

Centos are Latin for “patchwork”. It’s a collage of other poet’s works. The entire poem is borrowed lines from other poets without meter or rhyme. I loved writing this poem because I got a glimpse at so many poets’ poems. This poem entails lines from Robert Frost, William Shakespeare, Maya Angelou, Walt Whitman, William Blake, John Keats, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Dorothy Parker, Robert Browning, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Alfred Lord Tennyson and Edgar Allan Poe.

Death Dream

A stranger came to the door at eve,
Enswathed, and seal'd to curious secrecy.
love strikes away the chains of fear
As I lean and look through the glimmering light--that one has utterly
disappeared,

'He scents thy footsteps in the snow
Sigh thou mayst, and bid it go
With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,
Nor seek to know the look of that which dies

Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door.
Misery, my sweetest friend—oh, weep no more!

But will you hear MY dream, for I had one
For the heart whose woes are legion
'Tis a peaceful, soothing region-