

Poetic form or technique	Figurative Language	Example poem
1. Free verse	Extended metaphor	"The Quiet Room"
2. quatrain poem	metaphor	"She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways"
3. Sijo (Korean poem)		"You ask how many friends"
4. Tanka (Japanese poem)		"On the white sand"
5. concrete poem		"Star Light" Stephen Neville
6. cento poem		"Wolf Cento," Simone Muench
7. sonnet poem		"Since There is No Escape" Sara Teasdale
8. villanelle poem	assonance	"Do not go gentle," Dylan Thomas
9. limerick poem		"There was an old man with a beard" by Edward Lear
10. ode poem	apostrophe	"Ode to Tuna" Pablo Neruda
11. elegy poem		"Do not stand at my grave and weep" by Mary Elizabeth Frye
12.	Hyperbole, overstatement	Funeral Blues
13.	consonance	Strange Fruit
14.	simile	The Child Who Walked Backward
15.	Oxymoron, paradox	Cry for Help
16.	allusion	Big Yellow Taxi
17.	anaphora	Famous by Naomi Shihab Nye
18.	personification	Vegetarians
19. confessional poem		"My Papa's Waltz"
20. refrain technique		"Dreams" Langston Hughes
21.		Legal Aliens Pat Mora
22.		Elena Pat Mora

Vegetarians by Roger McGough

Vegetarians are cruel, unthinking people.
Everybody knows that a carrot screams when grated.
That peach bleeds when torn apart.
Do you believe an orange insensitive
to thumbs gouging out its flesh?
Potatoes, skinned alive and boiled,
the soil's little lobsters.
Don't tell me it doesn't hurt
when peas are ripped from the bed,
the hide flayed off sprouts,
cabbage shredded, onions beheaded.

Throw in the shovel
and lay down the rake.
Mow no more.
Let my people go!

Legal Alien
by Pat Mora

Bi-lingual, Bi-cultural,
able to slip from "How's life?"
to "*Me'stan volviendo loca*,"
able to sit in a paneled office
drafting memos in smooth English,
able to order in fluent Spanish
at a Mexican restaurant,
American but hyphenated,
viewed by Anglos as perhaps exotic,
perhaps inferior, definitely different,
viewed by Mexicans as alien,
(their eyes say, "You may speak
Spanish but you're not like me")
an American to Mexicans
a Mexican to Americans
a handy token
sliding back and forth
between the fringes of both worlds
by smiling
by masking the discomfort
of being pre-judged
Bi-laterally.

From Chants by Pat Mora, Arte Publico Press

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My Spanish isn't good enough
I remember how I'd smile
Listening my little ones
Understanding every word they'd say,
Their jokes, their songs, their plots
Vamos a pedirle dulces a mama. Vamos.
But that was in Mexico.
Now my children go to American High Schools.
They speak English. At night they sit around the
Kitchen table, laugh with one another.
I stand at the stove and feel dumb, alone.
I bought a book to learn English.
My husband frowned, drank more beer.
My oldest said, 'Mama, he doesn't want you to
Be smarter than he is' I'm forty,
Embarrassed at mispronouncing words,
Embarrassed at the laughter of my children,
The grocery, the mailman. Sometimes I take
my English book and lock myself in the bathroom,
say the thick words softly, for if I stop trying, I will be deaf
when my children need my help.

[Pat Mora](#)

Still I Rise

Maya Angelou, 1928 – 2014

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,

Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.
I rise
I rise

I rise.

The Child Who Walks Backwards by Lorna Crozier

My next-door neighbor tells me
her child runs into things.
Cupboard corners and doorknobs
have pounded their shapes
into his face. She says
he is bothered by dreams,
rises in sleep from his bed
to steal through the halls
and tumble like a wounded bird
down the flight of stairs.

This child who climbed my maple
with the sureness of a cat,
trips in his room, cracks
his skull on the bedpost,
smacks his cheeks on the floor.
When I ask about the burns
on the back of his knee,
his mother tells me
he walks backwards
into fireplace grates
or sits and stares at flames
while sparks burn stars in his skin.

Other children write their names
on the casts that hold
his small bones.
His mother tells me
he runs into things,
walks backwards,
breaks his leg
while she lies
sleeping.

["Cry for Help"](#) 

Dreary, drab day pressing in on me
until like gray, gloomy clouds filled
to saturation, my tears overflow.
I silently scream for help
That never seems to come.

A tiny ray of sunshine would lift
the load of sorrow that threatens
to swamp my sorrowing soul.
Oh, for the storm to part enough
to let that ray shine on me.

