

“One Boy Told Me”

This found poem was written by a mother of a young son, after recording many things he said.

Music lives inside my legs.
It's coming out when I talk.
I'm going to send my valentines
To people you don't even know.
Oatmeal cookies make my throat gallop.
Grown-ups keep their feet on the ground
When they swing. I hate that.
Look at those 2 o's with a smash in the
middle —
That spells good-bye.
Don't ever say “purpose” again,
Let's throw that word out.
Don't talk big to me.
I'm carrying my box of faces.
If I want to change faces I will.
Yesterday faded
But tomorrow's in **BOLDFACE**.
When I grow up my old names
Will live in the house
Where we live now.
I'll come and visit them.
Only one of my eyes is tired.
The other eye and my body aren't.
Is it true that all metal was liquid first?
Does that mean if we bought our car
earlier they could have served it
in a cup?
There's a stopper in my arm
that's not going to let me grow any bigger.
I'll be like this always, small.
And I will be deep water too.
Wait. Just wait. How deep is the river?
Would it cover the tallest man with his
hands in the air?
Your head is a souvenir.
When you were in New York I could see
you in real life walking in my mind.
I'll invite a bee to live in your shoe.
What if you found your shoe
full of honey?
What if the clock said 6:92

instead of 6:30? Would you be scared?
My tongue is the car wash
for the spoon.

Can noodles swim?
My toes are dictionaries.
Do you need any words?
From now on I'll only drink white milk
on January 26.

What does minus mean?
I never want to minus you.
Just think—no one has ever seen
inside this peanut before!
It is hard being a person.
I do and don't love you—
isn't that happiness?

by Naomi Shihab Nye

Out of Control

Here's a found poem that was written based on the news on television.

"The president will come to town..."
"The price of beans is coming down..."
"I'll love you till the end of time..."
"But shooting ducks should be a crime..."
"We've never had a better sale..."
"We'll have to break them out of jail..."
"The Pope arrived to lead the prayers..."
"The Dallas Cowboys beat the Bears..."
"The temperature is three below..."
"These vitamins will help you grow..."
What's going on? Well, bless my soul!
Baby's got the remote control.

by Bruce Lansky

Writing a Found or Verbatim Poem *From verbatimpoeetry.com*

The idea is simple. Extract a whole passage of text from a non-poetic source and arrange it, word for word, into lines. Give it a title. And that's it.

But if you're going to get jazzy, here are some guidelines:

What's a non-poetic source?

Not a poem. Or song lyrics. Or intentionally poetic prose. The spirit of Verbatim is to find poetry in words that were not originally and primarily intended to be poetic – the more ordinary the better.

Can I change the text to fit the poem?

You can enhance it for presentation, for example:

- Take out a word here or there or flip a contraction (don't/do not) to make a line better
- Add or remove punctuation marks to make them consistent or for effect
- Denote speech, change of voice or emphasize words with italics
- Replace numerals and symbols with words

But don't change so much that you create the poetry instead of finding it:

- Don't insert your own words
- Don't delete words so that the meaning of the text changes significantly
- Don't cherry pick words and phrases to create a poem that really wasn't there

Keep this poem in an organized, safe place, so you can recall it when choosing your best for the class anthology.

This assignment is due _____

In Manhattan Pizza War, Price of Slice Keeps Dropping

By N. R. KLEINFELD

This is an article one student used to write his Found Poem.

In the amped-up war of commerce and 75-cent pizza on the Avenue of the Americas in Midtown, a perilous moment is approaching. Circumstances suggest that ravenous New Yorkers might soon witness 50-cent pizza, 25-cent pizza or, yes, free pizza.

It is that caustic. Neither side is willing to yield an inch — or a cent. Escalation seems imminent.

As so often happens in twisty New York stories involving wallets and food choices, who is being picked on and who is attacking vary in the telling. Convenient facts get omitted from the narrative.

It's best to start at \$1.50 a slice.

That is what pizza was selling for about a year ago at a family business that is a combination vegetarian Indian restaurant, candy store and pizza parlor on Avenue of the Americas (also known as Sixth Avenue), between 37th and 38th Streets. It is called Bombay Fast Food/6 Ave. Pizza.

