

OH I Totally Didn't Expect You To Come Over Tonight, OOPS I'm Playing D'Angelo

FLIRTY SINGLE GAL JUST TRYING TO MAKE IT IN THE CITY: Optimistic Sidewalk Strutting

Remembering My Ex In A Fond Way

Remembering My Ex In A Vengeful Way
“We got into the car in our suburb, drove for just under an hour through the relative countryside of the Palisades Parkway, propelled ourselves across the Hudson via the George Washington Bridge, and found ourselves deposited smack in the middle of another world. Billboards advertised the good life in Spanish, ancient cobblestones emerged in patches from the tar, which shivered and smelled in summer and shone black and cruel in winter. Grotesque figures loomed everywhere, but they didn’t frighten me, nor did the filthy and the slobbering insane, the homeless and the drunk.” (70)

Autobiography of a Face
By Lucy Grealy
“I know this house by heart. I know every brick, I know the colour of the curtains in the upstairs bedroom (beige, with a dark-blue print), I know that the paint is peeling off the bathroom window frame and that there are four tiles missing from a section of the roof on the right-hand side.”

The Girl on the Train
Paula Hawkins
This year I will read more than one book at a time.

I will finally read the classics even if it kills me.

I will memorize poetry and proclaim it to the world.

I will recognize unreliable narrators and fall for them, foolishly.

I will find joy in the memoirs of others.

I will rediscover children's books and maybe even share them with my children.

I will read diversely and universally.

I will journey far outside myself without leaving my chair.

Grant Snider

Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahODell1
“Every year about this time I get the urge to buy a copybook. And some of those little rectangular pink erasers that look good enough to eat. And a whole lot of those round reinforcements, which were supposed to be pasted around the holes in your loose-leaf paper but were more often made into designs on the inside cover of your loose leaf binder.”
They keep getting younger
First-round draft picks as of Sept. 1 of the draft year

Average age of first-round picks
- 22.6
- 21.7

Number of first-round picks age 21 or younger
Sea

Today,
trying to make peace
with all the wreckage
inside of its stomach.

Hoping someone
will accept me,
broken ships
and all.
“A rust-stained pipe
Where a house once stood, which I
Take each time I pass it for an owl.”

from “The Angels”
By Tracy K. Smith
Most Embarrassing Things I Do Regularly

- Listen to songs about New York while walking around New York
- Speak to inanimate objects
- "Put myself out there"
- Spend money to watch reality TV
- Pretend I'm in a jaunty commercial while ordering coffee
- Contribute to "Names I Like" on my phone

Notes:
Names I Like
Illustration Ideas
Nail Polish Colors
Too Many Cooks Spoil the Broth

Too many needles spoil the cloth.
Too many parrots spoil the talk.
Too many chapped lips spoil the gloss.
Too many teasel burs spoil the paw.
Too many bubbles spoil the froth.
Too many doorbells spoil the knock.
Too many seeds spoil the floss.
Too many feathers spoil the claw.
Too many lightbulbs spoil the moth.
Too many holes spoil the sock.
Too many sunbeams spoil the moss.
Too many kisses spoil the jaw.
Too many wolves spoil the flock.
Too many necks spoil the block.

By Aimee Nezhukumatathil
AUTObiography

SAN FRANCISCO: I GREW A BODY

SEATTLE: I GREW A CURIosITY

CHICAGO: I GREW A Mind

SANTIAGO, CHILE: I GREW A SPIRIT

Baltimore: I GREW A HUNGER

WASHINGTON, D.C.: I GREW A FAMILY
It's ok to take a break and treat yourself. You can't be all things to everyone if you're falling apart inside.

Sleep in.
Chat with a friend.
Buy something cool.
Go for a walk.
Cut your losses.
Start something new.
Read a book for fun for once.

