art in the garden presents in celebration of national poetry month • saturday • april 25 • 7p

Let us go then, you and I • I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked • Because I could not stop for Death • I celebrate myself, and sing myself • I have gone out, a possessed witch • He came home. Said nothing • If music be the food of love, play on • The moving finger writes; and, having writ, Moves on •Do not go gentle into that good night • And miles to go before I sleep • that the powerful play goes on and you may contribute a verse • Let us go then, you and I • I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madress, starving hysterical naked • Because I could not stop for Death • I celebrate myself, and sing myself • I have gone out, a possessed witch • He came home. Said nothing • If music be the food of love, play on • The moving finger writes; and, having writ, Moves on •Do not go gentle into that good night. And miles to go before I sleep • that the powerful play goes on and you may contribute a verse • Let us go then, you and I • I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked • Because I could not stop for Death • I celebrate myself, and sing myself • I have gone out, a possessed witch • He came home. Said nothing • If music be the food of love, play on • The moving finger writes; and, having writ, Moves on Do not go gentle into that good night • And miles to go before I sleep • that the powerful play goes on and you may contribute a verse • Let us go then, you and I • I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked • Because I could not stop for Death • I celebrate myself, and sing myself • I have gone out, a possessed witch • He came home. Said nothing • music be the food of love, play on • The moving finger writes; and, having writ, Moves on •Do not go gentle into that good night • And miles to go before I sleep · that the powerful play goes on and you may contribute a verse · Let us go then, you and I · I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked • Because I could not stop for Death • I celebrate myself, and sing myself • I have gone out, a possessed witch • He came home. Said nothing • If music be the food of love, play on • The moving finger writes, and, having writ, Moves on •Do not go gentle into that good night • And miles to go before I sleep • that the powerful play goes on and you may contribute a verse • Let us go then, you and I • I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked • Because I could not stop for Death • I celebrate myself, and sing myself • I have gone out, a possessed witch • He came home. Said nothing • If music be the food of love, play on • The moving finger writes; and, having writ, Moves on •Do not go gentle into that good night • And miles to go before I sleep • that the powerful play goes on and you may contribute a verse • Let us go then, you and I • I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked • Because I could not stop for Death • I celebrate myself, and sing myself • I have gone out, a possessed witch • He

foothills arts council • 129 church st • elkin

- open mic poetry readings live music poet performer MICHAEL BEAULE
- wine & refreshments
 free admission
 www.foothillsartscouncil.org