

Name _____

Poetry 2016



A man of great physical beauty by reputation, Rupert Brooke was born in Rugby, Warwickshire where he attended the local school. He then gained entry into King's College, Cambridge (1905-11) where he became a Fellow in 1912. He travelled extensively and wrote many travel letters for the 'Westminster Gazette', London (1912-13). At the start of the First World War in 1914, he was assigned to the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. He saw action at Antwerp which inspired the writing of five passionately patriotic sonnets, the last of them being The Soldier. He was at the height of his

fame when he died during the war aged twenty-seven. He had been on his way to serve in the Dardanelles when he died of blood poisoning at Scyros and was buried there.

1914 The Dead (Rupert Brooke)

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead! *military funeral/taps, alliteration, diction (choice of words) /metaphoric*

There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
the dead soldiers, wealth? or spiritual?

But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold. *simile*

These laid the world away; poured out the red

Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be *metaphor*

Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene, (serenity)

For? Latinate (unusual) syntax (word order) diction

That men call age; and those who would have been,

Their sons, they gave, their immortality. *Logic?*

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,

Repetition, tone: stirring, proud, enthusiastic

Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.

Allegory- when ideas are personified and act as characters

/personification

Peaceful previous decades: shame?

Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,

And paid his subjects with a royal wage; *(metaphor)*

And Nobleness walks in our ways again;

And we have come into our heritage. *Petrarchan sonnet*

How does Brooke use literary devices (3) to convey his message?

Brooke is very proud of the 'war dead' and he uses several literary devices to more effectively express his feelings on the matter. He refers to the sacrifices of the dead soldiers as 'rarer gifts than gold', using a simile to more vividly make his point. His reference to the blood of the dead soldiers using the metaphor of 'red sweet wine of youth' conveys graphically the actual physical cost of their sacrifice and is perhaps an allusion to Christ's blood and sacrifice. Later in the poem Brooke uses allegory when describing the benefits that a just war brings: 'Honour, Love, Nobleness'. Brooke creatively states his opinion about the war dead, but his language keeps us at a distance from the battlefield and others might question his grasp of the actual conditions of war and its value.

1914 V: The Soldier (Rupert Brooke) (study/printed on test-unseen)

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field

That is for ever England. There shall be

In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,

Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,

A body of England's, breathing English air,

Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,

A pulse in the eternal mind, no less

Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;

And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,

In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Nationalism: theme/tone



Wilfred Owen was born near Oswestry, Shropshire, where his father worked on the railway. He was educated at the Birkenhead Institute, Liverpool and Shrewsbury Technical College. He worked as a pupil-teacher in a poor country parish before a shortage of money forced him to drop his hopes of studying at the University of London and take up a teaching post in Bordeaux (1913). He was tutoring in the Pyrenees when war was declared and enlisted as shortly afterwards.

In 1917 he suffered severe concussion and 'trench-fever' whilst fighting on the Somme and spent a period recuperating at

Craiglockart War Hospital, near Edinburgh. It was here that he met Siegfried Sassoon who read his poems, suggested how they might be improved, and offered him much encouragement. He was posted back to France in 1918 where he won the MC before being killed on the Sombre Canal a week before the Armistice was signed. His poetry owes its beauty to a deep ingrained sense of compassion coupled with grim realism. Owen is also acknowledged as a technically accomplished poet and master of metrical variety. Poems such as 'Dulce Decorum Est' and 'Anthem for doomed Youth' have done much to influence our attitudes towards war.

Anthem For Doomed Youth (Wilfred Owen)

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle? A

Rhetorical question; simile;

Only the monstrous anger of the guns. B

Personification/pathetic fallacy

Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle A

Onomatopoeia; alliteration, assonance, personification, repetition,

Can patter out their hasty orisons. B

Personification; onomatopoeia

No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells; c

Honorary funeral statue

Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs, d

The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells; c

Metaphor, personification/pathetic fallacy, onomatopoeia,

And bugles calling for them from sad shires. D

Connection w/ The Dead! Sibilance/ pathetic fallacy/ personification

What candles may be held to speed them all? E

Rhetorical question..

Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes f
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes. F
Reflection?

The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall; e

Pallor: pale, white pall: death-cloth

Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds, g

Metaphor

And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

Image: dusk=blinds analogy, metaphor

Sonnet: ends in Rhyming Couplet (Shakespeare)

Disabled (Wilfred Owen) (study/printed on test: unseen)

He sat in a wheeled chair, waiting for dark,

Un-named: impersonal, could be anyone

And shivered in his ghastly suit of grey,

Alliteration, hospital gown

Legless, sewn short at elbow. Through the park
sibilance

Voices of boys rang saddening like a hymn,

Nostalgic/melancholic/tragic

Diction: verb, transitive; simile

Voices of play and pleasure after day,

alliteration

Till gathering sleep had mothered them from him.