Less stress.
More joy.
Sometimes,
By Mark Irwin

I’ll crumple the paper before beginning to write / on it, or sometimes I’ll spray my notebook with water, / then sit in the sun, jabbing at the muggy pages with / a pencil. Each does what he can to make this process / more difficult, and why not? The white paper’s selfish, / wanting only more space and silence, inviting words / as one might houses to an Alaskan glacier, or inviting / emotions as one might guests to a wedding, each of them / blindfolded, feeling their way into the chapel to listen, / then toward the buffet to eat. And sometimes I’ll write on black / paper — the letters glinting, barely detectable, deterring my desire / to change things — then tilt the paper at noon to read it. / And sometimes I’ll toss the empty pages into the fire / at dusk and speak to them as one would to a child, or / a ghost ruining the sky, then only what I wake to / in the old morning will I remember.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>New York is So</th>
<th>Supporting Evidence</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Noisy</td>
<td>Singing, laughter, sparrows chirping, electric guitar, pouring wine, piano practice, church bells, sirens signifying the most desperate moment of a person's life, clatter of coins, crying</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dirty</td>
<td>Proof that life was lived: pizza boxes, beer bottles, one stray shoe, a wallet full of loyalty cards with so much potential, spilled paint</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Overwhelming</td>
<td>Lots of trees and buildings all in one place: Where to look first?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tough to Date In</td>
<td>As in any city, it's hard to maintain vulnerability and compassion while protecting your heart and healing from wounds</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
When we read dystopia, we root for these people to break free because we are these people, hoping and fighting against things that are bigger than ourselves.
“The hill is paved with wild wheat. If the conifers and sagebrush are soloists, the wheat field is a corps de ballet, each stem following all the rest in bursts of movement, a million ballerinas bending, one after the other, as great gales dent their golden heads” (2).
HOW TO BE HAPPY

STICK YOUR HEAD IN A DISHWASHER

RELAX UNDER A TREE

CHASE A BIRD

LEARN PIANO

GO BAREFOOT (AVOID BEES)

SNIFF A BOOK

TOUCH A PAINTING

LET YOUR YARD GROW TALL WITH WEEDS

SLEEP BENEATH THE STARS

ACCEPT THAT HAPPINESS IS FLEETING

SIGN YOUR NAME IN WET CONCRETE

Grant Snider

Rebekah O’Dell
@RebekahODell1
“Saeed’s father then summoned Nadia into his room and spoke to her without Saeed and said that he was entrusting her with his son’s life, and she, whom he called daughter, must, like a daughter, not fail him, whom she called father, and she must see Saeed through to safety, and he hoped she would one day marry his own son and be called mother by his grandchildren, but this was up to them to decide, and all he asked was that she remain by Saeed’s side until Saeed was out of danger, and he asked her to promise this to him, and she said she would promise only if Saeed’s father came with them, and he said again that he could not, but that they must go, he said it softly, like a prayer, and she sat there with him in silence and the minutes passed, and in the end she promised, and it was an easy promise to make because she had at that time no thoughts of leaving Saeed, but it was also a difficult one because in making it she felt she was abandoning the old man, and even if he did have his siblings and his cousins, and might now go live with them or have them come live with him, they could not protect him as Saeed and Nadia could, and so by making the promise he demanded she make she was in a sense, killing him, but that is the way of things, for when we migrate, we murder from our lives those we leave behind.”

_Exit West_  
by Mohsin Hamid
When the sins of our fathers visit us
We do not have to play host.
We can banish them with forgiveness
As God, in His largeness and Laws.

--August Wilson
P RocRastiNATION
THE VIDEO GAME

THE MONSTER WITH THE 15 BROWSER TABS OPEN

DANGER

THE PILE OF OLD NEW YORKERS THAT AREN'T GOING TO READ THEMSELVES

FOREST OF "NEW ABRIVALS FOR SPRING!" EMAILS

INSTAGRAM QUICK SAND

NEWS STORY SWAMP

THOUGHTS OF "DO I HAVE WINE AT HOME? SHOULD I CUT OFF MY HAIR? REMEMBER THE TIME?"

TEXTING TRAP

DELIBERATE FOCUS

COMPLETION!
22 Photos of Famous Authors and Their Moms
From LitHub (such a fun collection!)