Then a Joey Pepperoni's Pizza opened near the corner of 39th and Avenue of the Americas, offering pizza for \$1, a price that has in recent years been favored by a number of New York pizza establishments.

So Bombay/6 Ave. Pizza shrank its price to \$1 too.

All was good until last October, when a third player entered the drama.

A 2 Bros. Pizza, part of an enlarging New York chain of 11 shops that sell slices for a dollar, opened virtually next door to Bombay/6 Ave. Pizza. The only separation is a stairwell that leads up to a barbershop and hair salon.

Price stability at a buck all around

persisted until eight days ago, when both 2 Bros. and Bombay/6 Ave. Pizza began selling pizza for the eye-catching price of 75 cents a slice, tax included — three slender quarters.

(This alone was not a milestone. The Ray's Pizza on Broadway between 54th and 55th introduced a 75-cent slice for a limited time in January of last year. Slices are now 99 cents, plus tax: \$1.08.)

The primary owner of Bombay/6 Ave. Pizza is Ramanlal Patel, 68, who also has a few businesses in Atlanta and holds property in India.

His nephew, Bravin Patel, 45, oversees the establishment. He and his manager, Mohid Kumar, 49, were there the other day griping about 75-cent pizza.

"I'm thinking, God help me," Mr. Patel said.

They said that 2 Bros. was trying to drive them out of business, that 2 Bros., unprovoked, slashed the price to 75 cents, forcing them to follow, that things were miserable, that Ramanlal Patel has serious kidney problems, that property in India had to be sold to keep the place going.

"We're angry," Bravin Patel said.

Depicting the battle as "small guy" (Bombay) against "big guy" (2 Bros.), Mr. Patel said: "He comes in and he thinks he's king."

Mr. Kumar said he was contemplating checking with a lawyer to see if there might be a city law that somehow prohibits a business from selling pizza at outlandishly cheap prices.

But as is so often the case in battles like these, the other side told a slightly different story.

At the St. Marks Place office of 2 Bros., its owners, the Halali brothers Eli, 29, and Oren, 27, identified the true aggressor as Bombay/6 Ave. Pizza.

Here's how they described it:

On Thursday evening a week ago, Bombay/6 Ave. — unprovoked, and without warning — cut its pizza price to 79 cents. The next morning, 2 Bros. retaliated by moving to 75 cents (its owners felt it was easier to make change from a dollar than at 79 cents). Bombay/6 Ave. matched the 75 cents, and that's where everything sits.

"We don't sell pizza at 75 cents," Eli Halali said. "But if they think they're going to sit next to us and sell at 75 cents, they've got another think coming." Could they prove it? At this point, it was just one pizza seller's word versus another's.

But 2 Bros. has a security camera. Winding back to the night in question, the night of the sudden 21-cent price drop, a manager found frames that showed the front of the two stores. And there it was: Bombay/6 Ave. Pizza's 79-cent sign when 2 Bros. was at \$1. Mr. Patel and Mr. Kumar had made the first move. When they were apprised of this information, they said they did not realize there had been interest in talking about 79-cent pizza.

Why, then, did they lower their price first? "He was taking away our customers," Mr. Kumar said. "How were we going to pay our rent?"

For his part, Eli Halali made it clear that 75 cents was a temporary price point. He said he could not make money at that level and eventually would return to \$1. He said that if Bombay/6 Ave. Pizza went back to \$1, he would as well.

If it didn't, he said, it better watch out. His father, Joshua Halali, who acts as a consultant to 2 Bros., said, "I suggested to my children to go to 50 cents."

Oren Halali said, "We might go to free pizza soon."

Eli said: "We have enough power to wait them out. They're not going to make a

fool of us."

The brothers said they are also contemplating adding fried chicken to the Avenue of the Americas store to intensify the pressure on Bombay/6 Ave. Pizza.

Meanwhile, Mr. Patel remains intransigent. "We're never going back to \$1," he said. "We're going lower." "We may go to 50 cents," Mr. Kumar said. Of his next-door rival, he said: "I want to hit him. I want to beat him."

