

## English II – Poetry Vocabulary

### **Word Choice and Effect**

Speaker – the narrator of a poem (sometimes the poet, a character, or an obscure observer)

Diction – a writer's choice of words and phrases to create meaning

Connotation – the suggestive mood or meanings of a word

Syntax – the ordering of words into meaningful patterns

Tone – the author's attitude towards a subject

Mood – the intended emotional effect upon the reader

### **Sound and Form**

Alliteration – repetition of consonant sounds

Assonance – repetition of vowel sounds

Eye rhyme – words which look alike but do not rhyme

End rhyme – a rhyme at the ends of the lines

Internal rhyme – rhyme words placed within the line

Near rhyme – sounds which are nearly but not exactly alike

Stress/ Accent – an emphasis in pronunciation

Meter – a recurring rhythmic pattern of stresses

Enjambment – one line continues without pause into the next line

Free verse/ open form – a poem with no fixed form, rhyme, or meter

### **Figurative Language**

Imagery – language that addresses the senses; verbal pictures of the poet's encounters

Figures of speech – language which deviates from literal meanings to suggest deeper meanings

Metaphor – a comparison between two unlike things

Pun – a play on words with more than one meaning

Hyperbole – an exaggerated, non-literal emphasis

### **Deeper Meanings and Emphasis**

Symbol – something which represents something else

Satire – humorously ridiculing a folly or vice in order to correct it

Irony – a discrepancy between what appears to be and what is actually true

    Situational – difference between what appears to be true and what actually exists

    Verbal – saying something different than what is meant

    Dramatic – situation when the reader knows more than the character

    Cosmic – God, fate, or destiny change what is expected

Theme – the overall message or lesson of a work


- IAMBIC (x /) : That **time** of **year** thou  
**mayst** in **me** behold
- 
- TROCHAIC (/ x): **Tell** me **not** in **mournful**  
**numbers**
- 
- SPONDAIC (/ /): **Break, break, break/** On  
**thy cold gray stones, O Sea!**
- 
- ANAPESTIC (x x /): And the **sound** of a  
**voice** that is **still**
- 
- DACTYLIC (/ x x): **This** is the **forest**  
**primeval**, the **murmuring pines** and the  
**hemlock**

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

DO NOT LOSE  
THIS PACKET

### English II Poetry Packet (Stout)

★ Please return  
this packet at  
the end of each class



#### A Girl by Ezra Pound

A

The tree has entered my hands,  
The sap has ascended my arms,  
The tree has grown in my breast-  
Downward,  
The branches grow out of me, like arms.

*syntax*  
Tree you are,  
Moss you are,  
You are violets with wind above them.  
A child - so high - you are,  
And all this is folly to the world.

(syntax, symbol, metaphor, open form)

#### A Dream Within A Dream by Edgar Allan Poe

B

Take this kiss upon the brow!  
And, in parting from you now,  
Thus much let me avow--  
You are not wrong, who deem  
That my days have been a dream;  
Yet if hope has flown away  
In a night, or in a day,  
In a vision, or in none,  
Is it therefore the less gone?  
All that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream.

And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand--  
How few! yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the deep,  
While I weep--while I weep!  
O God! can I not grasp  
Them with a tighter clasp?  
O God! can I not save  
One from the pitiless wave?  
Is all that we see or seem  
But a dream within a dream?

(stress, meter, enjambment, eye/near rhyme of none/gone)

I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,

#### Touched by An Angel by Maya Angelou

B

We, unaccustomed to courage  
exiles from delight  
live coiled in shells of loneliness  
until love leaves its high holy temple  
and comes into our sight  
to liberate us into life.

from our souls.

Love arrives  
and in its train come ecstasies  
old memories of pleasure  
ancient histories of pain.  
Yet if we are bold,  
love strikes away the chains of fear

We are weaned from our timidity  
In the flush of love's light  
we dare be brave  
And suddenly we see  
that love costs all we are  
and will ever be.  
Yet it is only love  
which sets us free.

(internal rhyme, free verse, irony)

**Mirror** by Sylvia Plath

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.  
 What ever you see I swallow immediately  
 Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.  
 I am not cruel, only truthful---  
 The eye of a little god, four-cornered.  
 Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.  
 It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long  
 I think it is a part of my heart. But it flickers.  
 Faces and darkness separate us over and over.  
 Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,  
 Searching my reaches for what she really is.  
 Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.  
 I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.  
 She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.  
 I am important to her. She comes and goes.  
 Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.  
 In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman  
 Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

(enjambment, metaphor, figures of speech, image, tone)

**Funeral Blues** by W. H. Auden

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 on the sky the message He is Dead.  
 Put crepe 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 woods;  
 For nothing now can ever come to any good.