Tennessee Williams, and his mother, Edwina Williams

Stefanie Jochman
@MsJochman
ATTENTION WE INTERRUPT THIS POST TO COIN
THE TERM OF ART BY WHICH THIS FILM'S ENDING
MUST AND SHOULD BE EXCLUSIVELY KNOWN
FOREVERMORE, THROUGHOUT THE KNOWN AND
UNKNOWN UNIVERSE, IN PERPETUITY:

... (are you ready)

... (I don't think you're ready)

... (here it comes)

... (it's so good you guys you have no idea)

THE SNAPTURE

Coin a new portmanteau to describe a moment in a favorite movie or TV show (or just to describe a situation that doesn't yet have its own word).

“Let's Talk About the End of Avengers: Infinity War”
by Glen Weldon

Stefanie Jochman
@MsJochman
Michigan squirrel decides to stuff man's engine with 50 pounds of pine cones

By Ken Haddad

Posted: 7:48 AM, May 15, 2013
Updated: 7:40 AM, May 15, 2010

Megan Kortlandt @megankortlandt
I am not the kind of person who becomes so invested in a book or movie or television show that my interest becomes a hobby or intense obsession, one where I start to declare allegiances, or otherwise demonstrate a serious level of commitment to something fictional I had no hand in creating.

Or, I wasn’t that kind of person.

Let me be clear: Team Peeta. I cannot even fathom how one could be on any other team. Gale? I can barely acknowledge him. Peeta, on the other hand, is everything. He frosts things and bakes bread and is unconditional and unwavering in his love and also he is very, very strong. He can throw a sack of flour, is what I am saying. Peeta is a place of solace and hope and he is a good kisser. My devotion to Peeta is so strong, so serious, I have made a Venn diagram detailing his best qualities, which are many.

In December 2011, I didn’t really know much about *The Hunger Games*. Given my abiding interest in pop culture, I’m not sure how I missed the books.

I do most of my leisure reading at the gym. I hate exercise. Yes, it’s good for you and weight loss and whatever, but normally, I work out and want to die. I really do. I knew I was in love with *The Hunger Games* when I did not want to get off the treadmill. The book captivated me from the first page. I wanted to keep walking so I could stay in the world Collins created. More than that, *The Hunger Games* moved me. There was so much at stake, so much drama and it was all so intriguing, so hypnotizing, so intense and dark. I particularly appreciated what the books got right about strength and endurance, suffering and survival. I found myself gasping and hissing and even bursting into tears, more than once. I looked insane but I did not care. I was completely without shame.
Where Children Sleep
By James Mollison

Kaya, 4, Tokyo, Japan

Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahOdell1
The voices that live in my head

The kind, wise grandmother: Have a good cry tonight. You'll feel better tomorrow.

The harsh coach: Really?! You can do way better.

The memory archivist: You went to this cafe with your ex. What's he up to?

The superhero: I've got this!

The inner child: Don't forget me.
“They say grief is an ocean measured in waves and currents, rocking and tossing you about like a boat stranded in the middle of the deep. But this is not true. Grief is a dull blade against the skin of your soul. It takes its time doing its work. Grief will slowly drive you crazy, until you try to sever yourself like some kind of wounded animal caught in a trap. You’d rather maim yourself and be free.”
Glass Slippers

Despite the hard luck of the ugly stepsisters, most people’s feet will fit into glass slippers. The arch rises, the heel tapers, the toes align in descending order and the whole thing slides without talcum powder into the test slipper. We can shape to the dreams of another; we are eager to yield. It is a mutual pleasure to the holder of the slipper and to the foot held. It is a singular moment—tender, improbable, and as yet unclouded by the problems that hobble the pair when they discover that the matching slipper isn’t anywhere, nor does the bare foot even share the shape of the other. When they compare, the slippered foot makes the other odder: it looks like a hoof. So many miracles don’t start far back enough.

“Glass Slippers” by Kay Ryan

Stefanie Jochman @MsJochman
Colostrum

We are not born with tears. Your first dozen cries are dry.

It takes some time for the world to arrive and salt the eyes.
Must Tomorrow’s Man Look Like This?

No electronic plug-ins needed, say these two doctors, Man’s own capacity for adaptation, with help from science, can fit him for new ways of life.

