

Name: _____

Grade 9 – Poetry Unit

"If you know what you are going to write when you're writing a poem, it's going to be average."

– Derek Walcott

Poetry is an important genre in student writing. It gives opportunities to play with language in novel ways, and sometimes to incorporate art and graphic design skills as well. Understand that it is the *message* that is important in poetry, not just the format or rhyming. Playing with line breaks and white space, exploring repetition and font choices for emphasis, and focusing on descriptive language that carries meaning are all ways to enhance (poetic) writing skills.

During the next few weeks, you will be reading, writing, writing about, memorizing, studying, discussing, and collecting poems. Your unit grade will be primarily based on the following:

- the work done in and around this poetry booklet
- your memorization of one poem
- your poetry analysis essay
- your grade on the poetry test

Note that the poetry unit is no different than any other unit, in that class participation plays an important role in your marks, as does your general behavior.

It is essential that you keep this handout neat, organized. I will not make additional copies to replace lost handouts. If you misplace a handout, you will need to copy it over by hand. Furthermore, you are responsible for making a cover for this booklet.

In order to understand poetry, you will need to experience the process of writing poetry. The poems you write will be included in this poetry booklet. Although I do not expect you to become a world-wide acclaimed poet, I do expect that you will attempt to write every poem demonstrated for you, and your efforts to be sincere. As you consider all senses, it is a great opportunity to expand your vocabulary.

We will study a wide variety of poems, mostly by Edgar Allan Poe but also others, which are recognized for their excellence. You will take notes on these poems and keep the notes in this booklet. Most of the material covered by the test will be in this booklet.

Finally, you should continue putting your dictionary to good use. If there is a word you do not know – and there should be many – use it! You will not be tested on vocabulary words found in poems, but there sure is nothing wrong with learning new words.

By the way, keeping this booklet presentable, tidy and neat matters! As this booklet is an extension of you, feel free to be creative and use the space you are offered well and to your liking.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Preface	1
Table of Contents	2
Concrete Verse (aka Shape Poetry)	3
Numerical Poem	6
Acrostic Poem	7
Diamante Poem	8
Haiku Poem	9
Limericks	10
Kyrielle	11
Nonet	12
Minute Poem	13
Monorhyme	14
Narrative Poetry	15
"Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening"	18
Mini Biography of Edgar Allan Poe	19
"Eldorado"	20
"A Dream Within a Dream"	21
"Lenore"	22
"Annabel Lee"	23
"To -- -- --. Ulalume: A Ballad"	24
"Sonnet – To Science"	25
"The City in the Sea"	26
"The Conqueror Worm"	27
"The Raven"	28
Glossary	31
Poetry Analysis Essay	35
Notes on poetry studied	A1
Comparative Essay Outline	A2
Poetry Analysis Essay	A3

Concrete Verse (aka Shape Poetry)

Picture poems are called concrete poems. They contain words, like other poems – but the words are arranged into shapes suggesting an object or idea. The arrangement becomes part of the experience of the poem.

Self Portrait

The words used for "Self Portrait" are related to a face. Notice how the arrangement suggests the shape of a face.

Here are a few other examples, albeit in a slightly different style.

a sputter
a click to roar
usouym a

a shudder
a flick to soar
usnd a

the wings
the nose held high
steady

to touch is ready
the plane
the sky

I a
 cat who
 coated in a
 dense shadow
 which I cast
 along myself
 absorb the
 light you
 gaze at me
 with can yet
 look at a king
 and not be seen
 to be seeing any
 more than himself
 a motionless seer
 sovereign of gray
 mirrored invisibly
 in the seeing glass
 of air Whatever I am
 seeing is part of me
 As you see me now my
 vision is wrapped in
 two green hypotheses
 darkness blossoming
 in two unseen eyes
 which pretend to be
 intent on a spot of
 upon
 the
 rug
 Who
 can
 see
 how
 eye
 can
 know