Help me, please help me withstand
this heavy, bloated burden
pressing on my weary mind.
Please give me relief that
only You have ever brought.

Wrap me in Your comfort,
wrap me in Your love
until I can stand and watch

the sunrise break the day
with joy and thanksgiving once more.

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Big Yellow Taxi by Joni Mitchell

They paved paradise
and put up a parking lot
with a pink hotel, a boutique
and a swinging hot spot.

Don't it always seem to go
that you don't know what you've got
till it's gone?

They paved paradise
and put up a parking lot.

They took all the trees
Put 'em in a tree museum,
and they charged the people
a dollar and a half just to see 'em.

Hey, farmer!
Put away that DDT now.
Give me spots on my apples,
but leave me the birds and the bees,
please!

Late last night
I heard the screen door slam,
and a big yellow taxi
took away my old man.

Don't it always seem to go
that you don't know what you've got
till it's gone?

They paved paradise
and put up a parking lot

They paved paradise
and put up a parking lot.

Strange fruit, Billie Holiday song/poem

Southern trees bear a strange fruit,
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root,
Black bodies swinging in the southern breeze,
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees.

Pastoral scene of the gallant south,
The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth,
Scent of magnolias, sweet and fresh,
Then the sudden smell of burning flesh.

Here is fruit for the crows to pluck,
For the rain to gather, for the wind to suck,

For the sun to rot, for the trees to drop,
Here is a strange and bitter crop.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6erdZsFWJbM>

Famous
BY NAOMI SHIHAB NYE

The river is famous to the fish.

The loud voice is famous to silence,
which knew it would inherit the earth
before anybody said so.

The cat sleeping on the fence is famous to the birds
watching him from the birdhouse.

The tear is famous, briefly, to the cheek.

The idea you carry close to your bosom
is famous to your bosom.

The boot is famous to the earth,
more famous than the dress shoe,
which is famous only to floors.

The bent photograph is famous to the one who carries it
and not at all famous to the one who is pictured.

I want to be famous to shuffling men
who smile while crossing streets,
sticky children in grocery lines,
famous as the one who smiled back.

I want to be famous in the way a pulley is famous,
or a buttonhole, not because it did anything spectacular,
but because it never forgot what it could do.

Wystan Hugh Auden (1907-1973)
Funeral Blues (Song IX / from Two Songs for Hedli Anderson)

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone.
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling in the sky the message He is Dead,
Put crêpe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever, I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun.

Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

Blogs

kiddblog.org/LiteraryScholarsBlog

Due Thursday night by 11:59 pm.

Option A – Read a Poem or Song and write three paragraphs – the meaning, the form, and your opinion

Introduce the poem/song

- title
- poet, singer (or songwriter)

paragraph 1: Discuss the content or meaning of the poem

- what do you know about the speaker
- what subject is the speaker thinking about
- what is the tension, conflict, or problem the speaker is noticing about the subject
- what is the speaker's tone/attitude on the subject
- where in the poem/song is there a shift or discovery to show the speaker's purpose or point of this poem/song
- what does the speaker want us to know about the world, life, or human beings
- give specific examples from the text (for example, the text says)

paragraph 2: Discuss the form and technique of the poem

- Can you say what the form is – ode, elegy, quatrain, villanelle, ballad, sonnet, confessional? How do you know?
- What do you notice about the line breaks – how the poet decided where to make a new line? What is emphasized by the line breaks? Ideas, refrain, rhyme, similar sounding words, meter (syllables per line)? How do you know?
- What techniques add figurative meaning – symbol, personification, simile, metaphor, apostrophe, assonance, consonance, alliteration, allusion, anaphora, hyperbole, and/or oxymoron, refrain?

paragraph 3: End with how this poem or song makes you feel or speaks to you or your life. Do you like it? Why or why not.

Option B – Read a book of your choice and complete the blog as we've done in the past

Option C – Read an article from a newspaper or magazine (be sure it has an author) and complete the blog as we've done in the past (nonfiction)

Option D -- Write a parody or poem inspired by the poem or form of poetry we discussed in class followed by brief explanation.

paragraph 1: This is not really a paragraph. Poems are rarely in paragraph form but rather in carefully selected lines that follow a certain meter or rhyme scheme. Therefore, this first part of your blog should be YOUR poem.

paragraph 2: Explain what inspired you to write this poem – another poem, a certain form? Why? Then, talk about how you wrote the poem? What ideas did you want to communicate? Who is your speaker? What is the subject? What is the speaker's tone toward the subject? What is the message or purpose of your poem? What techniques did you try – a certain meter for rhythm, rhyme scheme, simile, metaphor, personification, allusion, apostrophe, anaphora, refrain, consonance, oxymoron, and/or hyperbole?