The design of vehicles is one of the oldest and noblest arts of mankind. Look at a model of a prehistoric Polynesian canoe. It’s as hydrodynamically elegant and functionally beautiful as the X-15. The wheel, the ski, the kayak, the sports car—
BOYS CAN BE:

SENSITIVE  CARING  QUIET

GENTLE  ARTSY  DREAMERS

SCARED  AFFECTIONATE  PRETTY

AND DON'T LET ANYONE TELL YOU OTHERWISE.

@elisegravel

GIRLS CAN BE:

LOUD  CRANKY  GROSS

SILLY  STRONG  LEADERS

ANGRY  DIRTY  AND FUNNY

AND DON'T LET ANYONE TELL YOU OTHERWISE.

@elisegravel

Via @elisegravel

Jay Nickerson
@doodlinmunkyboy
Simar @sahluwal · 23h
- You don’t have to be gay to call out homophobia.
- You don’t have to be black to call out racism.
- You don’t have to be a Muslim to call out Islamophobia.
- You don’t have to be a woman to call out misogyny & sexism.
- You don’t have to be an immigrant to call out xenophobia.
This wedding cake topper, (tweeted by @iampencer) implies that each person is a song.

What song are you, and why?
The beauty of dystopia is that it lets us vicariously experience future worlds - but we still have the power to change our own.
I HAVE A PROBLEM.

A DANGEROUS, UNSAVORY ADDICTION HAS CONSUMED MY LIFE. CAN YOU GUESS WHAT IT IS?

NOPE. TRY AGAIN. YOU GET IT.

THAT'S RIGHT! BOOKS. UNFORTUNATELY, TEMPTATION HAS SET UP SHOPS ON EVERY CORNER.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, BIG BOX STORE, YARD SALE.

INDIE BOOK SHOP, USED BOOK HUT, COMIC SHACK, DAMPSTER, ANARCHIST READING ROOM.

WHEN I PASS ONE OF THESE PLACES, A DESPERATE VOICE GOES OFF INSIDE MY HEAD:

YOU NEED MORE BOOKS!

OF COURSE, WHO HAS TIME TO READ NOWADAYS? I'LL NEVER EVEN OPEN MOST OF THE BOOKS I GET—UNLESS I END UP AS ONE OF THESE PEOPLE:

CHILD GENIUS, INMATE, MONK, LITERATURE GURU, NOVELIST.

I NEED TO SEEK HELP SOON. OTHERWISE, MY ADDICTION MAY PROVE TO BE FATAL...

REGRETTING ACCIDENT, PLOT TWIST OVERLOAD, MOTH ATTACK.

POP-UP BOOK WIFE, RIVAL BOOK FRIEND, LIBRARY FINE MAFIA.

THE END.
In October of 1947, Mohandas Gandhi gave a piece of paper to his visiting grandson, Arun Gandhi, upon which was written the following list — a list he said contained "the seven blunders that human society commits, and that cause all the violence." The next day, Arun returned home to South Africa, never to see his grandfather again. Gandhi was assassinated three months later.

The Blunders:

Wealth without work.

Pleasure without conscience.

Knowledge without character.

Commerce without morality.

Science without humanity.

Worship without sacrifice.

Politics without principles.
Banana dog
$25
Franklin, MI

We are parting with Mr. Banana dog. He’s been a great conversation piece and is in perfect condition. His measurements are: 16"Lx6"Wx7.5"H... See More
A Florida prep school prom. A live tiger. What could go wrong?
Sestina: Like
BY A. E. STALLINGS

With a nod to Jonah Winter

Now we're all “friends,” there is no love but Like,
A semi–demi goddess, something like
A reality-TV star look-alike,
Named Simile or Me Two. So we like
In order to be liked. It isn't like
There’s Love or Hate now. Even plain “dislike”

Is frowned on: there’s no button for it. Like
Is something you can quantify: each “like”
You gather’s almost something money-like,
Token of virtual support. “Please like
This page to stamp out hunger.” And you'd like
To end hunger and climate change alike,

But it’s unlikely Like does diddly. Like
Just twiddles its unopposing thumbs-ups, like-
Wise props up scarecrow silences. “I'm like,
So OVER him,” I overhear. “But, like,
He doesn't get it. Like, you know? He's like
It's all OK. Like I don't even LIKE

