

A Project Report on  
**“An Anthology of poems on Self- Motivation”** Submitted  
by

1. G. Sujatha- BA (220771041291005)
2. M. Mamatha- BA (220771041291010)
3. D. Vinni- BA (220771043531004)
4. B. Manasa- B. Com (220771044021012)
5. J. Dharmeshwari- B. Com (220771044021025)
6. J. Priyanka- Life Sciences (220771044451008)
7. K. Deekshitha- Life Sciences (220771044571005)
8. N. Anjumalika- MPCs (220771044681025)
9. M.Saraswathi- MPCs (220771044681023)
10. G.Shireesha- MPCs (220771044681011)

Under the guidance  
Of  
Rehana Iffath

HOD, Department of English



**Telangana Tribal Welfare Residential Degree  
College for Women, Sircilla.**

(Affiliated to Satavahana University)

(2022- 23)

**Telangana Tribal Welfare Residential Degree College for Women,  
Thangallapally, Rajanna Sircilla  
(Affiliated to Satavahana University)**

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**CERTIFICATE**

This is to certify that G. Sujatha- BA, M. Mamatha- BA, D. Vinni- BA, B. Manasa- B. Com, J. Dharmeshwari- B. Com, J. Priyanka- Life Sciences, K. Deekshitha- Life Sciences, N. Anjumalika- MPCs, M. Saraswathi- MPCs, G. Shireesha- MPCs , students of Telangana Tribal Welfare Residential Degree college (W) have successfully completed their English Project report on “An Anthology of poems on Self- Motivation” under the guidance of Rehana Iffath.

First Year Students of academic year 2022-23

  
Faculty Signature

  
HOD Signature

  
**Principal**  
**TWRDC (W) SIRCILLA**  
Dist: Rajanna Sircilla

# A Project report on “ An Anthology of poems on Self- Motivation”-

## Introduction-

### • WHAT IS AN ANTHOLOGY?

An Anthology is a collection of selected literary pieces or passages or works of art or music.

**Ex:** The Peacock Lute: Anthology of Poems in English by Indians (1945) ed. and published by V. N. Bhushan, Padma Publications.

### • TYPES OF ANTHOLOGIES?

Haiku, Sonnet, Free verse, Acrostic, Elegy, Limerick, Ode, Villanelle, Poetry, Sestina, Concrete Poetry, Epic, Ballad, Ekphrasis, Pantoum, Cinquain, Epigram, Anagrammatic Poetry, Ghazal, Blackout Poems