Diction/metaphor: mothered

About this time Town used to swing so gay

When glow-lamps budded in the light blue trees,

Gas-lamps/nostalgic/mood, metaphor

And girls glanced lovelier as the air grew dim,-

Darker=prettier more flirtacious?

In the old times, before he threw away his knees.

Metaphor: regret?

Now he will never feel again how slim

Girls' waists are, or how warm their subtle hands.

All of them touch him like some queer disease.

Simile: nurses' distaste (real? Paranoid/)

There was an artist silly for his face,

Metaphor: vain

For it was younger than his youth, last year.
Logic? paradox
 Now, he is old; his back will never brace;
Alliteration; older? One year but more...
 He's lost his colour very far from here,
Metaphor; double entendre: pale, paint
 Poured it down shell-holes till the veins ran dry,
Paint/blood
 And half his lifetime lapsed in the hot race
 And leap of purple spurted from his thigh.
Onomatopoeia; assonance;
 One time he liked a blood-smear down his leg,
Tough rugby guy...
 After the matches, carried shoulder-high.
 It was after football, when he'd drunk a peg,
 He thought he'd better join. - He wonders why.
Why? 1) cool wounds 2) drinking 3) uniform
 Someone had said he'd look a god in kilts,
 That's why; and maybe, too, to please his Meg,
4) impress girls
 Aye, that was it, to please the giddy jilts
 He asked to join. He didn't have to beg;
 Smiling they wrote his lie: aged nineteen years.
Underage: recruiters did not care...
 Germans he scarcely thought of; all their guilt,
 And Austria's, did not move him. And no fears
Not patriotism or morality (cf. Rupert)
 Of Fear came yet. He thought of jewelled hilts
Repetition;
 For daggers in plaid socks; of smart salutes;
 And care of arms; and leave; and pay arrears;
Attracted to the looks/bling of uniform, etc...
 Esprit de corps; and hints for young recruits.
Camaraderie, play the big man
 And soon, he was drafted out with drums and cheers.
Alliteration, onomatopoeia,
 Some cheered him home, but not as crowds cheer Goal.
Not what he expected!
 Only a solemn man who brought him fruits

Thanked him; and then enquired about his soul.
Priest/chaplain: not much comfort
 Now, he will spend a few sick years in institutes,
Shift in pov: 3rd person
 And do what things the rules consider wise,
 And take whatever pity they may dole.
Sarcasm, bitter tone
 Tonight he noticed how the women's eyes
 Passed from him to the strong men that were whole.
Sexual undertones...irony?
 How cold and late it is! Why don't they come
 And put him into bed? Why don't they come?
Interjection: Pity of speaker for patient: tone shifts to anger, despair

1. What does 'The Dead' say about the value of the dead soldiers' sacrifice?
2. What is the theme of 'The Soldier'?
3. How does Owen convey the horror of a battlefield death in 'Anthem'?

1. Choose 2 poems, same theme. (15) More vivid? (15)

Both these poems explore the theme of war: Brooke proudly trumpets a pro-war message with his eulogy of a dead soldier while Owen calmly but powerfully delivers an anti-war opinion in his contrast between a proper funeral and a soldier's unmarked battlefield death.

From its stirring start, 'Blow out bugles over the rich dead!', Brooke conveys a solemn but enthusiastic support for the ultimate sacrifice made by soldiers. The alliteration of 'bs' carries the line along stridently and 'rich' is full of metaphoric significance, as we learn later that it is in reference to a wealth of courage and spirit and memory, not money.

William Blake, (born Nov. 28, 1757, [London](#), Eng.—died Aug. 12, 1827, London), English engraver, artist, poet, and visionary, author of exquisite lyrics in *Songs of Innocence* (1789) and *Songs of Experience* (1794) and profound and difficult “prophecies,” such as *Visions of the Daughters of Albion* (1793), *The First Book of Urizen* (1794), *Milton* (1804[–?11]), and *Jerusalem* (1804[–?20]). These works he etched, printed, coloured, stitched, and sold, with the assistance of his devoted wife, Catherine. Among his best known lyrics today are ““The Lamb,”” ““The Tyger,”” ““London,”” and the ““Jerusalem”” lyric from *Milton*, which has become a kind of second national anthem in Britain. In the early 21st century, Blake was regarded as the earliest and most original of the Romantic poets, but in his lifetime he was generally neglected or (unjustly) dismissed as mad.

The Tyger (William Blake- from *Songs of Experience*)

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright (*alliteration*)
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

(rhyming couplets with a strong regular rhythm)
rhetorical questions: big philosophical questions

In what distant deeps or skies (*alliteration*)
Burnt the fire of thine eyes? (*assonance*)
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart? (*assonance*)
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet? (*repetition: sound starts to beat...*)

What the hammer? what the chain?