They had added the name, Pizza King, to the sidewalk sign out front, hoping a regal nickname might do some good.

Related prices at both establishments have also tumbled. The special of two slices and a drink dropped to \$2.25 from \$2.75. An entire pie fell to \$6 from \$8 (actually to \$5.99 at Bombay/6 Ave. Pizza).

A haircut at the barber located between them is \$12. Better that you eat.

As for Joey Pepperoni's, Met Zade, one of the owners, said: "I can tell you we're absolutely not dropping our price. For \$1 a slice, you can still make a profit. For \$1, an owner can still sit down and eat. At 75 cents, you'd be a mouse on a wheel."

While the pizza parlors insult one another, the eating public couldn't be happier.

At 6 Ave. Pizza, Mike Dooley, 60, a maintenance worker, said while polishing off a slice: "I think it's beautiful. We need 75-cent hamburgers next."

At 2 Bros., John Combs, 46, a carpenter, said, with a mouthful of pizza: "It's awesome. I'm from Jersey, but any time I'm in the city I'll be back. It's awesome."

Pizza Wars

God help me

I want to beat him

He comes in and he thinks he's king

But as is so often the case in battles like these

a perilous moment is approaching.
Ravenous
New Yorkers
with a mouthful of amped-up war
caustic, without warning
cut, slice
attacking
We have enough power to wait them out
until October.

**-Liam, 15, South Portland, Maine
A Winner of New York Times Found
Poem Contest 2012**

I Go Back to May 1937

I see them standing at the formal gates of
their colleges,
I see my father strolling out
under the ochre sandstone arch, the
red tiles glinting like bent
plates of blood behind his head, I
see my mother with a few light books at
her hip
standing at the pillar made of tiny bricks,
the wrought-iron gate still open behind
her, its
sword-tips aglow in the May air,
they are about to graduate, they are
about to get married,
they are kids, they are dumb, all they
know is they are
innocent, they would never hurt anybody.
I want to go up to them and say Stop,
don't do it—she's the wrong woman,
he's the wrong man, you are going to do
things
you cannot imagine you would ever do,
you are going to do bad things to
children,
you are going to suffer in ways you have
not heard of,
you are going to want to die. I want to go
up to them there in the late May sunlight
and say it,
her hungry pretty face turning to me,
her pitiful beautiful untouched body,
his arrogant handsome face turning to

me,
his pitiful beautiful untouched body, 1
but I don't do it. I want to live. I
take them up like the male and female
paper dolls and bang them together
at the hips, like chips of flint, as if to
strike sparks from them, I say
Do what you are going to do, and I will tell
about it.

by Sharon Olds

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village, though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

by Robert Frost

Excerpt from The Bells

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony
foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And an in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she
gloats

by Edgar Allan Poe

Photograph of my Father in his Twenty-Second Year

October. Here in this dank, unfamiliar
kitchen
I study my father's embarrassed young
man's face.
Sheepish grin, he holds in one hand a
string
of spiny yellow perch, in the other

a bottle of Carlsbad Beer.

In jeans and denim shirt, he leans
against the front fender of a 1934 Ford.
He would like to pose bluff and hearty for
his posterity,
Wear his old hat cocked over his ear.
All his life my father wanted to be bold.

But the eyes give him away, and the
hands
that limply offer the string of dead perch
and the bottle of beer. Father, I love you,
yet how can I say thank you, I who can't
hold my liquor either,
and don't even know the places to fish?

by Raymond Carver

Writing A Snapshot Poem

Using the method that we followed in class for creating the poem, find a photo of someone you know.

1. Choose a candid shot of the person engaged in some characteristic activity--your brother playing with his Legos, or your best friend serving a tennis ball-- to create a snapshot poem. You could use a photo of something other than a person, but chose a photo about which you can comment.
2. Freewrite your impressions of the picture.
3. Then brainstorm comparisons, imagery, actions, sounds and other specific attributes that you can tie to the photo. Be sure to include plenty of concrete, specific details.
4. Finally, create the poem just as we did in class. Keep this image in your mind's eye while writing. You should observe the photo frequently while writing. Use assonance and alliteration to add character.