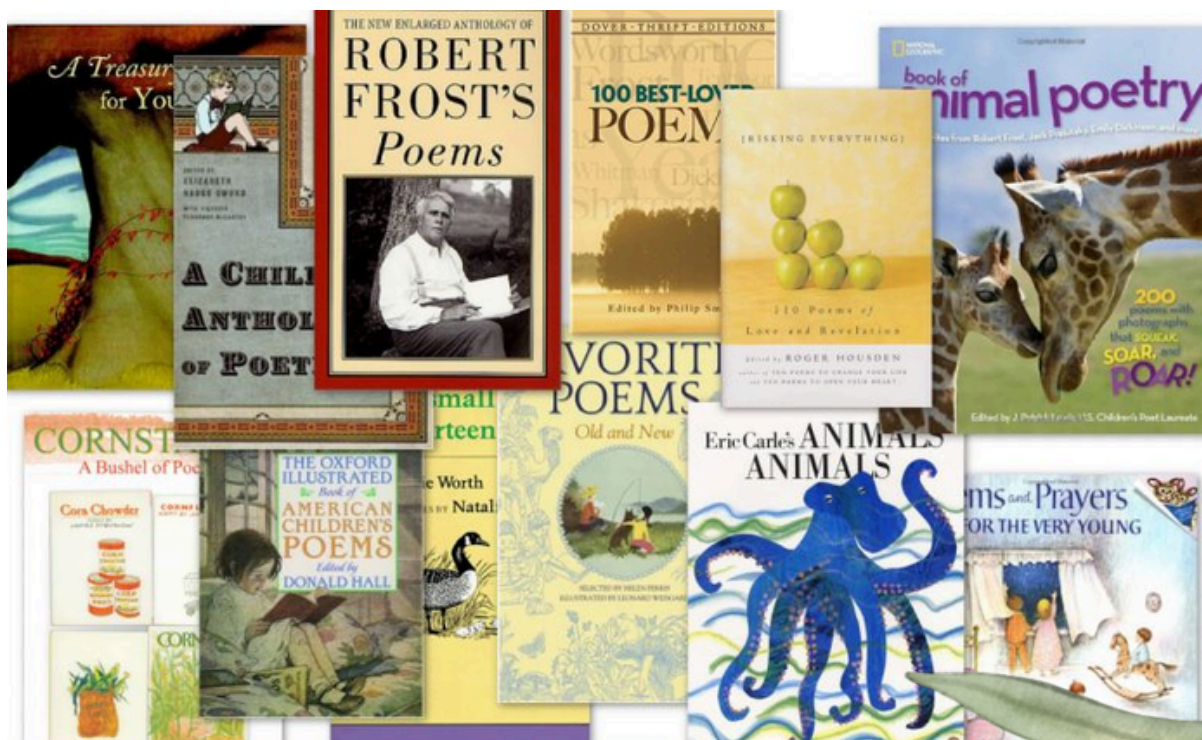


Fig. 1 Different types of poem Anthologies

# POEMS ON SELF-MOTIVATION:

- **Be the best of whatever you are – Douglas Malloch.**

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,  
Be a scrub in the valley — but be  
The best little scrub by the side of the rill;  
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass,  
And some highway happier make;  
If you can't be a muskie then just be a bass —  
But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,  
There's something for all of us here,  
There's big work to do, and there's lesser to do,  
And the task you must do is the near.