"The Quiet Room," Evelyn Lau

Naked feet
flop over the edge of the mattress
in Quiet Room #4.

The silence is a dead creature
stirring decay into the air conditioning
disguised by water dripping from a tap
a roll of toilet paper unbalancing from the toilet rim
scuttling across the floor,
noises swarming like flies over a carcass.

The observation camera blinks
at the flower of blood wilting on the ground
puckered as an old woman's lips,
the signature of a nurse stealing life
through a hole in the patient's arm.

Her dreams unfold now, in the air:
knives licking doctors' throats
dynamite to fragment the brick walls:
the cold barrels, their fear!
mirrored back into her eyes.

The observation camera swivels its attention
to the next patient:
his screaming.

This Is Just To Say,

by [William Carlos Williams](#)

I have eaten
the plums
that were in
the icebox

and which
you were probably
saving
for breakfast.

Forgive me;
they were delicious
so sweet
and so cold.

**Tom's Diner – snapshot
poem/song**

Tom's Diner

I am sitting
In the morning
At the diner
On the corner

I am waiting
At the counter
For the man
To pour the coffee

And he fills it
Only halfway
And before
I even argue

He is looking
Out the window
At somebody
Coming in

"It is always
Nice to see you"
Says the man
Behind the counter

To the woman
Who has come in
She is shaking
Her umbrella

And I look
The other way
As they are kissing
Their hellos

I'm pretending
Not to see them
And Instead
I pour the milk

I open
Up the paper
There's a story
Of an actor

Who had died
While he was drinking
He was no one
I had heard of

And I'm turning
To the horoscope
And looking
For the funnies

When I'm feeling
Someone watching me
And so
I raise my head

There's a woman
On the outside
Looking inside

Does she see me?

No she does not
Really see me
Cause she sees
Her own reflection

And I'm trying
Not to notice
That she's hitching
Up her skirt

And while she's
Straightening her stockings
Her hair
Is getting wet

Oh, this rain
It will continue
Through the morning
As I'm listening

To the bells
Of the cathedral
I am thinking
Of your voice...

And of the midnight picnic
Once upon a time
Before the rain began...

I finish up my coffee
It's time to catch the train

She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways
BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

*You ask how many friends I have? Water and stone, bamboo and pine.
The moon rising over the eastern hill is a joyful comrade.
Besides these five companions, what other pleasure should I ask?*

Sijo by ...Yon Son-do (1587)

*On the white sand
Of the beach of a small isle
In the Eastern Sea
I, my face streaked with tears,
Am playing with a crab*

Tanka by Ishikawa Tokuboku

<http://simplycsun.com/2013/12/07/on-white-sand/>

Stephen Neville
Starlight

<http://examples.yourdictionary.com/examples-of-concrete-poems.html>

Star
Light
Star bright,
Star shining
In the dark of
night, over a cavern deep and dark, Inside the cave
a baby's born, who shall die on the cross, But
Do not mourn, for he is the one to save
our race, for we have fallen
from grace, Three kings
and three shepherds have
Come by your light, through
this cold, dark, and
winter y nig
h t.

Stephen Neville

Wolf Cento by Simone Muench

Very quick. Very intense, like a wolf
at a live heart, the sun breaks down.

What is important is to avoid
the time allotted for disavowels
as the livid wound

leaves a trace leaves an abscess
takes its contraction for those clouds
that dip thunder & vanish
like rose leaves in closed jars.

Age approaches, slowly. But it cannot
crystal bone into thin air.

The small hours open their wounds for me.

This is a woman's confession:

I keep this wolf because the wilderness gave it to me.

Since There Is No Escape
BY [SARA TEASDALE](#)

Since there is no escape, since at the end
My body will be utterly destroyed,
This hand I love as I have loved a friend,
This body I tended, wept with and enjoyed;
Since there is no escape even for me
Who love life with a love too sharp to bear:
The scent of orchards in the rain, the sea
And hours alone too still and sure for prayer—
Since darkness waits for me, then all the more
Let me go down as waves sweep to the shore
In pride, and let me sing with my last breath;
In these few hours of light I lift my head;
Life is my lover—I shall leave the dead
If there is any way to baffle death.

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.

