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**"Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.**

**Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message He is Dead.
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.**

**He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.**

**The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the woods;
For nothing now can ever come to any good."
- W.H. Auden, *Good Poems for Hard Times***

"In times of joy, all of us wished we possessed a tail we could wag." - W.H. Auden

"Whatever you do, good or bad, people will always have something negative to say." - W.H. Auden

**"Whether you like it or not, alone will be something you'll be quite a lot.
And when you're alone, there's a very good chance you'll meet things that scare you right out of your pants.
There are some, down the road between hither and yon, that can scare you so much you won't want to go on.
But on you will go though the weather be foul
On you will go though your enemies prowl
On you will go though the Hakken-Kraks howl
Onward up many a frightening creek, though your arms may get sore and your sneakers may leak.
On and on you will hike and I know you'll hike far and face up to your problems whatever they are." - Dr.
Seuss, *Oh, the Places You'll Go!***