Keep this poem in an organized, safe place, so you can recall it when choosing your best piece for the class anthology. (If the photo is digital, copy and paste it to the top of your poem. You may also keep a hard copy of it in your notebook. If you choose this poem to submit, we will also need the photo.)

This assignment is due _____

[i carry your heart with me(i carry it in]

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
i go you go,my dear;and whatever is
done

by only me is your doing,my darling)
i fear

no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i
want

no world(for beautiful you are my
world,my true)

and it's you are whatever a moon has
always meant

and whatever a sun will always sing is
you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of
the bud

and the sky of the sky of a tree called
life;which grows

higher than soul can hope or mind can
hide)

and this is the wonder that's keeping the
stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)

by e.e. cummings

Saying the First Words

I could live like that,
putting my chair by the window,
making my tea,
letting the light in,
trapping the spider in my left hand.

I could pull the one book down
and find my place inside the four worlds
and face the wrong way
and live forever by mercy and wisdom.

I could love the pine tree,
and the road going back and forth like a
blue thread,
and the fire inside the hills,

and the grass going down to the river –
my wildest dream.

by Gerald Stern

Salt

he is like salt
to her,
a strange sweet
a peculiar money
precious and valuable
only to her tribe,
and she is salt
to him,
something that rubs raw
that leaves a tearful taste
but what he will
strain the ocean for and
what he needs.

by Lucille Clifton

Mentor Poem: Saying the First Words

(based off "Saying The First Words" by Gerald Stern)

Write a poem that borrows all the first words from Gerald Stern's poem. Fill in the rest and HAVE FUN!

I could

putting

making

letting

trapping

I could

and find

and face

and live

I could love

and

and

and

my wildest dreams.

This assignment is due _____

Simile and Metaphor Poem
(based off Lucille Clifton's "Salt")

Write a poem that uses a simile and then a metaphor to intentionally make a point.

This assignment is due _____

Extended Metaphors

Will Ferrell's Extended Metaphor: The University of Life

"I graduated from the University of Life. All right? I received a degree from the School of Hard Knocks. And our colors were black and blue, baby. I had office hours with the Dean of Bloody Noses. All right? I borrowed my class notes from Professor Knuckle Sandwich and his Teaching Assistant, Ms. Fat Lip Thon Nyun. That's the kind of school I went to for real, okay?"

(Will Ferrell, Commencement Address at Harvard University, 2003)

Emily Dickinson's Extended Metaphor: Hope as a "Little Bird"

"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."

The Cafeteria

The cafeteria is a jungle.
Wild animals scrambling for food.

Grunting
like wild boars

Stampeding
to the line

Devouring
their prey

Cleaning
their paws

and then returning to their dens.

By: Alex Foster, Maura Grasshoff, Bridget Bradley, and Christa Michel

My Brother

My brother is a snapping turtle.

He is extremely slow.

He sleeps 3/4 of the day.

If he was going any slower, he would be
going

backwards.

He snaps at whatever comes at him.

And swims across the lake to waste a year of
time.

Whenever someone threatens him, he crawls
into

his shell.

When he wants something, he just snaps at it
and holds it tight,

But will never let go until he gets it.

Tiburón

East 116th
and a long red car
stalled with the hood up
roaring salsa
like a prize shark
mouth yanked open
and down in the stomach
the radio
of the last fisherman
still tuned
to his lucky station
by Martín Espada

Sing Zapatista

Sing the word Tepoztlán, Place of
Copper,
pueblo of cobblestone and purple
blossoms
amid the cliffs, serpent god ablaze with
plumage
peering from the shaven rock.

Sing the word Zapata, bandoliers
crossing his chest
like railroad tracks about to explode,
rebellion's black iris
in 1910, in his eye the peasants of
Morelos husking rifles
stalk by stalk from the cornfields.

Sing the word Zapatista, masked rebels
riding now
in a caravan without rifles, tracking the
long rosary of blood
beaded and stippled across the earth by
other rebels the color of earth,
bus panting uphill saddled with ghosts
dangling legs from the roof.