Him anymore. Whatever. I'm all like ... ”
Take “like” out of our chat, we'd all alike
Flounder, agape, gesticulating like
A foreign film sans subtitles, fall like
Dumb phones to mooted desuetude. Unlike
With other crutches, um, when we use “like,”

We're not just buying time on credit: Like
Displaces other words; crowds, cuckoo-like,
Endangered hatchlings from the nest. (Click “like”
If you're against extinction!) Like is like
Invasive zebra mussels, or it's like
Those nutria-things, or kudzu, or belike

Redundant fast food franchises, each like
(More like) the next. Those poets who dislike
Inversions, archaisms, who just like
Plain English as she's spoke — why isn't “like”
Their (literally) every other word? I'd like
Us just to admit that's what real speech is like.

But as you like, my friend. Yes, we're alike,
How we pronounce, say, lichen, and dislike
Cancer and war. So like this page. Click Like.
My Three Solaces
For Dave Knox

the solace
of leaving a party

the solace
of a warm place
with a storm
raging

the solace
of the couch
sunk
with your weight

-Erin Fornoff
The past has not passed away but is eternally preserved somewhere or other and continues to be real and really influential... everybody and everything is so closely interwoven that separation is only approximate...

- Pavel Florensky
For Mohammed Zeid of Gaza, Age 15

By Naomi Shihab Nye

There is no stray bullet, sirs. No bullet like a worried cat crouching under a bush, no half-hairless puppy bullet dodging midnight streets. The bullet could not be a pecan plunking the tin roof, not hardly, no fluff of pollen on October’s breath, no humble pebble at our feet.

So don’t gentle it, please. We live among stray thoughts, tasks abandoned midstream. Our fickle hearts are fat with stray devotions, we feel at home among bits and pieces, all the wandering ways of words.

But this bullet had no innocence, did not wish anyone well, you can’t tell us otherwise by naming it mildly, this bullet was never the friend of life, should not be granted immunity by soft saying—friendly fire, straying death-eye, why have we given the wrong weight to what we do?

Mohammed, Mohammed, deserves the truth. This bullet had no secret happy hopes, it was not singing to itself with eyes closed under the bridge.
MY BOOKSHELF

THE BOOK I COULDN'T PUT DOWN
THE BOOK I COULDN'T PICK UP
THE BOOK YOU GAVE ME
THE BOOK I BROUGHT TO THE BEACH
(I HAVEN'T READ IT YET- SORRY!)

THE BOOK I TRIED SO HARD TO LIKE
THE BOOK I SOMEHOW OWN
THREE COPIES OF

THE BOOK THAT SAVED MY LIFE
THE BOOK I LENT YOU
(CAN I HAVE IT BACK?)

THE BOOK I FALL ASLEEP TO EVERY NIGHT
THE BOOK I MISTOOK FOR A HAT

THE BOOK I'M DESPERATELY TRYING TO WRITE

ALL THE BOOKS THAT CHANGED MY LIFE

GRANT SNIDER
For You

By Sharon Olds

In the morning, when I'm pouring the hot milk into the coffee, I put the side of my face near the convex pitcher to watch the last, round drop from the spout, and it feels like being cheek to cheek with a baby. Sometimes the orb pops back up, a ball of cream balanced on a whale's watery exhale. Then I gather my tools, the cherry sounding-board tray that will rest on my lap, the phone, the bird book to look up the purple martin. I repeat them as I seek them, so as not to forget—tray, cell phone, purple martín; tray, phone, martín, Trayvon Martin, song was invented for you, art was made for you, painting, writing, was yours, our youngest, our most precious, to remind us to shield you—all was yours, all that is left on earth, with your body, was for you.

The New Yorker (May 14, 2018)
Being kind in an unjust system is not enough.

8:30 AM - 3 Sep 2017

9,307 Retweets 22,530 Likes
INVITATION

If you are a dreamer, come in,
If you are a dreamer, a wisher, a liar,
A hope-er, a pray-er, a magic bean buyer . . .
If you’re a pretender, come sit by my fire
For we have some flax-golden tales to spin.
Come in!
Come in!