ENGLISH IV AP POETRY PACKET

*As we complete our poetry unit, additional assignments will be issued through Google Classroom. Those will be announced in class.

POEMS FOR EXAMINING IMAGERY, DICTION, AND TONE

Introduction to Poetry
Billy Collins (pg 790)
I ask them to take a poem and hold it up to the light like a color slide
or press an ear against its hive.
I say drop a mouse into a poem and watch him probe his way out,
or walk inside the poem’s room and feel the walls for a light switch.
I want them to waterski across the surface of a poem waving at the author’s name on the shore.
But all they want to do
is tie the poem to a chair with rope and torture a confession out of it.
They begin beating it with a hose to find out what it really means.

“Snapping Beans”
Lisa Parker (pg 811-812)
I snapped beans into the silver bowl that sat on the splintering slats of the porchswing between my grandma and me.
I was home for the weekend, from school, from the North,
Grandma hummed “What A Friend We Have In Jesus” as the sun rose, pushing its pink spikes through the slant of cornstalks,
through the fly-eyed mesh of the screen.
We didn’t speak until the sun overcame the feathered tips of the cornfield and Grandma stopped humming. I could feel the soft gray of her stare against the side of my face when she asked, How’s school a-goin? I wanted to tell her about my classes, the revelations by book and lecture as real as any shout of faith, potent as a swig of strychnine.
She reached the leather of her hand over the bowl and cupped my quivering chin; the slick smooth of her palm held my face the way she held tomatoes under the spigot, careful not to drop them, and I wanted to tell her about the nights I cried into the familiar heartsick panels of the quilt she made me, wishing myself home on the evening star.
I wanted to tell her the evening star was a planet, that my friends wore nose rings and wrote poetry about sex, about alcoholism, about Buddha.
I wanted to tell her how my stomach burned acidic holes at the thought of speaking in class, speaking in an accent, speaking out of turn, how I was tearing, splitting myself apart with the slow-simmering guilt of being happy despite it all.
I said, School’s fine.
We snapped beans into the silver bowl between us and when a hickory leaf, still summer green, skidded onto the porch front,
Grandma said,
It’s funny how things blow loose like that.

“To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time”
Robert Herrick (pg 842)
Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, Old Time is still a-flying; And this same flower that smiles today Tomorrow will be dying.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun, The higher he’s a-getting, The sooner will his race be run, And nearer he’s to setting.
That age is best which is the first, When youth and blood are warmer; But being spent, the worse, and worst Times still succeed the former.
Then be not coy, but use your time, And while ye may, go marry; For having lost but once your prime, You may forever tarry.
POEMS FOR EXAMINING RHYTHM AND RHYME

Bedford pages 982-983

Meter:
Prosody:
Scansion:

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<th>Foot</th>
<th>Pattern</th>
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<td>iamb</td>
<td>away</td>
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<td>trochee</td>
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Iambic: What kept his eyes from giving back the gaze
Trochaic: He was louder than the preacher
Anapestic: I am called to the front of the room
Dactylic: Sing it all merrily

“My Heart Leaps Up”
William Wordsworth (page 985)

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

“When I was one-and-twenty”
A.E. Housman (page 990)

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
“Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free.”
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
“The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
’Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue.”
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, ’tis true, ’tis true.

“My Papa’s Waltz”
Theodore Roethke (page 999)

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.
Italian/Petrarchan Sonnet:
Structure:

Rhyme Scheme:

English Sonnet:
Structure

Rhyme Scheme

“The World Is Too Much with Us”
William Wordsworth (page 1009)
The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;—
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I’d rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

“Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?”
(Sonnet 18)
William Shakespeare (page 1010)
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 dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature’s changing course, untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow’st,
Nor shall death brag thou wand’rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to Time thou grow’st.
    So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
    So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.