bug

Dusk
 Above the
 water hang the
 loud
 flies
 Here
 O so
 gray
 then
 What A pale signal will appear
 When Soon before its shadow fades
 Where Here in this pool of opened eye
 In us No Upon us As at the very edges
 of where we take shape in the dark air
 this object bares its image awakening
 ripples of recognition that will
 brush darkness up into light
 even after this bird this hour both drift by atop the perfect sad instant now
 already passing out of sight
 toward yet-untroubled reflection
 this image bears its object darkening
 into memorial shades Scattered bits of
 light No of water Or something across
 water Breaking up No Being regathered
 soon Yet by then a swan will have
 gone Yes out of mind into what
 vast
 pale
 hush
 of a
 place
 past
 sudden dark as
 if a swan
 sang

1969

Concrete poems can be written about any topic. They don't rhyme and don't need any punctuation. Some people say this kind of poetry is not real poetry. What is your opinion?

Play with ideas for concrete poems, then choose one or two of your best ones and reproduce them here. You can write about an object, about yourself, or any other topic you desire. Whatever inspires you!

Numerical Poem

One Big, Hungry Dog

**One big, hungry dog
Gobbled up two large bones**

**And three cans of dog food
At four in the afternoon.**

**By five he had a terrible stomachache.
He burped loudly six times**

**And gave seven great groans.
He felt better by eight.**

**But then, nine friends came over
With ten big steaks.**

You can have fun writing a poem using numbers. You can do this with a partner if you wish. The first person begins the poem with a line that contains the word *one*. The second person adds a line with the word *two* in it, and so on. Continue to take turns until you have ten lines.

1 _____

2 _____

3 _____

4 _____

5 _____

6 _____

7 _____

8 _____

9 _____

10 _____

Acrostic Poems

An acrostic poem uses the letters of a topic word as the first letter for each line of the poem. Each line of the poem includes words and phrases related to the topic. Acrostic poems can be long or short, but usually do not rhyme. The name of friends, pets, places, or family members can be topics for acrostic poems. Acrostic poems can include the special qualities of the person, place, or animal.

People like cats and dogs, but
Eagles need to be free.
Tigers play rough too rough and
Snakes sleep too much.

Towering high above us
Roots take up the water
Evergreens stay green all year
Essential to keep beings alive and well

Artistically I pen my verse
Crafting as I go
Romancing every line
Ordering the flow
Systematically perfected,
The verses are refined
In every work I labor
Concerned with what's defined

To write an acrostic poem, start by jotting down words and phrases that begin with each letter of the name. Then decide which words and phrases you want to use. One simple rule is imposed upon you: make sure your word is at least five letters long.

Diamante Poem

Diamante poems begin with one subject and end with another, totally different or opposite subject.

- Line 1: A noun (Subject 1)
- Line 2: Two adjectives describing Subject 1
- Line 3: Three *-ing* words about Subject 1
- Line 4: Four nouns: two related to Subject 1 and two related to Subject 2
- Line 5: Three *-ing* words about Subject 2
- Line 6: Two adjectives describing Subject 2
- Line 7: A noun (Subject 2)

Baby
Cuddly, helpless
Crawling, crying, playing
Playpen, blocks, family, career
Working, laughing, driving
Confident, independent
Adult

Notice how Line 4 serves as a transition from the first subject to the second one.

Follow the format to write one with *student* as Subject 1 and *teacher* as Subject 2.

Student

Teacher

Write one of your own about two opposite topics. Polish and proofread your poem before writing the final copy.

Haiku Poem

Haiku is a formal type of poetry with a very specific pattern:

- Each poem is only three lines long
- The first and third lines contain exactly five syllables.
- The second line contains exactly seven syllables.

Haiku poetry paint word pictures about topics that are often related to nature or to one of the seasons. Writers use haiku to express strong feelings about a topic.

