1. **JABBERWOCKY**

**Lewis Carroll**

(from *Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There*, 1872)

`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 Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought --
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

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, has thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! 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.

* Alice reads “Jabberwocky” in the first chapter of *Through the Looking Glass.* One critic describes the result: Alice hates to be defeated. She doesn’t like to confess even to herself that she fails to understand “jabberwocky,” that she can’t break the system. She insisits that she gets the main point, which is that “somebody kills something***.” In what ways were you reactions to reading the poem similar to or different from Alice’s?***

Term:

**1.Cacophony**- The use of inharmonious sounds in close conjunction for effect. use of cacophony in the poem 'Jabberwocky' by using an unpleasant spoken sound created by clashing consonant

**Opposite:**

**Euphony**- use of compatible, harmonious sounds to produce a pleasing, melodious effect.

**2.**

**Valentine**

**By:** [**Lorna Dee Cervantes**](http://www.poetryoutloud.org/poet/lorna-dee-cervantes)

Cherry plums suck a week’s soak,

overnight they explode into the scenery of before

your touch. The curtains open on the end of our past.

Pink trumpets on the vines bare to the hummingbirds.

Butterflies unclasp from the purse of their couplings, they

light and open on the doubled hands of eucalyptus fronds.

They sip from the pistils for seven generations that bear

them through another tongue as the first year of our

punishing mathematic begins clicking the calendar

forward. They land like seasoned rocks on the

decks of the cliffs. They take another turn

on the spiral of life where the blossoms

blush & pale in a day of dirty dawn

where the ghost of you webs

your limbs through branches

of cherry plum. Rare bird,

extinct color, you stay in

my dreams in x-ray. In

rerun, the bone of you

stripping sweethearts

folds and layers the

shedding petals of

my grief into a

decayed holo-

gram—my

for ever

empty

art.

* What do we think of this poem? What is it telling us? What’s important with the shape in regards to what the meaning of the poem is? What poetic devices does the author use to convey the theme
1. Concrete- **Concrete poetry** or **shape poetry** is [poetry](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Poetry) in which the typographical arrangement of words is as important in conveying the intended effect as the conventional elements of the poem, such as meaning of words, rhythm, rhyme and so on.
2. Imagery- These poems are largely concerned with the use of strong and evocative images to create a highly visual, imaginative reading experience.

 3. **Two Sunflowers Move in the Yellow Room**

**BY: William Blake**

"Ah, William, we're weary of weather,"
said the sunflowers, shining with dew.
"Our traveling habits have tired us.
Can you give us a room with a view?"
They arranged themselves at the window
and counted the steps of the sun,
and they both took root in the carpet
where the topaz tortoises run.

* William Blake, a British poet, wrote this. Notice how the sunflowers speak, arrange themselves, and count -- all human abilities. Rather than being outright silly, the poem is whimsical.

3.Personification- *Personification* is a long word with a simple meaning. The root word in *personification* is *person.* That gives you a clue to the word's meaning. It's the technique of using human qualities to describe an object, idea, or animal. A red balloon, the wind, your pet, or justice can each be personified if it suits the writer's purpose. Personification gives the reader a fresh look at something familiar!

4. **American Solitude**

**By Grace Schulman b. 1935 Grace Schulman**

“The cure for loneliness is solitude.”

—Marianne Moore

Hopper never painted this, but here

on a snaky path his vision lingers:

three white tombs, robots with glassed-in faces

and meters for eyes, grim mouths, flat noses,

lean forward on a platform, like strangers

with identical frowns scanning a blur,

far off, that might be their train.

Gas tanks broken for decades face Parson’s

smithy, planked shut now. Both relics must stay.

The pumps have roots in gas pools, and the smithy

stores memories of hammers forging scythes

to cut spartina grass for dry salt hay.

The tanks have the remove of local clammers

who sink buckets and stand, never in pairs,

but one and one and one, blank-eyed, alone,

more serene than lonely. Today a woman

rakes in the shallows, then bends to receive

last rays in shimmering water, her long shadow

knifing the bay. She slides into her truck

to watch the sky flame over sand flats, a hawk’s

wind arabesque, an island risen, brown

Atlantis, at low tide; she probes the shoreline

and beyond grassy dunes for where the land

might slope off into night. Hers is no common

emptiness, but a vaster silence filled

with terns’ cries, an abundant solitude.

Nearby, the three dry gas pumps, worn

survivors of clam-digging generations,

are luminous, and have an exile’s grandeur

that says: In perfect solitude, there’s fire.

One day I approached the vessels

and wanted to drive on, the road ablaze

with dogwood in full bloom, but the contraptions

outdazzled the road’s white, even outshone

a bleached shirt flapping alone

on a laundry line, arms pointed down.

High noon. Three urns, ironic in their outcast

dignity—as though, like some pine chests,

they might be prized in disuse—cast rays,

spun leaf—covered numbers, clanked, then wheezed

and stopped again. