

NOTES

This collection of historical poems serves as a tribute to the legacy of John F. Kennedy. The drama mask icons are simply visible to show the performer where to turn his/her pages in the manuscript. Whether performed by a male or female, these poems should be performed with 100% honesty. The key to the performance of these poems lays in the performer's ability to visual the events as they happen. The performer should think of himself/herself as an actual witness those fateful days in November 1963. Actually see the limousine turn the corner. See Jackie hold his head. See the limousine speed past. See Jackie walk the streets of Pennsylvania Avenue. See little John-John salute his father's coffin. See the planes overhead at Arlington National Cemetery. See the lone bugler. Think of yourself as an actual witness. Create the environment for the audience. When the performer sees the events happening, the audience will come closer to believing you were, indeed, there at the time. Remember, these are important moments in America's history. Perform them with respect, and the audience should truly be moved.

Camelot

Kennedy loved the musical, *Camelot*.

Camelot, a mythical kingdom,
Where people are forced to make irreversible decisions.
Where men never leave.
Where the land is filled with undying devotion
And eternal love.

That's what Kennedy offered us.
He offered hope.
He offered dreams,
And, of course, a happy ending



November 22, 1963

Like anxious children on Christmas morning,
The streets of Dallas are filled with anticipation.
Cheering onlookers,
Who sacrificed their lunch hour,
Await the arrival of our beloved President.

The open-air limousine turns onto Elm Street.
President Kennedy smiles from the backseat,
While Jackie, sitting beside him,
Adorned in her trademark, pink, pillbox hat,
Waves to the friendly crowd.



Suddenly, three gunshots shatter the air,
And the street erupts in chaos.

President Kennedy is shot.
Shot in the neck.
Shot in the head.

As if in slow motion,
President Kennedy's body
Slides down the backseat of the limo.
As if by instinct,
Jackie cradles her husband's head
Into her lap.

The limousine races to Parkland Hospital.

Thirty minutes later, we hear the news.
President Kennedy is dead.