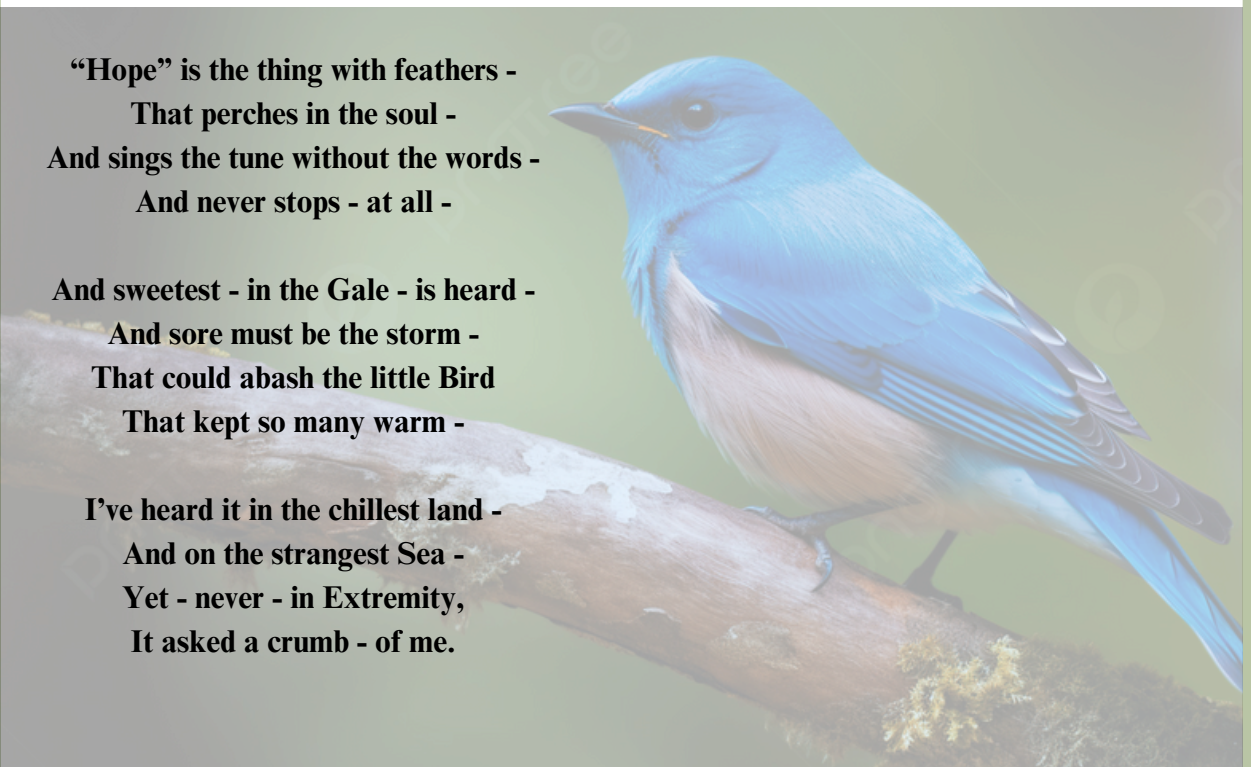
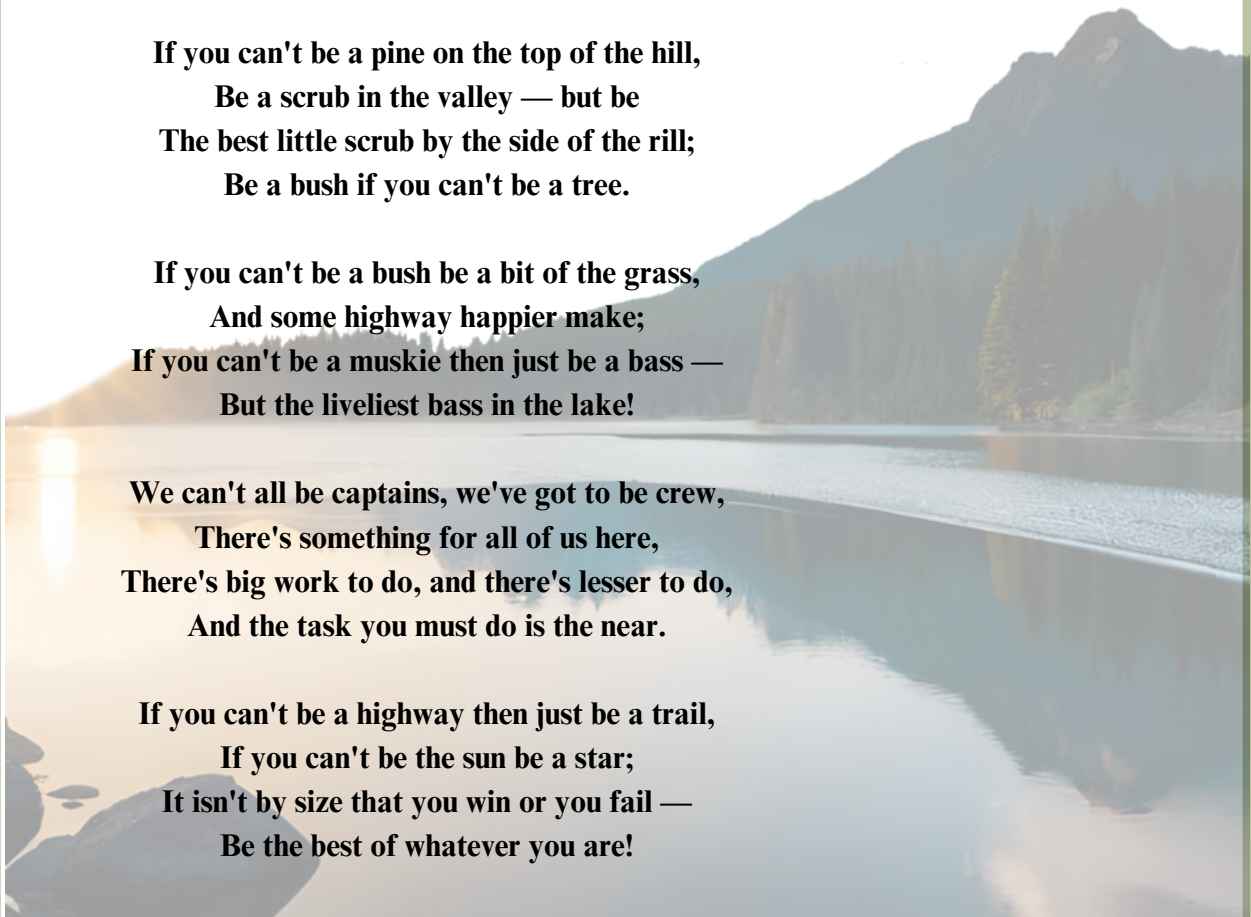
If you can't be a highway then just be a trail,  
If you can't be the sun be a star;  
It isn't by size that you win or you fail —  
Be the best of whatever you are!