(mood)



**You Who Never Arrived** by Rainer Maria Rilke

A

You who never arrived  
 in my arms, Beloved, who were lost  
 from the start,  
 I don't even know what songs  
 would please you. I have given up trying  
 to recognize you in the surging wave of  
 the next moment. All the immense  
 images in me -- the far-off, deeply-felt landscape,  
 cities, towers, and bridges, and un-  
 suspected turns in the path,  
 and those powerful lands that were once  
 pulsing with the life of the gods--  
 all rise within me to mean  
 you, who forever elude me.

You, Beloved, who are all  
 the gardens I have ever gazed at,  
 longing. An open window  
 in a country house-- , and you almost  
 stepped out, pensive, to meet me. Streets that I chanced  
 upon,--  
 you had just walked down them and vanished.  
 And sometimes, in a shop, the mirrors  
 were still dizzy with your presence and, startled, gave back  
 my too-sudden image. Who knows? Perhaps the same  
 bird echoed through both of us  
 yesterday, separate, in the evening...

(mood)

**The Panther** by Rainer Maria Rilke

C

His vision, from the constantly passing bars,  
 has grown so weary that it cannot hold  
 anything else. It seems to him there are  
 a thousand bars; and behind the bars, no world.

As he paces in cramped circles, over and over,  
 the movement of his powerful soft strides  
 is like a ritual dance around a center  
 in which a mighty will stands paralyzed.

Only at times, the curtain of the pupils  
 lifts, quietly--. An image enters in,  
 rushes down through the tensed, arrested muscles,  
 plunges into the heart and is gone.

**When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer** by Walt Whitman

D  
 When I heard the learn'd astronomer;  
 When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me;  
 When I was shown the charts and the diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them;  
 When I, sitting, heard the astronomer, where he lectured with much applause in the  
 lecture-room,  
 How soon, unaccountable, I became tired and sick;  
 Till rising and gliding out, I wander'd off by myself,  
 In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,  
 Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

(tone, satire)

**A Noiseless Patient Spider** by Walt Whitman

D  
 A noiseless patient spider,  
 I mark'd where on a little promontory it stood isolated,  
 Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding,  
 It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,  
 Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you O my soul where you stand,  
 Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,  
 Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them,  
 Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile anchor hold,  
 Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul.

**I Hear America Singing** by Walt Whitman

C, D  
 I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,  
 Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,  
 The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,  
 The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,  
 The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand  
     singing on the steamboat deck,  
 The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,  
 The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or  
     at noon intermission or at sundown,  
 The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of  
     the girl sewing or washing,  
 Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,  
 The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows,  
     robust, friendly,  
 Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

**The Lover Not Taken** by Blanche Farley

Committed to one, she wanted both  
And, mulling it over, long she stood,  
Alone on the road, loath  
To leave, wanting to hide in the  
undergrowth,  
This new guy, smooth as a yellow wood

B

Really turned her on. she like dhis hair,  
his smile. But the other, Jack, had a claim  
On her already and she had to admit, he did  
wear  
Well. In fact, to be perfectly fair,  
he understood her. His long, lithe frame

Beside hers in the evening tenderly lay.  
Still, if this blond guy dropped by someday,  
Couldn't way just lead on to way?  
No. For if way led on and Jack

**One Art** by Elizabeth Bishop

The art of losing isn't hard to master;  
so many things seem filled with the intent  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the  
fluster  
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:  
places, and names, and where it was you  
meant  
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

**Occupation** by Eliza Griswold

A

The prostitutes in Kabul tap their feet  
beneath their faded burkas in the heat.  
For bread or fifteen cents, they'll take a  
man to bed-  
their husbands dead, their seven kids  
unfed-  
and thanks to occupation, rents have risen  
twentyfold,

Found out, she doubted if he would ever  
come back.

Oh, she turned with a sigh.  
Somewhere ages and ages hence,  
She might be telling tis. "And I --  
She would say, "stood faithfully by."  
But by then who would know the  
difference?

With that in mind, she took the fast way  
home,  
the road by the pond, and phoned the  
blond.