In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Allusion: reference to Bible, mythology or other great work

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?
Repetition

Theme: In ‘Tyger’, Blake is asking the eternal ‘big’ questions which we all wonder about: Why is there evil in the world? If there is a God, did he create the Devil and all the evil in the world? He refers specifically to the terrible beauty of the tiger. So much of nature is wonderful to behold but also destructive. Is evil the price we pay for beauty and freewill?

Describe an image that made an impact me.

One of the many images in ‘The Tyger’ by William Blake which made a lasting impression on me is the moment when the speaker describes the revolt amongst the angels: ‘When the stars threw down their spears and watered Heaven with their tears’. What struck me about this image is that I can easily picture this scene in my mind: a sort of LOTR-like vision of impressive god-like beasts staging a dramatic rebellion and influencing the fate of the universe.

The Lamb (William Blake- from *Songs of Innocence*)

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee

The Chimney Sweeper (from *Songs of Innocence*) (William Blake)

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry 'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep! (sweep!)
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep. alliteration/sibilance

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved: so I said, "Hush, Tom!
never mind it, for when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair." (paradox)

And so he was quiet; and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight, -
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,

Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins and set them all free;
Then down a green plain leaping, laughing, they run,
(vision of paradise: its simplicity implies the poverty of their lives)
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke; and
rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm;
So if all do their duty they need not fear harm.

The Chimney Sweeper (from *Songs of Experience*) (William Blake)

A little black thing among the snow,
Crying "'weep! 'weep!" in notes of woe!
"Where are thy father and mother, say?"
"They are both gone up to the church to pray.

"Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smiled among the winter's snow,
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

"And because I am happy and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and his Priest and King,
Who make up a heaven of our misery."

Oranges

By Gary Soto

The first time I walked
With a girl, I was twelve,
Cold, and weighted down
With two oranges in my jacket.
December. Frost cracking
Beneath my steps, my breath
Before me, then gone,
As I walked toward
Her house, the one whose
Porch light burned yellow
Night and day, in any weather.
A dog barked at me, until
She came out pulling
At her gloves, face bright
With rouge. I smiled,
Touched her shoulder, and led
Her down the street, across
A used car lot and a line
Of newly planted trees,
Until we were breathing
Before a drugstore. We
Entered, the tiny bell
Bringing a saleslady
Down a narrow aisle of goods.
I turned to the candies
Tiered like bleachers,
And asked what she wanted -
Light in her eyes, a smile
Starting at the corners
Of her mouth. I fingered
A nickle in my pocket,
And when she lifted a chocolate
That cost a dime,
I didn't say anything.
I took the nickle from
My pocket, then an orange,

And set them quietly on
The counter. When I looked up,
The lady's eyes met mine,
And held them, knowing
Very well what it was all
About.

Outside,
A few cars hissing past,
Fog hanging like old
Coats between the trees.
I took my girl's hand
In mine for two blocks,
Then released it to let
Her unwrap the chocolate.
I peeled my orange
That was so bright against
The gray of December
That, from some distance,
Someone might have thought
I was making a fire in my hands.

1) Purpose of poem:

2) What does the woman behind the counter understand?

3) Identify the similes in the poem:

4) Identify the metaphors in the poem:

5) Identify imagery (sensory details) in the poem:

Stealing

By Carol Ann Duffy

The most unusual thing I ever stole? A snowman.

Midnight. He looked magnificent; a tall, white mute

beneath the winter moon. I wanted him, a mate with a mind as cold as the slice of ice

within my own brain. I started with the head.

Better off dead than giving in, not taking

what you want. He weighed a ton; his torso, frozen stiff, hugged to my chest, a fierce chill

piercing my gut. Part of the thrill was knowing that children would cry in the morning. Life's tough.

Sometimes I steal things I don't need. I joy-ride cars to nowhere, break into houses just to have a look.

I'm a mucky ghost, leave a mess, maybe pinch a camera.

I watch my gloved hand twisting the doorknob.

A stranger's bedroom.

Mirrors. I sigh like this - Aah.

It took some time.

Reassembled in the yard, he didn't look the same. I took a run

and booted him. Again. Again.

My breath ripped out in rags. It seems daft now.

Then I was standing alone among lumps of snow, sick of the world.

Boredom. Mostly I'm so bored I could eat myself.

One time, I stole a guitar and thought I might learn to play. I nicked a bust of Shakespeare once, flogged it, but the snowman was the strangest.

You don't understand a word

I'm saying, do you?