- **"Hope" is the thing with feathers – Emily Dickinson.**

"Hope" is the thing with feathers -  
That perches in the soul -  
And sings the tune without the words -  
And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -  
And sore must be the storm -  
That could abash the little Bird  
That kept so many warm -

I've heard it in the chilliest land -  
And on the strangest Sea -  
Yet - never - in Extremity,  
It asked a crumb - of me.



• **'My Mind to Me a Kingdom is' - Sir Edward Dyer.**

My mind to me a kingdom is;  
Such perfect joy therein I find  
That it excels all other bliss  
Which God or nature hath assign'd.  
Though much I want that most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely port, nor wealthy store,  
No force to win a victory,  
No wily wit to salve a sore,  
No shape to win a loving eye;  
To none of these I yield as thrall,—  
For why? my mind despise them all.

I see that plenty surfeit oft,  
And hasty climbers soonest fall;  
I see that such as are aloft  
Mishap doth threaten most of all.  
These get with toil and keep with fear;  
Such cares my mind can never bear.

I press to bear no haughty sway,  
I wish no more than may suffice,  
I do no more than well I may,  
Look, what I want my mind supplies.  
Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,  
My mind content with anything.

I laugh not at another's loss,  
Nor grudge not at another's gain;  
No worldly waves my mind can toss;  
I brook that is another's bane.  
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend,  
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,  
And conscience clear my chief defence;  
I never seek by bribes to please,  
Nor by desert to give offence.  
Thus do I live, thus will I die,—  
Would all did so as well as I!

• **Invictus- W. E. Henley.**

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul.

• **If- Rudyard Kipling.**

**If you can keep your head when all about you**

**Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,**

**If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,**

**But make allowance for their doubting too;**

**If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,**

**Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,**

**Or being hated, don't give way to hating,**

**And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:**

**If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;**

**If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;**

**If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster**

**And treat those two impostors just the same;**

**If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken**

**Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,**

**Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,**

**And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:**

**If you can make one heap of all your winnings**

**And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,**

**And lose, and start again at your beginnings**

**And never breathe a word about your loss;**

**If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew**

**To serve your turn long after they are gone,**

**And so hold on when there is nothing in you**

**Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'**

**If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,**

**Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,**

**If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,**

**If all men count with you, but none too much;**

**If you can fill the unforgiving minute**

**With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,**

**Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,**

**And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!**

• **Success - Ralph Waldo Emerson.**

**To laugh often and much;**

**To win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children;**

**To earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends;**

**To appreciate beauty,**

**To find the best in others,**

**To leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child,**

**A garden patch or a redeemed social condition;**

**To know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived.**

**This is to have succeeded.**

• 'Phenomenal Woman' - Maya Angelou . .

Pretty women wonder where my  
secret lies.

I'm not cute or built to suit a  
fashion model's size  
But when I start to tell them,  
They think I'm telling lies.

I say,  
It's in the reach of my arms  
The span of my hips,  
The stride of my step,  
The curl of my lips.  
I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.

I walk into a room  
Just as cool as you please,  
And to a man,  
The fellows stand or  
Fall down on their knees.  
Then they swarm around me,  
A hive of honey bees.

I say,  
It's the fire in my eyes,  
And the flash of my teeth,  
The swing in my waist,  
And the joy in my feet.  
I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.

Men themselves have wondered  
What they see in me.

They try so much  
But they can't touch  
My inner mystery.  
When I try to show them  
They say they still can't see.

I say,  
It's in the arch of my back,  
The sun of my smile,  
The ride of my breasts,  
The grace of my style.  
I'm a woman

Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.

Now you understand  
Just why my head's not bowed.  
I don't shout or jump about  
Or have to talk real loud.  
When you see me passing  
It ought to make you proud.

I say,  
It's in the click of my heels,  
The bend of my hair,  
the palm of my hand,  
The need of my care,  
'Cause I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.

**-The End-**