(internal rhyme, enjambment; parody of  
Frost's poem)

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last,  
or  
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,  
some realms I owned, two rivers, a  
continent.  
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

—Even losing you (the joking voice, a  
gesture  
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident  
the art of losing's not too hard to master  
though it may look like (*Write it!*) like  
disaster.

their chickens, pots, and carpets have been  
sold  
and women's flesh now worth its weight in  
tin.  
Two years ago, the Talibs favored boys and  
left the girls alone.  
A woman then was worth her weight in  
stone.

**What Lips My Lips Have Kissed** by Edna St. Vincent Millay

What lips my lips have kissed, and where,  
and why,  
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain  
Under my head till morning; but the rain  
Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh  
Upon the glass and listen for reply,  
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain  
For unremembered lads that not again  
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.

Thus in winter stands the lonely tree,  
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by  
one,  
Yet knows its boughs more silent than  
before:  
I cannot say what loves have come and  
gone,  
I only know that summer sang in me  
A little while, that in me sings no more.

**Marks** by Linda Pastan

D

My husband gives me an A  
for last night's supper,  
an incomplete for my ironing,  
a B plus in bed.  
My son says I am average,  
an average mother, but if

I put my mind to it  
I could improve.  
My daughter believes  
in Pass/Fail and tells me  
I pass. Wait 'til they learn  
I'm dropping out.

**Last Night** by Sharon Olds

A

The next day, I am almost afraid.  
Love? It was more like dragonflies  
in the sun, 100 degrees at noon,  
the ends of their abdomens stuck together,  
I  
close my eyes when I remember. I hardly  
knew myself, like something twisting and  
twisting out of a chrysalis,  
enormous, without language, all  
head, all shut eyes, and the humming  
like madness, the way they writhe away,  
and do not leave, back, back,  
away, back. Did I know you? No kiss,  
no tenderness—more like killing, death-grip  
holding to life, my hips  
like violent hands clasped tight  
barely moving, more like being closed  
in a great jaw and eaten, and the screaming

I groan to remember it, and when we  
started  
to die, then I refuse to remember,  
the way a drunkard forgets. After,  
you held my hands extremely hard as my  
body moved in shudders like the ferry when  
its  
axle is loosed past engagement, you kept  
me  
sealed exactly against you, our hairlines  
wet as the arc of a gateway after  
a cloudburst, you secured me in your arms  
till I slept—  
that was love, and we woke in the morning  
clasped, fragrant, buoyant, that was  
the morning after love.

(diction/connotation to convey tone)



**A Beautiful Girl Combs Her Hair** by Li Ho

C  
 Awake at dawn  
 she's dreaming  
 by cool silk curtains  
 fragrance of spilling hair  
 half sandalwood; half aloes  
 windlass creaking at the well  
 singing jade  
 the lotus blossom wakes, refreshed  
 her mirror  
 two phoenixes  
 a pool of autumn light  
 standing on the ivory bed  
 loosening her hair  
 watching the mirror  
 one long coil, aromatic silk  
 a cloud down to the floor  
 drop the jade comb-no sound  
 delicate fingers

pushing the coils into place  
 color of raven feathers  
 shining blue-black stuff  
 the jeweled comb will hardly hold it  
 spring wind makes me restless  
 her slovenly beauty upsets me  
 eighteen and her hair's so thick  
 she wears herself out fixing it!  
 she's finished now  
 the whole arrangement in place  
 in a cloud-patterned skirt  
 she walks with even steps  
 a wild goose on the sand  
 turns away without a word  
 where is she off to?  
 down the steps to break a spray of  
 cherry blossoms.

**Fat Is Not a Fairy Tale** by Jane Yolen

D  
 I am thinking of a fairy tale,  
 Cinder Elephant,  
 Sleeping Tubby,  
 Snow Weight,  
 where the princess is not  
 anorexic, wasp-waisted,  
 flinging herself down the stairs.

where the beauty  
 has a pillowed breast,  
 and fingers plump as sausage.

I am thinking of a fairy tale,  
 Hansel and Great,  
 Repoundsel,  
 Bounty and the Beast,

I am thinking of a fairy tale  
 that is not yet written,  
 for a teller not yet born,  
 for a listener not yet conceived,  
 for a world not yet won,  
 where everything round is good:  
 the sun, wheels, cookies, and the princess.