Fog	Storm	Shelter
Silent fog creeping	Overhead the light	It's cold—and I wait
Out of the October night	Is growing ever fainter	For someone to shelter me
Smothering the world	Thunder splits the deep	And take me from here

To write haiku, first decide on a season and/or something in nature related to that season. You can use your own ideas or one from this list below.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| ➤ A winter blizzard | ➤ A spring thunderstorm |
| ➤ A hot, steamy rain forest | ➤ Mountains covered with snow |
| ➤ A forest on a hot summer night | ➤ The ocean, still or stormy |
| ➤ The stillness after a snowstorm | ➤ A tree without leaves |
| ➤ A lonely bird shivering in the winter | ➤ The dry heat of a desert |
| ➤ Waves crashing on the shore | ➤ White desert fox |

Since haiku uses so few words, poets know how important it is to use exactly the right words. A thesaurus is very helpful when writing haiku.

Think of three possible topics for your haiku poem. Then add related words and phrases. Use interesting words to paint a word picture or to create a feeling. Finally, polish your haiku(s) and write the final version(s) here.

Limericks

Limericks are five-line poems that use rhythm and rhyme. Line 1, 2, and 5 are longer and end in rhyming words.

Limericks are short poems not meant to be taken seriously. They consist of five lines with rhyme scheme AABBA. The pattern of syllable stresses is not set in stone, but it is generally anapestic (unstressed, unstressed, stressed). The first, second, and fifth lines contain nine syllables, while the third and fourth have six. The syllable count is not set in stone, though, as long as lines 3 and 4 are shorter than the other lines. Despite that dry and technical explanation, in reality, limericks are simple and fun to write. .

**There once was a good seventh-grade lad
Whose poems were exceedingly bad.
But the only thing worse
Than his terrible verse
Were the ones that he learned from his dad.**

**A Plane builder needed a pilot,
So Bob told the guy, he would try it.
When Bob took to the air,
Plane parts fell everywhere.
Bob radioed "where shall I park it?"**

**There once was a man from Aruba,
Whose favorite hobby was scuba.
Every day he would wish,
He could spear a big fish.
But settled instead for canned tuna.**

Write two limericks. Revise them several times before you decide to write them in your booklet. Check the rhythm and the rhyme scheme. We will hold a limerick-writing contest and vote for the funniest.

Kyrielle

A kyrielle is a French form of rhyming poetry written in quatrains (a stanza consisting of 4 lines). Each quatrain contains a repeating line or phrase as a refrain (usually appearing as the last line of each stanza). Each line within the poem consists of only eight syllables. There is no limit to the amount of stanzas a Kyrielle may have, but three is considered the accepted minimum.

Some popular rhyming schemes for a Kyrielle are: AABB, CCBB, DDBB, or ABAB CBCB DBDB.

My Bouquet

Some days I sing, some days I cry.
My soul's the one determines why.
Sometimes it laughs, sometimes it mourns.
On my bouquet are many thorns.

Wake up each day, face a dark cloud.
My happiness wrapped in a shroud.
The day begins; to me it scorns.
On my bouquet are many thorns.

Lay down my head, dark nights begun.
With the sad setting of the sun.
From all my sorrows my heart mourns.
On my bouquet are many thorns.

Winter Rain

January on the west coast
hosts not much snow but we can't boast.
Thick mist and cloud have one refrain.
The winter rain has come again.

Elsewhere there's bumper banks of snow
and icy roads make driving slow.
Here the weather is less insane.
The winter rain has come again.

My shovel stays dry in the shop.
While I don't slip and slide nonstop
my cranky bones are wracked with pain.
The winter rain has come again.

A kyrielle can be about absolutely anything. Try your hand at writing one. Make sure to review your rhyme and meter before writing your final version here.

Nonet

A nonet has nine lines. The first line has nine syllables, and each line after that has one less, until the end is reached with only one syllable. Nonets need not have any rhyme or meter.

