

## The New Colossus

(Inscription on the Statue of Liberty)  
by Emma Lazarus

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,  
With conquering limbs astride from land to land,  
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand  
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame  
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name  
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand  
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command  
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.  
“Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she  
With silent lips. “Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”

## Ozymandias

Percy Bysshe Shelley

I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: “Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
‘My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!’  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.”

## Lost Colossus

by Sam Aurelius Milam III, September 1993

I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: “A vast and fallen metal arm  
Lies on an island. Near it in the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose brow,  
And lips, and eyes, and broken crowning band,  
Tell that its sculptor well that wisdom read  
Which yet survives, stamped on those lifeless things,  
Those fragments left by people now long-dead.  
Inscribed nearby is this, and nothing more:  
‘Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!’  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and endless waves roll far away.”



Sam Aurelius Milam III, Tuesday, April 9, 1991