Poetry is all about nouns!

A noun is a person, place, thing, or idea; but we are going to focus on things because they are easier to visualize in our minds.

Concrete vs. abstract

Close your eyes!

Now, can you visualize love?

Can you visualize a grandfather clock?

Vivid vs. vague

Close your eyes again!

Can you visualize ‘American’?

Can you visualize liquid chocolate?

Specific vs. general

“She went upstairs and sat on the chair in her room.”

“She stormed up all 13 squeaky stairs to her room at the end of the hall and plopped into her favorite orange velvet wingback chair with the three faint purple stains on the cushions.”

**Things make the poem better!**

**"Winter" (Theme: life passing you by)**

by: Tori Amos

Snow can wait
I forgot my mittens
Wipe my nose
Get my new boots on
I get a little warm in my heart
When I think of winter
I put my hand in my father's glove
I run off
Where the drifts get deeper
Sleeping Beauty trips me with a frown
I hear a voice
"You must learn to stand up for yourself
Cause I can't always be around,"
He says

When you gonna make up your mind
When you gonna love you as much as I do
When you gonna make up your mind
Cause things are gonna change so fast
All the white horses are still in bed
I tell you that I'll always want you near
You say that things change my dear

Boys get discovered as winter melts
Flowers competing for the sun
Years go by and I'm here still waiting

Withering where some snowman was
Mirror mirror where's the crystal palace
But I only can see myself
Skating around the truth who I am
But I know dad the ice is getting thin

When you gonna make up your mind
When you gonna love you as much as I do
When you gonna make up your mind
Cause things are gonna change so fast
All the white horses are still in bed
I tell you that I'll always want you near
You say that things change my dear

Hair is grey
And the fires are burning
So many dreams
On the shelf
You say I wanted you to be proud of me
I always wanted that myself

He says
When you gonna make up your mind
When you gonna love you as much as I do
When you gonna make up your mind
Cause things are gonna change so fast
All the white horses have gone ahead
I tell you that I'll always want you near
You say that things change, my dear

Stimulus and Response in July

It’s hot.

It’s too hot.

There must be a snow cone somewhere seeking to evolve in the pit of my stomach.

So I turn the T.V. off and leave my mother’s cave-like basement for the streets and as I walk, I’m really just dashing from shade to shade. Trees, big trucks, it doesn’t matter. And I hunch as I’m passing Miss Telford’s fence. I’m still in the shade and at the same time preventing that mean blue-haired widow from forbidding me to eat a few raspberries which she only grows to flaunt then forbid. It must be her only sense of self-worth since her husband died. Without him around to put down she has lost her reference of up.

I cut through the park where a couple of kids are playing. Apparently these amateurs haven’t learned that summertime + sun + metal playgrounds = rated M for mature video games. They’ll learn. But as for me, this isn’t a game; I NEED that snow cone. I’d even settle for one of those tiny chunky ones with the cheap watered-down flavoring that drips through the convenient-for-nobody hole in the bottom of the clown hat cup.

As I turn onto Main Street I am filled with mixed emotions. A vivid flashback of Mr. Bowen’s eighth grade earth science class comes onto the main screen of my memory and I hear that reel-to-reel ticking behind me from when I learned that mixing hot wind with cold wind can have catastrophic consequences. This is getting too real as I can relate. This is a category five situation.

As it turns out, my turned out my pockets reveal to me that I’ve left my wallet at the house and the Snow-Freeze stand closes in four minutes.

I begin to panic.

Suddenly I’m going through the 7 stages of grief but I only get to bargaining.

Maybe I can dance on the sidewalk for change.

Maybe I can rob someone.

Maybe I can…

Maybe…

The sign flips to ‘closed’ on its stupid little suction cup hook. I am defeated. I am impotent. I am a waste of my mother’s labor pains. She carried me in her womb for 9 months for nothing. Wait! My mother! She doesn’t work today and went to the store this morning. (I know because she hassled me about sleeping in while she carried in all the groceries) This means there will be popsicles. This means there will be a tomorrow.

There’d better be some blue ones.

The Sprinter

Every window hides in shame tonight as my eyes hold all the cards.

Somehow I doubt tomorrow knows how long I have been awake.

I picture the distant trains as steel beasts stampeding in single file.

Through their nostrils and their horns they belt their baritone bellows.

Here on my skin, the smell of youth is strong, but the clock is more than ticking.

I may be king of the jungle now, but I know that my fate is grass.

These stars are my grandparents, limited, foreign, and strange.

In between us, the sky, my mother, is opposite of these things.

There is a sour flavor of uncertainty swirling the air tonight.

A breeze spreads this rumor to my toes, reminding me of what I am:

I am the Sprinter.

I am gasoline.

I was crafted for ‘one time use’

as an acute shot of alkaline momentum saving nothing for the return home.

I know that for me,

there will be

no Social Security,

no porch swing sunsets.

There will be only this.

Only now.

