

Sophomore Poetry Packet

Summer Reading

POETIC LANGUAGE DEVICES

Alliteration: occurs when the author uses the same letter or sound to begin each word in a string of words, such as, “Abbey’s alligator ate apples and asparagus.”

Allusion: An allusion is a figure of speech that makes reference to a well – known person, event, or place such as “I was surprised his nose wasn’t growing like Pinocchio’s!”

Assonance: This is the repetition of vowel sounds in nearby words. It is used to reinforce the meaning of words and often used to set the mood. Here’s an example of repeated use of the long “o”: “Poetry is old, ancient, goes back far. It is among the oldest of living things. So old it is that no man knows how and why the first poems came.”

Hyperbole: An exaggerated comment or line used for effect and not meant to be taken literally. An example is, “I’ve told you a million times!”

Imagery: Language evoking one, some or all of the five senses. An example is, “She ordered a triple scoop of mint, chocolate chip ice cream with hot fudge and whip cream.”

Metaphor: A direct comparison between two unlike things without using ‘like’ or ‘as.’ An example would be, “You are the light of my life.”

Personification: occurs when the author gives animals, objects, ideas or actions; the qualities of humans. An example is, “The calm sea kissed the southern shore.”

Simile: A comparison of two unlikely items using ‘like’ or ‘as’. An example is, “The pine trees stood as tall as statues.”

Symbolism: An object or action that mean something more its literal meaning. A symbol’s meaning rarely changes from text to text. Rainy days always mean a bad day or hard times.

Tone or Mood: The attitude an author takes toward the shape and life of the words. Tone and mood give voice and personality to the character, as well as the whole piece, where the reader gets a sense of funny, serious, dramatic, etc.

O Me! O Life! by Walt Whitman

Oh me! Oh life! of the questions of these recurring,
Of the endless trains of the faithless, of cities fill'd with the foolish,
Of myself forever reproaching myself, (for who more foolish than I, and who
more faithless?)
Of eyes that vainly crave the light, of the objects mean, of the struggle ever
renew'd,
Of the poor results of all, of the plodding and sordid crowds I see around me,
Of the empty and useless years of the rest, with the rest me intertwined,
The question, O me! so sad, recurring—What good amid these, O me, O life?

Answer.

That you are here—that life exists and identity,
That the powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a verse.

O Captain! My Captain! by Walt Whitman

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

If you were coming in the Fall by Emily Dickinson

If you were coming in the Fall,
I'd brush the Summer by
With half a smile, and half a spurn,
As Housewives do, a Gly.

If I could see you in a year,
I'd wind the months in balls -
And put them each in separate Drawers,
For fear the numbers fuse -

If only Centuries, delayed,
I'd count them on my Hand,
Subtracting, till my fingers dropped
Into Van Dieman's Land.

If certain, when this life was out -
That yours and mine, should be
I'd toss it yonder, like a Rind,
And take Eternity -

But, now, uncertain of the length
Of this, that is between,
It goads me, like the Goblin Bee -
That will not state - its sting.

Success is counted sweetest by Emily Dickinson

Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple Host
Who took the Flag today
Can tell the definition
So clear of Victory

As he defeated - dying -
On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Burst agonized and clear!

We Wear the Mask by Paul Laurence Dunbar

We wear the mask that grins and lies,
It hides our cheeks and shades of eyes, -
This debt we pay to human guile;
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be overwise,
In counting all our tears and sighs?
Nay, let them only see us, while
 We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries
To thee from tortured souls arise.
We sing, but oh the clay is vile
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;
But let the world dream otherwise,
 We wear the mask!

Poem and Author	Explain what is happening in the poem or what it is about.	Identify the speaker of the poem.	Identify two language devices and give examples from the poem.	Explain how you connect to the poem.
<p>Example</p> <p>“A Dream Deferred”</p> <p>Langston Hughes</p>	<p>The speaker is questioning what happens to dreams that are put on hold. The speaker lists consequences resulting from an unfulfilled dream.</p>	<p>The speaker appears to be someone who has lost a sense of hope. It appears the speaker is lost because he/she imagines a dream rotting and eventually exploding.</p>	<p>Personification - In the poem, a dream is given human qualities with the use of verbs such as “dry”, “run”, and “stink.”</p> <p>Simile - In the poem, a dream is “like a raisin in the sun”, “like rotten meat” , and “like a syrupy sweet.”</p>	<p>There are times in my life when I feel as if I fall short of my dreams. Like the speaker, I wonder if my dreams are lost or damaged. The poem makes me think about the importance of dreams.</p>
<p>“O Me! O Life!</p> <p>Walt Whitman</p>				
<p>“O Captain! My Captain”</p> <p>Walt Whitman</p>				
<p>“If You Were Coming in the Fall”</p> <p>Emily Dickinson</p>				
<p>“Success is Counted Sweetest”</p> <p>Emily Dickinson</p>				
<p>“We Wear the Mask”</p> <p>Paul Laurence Dunbar</p>				

