**Pick ten of the poetry projects listed below: (ten points each)**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Project** | **Example is on page #...** |
| 1. Two original **sonnets**
 | 19 |
| 1. Five original **haiku**
 | 5 |
| 1. Any poem types found on 3 or 10-12 (must write at least three but you can mix the different types)
 | 4, 11-13 |
| 1. “Jabberwocky” **dictionary** (minimum of 12 definitions)
 | N/A |
| 1. “Jabberwocky” **rewrite** (Jabberwocky drawings are encouraged)
 | 3 |
| 1. Five original **limericks**
 | 9 |
| 1. A song or poem **parody**
 | 20 |
| 1. Three original **name poems**
 | 15 |
| 1. Two original **shape poems**
 | 16 |
| 1. An original **free verse** Poem
 | 14 |
| 1. A poem **analysis** (A copy of the poem is to accompany analysis.)
 | N/A |
| 1. A **memorized** poem (Minimum of 20 lines to be recited in class. Teacher approval required)
 | N/A |
| 1. An original **rap** (must be performed either live, video or audio)
 | N/A |
| 1. A villanelle
 | 17-18 |
| 1. If you have an idea for a poem that doesn’t fit one of these categories, talk to me about it.
 | N/A |

**10 non- original (written by someone else) poems (5 points each)**

The poetry packet is worth **170 points**. Up to **20 points** will be awarded for originality, creativity, spelling, punctuation, capitalization, accuracy, and presentation.

**Five extra credit points** will be awarded for an eleventh project which can be a duplication of any one project. No extra credit can be added unless the ten required projects are also completed.

**All of the poems that you write and all of the non-original poems must fit a common theme (the joy of living, the pain of love, hate is destructive, nature is wonderful, material wealth is not important, etc.)**

Hotel California

On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair

Warm smell of colitas rising up through the air

Up ahead in the distance. I saw a shimmering light

My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim

I had to stop for the night

There she stood in the doorway;

I heard the mission bell

And I was thinking to myself,

This could be heaven or this could be hell’

Then she lit up the candle and she showed me the way

There were voices down the corridor,

I thought I heard them say…

Welcometo Hotel California

Such a lovely place (such a lovely face)

Plenty of room at the Hotel California

Any time of the year, you can find it here

Her mind is Tiffany twisted, she got the Mercedes Bends

She got a lot pretty,pretty boys, that she calls friends

How they dance in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat.

Some dance to remember, some dance to forget

So I called up the Captain,

Please bring me my wine’

He said,”We haven’t had that spirit

 Here since nineteen sixty nine”

And still those voices are calling from far away,

Wake you up in the middle of the night

Just to have them say…

Welcome to the Hotel California

Such a lovely place (such a lovely face)

They livin’ it up at the Hotel California

What a nice surprise, bring your alibis

Mirrors on the ceiling,

The pink champagne on ice

And she said “We are all just prisoners here,

 Of our own device”

And in the master’s chambers,

They gathered for the feast

They satb it with their steely knives,

But they just can’t kill the beast

Last thing I remember, I was

Running for the door

I had to find the passage back

To the place I was before

“Relax”, said the night man,

“We are programmed to receive,

You can check out any time you like,

 But you can never leave”.

English

 I take it you already know

 Of tough and bough and cough and dough

 Others may stumble, but not you

 On hiccough, thorough, slough and through

 Well donal And now you wisk, perhaps

 To learn of less familiar traps?

 Beware of heard, a dreadful word

 That looks like beard and sounds like bird.

 And dead; it’s said like bed, not bead;

 For goodness sake,don’t call don’t call it deed!

 Watch out for meat and great and threat,

 (They ryhme with suite and straight and debt

 A moth is not a moth in mother,

 Nor both in order bother, broth in brother.

 And here is not a match for ther.

 And dear and fear for bear and pear.

 And then there’s dose and rose and lose –

 Just look them up- and goose and choose,

 And cork and work and card and ward,

 And font and front and word and sword,

 And do and go, then thwart and cart,

 Come, come, I’ve hardly made a start.

 A dreadful language? Why, man alive,

 I’d learned to talk it when I was five,

 And yet to write it, the more I tried,

 I hadn’t learned it at thirty- five.