**Simile and Metaphor poem**

**“Ode to My Socks”**

**(Theme: drive the Ferrari, eat the banana bread, wear the socks!)**

**By:** Pablo Neruda

Mara Mori brought me
a pair of socks
which she knitted herself
with her sheepherder's hands,
two socks as soft as rabbits.
I slipped my feet into them
as if they were two cases
knitted with threads of twilight and goatskin,
Violent socks,
my feet were two fish made of wool,
two long sharks
sea blue, shot through
by one golden thread,
two immense blackbirds,
two cannons,
my feet were honored in this way
by these heavenly socks.

They were so handsome for the first time
my feet seemed to me unacceptable
like two decrepit firemen,
firemen unworthy of that woven fire,
of those glowing socks.

Nevertheless, I resisted the sharp temptation
to save them somewhere as schoolboys keep fireflies,
as learned men collect sacred texts,
I resisted the mad impulse to put them
in a golden cage and each day give them
birdseed and pieces of pink melon.
Like explorers in the jungle
who hand over the very rare green deer
to the spit and eat it with remorse,
I stretched out my feet and pulled on
the magnificent socks and then my shoes.

The moral of my ode is this:
beauty is twice beauty
and what is good is doubly good
when it is a matter of two socks
made of wool in winter.

Imagery poem

‘Out, Out—’ (Theme: life goes on)

BY [ROBERT FROST](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/robert-frost)

The buzz saw snarled and rattled in the yard

and made dust and dropped stove-length sticks of wood,

sweet-scented stuff when the breeze drew across it.

And from there those that lifted eyes could count

five mountain ranges one behind the other

under the sunset far into Vermont.

And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled,

as it ran light, or had to bear a load.

And nothing happened: day was all but done.

Call it a day, I wish they might have said

to please the boy by giving him the half hour

that a boy counts so much when saved from work.

His sister stood beside him in her apron

to tell them ‘Supper.’ At the word, the saw,

as if to prove saws know what supper meant,

leaped out at the boy’s hand, or seemed to leap—

He must have given the hand. However it was,

neither refused the meeting. But the hand!

The boy’s first outcry was a rueful laugh,

as he swung toward them holding up the hand

half in appeal, but half as if to keep

the life from spilling. Then the boy saw all—

Since he was old enough to know, big boy

Doing a man’s work, though a child at heart—

He saw all was spoiled. ‘Don’t let him cut my hand off—

The doctor, when he comes. Don’t let him, sister!’

But the hand was gone already.

The doctor put him in the dark of ether.

He lay and puffed his lips out with his breath.

And then—the watcher at his pulse took fright.

No one believed. They listened to his heart.

Little—less—nothing!—and that ended it.

No more to build on there. And they, since they

were not the one dead, turned to their affairs.

If you really want someone to experience a place, event, or feeling, you need to appeal to their senses (imagery) by using specific, vivid, concrete nouns.

Groups:

1 is page 31 2 is page 59 3 is page 115

4 is page 427 5 is page 530 6 is page 596

7 is page 607 8 is page 681 9 is page 744

List the following about your group’s picture:

* As a group, brainstorm using the picture to find sensory words.

(You must have at least 3 of each category below)

What are 3 sounds that your reader could hear?

What are 3 smells that your reader could smell?

What are 3 sights that your reader could see?

What are 3 tastes that your reader could taste?

What are 3 textures that your reader could feel?

Once you have your sensory words,

you need to have the following on your paper:

The Theme is not the Moment!

* Write a poem about this picture using these sensory words
* Create a theme for your poem and write it down. You might not know your theme right away - That’s okay
* 50-100 words in length
* Has a good title
* You must use at least one of your sensory words for each of the 5 senses
* When you are done, **underline** the nouns and ***circle*** the sensory words
* I will grade your work based on the presence of your theme and that your nouns and sensory words create that theme in my head as I read

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| "The Lamb"from *Songs of Innocence* |   | "The Tyger"from *Songs of Experience* |
| Little Lamb who made theeDost thou know who made theeGave thee life & bid thee feed.By the stream & o'er the mead;Gave thee clothing of delight,Softest clothing wooly bright;Gave thee such a tender voice,Making all the vales rejoice:Little Lamb who made theeDost thou know who made theeLittle 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 & he is mild,He became a little child:I a child & thou a lamb,We are called by his name.Little Lamb God bless thee.Little Lamb God bless thee. |   | Tyger Tyger, burning bright,In the forests of the night:What immortal hand or eye,Could frame thy fearful symmetry?In what distant deeps or skies.Burnt the fire of thine eyes!On what wings dare he aspire!What the hand, dare seize the fire?And what shoulder, & what art,Could twist the sinews of thy heart?And when thy heart began to beat,What dread hand? & what dread feet?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 spearsAnd water'd heaven with their tears:Did he smile his work to see?Did he who made the Lamb make thee?Tyger, Tyger burning bright,In the forests of the night:What immortal hand or eye,Dare frame thy fearful symmetry? |