Spider hunt

**A spider on a window screen sees
An insect on the other side
It manages to kill it
But cannot get its bulk
Through the thin wire mesh
And so it must
Be content
With mere
Death.**

A pirates playground

**The ocean is a pirate's playground
They live their lives upon the sea
Battles are fought to the death
The loot is divided
They drink to those lost
Set sail again
Pirate's life
Is for
Me.**

A nonet can be about absolutely anything. Try your hand at writing one. Make sure to review your syllable count before writing your final version here.

Minute Poem

The minute poem is a rhyming verse form consisting of 12 lines of 60 syllables written in strict iambic meter. The poem is formatted into 3 stanzas of 8,4,4,4 syllables with the following rhyming scheme: AABB, CCDD, EEFF.

I Need Someone

**I need someone to hold me tight
Through dark of night,
Who won't go 'way
At break of day.**

**Someone whose love will mend the seams
Of broken dreams,
And give me back
The trust I lack.**

**For love, it holds the magic key
To set me free,
To heal my soul
And make me whole.**

God's Art

**The Arctic Clipper's frigid blast,
Its winds so fast
And furious;
Injurious.**

**The stars and moon played hide and seek
As clouds did streak
Across night skies
Enchanting eyes**

**With stunning iv'ry moon's display,
God did portray
His artful touch
I love so much.**

A minute poem can be about absolutely anything. Try your hand at writing one. Make sure to review your syllable count and rhyming scheme before writing your final version here.

Monorhyme

Monorhyme is as simple and it comes, but can also prove tricky. Basically, it is a poem in which all the lines have the same end rhyme. There is no rule as to its length, also they are seldom shorter than 6 lines. There are also no rules in terms of syllable count, although again a certain rhythm needs to be present. They sometimes seem to come with a message, as 'Let It Be' shows.

Late for Class

I realized it was half past four
 When I, quite late, ran out the door.
 From my history class I so abhor,
 But I missed two sessions the week before.
 I failed a test on ancient lore
 And forgot the date of the 1st World War.
 (Man, my brain was really sore.)
 Up the marble stairs I tore,
 And slid across a just-mopped floor:
 I banged my knee and loudly swore,
 To wake – again - at half past four!
 These nightmares I can stand no more...

Let It Be

World of Insanity
 Cold war, main destiny,
 Death is the symphony,
 Bloodshed and heroes be
 Great men in history.
 Mourn's drums in melody,
 No peace for you and me.

If only it could be
 Not just a fantasy
 Lit candles by the sea
 White flags of Victory
 Nations in Harmony
 One world, One family
 the voice of let it be.,

A monorhyme poem can be about absolutely anything, although they sometimes come with a message, or are based around a theme or plot. Try your hand at writing one. Make sure to review your rhyming before writing your final version here.

Narrative Poetry

What is narrative poetry? Narrative Poetry is a poem that tells a series of events using poetic devices such as rhythm, rhyme, compact language, and attention to sound. In other words, a narrative poem tells a story, but it does it with poetic flair! Many of the same elements that are found in a short story are also found in a narrative poem. Here are some elements of narrative poetry that are important:

- character
- setting
- conflict
- plot

Let's read these examples:

Papa's Fishing Hole

By Elizabeth D. Babin

I place my tiny hand in his
as we walk to Papa's Fishing Hole.
I hand him a wiggling night crawler
fighting for his life.
The deadly hook squishes
through the worm's head,
and I watch the brown guts ooze out.
Papa throws the pole's long arm back
and then forward.
The line lands in a merky spot
along the reedy shore.
Now I get to reel it in.
Nothing yet, he says.
He casts again. I reel it in.
Still nothing.
Three time's a charm, he says.
He casts.
A strike.
We turn the crank together.
The fish jumps from the water
and his colors form a rainbow
as he arches his body above the reeds.
My Papa handles him
with the skill of a master
as I stop helping to watch him work.
A stiff jerk, a quick reel, a stiff jerk again.
The fish doesn't have a chance, I yell.
I know. I know. I know, he says.

