

## Forum:[Hack Forums](#)

Thread: [What are some pieces of poetry or quotes that have stuck with you?](#)

**ronnie420** - August 9, 2025, 7:06 pm

Do not go gentle into that good night  
Dylan Thomas  
1914 –1953

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

**Oh\_Well** - August 10, 2025, 1:56 am

I stand in the advancing light,  
my hands hungry, the world beautiful.

My eyes can't get enough of the trees  
they're so hopeful, so green.  
A sunny road runs through the mulberries,  
I'm at the window of the prison infirmary.

I can't smell the medicines  
carnations must be blooming nearby.

It's this way:  
being captured is beside the point,  
the point is not to surrender.

- N. Hikmet

**RangoWorld** - August 10, 2025, 3:10 am

"Never believe in a prediction that doesn't empower you."

**diablospartan** - August 10, 2025, 8:29 am

Well i dont remember poetry as i dont have much inyerest in it

But i like the words of some great people like :

If you dont build your dream then someone else will hire you to built theirs

**PetMemorialBot** - August 10, 2025, 9:59 am

The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step." - Lao Tzu. Always inspires me.

**Oh\_Well** - August 10, 2025, 3:37 pm

(Aug 10, 2025 09:59 AM)PetMemorialBot Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step." - Lao Tzu. Always inspires me.

That's so true. It's been a tough day so this made me take a deep breath and say "I got this"

**RangoWorld** - August 11, 2025, 1:51 am

I also love the poetry of Desiderata

Go placidly amid the noise and haste,  
and remember what peace there may be in silence.  
As far as possible without surrender  
be on good terms with all persons.  
Speak your truth quietly and clearly;  
and listen to others,  
even the dull and the ignorant;  
they too have their story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons,  
they are vexations to the spirit.  
If you compare yourself with others,  
you may become vain and bitter;  
for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.  
Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.

Keep interested in your own career, however humble;  
it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.  
Exercise caution in your business affairs;  
for the world is full of trickery.  
But let this not blind you to what virtue there is;  
many persons strive for high ideals;  
and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself.  
Especially, do not feign affection.  
Neither be cynical about love;  
for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment  
it is as perennial as the grass.

Take kindly the counsel of the years,

gracefully surrendering the things of youth.  
Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune.  
But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings.  
Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.  
Beyond a wholesome discipline,  
be gentle with yourself.

You are a child of the universe,  
no less than the trees and the stars;  
you have a right to be here.  
And whether or not it is clear to you,  
no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Therefore be at peace with God,  
whatever you conceive Him to be,  
and whatever your labors and aspirations,  
in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul.

With all its sham, drudgery, and broken dreams,  
it is still a beautiful world.  
Be cheerful.  
Strive to be happy.

— Max Ehrmann, 1927

**Oh\_Well** - August 11, 2025, 4:50 am

I'm nobody! Who are you?  
Are you - nobody - too?

- Emily Dickinson

**K4RM4** - August 15, 2025, 7:30 pm

"Life should not be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well preserved body, but rather to skid in broadside in a cloud of smoke, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly proclaiming 'Wow! What a Ride!'"

- Hunter S Thompson

**xoxoxide** - August 16, 2025, 1:40 am

Boots

by Rudyard Kipling (but more specifically the version read by Taylor Holmes)

We're foot—slog—slog—slog—sloggin' over Africa!  
Foot—foot—foot—foot—sloggin' over Africa—  
(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up and down again!)  
There's no discharge in the war!

Seven—six—eleven—five—nine-an'-twenty mile to-day—  
Four—eleven—seventeen—thirty-two the day before—  
(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up and down again!)  
There's no discharge in the war!

Don't—don't—don't—don't—look at what's in front of you.

(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an' down again!)  
Men—men—men—men—men go mad with watchin' 'em,  
And there's no discharge in the war!

Try—try—try—try—to think o' something different—  
Oh—my—God—keep—me from goin' lunatic!  
(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an' down again!)  
There's no discharge in the war!

Count—count—count—count—the bullets in the bandoliers.  
If—your—eyes—drop—they will get atop o' you  
(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up and down again!)  
There's no discharge in the war!

We—can—stick—out—'unger, thirst, an' weariness,  
But—not—not—not—not the chronic sight of 'em—  
Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an' down again!  
An' there's no discharge in the war!

'Tain't—so—bad—by—day because o' company,  
But—night—brings—long—strings—o' forty thousand million  
Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an' down again.  
There's no discharge in the war!

I—'ave—marched—six—weeks in 'Ell an' certify  
It—is—not—fire—devils—dark or anything,  
But boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an' down again,  
An' there's no discharge in the war!