 Richard N. Krogh

*JABBERWOCKY*

*‘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 Jabberwocky, my son!*

 *The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!*

*Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun*

 *The frumious Bandersnatch!”*

*And as in uffish thought he stood,*

 *The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,*

*Came whiffling 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! Calloh! 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.*

**CINQUAINS**

Line #1 Noun (subject)

Line # 2 Adjective, Adjective (describes subject)

Line #3 Verb, verb, verb (what subject does)

Line #4 Phrase which tells something about subject

Line #5 Synonym

Example:

Caterpillar
Relentless, Ravenous
Constructing, Evolving, Emerging
Wondrous gift of nature
Butterfly

**DIAMANTES**

Line #1 Noun (subject)

Line #2 Adjective, Adjective (describe subject)

Line #3 Gerund, gerund, gerund (“ing” ending words)

Line #4 Four nouns or a short phrase about subject

Line #5 Three gerunds which change subject

Line #6 Two adjectives which continue change

Line #7 ANTONYM

Example:

**Winter
Frosty, Bright
Skiing, Snow Ball Fighting, Sledding
Icicles, Snowflakes, Vacation, Family
Swimming, Sun Tanning, Sweltering
Hot, Sunny
Summer**

**HAIKU**

Haiku is a type of Japanese poem that is unrhymed. This poem is written with just three lines and each line must contain a specific number of syllables. The topic chosen for haiku is usually seasonal or from nature. The topic may be anything, however that one has a feeling for.

Here are some examples of haiku.

1 2 3 4 5 1 2 3 4 5

Whitecaps on the bay: As the wind does blow

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 Across the trees, I see the A broken signboard banging

1 2 3 4 5 1 2 3 4 5

In the April wind. Buds blooming in May

The syllables in the above samples have been numbered to demonstrate the manner in which the pattern can be carried out. Note that the lines 1 and 3 each have 5 syllables, and line 2 has 7 syllables.

1: I - walk – a - cross – sand (5)
2: And – find – my – self – blis – ter – ing (7)
3: In – the – hot, - hot – heat (5)

As you read each poem, notice that it paints an emotional picture for the reader. These do not tell a complete story. They just help you feel and reflect on the subject and the feeling of the poet.

**ALLITERATION**

Alliteration of the words beginning with the same letter or sound.

Examples: Rabbits running over roses.
 Dewdrops Dancing Down Daisies

**WHERE THE SIDEWALK ENDS**

There is a place where the sidewalk ends

And before the street begins,

And there the grass grows soft and white,

And there the sun burns crimson bright,

And there the moon-bird rests from his flight

To cool in the peppermintwind.

Let us leave this place where the smoke blows back

And the dark street winds and bends.

Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow

We shallwalk with a walk that is measured and slow,

And watch where the chalk-white arrows go

To the place where the sidewalk ends.

Yes we’ll walk with a walk that is measured and slow,

And we’ll go where the chalk-white arrows go,

For the children, they mark, and the children, they know

The place where the sidewalk ends.

HECTOR THE COLLECTOR

Hector the Collector

Collected bits of string,

Collected dolls with broken heads

And rusty bells that would not ring.

Pieces out of picture puzzles,

Bent- up nails and ice-cream sticks,

Twists of wires, worn-out tires,

Paper bags and broken bricks.

Old chipped vases, half shoelaces

Gatlin’ guns that wouldn’t shoot,

Leaky boats that wouldn’t float

And stopped-up horns that wouldn’t toot.

Butter knives that had no handles,

Copper keys that fit no locks,

Rings that were too small for fingers,

Dried-up leaves and patched-up socks.

Worn-out belts that had no buckles,

‘Lectric trains that had no tracks,

Airplane models, broken bottles,

Three-legged chairs and cups with cracks.

 Hector the Collector

Loved these things with all his soul—

Loved them more that shining diamonds,

Loved them more than glistenin’ gold.

Hector called to all the people,

“Come and share my treasure trunk!”

And all the silly sightless people

Came and looked…. And called it junk.

