NOTE: Students are required to sign from memory two poems: The Mandatory Selection as well as one from the other three poems under Second Selection

Mandatory Selection

The Sound of Sunlight
Anna Stott

Though the silence never ends
I can hear
I can hear:
A dove in flight
The sound of sunlight
Trees dancing without wind
Stars twinkling in the night
The flowers sweet songs
The moon's soft sprite
My loves delight.
Though the silence never ends
I can hear
I can hear:
All the worlds words
All the lies
All the laughter
And all the cries
All the songs
And every sigh...
I can hear.
Second Selection I

From *By The Seaside: The Lighthouse*
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving, break unheard along its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
With strange, unearthly splendor in the glare!
sitting here...

watching my trees dance to the muted tune of a breeze
two birds lovingly wing their way through the sun-glistening
evergreen
as a hummingbird stands on the wind for a Santa-red drink from
its feeder.
squirrels play tag on the sculptured-brown forest carpet
while hundreds of bugs dance in the conical warm sun.

here I sit surrounded by my four
cats

who occasionally open their mouths as if to say they're enjoying
the view.

Life is signing to me for

there is no gentle whoosh of air through the trees,
or flipflipflipflip of the birds as they move through the air,
or the HUMMMM of the humming bird's singing wings,
or BUZZZZ of a congregation of bugs.

Where is that resounding crrruunnch of dry-crisp wintery leaves being trampled on by squirrels?

I'm learning to read the Lips of
Life.
ASL: NON-NATIVE (cont’d.)

Second Selection III

Silent Hands
Sandra Brooks

Learn my language,
My beautiful native language
Hear my hands
Hear my music and story
Learn my language
Speak to me with your hands
Share my beautiful language
Hear my silent hands
We have a tale to tell,
A song to sing
Open your eyes
And hear me speak.
ASL: NATIVE (CLASS B)

NOTE: Students are required to sign from memory two poems: The Mandatory Selection as well as one from the other three poems under Second Selection

Mandatory Selection

My Ears Can’t Hear
Louise Zawadzki

You ask me:
Why don’t I hear you?

My ears can't hear.
But my mind can race!
Learning and thinking and knowing.

My ears can't hear.
But my eyes can see!
Colors and movements and feelings.

My ears can't hear.
But my nose can smell!
Coffee and flowers and the sea!

My ears can't hear.
But my lips can taste!
Chocolate and kisses and wine.

My ears can't hear.
But my fingers can fly!
Touching and drawing and signing.

My ears can't hear.
But my heart can sing!
Joys and dreams and memories.

I ask you:
Why don't you hear me?
ASL: NATIVE (cont’d.)

Second Selection I

From By The Seaside: The Lighthouse
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving, break unheard along its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
With strange, unearthly splendor in the glare!
Second Selection II

The Loud Lips of Life
Sheri Birnbaum Dennis

sitting here…

watching my trees dance to the muted tune of a breeze
two birds lovingly wing their way through the sun-glistening
evergreen
as a hummingbird stands on the wind for a Santa-red drink from
its feeder.
squirrels play tag on the sculptured-brown forest carpet
while hundreds of bugs dance in the conical warm sun.

here I sit surrounded by my four
cats

who occasionally open their mouths as if to say they're enjoying
the view.

Life is signing to me for

there is no gentle whooosh of air through the trees,
or flipflipflipflip of the birds as they move through the air,
or the HUMMMM of the humming bird's singing wings,
or BUZZZZZ of a congregation of bugs.

Where is that resounding crrruunnch of dry-crisp wintery leaves being trampled on by squirrels?

I'm learning to read the Lips of
Life.
ASL:  NATIVE (cont’d.)

Second Selection III

Silent Hands
Sandra Brooks

Learn my language,
My beautiful native language
Hear my hands
Hear my music and story
Learn my language
Speak to me with your hands
Share my beautiful language
Hear my silent hands
We have a tale to tell,
A song to sing
Open your eyes
And hear me speak.