**All She Wrote** by Harryette Mullen

A  
 Forgive me, I'm no good at this. I can't write back. I never read your letter. I can't say I got your note. I haven't had the strength to open the envelope. The mail stacks up by the door. Your hand's illegible. Your postcards were defaced. Wash your wet hair? Any document you meant to send has yet to reach me. The untied parcel service never delivered. I regret to say I'm unable to reply to your unexpressed desires. I didn't get the book you sent. By the way, my computer was stolen. Now I'm unable to process words. I suffer from aphasia. I've just returned from Kenya and Korea. Didn't you get a card from me yet? What can I tell you? I forgot what I was going to say. I still can't find a pen that works and then I broke my pencil. You know how scarce paper is these days. I admit I haven't been recycling. I never have time to read the Times. I'm out of shopping bags to put the old news in. I didn't get to the market. I meant to clip the coupons. I haven't read the mail yet. I can't get out the door to work, so I called in sick. I went to bed with writer's cramp. If I couldn't get back to writing, I thought I'd catch up on my reading. Then Oprah came on with a fabulous author plugging her best selling book.

sparkes

**To The One Upstairs** by Charles Simic

D  
Boss of all bosses of the universe.  
Mr. know-it-all, wheeler-dealer, wire-puller,  
And whatever else you're good at.  
Go ahead, shuffle your zeros tonight.  
Dip in ink the comets' tails.  
Staple the night with starlight.

You'd be better off reading coffee dregs,  
Thumbing the pages of the Farmer's  
Almanac.  
But no! You love to put on airs,  
And cultivate your famous serenity  
While you sit behind your big desk  
With zilch in your in-tray, zilch  
In your out-tray,

**A Man Said to the Universe** by Stephen Crane

D  
A man said to the universe:  
"Sir, I exist!"  
"However," replied the universe,  
"The fact has not created in me  
A sense of obligation."

(cosmic irony)

**A Blessing** by James Wright

Just off the highway to Rochester,  
Minnesota,  
Twilight bounds softly forth on the grass.  
And the eyes of those two Indian ponies  
Darken with kindness.  
They have come gladly out of the willows  
To welcome my friend and me.  
We step over the barbed wire into the  
pasture  
Where they have been grazing all day,  
alone.  
They ripple tensely, they can hardly contain  
their happiness  
That we have come.  
They bow shyly as wet swans. They love  
each other.  
There is no loneliness like theirs.

And all of eternity spread around you.

Doesn't it give you the creeps  
To hear them begging you on their knees,  
Sputtering endearments,  
As if you were an inflatable, life-size doll?  
Tell them to button up and go to bed.  
Stop pretending you're too busy to take  
notice.

Your hands are empty and so are your eyes.  
There's nothing to put your signature to,  
Even if you knew your own name,  
Or believed the ones I keep inventing,  
As I scribble this note to you in the dark.

At home once more,  
They begin munching the young tufts of  
spring in the darkness.  
I would like to hold the slenderer one in my  
arms,  
For she has walked over to me  
And nuzzled my left hand.  
She is black and white,  
Her mane falls wild on her forehead,  
And the light breeze moves me to caress  
her long ear  
That is delicate as the skin over a girl's wrist.  
Suddenly I realize  
That if I stepped out of my body I would  
break  
Into blossom.

**Root Cellar** by Theodore Roethke

Nothing would sleep in that cellar, dank as a  
ditch,  
 Bulbs broke out of boxes hunting for chinks  
 in the dark,  
 Shoots dangled and drooped,  
 Lolling obscenely from mildewed crates,  
 Hung down long yellow evil necks, like  
 tropical snakes.

And what a congress of stinks!--  
 Roots ripe as old bait,  
 Pulpy stems, rank, silo-rich,  
 Leaf-mold, manure, lime, piled against  
 slippery planks.  
 Nothing would give up life:  
 Even the dirt kept breathing a small breath.

**Orchids** by Theodore Roethke

They lean over the path,  
 Adder-mouthed,  
 Swaying close to the face,  
 Coming out, soft and deceptive,  
 Limp and damp, delicate as a young bird's  
 tongue;  
 Their fluttery fledgling lips  
 Move slowly,  
 Drawing in the warm air.  
 And at night,

The faint moon falling through  
 whitewashed glass,  
 The heat going down  
 So their musky smell comes even stronger,  
 Drifting down from their mossy cradles:  
 So many devouring infants!  
 Soft luminescent fingers,  
 Lips neither dead nor alive,  
 Loose ghostly mouths  
 Breathing.

**Elegy For Jane, My Student Thrown by a Horse** by Theodore Roethke

I remember the neckcurls, limp and damp  
 as tendrils;  
 And her quick look, a sidelong pickerel  
 smile;  
 And how, once startled into talk, the light  
 syllables leaped for her,  
 And she balanced in the delight of her  
 thought,  
 A wren, happy, tail into the wind,  
 Her song trembling the twigs and small  
 branches.  
 The shade sang with her;  
 The leaves, their whispers turned to kissing;  
 And the mold sang in the bleached valleys  
 under the rose.