**No Son of Mine** Well the years they passed slowly

I thought about him everyday

They key to my survival what would I do, if we passed

was never in much doubt on the street

the question was how I could keep sane would I keep

trying to find a way out running away

things were never easy for me in and out of hiding places

peace of mind was hard to find soon I’d have to face the facts

and I needed a place where I could hide we’d have to sit down and talk it over

 and that would mean going back

I didn’t think much about it

til it started happening all the time they say time is a healer

soon I was living with the fear everyday and now my wounds are not the same

of what might happen at night I rang the bell with my heart in my mouth

 I had to hear what he’d say

I couldn’t stand to hear the

crying of my mother He sat me down to talk to me

and I remember when he looked me straight in the eyes

I swore that, that would be the he said:

last they’d see of me

and I never went home again You’re no son of mine.

they say time is a healer

**EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON**

 **Richard Cory**

**Whenever Richard Cory went down town,**

**We people on the pavement look at him:**

**He was a gentleman from sole to crown,**

**Clean favored, and imperially slim.**

**And he was always quietly arrayed,**

**And he was always human when he talked;**

**But still he fluttered pulses when he said,**

**“Good-morning” and he glittered when he walked.**

**And he was rich – yes, richer than a king –**

**And admirably schooled in every grace:**

**In fine, we thought that he was everything**

**To make us wish that we were in his place.**

**So on we worked, and waited for the light,**

**And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;**

**And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,**

**Went home and put a bullet through his head.**

and now my wounds are not the same

I rang the bell with my heart in my mouth

I had to hear what he’d say

He sat me down to talk to me

he looked me straight in the eyes

he said:

You’re no son of mine

You’re no son of mine

You walked out, you left us behind

and you’re no son, no son of mine

oh his words how they hurt me, I’ll never forget it

and as the time, it went by, I lived to regret it

You’re no son of mine

but where should I go, and what should I do

you’re no son,

no son of mine

but I came here for help, I came here for you

**HATE**

I HATE YOU!

Like a liar hates something true,

Like dogs hate cats,

Like Republicans hate Democrats,

Like good hates bad,

Like a “punker” hates “trendy fad”

Like a child hates school,

Like a genius hates a fool,

Like girls hate to break a nail,

Like a winner hates to fail,

Like guys hate New Kids On The Block,

Like a nerd hates a jock,

Like a priest hates to commit a sin,

Like a voodoo doll victim hates a pin,

Like the tin man hates rain,

Like mankind hates pain,

Like students hate homework,

Like a woman hates a jerk,

Like a victim hates their abuser,

Like a murderer hates their accuser,

Like peace hates war,

Like kids hate chores,

Like Woodsy The Owl hates litter,

Like someone determined hates a quitter.

Jaime Majinska

**LOVE**

LOVE hurtful,

wonderful crying, laughing, sharing

Not working out and turning ugly fighting,

Lying, shouting

HATE

LIMERICKS

There was an Old Man of Nantucket
Who kept all his cash in a bucket.
His daughter, called Nan,
Ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket, Nantucket.

//

There was an Old Man who supposed
That the street door was partially closed
But some very large rats
Ate his coats and his hats
While that futile Old Gentleman dozed.

//

In the tank in my room live two fish
And they told me they have one wish
To be fed twice a day,
On mushroom and hay,
And have it served up in a dish.

//

There once was a diver named Hank
who had to go sit on the bank.
He ran into trouble
when friends saw a bubble
that didn't come out of his tank.

//

Rhyme Scheme: AABBA

A: There once was a diver named Hank

A: who had to go sit on the bank.

B: He ran into trouble

B: when his friends saw a bubble

A: that didn’t come out of his tank.

**Robert Frost Emily Dickinson**

*Nothing Gold Can Stay I felt a Funeral in my brain (280)*

Nature’s first green is gold, I felt a funeral, in my Brain,

Her hardest hue to hold. And mourners to and fro

Her early leaf’s a flower; Kept treading -treading– till it seemed

But only so an hour. That sense was breaking through -

Then leaf subsides to leaf.

So Eden sank to grief, And when they all were seated.