The Lie

By Donald Graves

Mother is in the hospital
for an operation
and Grandma Sanderson
has come to take care of us.
She's strict.
If I'm two minutes
late from play,
she grips my wrist tightly
and swings me to a chair
to think about it.
I skin my knee
and get a deep cut.
She looks worried.
"When you go to school,
ask the nurse what to do."
On the way home,
I remember I've forgotten.
I know this is more serious
than being late from play.
I imagine a spanking,
early to bed for a week,
or extra work on Saturday.
She asks me what the nurse said.
"Wash it very carefully
with soap and water,
dry it, put on vaseline
and then place a band-aid over the top."
(That's what Mother
would have said,
except she'd use
iodine which stings.)

Choose one of the poems and answer the following: _____

1. Who are the characters in the poem?
2. What do you know about the speaker in the poem?
3. What character traits does each of the characters have? What evidence in the poem shows this?
4. What is the setting of the poem? (time and place)
5. What types of conflicts occur in the poem? (hint: there is more than one)
6. What is the mood of the poem?
7. Draw a small plot line. Tell what happens in the beginning, middle and end of the poem.

Writing Narrative Poetry

When writing narrative poetry a good place to start is with your own life's experiences. Choose experiences that can be captured in a snapshot. Do you have a favorite photograph of you playing football when you were 6 years old? Maybe you can remember funny moment from a special vacation, or a moment with a grandparent that is very memorable. Remember, these are moment in time—not the whole event. A poem (unless you are writing an epic poem) captures snapshots, not 5 hour Academy Award winning movies!

Brainstorm about 3 different "snapshot" experiences that you may be able to write a narrative poem about.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

Next, gather sensory details about that experience. The best way I have found to do this is through clustering idea. Remember that not ALL the ideas need to be used in your poem, but don't leave hole in the poem that would prevent a reader from connecting to your poem.

Now that you have your images, choose a character for your poem. What is he or she like? Who will be the speaker of the poem?

The next step, just like in when writing a short story is to determine the conflict. What are the inner and outer conflicts in the even that you have chosen? How is the conflict resolved?

To identify plot in you poem create your own plot line below.

Now, craft the lines of your poem. If it doesn't come together in the first draft, that's okay. Narrative poetry always takes a couple of drafts to get the spirit of the poem down on the page. Remember to include a wonderful title that adds to the meaning of your poem.

Robert Frost wrote "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" in 1922. The poem tells the story of a man traveling through some snowy woods on the darkest evening of the year, and he's pretty much in love with what he sees around him. He's on his way back to town, but he can't quite tear himself away from the lovely and dark woods.

"Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening"

By Robert Frost

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.

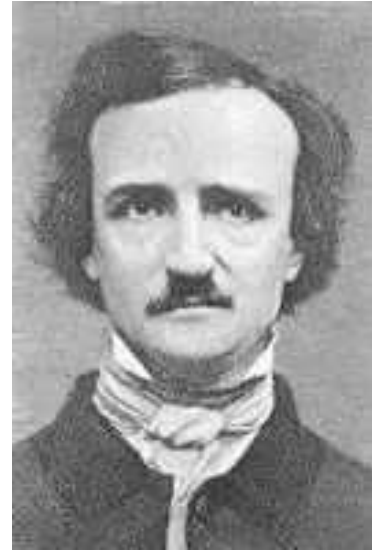
He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

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.

1. In line 2, what is *his* referring to?
2. When and where does the action occur?
4. In line 9, what does *he* refer to?
5. We can **infer** that the horse is puzzled because...
6. In line 14, the promises mentioned are being kept between the **speaker** and...
7. The third line of each **stanza** (except the last)...
 - a) introduces the rhyme for the stanza to come
 - b) is shorter than the others
 - c) is not in iambic format
 - d) all of the above
8. What is the **rhyme scheme**?
9. In each **verse**, on which syllable is the emphasis put on?
Is it in iambic quadrameter or iambic pentameter?