“Six Types of People” by Laurence Lensmire

The House is on Fire.
The people in the house are
Sleeping and in great danger
Seven of their neighbors will come along
Each with an opportunity to save them

Person #1
Does not see the fire
Consumed in his own thoughts
He passes by in ignorant oblivion

Person #2
Sees the fire
But, not wanting to get involved
Walks on by

Person #3
Sees the fire
But, shocked and terrified
Is left immobilized in a state of panic

Person #4
Sees the fire
And immediately takes action
First, phoning the fire department
Then, knocking on the door to
Wake up the inhabitants

Person #5
Sees the fire
And, daring what no one else would
Enters the house to try to
Save the inhabitants

Person #6
Sees the fire
Surveys the scene
And discovers an opportunity
To promote his own interests and
Make a buck
(He's the one handing out
His business card to sell his stuff)

Person #7
Set the fire
And lurks unnoticed
Watching the destruction
Not caring really
About anything at all.
The house is Mother Earth.

<http://www.elephantjournal.com/2012/08/six-types-of-people-which-one-are-you-laurence-overmire/>

There was an Old Man with a Beard

BY EDWARD LEAR

There was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared!—
Two Owls and a Hen, four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard.

Ode to Salt
by Pablo Neruda

This salt
in the salt cellar
I once saw in the salt mines.
I know
you won't
believe me
but
it sings
salt sings, the skin
of the salt mines
sings
with a mouth smothered
by the earth.
I shivered in those
solitudes
when I heard
the voice
of
the salt
in the desert.
Near Antofagasta
the nitrous
pampa
resounds:
a
broken
voice,
a mournful
song.

In its caves
the salt moans, mountain
of buried light,
translucent cathedral,
crystal of the sea, oblivion
of the waves.
And then on every table
in the world,
salt,
we see your piquant
powder
sprinkling
vital light
upon
our food.
Preserver
of the ancient

holds of ships,
discoverer
on
the high seas,
earliest
sailor
of the unknown, shifting
byways of the foam.
Dust of the sea, in you
the tongue receives a kiss
from ocean night:
taste imparts to every seasoned
dish your ocean essence;
the smallest,
miniature
wave from the saltcellar
reveals to us
more than domestic whiteness;
in it, we taste infinitude.

Do Not Stand by My Grave and Weep
By Mary Elizabeth Frye

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there; I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sun on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there; I did not die.

My Papa's Waltz
BY THEODORE ROETHKE

The whiskey on your breath
Could make a small boy dizzy;
But I hung on like death:
Such waltzing was not easy.

We romped until the pans
Slid from the kitchen shelf;
My mother's countenance
Could not unfrown itself.

The hand that held my wrist
Was battered on one knuckle;
At every step you missed
My right ear scraped a buckle.

You beat time on my head
With a palm caked hard by dirt,
Then waltzed me off to bed
Still clinging to your shirt.

~~Dans~~
Langston Hughes, 1902 – 1967

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

Eng.

What is Poetry?

A poem may appear to mean very different things to different readers, and all of these meanings may be different from what the author thought he meant. For instance, the author may have been writing some peculiar personal experience, which he saw quite unrelated to anything outside; yet for the reader the poem may become the expression of a general situation, as well as of some private experience of his own. The reader's interpretation may differ from the author's and be equally valid-- it may even be better. There may be much more in a poem than the author was aware of. The different interpretations may all be partial formulations of one thing; the ambiguities may be due to the fact that the poem means more, not less, than ordinary speech can communicate.

T.S. Eliot

What is a Poet?

A poet is somebody who feels, and who expresses his feelings through words.

This may sound easy. It isn't.

A lot of people think or believe or know they feel -- but that's thinking or believing or knowing; not feeling. and poetry is feeling -- not knowing or believing or thinking.

Almost anybody can learn to think or believe or know, but not a single human being can be taught to feel. Why? Because whenever you think or you believe or you know, you're a lot of other people; but the moment you feel, you're NOBODY-BUT-YOURSELF.

e.e. cummings

The Shark

E. J. Pratt

He seemed to know the harbour,
So leisurely he swam;
His fin,
Like a piece of sheet-iron,
Three-cornered,
And with knife-edge,
Stirred not a bubble
As it moved
With its base-line on the water.

His body was tubular
And tapered
And smoke-blue,
And as he passed the wharf
He turned,
And snapped at a flat-fish
That was dead and floating.
And I saw the flash of a white throat,
And a double row of white teeth,
And eyes of metallic grey,
Hard and narrow and slit.

Then out of the harbour,
With that three-cornered fin

Shearing without a bubble the water
Lithely,
Leisurely,
He swam—
That strange fish,
Tubular, tapered, smoke-blue,
Part vulture, part wolf,

Dreams Deferred by Langston Hughes
What happens to a dream deferred?
Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore--
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over--
like a syrupy sweet?
Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.
Or does it explode?