	Oranges	Stealing
Tone	Nostalgic, calm, reflective,	Frenetic, disturbed, frantic, edgy, unnerving (ed)
Style	Free Verse Colloquial, not obviously 'poetic' at first but then develops imagery and theme. Spacing of About/Outside: most poetic technique: pause (less is more)	Starts very conversational but quickly we sense a seething undercurrent of instability and perhaps psychosis... Stark/visceral imagery...
Diction	Regular but subtly evocative	
pov	1 st person, adult male	Very personal/individual; portrays an unstable mind Interior dialogue
setting	America: candies, used cars: Inner suburbs, normal not posh	Suburbia? Other peoples' homes? Or just her own mind..
LDs	Simile: like bleachers (a simile a kid could use) 'hissing': personification/onom. 'like old coats': simile Orange; metaphor of fire for sparking love... Poem builds up to a profound image...	From conversational questions to single word sentences which convey authenticity and a bit of drama. Midnight. Life's tough. Black humour.
Imagery	'a smile starting at the corner of her mouth' regular, not fancy, but also precise..	Visceral/ phantasmagorical / Surreal/
Theme	First Love but also kindness	Mental Breakdown

Robert Frost

Desert Places

Snow falling and night falling fast, oh, fast *a*
Repetition and alliteration/colloquial interjection

In a field I looked into going past, *a*
And the ground almost covered smooth in snow, *b*
sibilance

But a few weeds and stubble showing last. *A*
Natural scene, but not the usual pretty one
Realistic, even negative Diction: weeds, stubble

The woods around it have it - it is theirs.

Pronoun games: it stands for loneliness?

All animals are smothered in their lairs.

Diction: onomatopoeically negative

I am too absent-spirited to count;

Absent-minded? Negative/sad/existentialism/nihilism
melancholy

The loneliness includes me unawares.

Nature despires? despairs?

And lonely as it is, that loneliness

will be more lonely ere it will be less –

alliteration and repetition: 'l's lull you to a sleep

but not a pleasant sleep; complicated syntax

A blanker whiteness of benighted snow

Benighted: ignorant, dark

With no expression, nothing to express.

Existentialism: no god (or no influence from god)

We are all alone and isolated, struggling to communicate

They cannot scare me with their empty spaces

between stars - on stars where no human race is.

Reference to recent (1930s) discoveries in astrophysics which
greatly expanded the universe but emptied it...

I have it in me so much nearer home

to scare myself with my own desert places.

But this field is depressing enough? Frost finds
nature to be dark thought-provoking...

Mending Wall

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,

iambic pentameter: blank verse

colloquial, musing, contemplative

That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,

And spills the upper boulders in the sun;

And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.

The work of hunters is another thing:

I have come after them and made repair

Where they have left not one stone on a stone,

But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,

To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,

colloquial

No one has seen them made or heard them made,

But at spring mending-time we find them there.

I let my neighbour know beyond the hill;

And on a day we meet to walk the line

And set the wall between us once again.

We keep the wall between us as we go.

To each the boulders that have fallen to each.

And some are loaves and some so nearly balls

We have to use a spell to make them balance:

"Stay where you are until our backs are turned!"

We wear our fingers rough with handling them.

Oh, just another kind of out-door game,

One on a side. It comes to little more:

There where it is we do not need the wall:

He is all pine and I am apple orchard.

My apple trees will never get across

And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.
 He only says, "Good fences make good neighbours."
 Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder
 If I could put a notion in his head:
 "Why do they make good neighbours? Isn't it
 Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.
 Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
 What I was walling in or walling out,
 And to whom I was like to give offence.
 Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
 That wants it down." I could say "Elves" to him,
 But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
 He said it for himself. I see him there
 Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top
 In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.
 He moves in darkness as it seems to me,
 Not of woods only and the shade of trees.
 He will not go behind his father's saying,
 And he likes having thought of it so well
 He says again, "Good fences make good neighbours."

Design

a sonnet (14 lines; metre: iambic pentameter; set rhyme scheme);

I found a dimpled spider, fat and white, a
unusual diction: 'dimpled' usually use to describe a baby,
something positive

fat: back then positive, meaning plenty, baby fat

On a white heal-all, holding up a moth b

Like a white piece of rigid satin cloth-- b

simile; rigid and satin are very descriptive: but moth is dead,
strange effect

Assorted characters of death and blight a

blight: disease that effects plants and often changes colour

Mixed ready to begin the morning right, a

colloquial, chipper language is misleadingly casual...ironic

Like the ingredients of a witches' broth-- b

simile

A snow-drop spider, a flower like a froth, b

double alliteration/sibilance, metaphor/simile

And dead wings carried like a paper kite. a

simile, tone: macabre/morbid mixed with innocent image

What had that flower to do with being white, a

a and innocent heal-all?

Personification? Philosophical/existentialist?

Why is the flower white?

What brought the kindred spider to that height, a

Then steered the white moth thither in the night? a

What but design of darkness to appall?-- c

If design govern in a thing so small. c

1. Describe in a paragraph what the speaker has observed.
2. Pick 5 interesting words and define them.
3. What is the philosophical message?