Mini Biography of Edgar Allan Poe

Poe was born in Boston on January 19, 1809. Not long after his father abandoned his wife and Edgar, Mrs. Poe died. A childless couple—John Allan, a successful businessman and his wife—adopted Edgar. In 1820, he attended University for eleven months but had to withdraw because of gambling debts that Allan refused to pay. When Edgar returned home, he discovered that the girl he loved had become engaged.



After moving to Boston, he published several poems but lack of money forced him to join the army. Meanwhile, his foster mother died. Allan helped him enroll at a military academy, but Poe got expelled after refusing to attend classes.

Thereafter, Poe and his father became estranged, and Poe was once again without a family. However, he then began pursuing a writing career in New York and Baltimore and achieved some success but also began drinking heavily. His experiences and his temperament led him to focus on tales of horror and the grotesque and poems that often focus on death.

After beginning his career as a poet and prose writer, he married his 13 year old cousin. He worked for several magazines and joined the NY Mirror newspaper in 1844. All the while, he was battling a drinking problem. After the Mirror published his poem "The Raven" in January 1845, Poe achieved national and international fame. Besides pioneering the development of the short story, Poe invented the format for the detective story as we know it.

Despite the acclaim he received, Poe was never really happy because of his drinking and the deaths of several people close to him, including his wife in 1847. He frequently had trouble paying his debts. It is believed that heavy drinking was a contributing cause of his death in Baltimore on October 7, 1849.

Eldorado

By Edgar Allan Poe

Gaily bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old,
This knight so bold,
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow;
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be,
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the mountains
Of the moon,
Down the valley of the shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied,--
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

A Dream Within A Dream

By Edgar Allan Poe

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.

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

Lenore

By Edgar Allan Poe

Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever!
Let the bell toll!- a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river;
And, Guy de Vere, hast thou no tear?- weep now or nevermore!
See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!
Come! let the burial rite be read- the funeral song be sung!-
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young-
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for her pride,
And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her- that she died!
How shall the ritual, then, be read?- the requiem how be sung
By you- by yours, the evil eye,- by yours, the slanderous tongue
That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?"

Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong.
The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope, that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride.
For her, the fair and debonair, that now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair but not within her eyes
The life still there, upon her hair- the death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! avaunt! from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven-
From Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven-
From grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside the King of Heaven!
Let no bell toll, then,- lest her soul, amid its hallowed mirth,
Should catch the note as it doth float up from the damned Earth!
And !- to-night my heart is light!- no dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a Paean of old days!"

Annabel Lee

By Edgar Allan Poe

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love –
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me –
Yes! – That was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we –
Of many far wiser than we –
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling – my darling – my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

To -- -- --. Ulalume: A Ballad

By Edgar Allan Poe

The skies they were ashen and sober;
 The leaves they were crisped and sere—
 The leaves they were withering and sere;
 It was night in the lonesome October
 Of my most immemorial year:
 It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
 In the misty mid region of Weir—
 It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
 In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
 Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
 Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
 These were days when my heart was volcanic
 As the scoriac rivers that roll—
 As the lavas that restlessly roll
 Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
 In the ultimate climes of the pole—
 That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
 In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
 But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—
 Our memories were treacherous and sere,—
 For we knew not the month was October,
 And we marked not the night of the year
 (Ah, night of all nights in the year!)—
 We noted not the dim lake of Auber
 (Though once we had journeyed down here)—
 Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
 Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
 And star-dials pointed to morn—
 As the star-dials hinted of morn—
 At the end of our path a liquescent
 And nebulous lustre was born,
 Out of which a miraculous crescent
 Arose with a duplicate horn—
 Astarte's bediamonded crescent
 Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said: "She is warmer than Dian;
 She rolls through an ether of sighs—
 She revels in a region of sighs:
 She has seen that the tears are not dry on
 These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
 And has come past the stars of the Lion
 To point us the path to the skies—
 To the Lethean peace of the skies—
 Come up, in despite of the Lion,
 To shine on us with her bright eyes—
 Come up through the lair of the Lion,
 With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
 Said: "Sadly this star I mistrust—
 Her pallor I strangely mistrust:
 Ah, hasten! —ah, let us not linger!
 Ah, fly! —let us fly! -for we must."
 In terror she spoke, letting sink her
 Wings until they trailed in the dust—
 In agony sobbed, letting sink her
 Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
 Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied: "This is nothing but dreaming:
 Let us on by this tremulous light!
 Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
 Its Sybilic splendour is beaming
 With Hope and in Beauty tonight!—
 See!—it flickers up the sky through the night!
 Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
 And be sure it will lead us aright—
 We safely may trust to a gleaming,
 That cannot but guide us aright,
 Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
 And tempted her out of her gloom—
 And conquered her scruples and gloom;
 And we passed to the end of the vista,
 But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
 By the door of a legended tomb;
 And I said: "What is written, sweet sister,
 On the door of this legended tomb?"
 She replied: "Ulalume -Ulalume—
 'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
 As the leaves that were crisped and sere—
 As the leaves that were withering and sere;
 And I cried: "It was surely October
 On this very night of last year
 That I journeyed—I journeyed down here!—
 That I brought a dread burden down here—
 On this night of all nights in the year,
 Ah, what demon hath tempted me here?
 Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
 This misty mid region of Weir—
 Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
 This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