Sing the words Félix Serdán, age eleven
when he straddled the horse
to ride with Zapata, witness to a century's
harvest of campesino skulls
abundant as melons, twined in white
mustache and blanket

beside the comandantes on the platform.

Sing the word comandante, twenty-three
of the faceless
masked in black so their brown skin could
grow eyes and mouths,
smuggling Mayan tongues to the
microphone in the plaza
where the church drowns in dreams of
Latin by rote.

Sing the word durito, hard little one,
scarab on a banner
draped across the face of the church
where bells bang
to welcome the rebels, as the scarab-
people cluster below
shouting their vow never to be crushed by
the shoe.

Sing the word zapateado, tap and stamp
of women dancing in the plaza
to the hummingbird rhythms of Veracruz,
guitarist in fedora
watching his fingers skitter like scarabs
across the wood,
shawled dancer lost in the percussion of
her feet.

Sing the word Marcos, el
Subcomandante, and listen
when he says above the crowd chanting
his name:

Marcos does not exist. I am a window. I
am a mirror.
I am you. You are me.

by Martín Espada

Suppose Columbus

wrong been had Columbus Suppose
sheet this as flat was earth the Suppose
goodships the And
NINA PINTA MARIA SANTA
East the to get to west Traveling
the is fact the But
NINA PINTA MARIA SANTA
cliff watery a towards Racing
the of nests crow's the in And
NINA PINTA MARIA SANTA
"!ho Land" cry to wanting men Frightened
the on But
PINTA MARIA SANTA
gone was ship sister their that only crying Men
the on And
MARIA SANTA
gone were ships sisters his that only crying man crazed A
end the and abyss airy an suddenly And
Columbus Of

by Charles Suhor

400-Meter Freestyle

THE GUN full swing the swimmer catapults and cracks

s
i
x

feet away onto that perfect glass he catches at

a
n
d

throws behind him scoop after scoop cunningly moving

t
h
e

water back to move him forward. Thrift is his wonderful

s
e
c

ret; he has schooled out all extravagance. No muscle

r
i
p

ples without compensation wrist cock to heel snap to

h
i
s

mobile mouth that siphons in the air that nurtures

h
i
m

at half an inch above sea level so to speak.

T
h
e

astonishing whites of the soles of his feet rise

a
n
d

salute us on the turns. He flips, coverts, and is gone

a
l
l

in one. We watch him for signs. His arms are steady at

t
h
e

catch, his cadent feet tick in the stretch, they know

t
h
e

lesson well. Lungs know, too; he does not list for

a
i
r

he drives along on little sips carefully expended

b
u
t

that plum red heart pumps hard cries hurt how soon

i
t
s

near one more and makes its final surge. Time: 4:25:9

—*Maxine Kumin*

Questions for Analysis

1. What does Maxine Kumin do to involve you in the race? _____

2. Do you think the swimmer won the race? Give the reason for your conclusion. _____

3. What is the swimmer's secret? _____

4. Name three actions the swimmer takes during the race. _____

5. What two poetic devices are used in the first line of this poem? _____

6. How does the absence of punctuation affect the poem? _____

7. Where does the poet's word choice sound like the movements of the racing swimmer? _____

8. What picture has Maxine Kumin created with the words on the page? Does the visual quality of the poem add to your enjoyment of it? _____

Sonnet Notes

Name _____

What is a Sonnet?

Shakespearean Sonnet Form

- 3 Quatrains and a Couplet
- Regular rhyme scheme
- Iambic Pentameter
- Turn

Shakespeare is the
Original Poet MC



What is iambic pentameter?

A line of iambic pentameter is a line of poetry which follows this pattern of weak and strong, STRESSED and UNSTRESSED.
stresses:-

U = UNSTRESSED / = STRESSED

One line: U/ U/ U/ U/ U/

Da **DUM** Da **DUM** Da **DUM** Da **DUM** Da **DUM**

What is an iambic foot?

An iamb is one of the "U/" units used to build a line of iambic pentameter. "Penta" means five

A line of iambic pentameter is five iambic feet in a row:

Da DUM
da DUM
da DUM
da DUM
da DUM

<3 Like the beating of a heart <3

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?

