Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening
by Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound’s the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.
This season is the time for happiness and cheer,
But look through my eyes and you will see a tear.

The words that I speak are never to be heard,
And all I want from you is your promising word.

No one ever listens to a word that I say,
All I need is for someone to point me into the traveling way.

Having no one to talk to makes the anger build within,
So I think hard and loud knowing I need to raise my chin.

I fight with myself all the time,
Wanting to do something but knowing it's a crime.

I just want all this anger within me to just come out,
I have this huge urge just to shout.

I just want to release the real me from being hidden within,
Sometimes I think all the things I do are a sin.

Please help release the me hidden within.
The Man Who Thinks He Can
by Walter D. Wintle

If you think you are beaten, you are;
   If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win, but think you can't
   It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
   For out in the world we find
Success being with a fellow's will;
   It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are:
   You've got to think high to rise.
You've got to be sure of yourself before
   You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
   To the stronger or faster man,
But soon or late the man who wins
   Is the one who thinks he can.