Sonnet – To Science

By Edgar Allan Poe

Science! true daughter of Old Time thou art!
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.
Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?
How should he love thee? or how deem thee
wise,
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering
To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,
Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?
Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car,
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood
To seek a shelter in some happier star?
Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

The City in the Sea

By Edgar Allan Poe

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the
worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters he.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently-
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free-
Up domes- up spires- up kingly halls-
Up fanes- up Babylon-like walls-
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers-
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye-
Not the gaily-jewelled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass-
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea-
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene.

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave- there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide-
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow-
The hours are breathing faint and low-
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

The Conqueror Worm

By Edgar Allan Poe

Lo! 'tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years!
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre, to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly-
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their Condor wings
Invisible Woe!

That motley drama- oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom chased for evermore,
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the self-same spot,
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout
A crawling shape intrude!
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!
It writhes!- it writhes!- with mortal pangs
The mimes become its food,
And seraphs sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbued.

Out- out are the lights- out all!
And, over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
While the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, 'Man,'
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

The narrative poem "The Raven" is told by a man sitting alone in his room. Late one night, he hears a tapping sound at his door. At first he thinks it is merely someone coming to visit him. Instead of opening the door, he begins to reminisce on his lost love, Lenore, who has recently died. Finally, the man begins to fear what is on the other side of the door. When he works up the courage to open the door, all he sees is darkness.

The narrator continues to hear the tapping, so he checks the window. In flies a raven who lands on a sculpture of Athena above his door. The narrator asks the raven what its name is. The raven answers, "Nevermore" (line 48). He then muses that "on the morrow he will leave" like everyone else in his life (line 59). Again, the raven answers with "Nevermore" (line 60). This is the only word the raven speaks to the narrator.

Eventually, the narrator begins to ask the raven about Lenore. When he asks if Lenore is in Heaven, the raven repeats, "Nevermore" (line 90). This angers the narrator who then yells "Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" (line 97). The raven does not move. The narrator realizes that the bird will never leave because it represents his memory of Lenore which will also never leave him.

The Raven

By Edgar Allan Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—

5

Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—

10

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating

15

"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—

This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;

20

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing, 25
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"—
Merely this and nothing more. 30

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;— 35
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door— 40
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven, 45
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore; 50
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only 55
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore." 60

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore 65
Of 'Never—nevermore'."

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore— 70
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining 75
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
 But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
 She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
 Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor. 80
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
 Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
 Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!— 85
 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
 Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
 On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
 Quoth the Raven "Nevermore." 90

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
 By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore." 95
 Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
 "Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door! 100
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
 Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming, 105
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
 Shall be lifted—nevermore!