O she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

Rebellious subjects enemies to peace!

Shakespeare's sonnets are written in iambic pentameter

The rhyme scheme of a Shakespearean sonnet is:

ABAB

CDCD

EFEF

GG (rhyming couplet)

Sonnet 130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belied with false compare.

A
B
A
B
C
D
C
D
E
F
E
F
G
G

Name: _____ Date: _____

Directions: Mark the following line in Iambic Pentameter with stressed and unstressed syllable marks. (Stressed = / Unstressed = U)

Example:

U / U / U / U / U /

1. Put up your swords, you know not what you do.

2. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

3. Thous shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

4. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?

5. I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

6. I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.

7. O teach me how I should forget to think.

8. My child is yet a stranger in the world.

9. Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age

10. How stands your disposition to be married?

Sonnet 18 by William Shakespeare

Directions: Paraphrase each line of the sonnet on the blanks on the right. Then, answer the questions below.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?	_____
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:	_____
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,	_____
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:	_____
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,	_____
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;	_____
And every fair from fair sometime declines,	_____
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;	_____
But thy eternal summer shall not fade	_____
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;	_____
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,	_____
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:	_____
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,	_____
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.	_____

1. Why do you think the speaker would compare his love to these images?

2. Where is the turn in the sonnet? What is its logical relationship to what comes before?

3. Are the speaker's comparisons expected by the reader? What is unusual about the speaker's comparisons between nature and his love?

Learning to Love America

because it has no pure products

because the Pacific Ocean sweeps along
the coastline

because the water of the ocean is cold
and because land is better than ocean

because I say we rather than they

because I live in California
I have eaten fresh artichokes
and jacaranda bloom in April and May

because my senses have caught up with
my body
my breath with the air it swallows
my hunger with my mouth

because I walk barefoot in my house

because I have nursed my son at my
breast
because he is a strong American boy
because I have seen his eyes redden
when he is asked who he is
because he answers I don't know

because to have a son is to have a
country
because my son will bury me here
because countries are in our blood and
we bleed them

because it is late and too late to change
my mind
because it is time.

by Shirley Geok Lin-Lim

Learning to Love Poem

(based off "Learning to Love America" by Shirley Geok-Lin Lim)

What have you learned to love? Make a list of your own "because" lines. You may use the space below to write.

This assignment is due _____

Tarantulas on the Lifebuoy
BY THOMAS LUX

For some semitropical reason
 when the rains fall
 relentlessly they fall

into swimming pools, these otherwise
 bright and scary
 arachnids. They can swim
 a little, but not for long

and they can't climb the ladder out.
 They usually drown—but
 if you want their favor,
 if you believe there is justice,
 a reward for not loving

the death of ugly
 and even dangerous (the eel, hog snake,
 rats) creatures, if

you believe these things, then
 you would leave a lifebuoy
 or two in your swimming pool at night.

And in the morning
 you would haul ashore
 the huddled, hairy survivors

and escort them
 back to the bush, and know,
 be assured that at least these saved,
 as individuals, would not turn up

again someday
 in your hat, drawer,
 or the tangled underworld

of your socks, and that even—
 when your belief in justice
 merges with your belief in dreams—
 they may tell the others

in a sign language

four times as subtle
 and complicated as man's

that you are good,
 that you love them,
 that you would save them again.

5. **Read the poem**
6. **Underline the phrase that stands out to you the most (your favorite!)**
7. **Using this phrase, write a short poem of your own. It does not have to be about tarantulas. You can use the phrase to create something totally new.**

