

# The National Library of Poetry

1 Poetry Plaza • Owings Mills, Maryland 21117-6282 • (410) 356-2000

VIP #P0352816-049

December 26, 1996

*Wonderful verse!  
Select Doug Kane's poem  
for the "Sound of Poetry." - CS*

Doug Kane  
93 N Cortez Dr  
Margate, FL 33068

Re: In Dappled Sunlight

*This publisher's proof represents your poem as it is now scheduled to appear in print. Please carefully review the publisher's proof . . . check carefully for typographical errors . . . indicate any changes directly on the proof, and return it to us in the enclosed envelope. If your poem is correct as is, please initial the proof and return it without changes. Please note that you must certify the accuracy of this proof by making appropriate changes. Only initial the proof if everything is correct. By returning this proof, you authorize us to publish your poem with corrections, if necessary, as indicated below.*

**NOTE:** This proof must be returned postmarked no later than January 22, 1997, so we can make our scheduled publication date. Poems must be 20 lines or less. Only one entry per contestant.

## Marching Clowns

Little room blue in color,  
Adorned by clowns on every wall,  
Sad little child, afraid and lonely,  
Sitting quietly on the floor.  
Thinking of the days of journeys,  
Past and future, cold and grim.

Countless days and nights of anguish,  
Nowhere to go, sad little child,  
All alone but for the clowns,  
Marching slowly across the room,  
Symbols clashing, bass drum booming.  
Lead by Majorette the Clown.

Marching proudly behind their leader,  
Smartly wearing rainbow dress,  
Off the walls and to each corner, clowns assembled in a line,  
Clowns become life's endless treasures, kept inside until the end.

Long before the coming dawn, short before the final exit,  
Eyes are damp and looking weary, as lids do strain with passing  
time,  
A place is set among the marching,  
The child will lead the march this time.

*Doug Kane*





# The National Library of Poetry

11419-10 Cronridge Drive • Post Office Box 704 • Owings Mills, Maryland 21117 • (410) 356-2000

March 15 1995

Daug Karl  
93 N Cortez Dr  
Margate FL 33068

Re: Tomorrow Never Knows

*This publisher's proof represents your poem as it is now scheduled to appear in print. Please carefully review the publisher's proof. . . check carefully for typographical errors . . . indicate any changes directly on the proof, and return it to us in the enclosed envelope. If your poem is correct as is, please initial the proof, and return it without changes. Please note that you must certify the accuracy of this proof by making appropriate changes. **ONLY INITIAL THE PROOF IF EVERYTHING IS CORRECT.***

\* NOTE: Poems must be 20 lines or less. Only one entry per contestant.

## Sleep

The twelfth had stroked,  
As I penned my thoughts,  
My eyes began to weaken,  
But the thought of you,  
In silk and satin,  
Has kept my mind so thinking.

As sleep moves near,  
My eyes do tear,  
In great anticipation,  
To see your face,  
Your mystic eyes,  
I love you without reservation.

I'm closing for now,  
And resting my pen,  
To enter the land of dreams,  
Where you are my Princess,  
And I your Prince,  
And love our castle of means.

--Daug Karl

*4 weeks*  
Please return this proof within one week so we can make our scheduled publication date.



# The National Library of Poetry

11419-10 Cronridge Drive • Post Office Box 704 • Owings Mills, Maryland 21117 • (410) 256-2900

March 27, 1995

Doug Kane  
93 N Cartez Dr  
Margate FL 33068

Re: East of the Sunrise

Wonderful verse!  
Select for "The Sound of Poetry"  
CS

*This publisher's proof represents your poem as it is now scheduled to appear in print. Please carefully review the publisher's proof. . . check carefully for typographical errors . . . indicate any changes directly on the proof, and return it to us in the enclosed envelope. If your poem is correct as is, please initial the proof, and return it without changes. Please note that you must certify the accuracy of this proof by making appropriate changes. **ONLY INITIAL THE PROOF IF EVERYTHING IS CORRECT.***

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To

Shabby clothes and ragged hose,  
Worn with pride, adorned in style,  
Guitar in hand song in mind,  
His day began in quarter time.

He stood alone his head erect,  
A heart of gold, I have been told,  
Throughout his life, cut short by fate,  
A love emerged, but why so late.

I can't explain his wondrous gift,  
He touched the hearts of all he met,  
Fear of life, but not of death,  
He was at peace as we all wept.

He took his life one dreadful morn,  
I know not why, I can't convey,  
But do know, I'll miss-it's true,  
Hair of blond and eyes so blue.

I do believe with all my heart,  
The angels sang when he did part,  
Rejoiced for him, who was alone,  
For he was home where he belonged.

--Doug Kane

4 weeks

Please return this proof within ~~one week~~ <sup>4 weeks</sup> so we can make our scheduled publication date.