Glossary

Alliteration

Allusion

Analogy

Anaphora

Couplet

Diction

Extended Metaphor

Free Verse

Hyperbole

Imagery

Line

Metaphor

Meter

Onomatopoeia

Oxymoron

Paradox

Personification

Poetic License

Pun

Refrain

Rhyme

Rhyme Scheme

Rhythm

Simile

Sonnet

Speaker

Stanza

Symbol

Theme

Tone

[illegible]

Poetry Analysis Essay

You will be writing an essay (3-5 pages in length) analyzing some of Edgar Allan Poe's poems that we have studied in class.

You must pick 1 of the following questions to answer and explore in your essay.

You must use at least 2 of the poems we have studied in class. If you feel you need to find another poem of his to supplement your essay, that is also acceptable. Poe wrote between 70 and 90 poems; with a little research you will surely find what you need.

You should discuss the following: themes, figurative language, imagery, and of course answer the question. You must have examples from each poem you use (a minimum of 1 example per poem per essay point that you discuss).

Your Essay Outline Sheet must be completed by Thursday March 8

Your essay will be due on the week of March 16.

1. How does Poe treat the death of a beloved woman in his poetry? (use at least 2-3 sources)

"Tamerlane," "Ulalume," "Annabel Lee," "Lenore," and "The Raven" are five poems that all share a similar scenario, where the central focus is on the dead beloved of the protagonist. In each case, the woman has died prematurely, in the flower of her youth and beauty, thus preserving her in her bereaved lover's mind. These men often display elements of both conscious and unconscious obsession with her memory, as when the narrator of "Ulalume" visits Ulalume's tomb on the anniversary of her death, or when the narrator of "Annabel Lee" sleeps by the side of her grave. In many cases, the love of the woman prior to death was more innocent and less macabre than that of the grieving man after the end of her life.

2. How does the presence of nature influence Poe's poetry (use at least 2-3 examples)?

In order to understand Poe's aesthetic relationship with nature, we must also understand the Romantic belief that man is more virtuous and in touch with his primal instincts when away from the corrupting influences of society. In Poe's works, this understanding of nature could take a number of different directions. In "Tamerlane" or "Sonnet – To Science," for example, nature is wholly good, and it respectively fosters love and creativity in the human mind. On the other hand, in "Ulalume," the narrator's return to nature merely causes him to unearth his deepest regrets and griefs.

3. What is man's attitude toward death in Poe's poems (use at least 2-3 examples)?

For the most part, the protagonists of Poe's poems fall into one of two categories when discussing the nature of death. In the first category come the characters of "The Conqueror Worm" and "The Raven," for whom death is a final and dreadful sentence that dooms mankind. On the other hand, many of Poe's characters believe that death is not a final event in one's life, as Guy de Vere refuses to cry for Lenore in "Lenore" because he believes he will see her in Heaven, and as the knight of "Eldorado" seeks to finish his life-long quest on the other side of death. In most cases, however, Poe leaves an element of uncertainty in the beliefs of both types of men.

4. How does Poe relate the idea of death and decay to the motif of the sea in his poems (using 2-3 sources)?

The motif of the sea is most noticeable in "The City in the Sea," "A Dream Within a Dream," and "Annabel Lee," where it forms the setting for chilling and devastating scenes. In "A Dream Within a Dream," Poe emphasizes the destructive nature of the sea, which erodes sand with unending tides, whereas he reverses the behavior of the ocean in "A City in the Sea" in order to create a similarly sinister association. For the narrator of "Annabel Lee," the sea is originally a peaceful site that fosters the love between him and Annabel Lee, but after her burial, he is tied to the sea in a purely unhealthy manner, dependent as he is on her memory. In all three cases, Poe connects the idea of the ocean to the most negative effects of death and of time.

We will discuss the rubric, as well as the structure and the format further on during the unit; as usual, I will do my best to guide you through the process. If some parts are unclear to you, you have to come to me. Do not remain in doubt and do not procrastinate!