Name _____ Date: _____

Poetry Unit Test

I. Multiple choice (45 points): Write the correct letter on the line.

- _____ 1. **Imagery** is a literary device used by poets to:
- Encourage readers to use their five senses to interpret the poem
 - Encourage readers to see what is going on in the poem
 - Encourage the reader to feel what's going on in the poem
 - Encourage readers to enjoy the poem
- _____ 2. How many **syllables** are in a standard line of iambic pentameter?
- 5
 - 15
 - 10
 - Doesn't matter
- _____ 3. How many **iambic feet** are in a standard line of iambic pentameter?
- 5
 - 15
 - 10
 - Doesn't matter
- _____ 4. Which of the following **is not** a characteristic of a **Shakespearean sonnet**?
- Contains 14 lines
 - Written in iambic pentameter
 - Ends with a rhyming couplet
 - Follows a "ABA CDC EFE GHG" rhyme scheme
- _____ 5. What is a characteristic of a **concrete poem**?
- It is written in iambic pentameter
 - It has 25 syllables
 - It has to rhyme
 - The shape of the text aids in the understanding of the meaning
- _____ 6. A **metaphor**:
- Compares two things without using the words like or as
 - Is an exaggeration used for effect
 - Uses descriptive language that evokes the 5 senses
 - Compares two things using the words like or as.
- _____ 7. A **simile**:
- Compares two things without using the words like or as
 - Is an exaggeration used for effect
 - Uses descriptive language that evokes the 5 senses
 - Compares two things using the words like or as.

_____ 8. The line **“I summon up a remembrance of things past”**¹ contains an example of

- a. Alliteration
- b. Assonance
- c. Consonance
- d. Repetition

_____ 9. The line **“Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade”**² contains an example of:

- a. Alliteration
- b. A Simile
- c. Consonance
- d. Repetition

_____ 10. The line **“I wandered lonely as a cloud”**³ contains an example of:

- a. A metaphor
- b. A simile
- c. A hyperbole
- d. An allusion

_____ 11. The line **“Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn”**⁴ contains an example of:

- a. Assonance
- b. Consonance
- c. Alliteration
- d. Personification

_____ 12. How many syllables are in the first line of a Haiku?

- a. 5
- b. 10
- c. 7
- d. It depends who wrote it.

_____ 14. **“My heart leapt up with I beheld**

A rainbow in the sky”⁵

These lines contain an example of :

- a. End-stopping
- b. Enjambment
- c. Rhyme Scheme
- d. Neither

_____ 15. **“Nature’s first green is gold,**

Her hardest hue to hold.

Her early leaf’s a flower,

But only so an hour” ⁶

¹ Shakespeare’s Sonnet 30

² Shakespeare’s “A Midsummer Night’s Dream”

³ William Wordsworth

⁴ William Wordsworth

⁵ Robert Frost

⁶ Robert Frost

These lines contain an example of :

- a. End-stopping
- b. Enjambment
- c. Both
- d. Neither

II. Identify the following examples – terms may be used more than once

Alliteration	metaphor	hyperbole	personification	simile	
_____					1. It was so hot I thought I'd die
_____					2. My love is like a red, red rose
_____					3. Art is a jealous mistress
_____					4. They twirl through the trek tumbling towards the tide
_____					5. Her home was a prison
_____					6. I'll love you until the end of time
_____					7. Her hair was like gravy, running down off her head
_____					8. My computer hates me
_____					9. Careless cars cutting corners create confusion
_____					10. You are the cherry on my sundae

III. Iambic pentameter: Mark the lines of iambic pentameter with the symbols for **unstressed (U)** and **stressed (/)** syllables.

1. Can I go forward when my heart is here?

2. It was the lark, the herald of the morn.

3. Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.

IV. Poetry Analysis: Read the poem, then choose the correct answer.

Fire and Ice
By Robert Frost
Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great,
And would suffice⁷.

_____ 1. In the context of the poem, the word “perish” most closely means:

- a. To flee
- b. To die
- c. To repel
- d. To imply

_____ 2. “Ice” in the poem is most likely a **symbol** for:

- a. Confusion
- b. Hatred
- c. Desire
- d. Disappointment

_____ 3. “Fire” in the poem is most likely a **symbol** for:

- a. Confusion
- b. Hatred
- c. Desire
- d. Disappointment

4. Circle a pair of lines that contain **enjambment**.

5. In your own words, **paraphrase** what you feel the message of this poem is. What is the poet trying to say? (go onto the back if necessary)

⁷ **To suffice (v):** To be enough, to be adequate.

6. In class, we discussed Shakespeare's tone in Sonnet 130. How do both the **diction** and **imagery** in this piece set his **tone**?

**My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound.
I grant I never saw a goddess go:
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.**