So dawn goes down to day. A service, Like drum -

Nothing gold can stay.Kept beating – beating- till I thought

My mind was going numb-

 Fire and Ice And then I heard them lift a box

I hold with those who favor fire. And creak across my soul

But if it had to perish twice, With those same Boots of Lead, again,

I think I know enough of hate Then space- begas to toll,

To say that for destruction ice

Is also great As all the heavens were a bell,

And would suffice And being, but an ear,

 And I, and silence, some strange Race

 Wrecked, solitary, here-

*Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*

Whose woods these are I think I know. And then a Plank in reason, broke,

His House is in the village, though; And I dropped down, and down –

He will not see me stopping here And hit a World, at every plunge,

To watch his woods fill up with snow. And finished knowing – then -

My little horse must think it queer

To stop without a farmhouse near I’m Nobody! Who are you?

Between the woods and frozen lake

The darkest evening of the year. I’m nobody! Who are you?

 Are you – Nobody – too?

He gives his harness bells a shake Then there’s a pair of us!

To ask if there is some mistake. Don’t tell! They’d banish us – you know!

The only other sound’s the sweep

Of easy wind and downy flake. How dreary – to be – Somebody!

 How public – like a frog -

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep, To tell your name – the livelong June -

But I have promises to keep, To an admiring Bog!

And miles to go before I sleep,

And miles to go before I sleep.

**SIJO**

 Sijo is a Korean verse pattern. It has six lines. Each line can have seven or eight syllables. Some writers try to design their Sijo so it comes out to be three sentences which take up two lines each.

 Line 1 = 7 or 8 syllables

 Line 2 = 7 or 8 syllables

 Line 3 = 7 or 8 syllables

 Line 4 = 7 or 8 syllables

 Line 5 = 7 or 8 syllables

 Line 6 = 7 or 8 syllables

Example:

When rosy rays of sunset shrink

Starts blink on in the high far sky.

One here, one there, then here below

Quite near me tiny fireflies flash.

On again flick! Gone again quick!

Magic trick and a summer show.

**CINQUAIN**

 There are several styles of patterns that are called Cinquain. They all have five lines. Cinquain comes from the French word “cinq” which means five. One popular pattern is based on a design of syllables. In most Cinquain patterns, the poem begins and then builds and finally ends with a line that is similar to the beginning line.

 Line 1 = 2 syllables

 Line 2 = 4 syllables

 Line 3 = 6 syllables

 Line 4 = 8 syllables

 Line 5 = 2 syllables

Example:

 Spring buds

 Hooded tightly

 On winter bare branches

 Will loosen in the April sun

 And wake

Line #1 Noun (subject)

Line #2 Adjective, Adjective (Describes Subject)

Line #3 Verb, Verb, Verb (what subject does)

Line #4 Phrase which tells something about the subject

Line #5 Synonym

Example: Pain

 Sharp, tense

 Shoot, stab, pierce

 I don’t think I can take anymore!!

 Dentist

**TANKA**

 Tanka is an extension of the Haiku form. It has five lines with thirty- one syllables. It is a Japanese pattern which does not require rhyme. Its subject matter is usually nature.

 Line 1 = 5 syllables

 Line 2 = 7 syllables

 Line 3 = 5 syllables

 Line 4 = 7 syllables

 Line 5 = 7 syllables

Example:

 Blossoms of the plum

 gleam through the fallen snow today

 Better let them stand!

 I had gathered some for you

 But they melted in my hand.

**ACROSTIC POEMS**

 An acrostic poem forms a name or word when read vertically. Explain this concept to your students and show them an example. Have the students read biographies of famous people. Have them write down facts about their famous person. Here is an example of an acrostic poem.

 Green Bay Packers offered him a contract

 For professional football

 Oath of office,

 Rudolph was his middle name,

 Democrats were beaten by Ford

Here is an example of how acrostic poems can be used for research without copying in other subjects:

 Rome, ruled, river

 Oligarchy, octarian, Olympian

 Mediterranean Sea, Maximus, Markus Olivious

 Aqueduct, ancient, arena

 New testament, new dictator

 Egypt enemy, events

 Mark Antony, Mary and Joseph, military

 Punic wars, peninsula

 Italy, invaders

 Republic, religion

 Etrucians, Europe, east

**IMAGE COUPLETS**

 Image couplets are a fun, useful way to capture sensory details with words. The first line of each couplet begins with the words: “Did you ever (see, hear, taste, smell, touch) a\_\_\_\_\_? The second line of the poem should contain vivid words that create an image of the subject chosen. Example:

 Did you ever hear a nightingale

 sweet, serene, the melody of night?

