HISTORY POEM CONTEST!

Poet Irene Latham turned the story of the Titanic into a beautiful poem. Let her poem inspire you to write your own poem and enter our contest!

Titanic Remembers, April 16, 1912

By Irene Latham

My maiden voyage interrupted by an iceberg clawing at my hull.

And still my engines chugged, unsinkable unsinkable unsinkable.

Alas, my armor could not hold: I tipped like a top and dipped ever so slowly lower and lower into the icy Atlantic.

Oh, my passengers and crew, how I failed you! Not enough lifeboats, not enough time for rescue. In the end, what could I do but sink and hide?

It's true a ship cannot cry, but every day I mourn the many lives lost that bleakest blackest night.


TITANIC SINKS FOUR HOURS AFTER HITTING ICEBERG; 866 RESCUED BY CARPATHIA, PROBABLY 1250 PERISH: ISMAY SAFE, MRS. ASTOR MAYBE, NOTED NAMES MISSING