Even a father could not find her:  
 My maimed darling, my skittery pigeon.  
 Scraping her cheek against straw;  
 Stirring the clearest water.

My sparrow, you are not here,  
 Waiting like a fern, making a spiny shadow.  
 The sides of wet stones cannot console me,  
 Nor the moss, wound with the last light.

If only I could nudge you from this sleep,  
 My maimed darling, my skittery pigeon.  
 Over this damp grave I speak the words of  
 my love:  
 I, with no rights in this matter,  
 Neither father nor lover.

Oh, when she was sad, she cast herself  
 down into such a pure depth,

**Water Picture** by May Swenson

In the pond in the park  
all things are doubled:  
Long buildings hang and  
wiggle gently. Chimneys  
are bent legs bouncing  
on clouds below. A flag  
wags like a fishhook  
down there in the sky.

cherry bloom for roots,  
where birds coast belly-up  
in the glass bowl of a hill;  
from its bottom a bunch  
of peanut-munching children  
is suspended by their  
sneakers, waveringly.

C The arched stone bridge  
is an eye, with underlid  
in the water. In its lens  
dip crinkled heads with hats  
that don't fall off. Dogs go by,  
barking on their backs.  
A baby, taken to feed the  
ducks, dangles upside-down,  
a pink balloon for a buoy.

A swan, with twin necks  
forming the figure 3,  
steers between two dimpled  
towers doubled. Fondly  
hissing, she kisses herself,  
and all the scene is troubled:  
water-windows splinter,  
tree-limbs tangle, the bridge  
folds like a fan.

Treetops deploy a haze of

(imagery)

**The Pond** by Amy Lowell

A Cold, wet leaves  
Floating on moss-colored water,  
And the croaking of frogs –  
Cracked bell-notes in the twilight.

(word choice)

**Poem** by William Carlos Williams

B As the cat  
climbed over  
the top of

carefully  
then the hind  
stepped down

the jamcloset  
first the right  
forefoot

into the pit of  
the empty  
flowerpot

*enjambment*

*(affects  
poetry of action)*

**The Unknown Citizen** by W. H. Auden

D  
He was found by the Bureau of Statistics to be  
One against whom there was no official complaint,  
And all the reports on his conduct agree  
That, in the modern sense of an old-fashioned word, he was a  
saint,  
For in everything he did he served the Greater Community.  
Except for the War till the day he retired  
He worked in a factory and never got fired,  
But satisfied his employers, Fudge Motors Inc.  
Yet he wasn't a scab or odd in his views,  
For his Union reports that he paid his dues,  
(Our report on his Union shows it was sound)  
And our Social Psychology workers found  
That he was popular with his mates and liked a drink.  
The Press are convinced that he bought a paper every day  
And that his reactions to advertisements were normal in every way.  
Policies taken out in his name prove that he was fully insured,  
And his Health-card shows he was once in hospital but left it cured.  
Both Producers Research and High-Grade Living declare  
He was fully sensible to the advantages of the Instalment Plan  
And had everything necessary to the Modern Man,  
A phonograph, a radio, a car and a frigidaire.  
Our researchers into Public Opinion are content  
That he held the proper opinions for the time of year;  
When there was peace, he was for peace: when there was war, he went.  
He was married and added five children to the population,  
Which our Eugenist says was the right number for a parent of his  
generation.  
And our teachers report that he never interfered with their  
education.  
Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:  
Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have heard.

(verbal irony, satire)

**In the Suburbs** by Louis Simpson

There's no way out.  
You were born to waste your life.  
You were born to this middleclass life.

As others before you  
Were born to walk in procession  
To the temple, singing.

(tone)

### Shooting Rats in the Bibb County Dump by David Bottoms

Loaded on beer and whiskey, we ride  
to the dump in carloads  
to turn our headlights across the wasted  
field,  
freeze the startled eyes of rats against  
mounds of rubbish.

Shot in the head, they jump only once, lie  
still  
like dead beer cans.  
Shot in the gut or rump, they writhe and try  
to burrow

into garbage, hide in old truck tires,  
rusty oil drums, cardboard boxes scattered  
across the mounds,  
or else drag themselves on forelegs across  
our beams of light  
toward the darkness at the edge of the  
dump.

It's the light they believe kills.  
We drink and load again, let them crawl  
for all they're worth into the darkness we're  
headed for.