The poem becomes 10 lines – one couplet for each of the five senses.

**“I AM” POEM**

 I am (two special characteristics you have)

 I wonder (something you are actually curious about)

 I hear (an imaginary sound)

 I see (an imaginary sight)

 I want (an actual desire)

 I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

 I pretend (something you pretend to do)

 I feel (a feeling about something imaginary)

 I touch (an imaginary touch)

 I worry (something that really bothers you)

 I cry (something that makes you very sad)

 I am (the first line of line of the poem repeated)

 I understand (something you know is true)

YOU BEGIN

*Margaret Atwood*

You begin this way:

this is your hand,

this is your eye,

this is a fish, blue and flat

on the paper, almost

the shape of an eye

This is your mouth, this is an O

or a moon, whichever

you like. This is yellow.

Outside the window

is the rain, green

because it is summer, and beyond that

the trees and then the world,

which is round and has only

the colors of these nine crayons.

This is the world, which is fuller

and more difficult to learn than I have said.

You are right to smudge it that way

with the red and then

the orange: the world burns.

Once you have learned these words

you will learn that there are more

words than you can ever learn.

The word *hand* floats above your hand

like a small cloud over a lake.

The word *hand* anchors

your hand to this table

your hand is a warm stone

I hold between two words.

This is your hand, these are my hands, this is the world,

which is round but not flat and has more colors

than we can see.

It begins, it has an end,

this is what you will

come back to, this is your hand.

NAME POEMS

An acrostic poem forms a name or word when read vertically.

Examples:

***Claire has all the clarity of sunlight,
Lucid as long-meditated words.
Actions are the fruit of careful seeding
Implanted on a bed of thought and reading,
Rendered with the grace of wild birds.
Even dreams lie dappled in the moonlight***

//

***Piles of candy
Under the bed
Make for a delicious snack
People
Know
It’s been Halloween because
No one is without candy***

Shape Poems



//



//

## Villanelles

## Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on that sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

--Dylan Thomas

**One Art**

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.

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.

--Elizabeth Bishop

|  |
| --- |
|  |

**Sonnet 18**

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.

--Shakespeare

**Time does not bring relief**

Time does not bring relief; you all have lied

Who told me time would ease me of my pain!

I miss him in the weeping of the rain;

I want him at the shrinking of the tide;

The old snows melt from every mountain-side,

And last year's leaves are smoke in every lane;

But last year's bitter loving must remain

Heaped on my heart, and my old thoughts abide!

There are a hundred places where I fear

To go,--so with his memory they brim!

And entering with relief some quiet place

Where never fell his foot or shone his face

I say, "There is no memory of him here!"

And so stand stricken, so remembering him.

--Edna St. Vincent Millay

|  |
| --- |
|  |

|  |
| --- |
|  |

**A Shakespeare Parody**

**I Could Have Been**

I could have been a straight “A” student

If I had only done my work

I could have been the most popular guy

If I wasn’t such a jerk

I could have been a football star

If I had just tried out

I could have been a nuclear physicist

If I had known what it’s all about

I could have been a famous artist

If I only knew how to draw

I could have been a carpenter

If I could only afford a saw

I could have been a botanist

If I knew all the kinds of plants

And I could have been yours

If you had only given me a chance.

Jacob Franquez

A bee, or not a bee: that is the

 question:

Whether ‘tis nobler in the arm to suffer

The strings and swellings of

 Outrageous insects,

Or to take Raid against a swarm of

gnats,

And by opposing, spray them? To

 swell: to itch:

No more; and by a swat to say we end

The welting and the thousand natu-

 ral bites

That flesh is heir to, ‘tis a consumma-

 tion

Devoutly to be scratch’d. To swell, to

 Itch;

To sting: perchance to bite: ay, there’s

 a rub:

For in that spray of Raid what relief

 may come,

When we have swatted off this insect

 turmoil,

Must give us pause. There’s the relief

That makes calamity of so many

 bites.

 Eric Bridges, Cincinnati, Ohio

(the famous speech this writer mimics, “To be or not to

 be. . ,” comes from Shakespeare’s play *Hamlet.)*