### Player Piano by John Updike

My stick fingers click with a snicker  
And, chuckling, they knuckle the keys;  
Light footed, my steel feelers flicker  
And pluck from these keys melodies.

My paper can caper; abandon  
Is broadcast by dint of my din,  
And no man or band has a hand in

The tones I turn on from within.

At times I'm a jumble of rumbles,  
At others I'm light like the moon,  
But never my numb plunker fumbles,  
Misstrums me, or tries a new tune.  
(sound elements)

### The Voice You Hear When You Read Silently (by Thomas Lux)

is not silent, it is a speaking-  
out-loud voice in your head; it is \*spoken\*,  
a voice is \*saying\* it  
as you read. It's the writer's words,  
of course, in a literary sense  
his or her "voice" but the sound  
of that voice is the sound of \*your\* voice.  
Not the sound your friends know  
or the sound of a tape played back  
but your voice  
caught in the dark cathedral  
of your skull, your voice heard  
by an internal ear informed by internal  
abstracts  
and what you know by feeling,  
having felt. It is your voice  
saying, for example, the word "barn"  
that the writer wrote  
but the "barn" you say  
is a barn you know or knew. The voice

in your head, speaking as you read,  
never says anything neutrally- some people  
hated the barn they knew,  
some people love the barn they know  
so you hear the word loaded  
and a sensory constellation  
is lit: horse-gnawed stalls,  
hayloft, black heat tape wrapping  
a water pipe, a slippery  
spilled \*chirr\* of oats from a split sack,  
the bony, filthy haunches of cows...  
And "barn" is only a noun- no verb  
or subject has entered into the sentence  
yet!

The voice you hear when you read to  
yourself  
is the clearest voice: you speak it  
speaking to you.

(directly focuses on connotation and  
relative POV)

**Order in the Streets** by Donald Justice

1. 2. 3.  
Switch on.

Jeep rushes  
to the scene  
of riot

Jeep goes  
in all directions  
by mystery action.

Jeep stops periodically

to turn hood over

machine gun appears  
with realistic  
shooting noise.

After putting down riot,  
jeep goes  
back to the headquarters.

(ironic mood/tone contrast)

**Dulce et Decorum Est\*** by Wilfred Owen

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,  
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,  
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs  
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.  
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots  
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;  
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots  
Of tired, outstripped Five-Nines that dropped behind.

Gas! Gas! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling,  
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;  
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling  
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime...  
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,  
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,  
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams you too could pace  
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,  
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,  
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;  
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood  
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,  
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud  
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—  
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest  
To children ardent for some desperate glory,  
The old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est*  
*Pro patria mori*\*. (\*Latin: "It is sweet and fitting to die for one's country")

A

**Jabberwocky** by Lewis Carroll

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
 All mimsy were the borogoves,  
 And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son  
 The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
 Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
 The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;  
 Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
 So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
 And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
 The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,

Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,  
 And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
 The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
 He left it dead, and with its head  
 He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
 Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
 O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"  
 He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
 All mimsy were the borogoves,  
 And the mome raths outgrabe.

**A Nosty Fright** by May Swenson

The roldengod and the soneyhuckle,  
 the sack eyed blusan and the wistle theed  
 are all tangled with the oison pivy,  
 the fallen nine peedles and the wumbleteed.

A mipchunk caught in a wobceb tried  
 to hip and skide in a dandy sune  
 but a stobler put up a EEP KOFF sign.  
 Then the unf\*\*\*y lellow met a phytoon

and was sept out to swea. He difted for drays  
 till a hassgropper flying happened to spot  
 the boolish feast all debraggled and wet,  
 covered with snears and tot.

Loonmighit shone through the winey poods  
 where rushmooms grew among risted twoots.  
 Back blats flew between the twees  
 and orned howls hounded their soots.

A kumkpin stood with tooked creeth  
 on the sindow will of a house  
 where a icked wold itch lived all alone  
 except for her stoombrick, a mitten and a  
 kouse.

"Here we part," said the hassgropper.  
 "Pere we hart," mipchunk, too.  
 They purried away on opposite haths,  
 both scared of some "Bat!" or "Scool!"

October was ending on a nosty fright  
 with scroans and greeches and chanking clains,  
 with oblines and gelfs, coaths and urses,  
 skinning grulls and stoodblains.

Will it ever be morning, Nofember virst,  
 skue bly and the sanppy hun, our friend?  
 With light breaves of wall by the fayside?  
 I sope ho, so that this oem can pend.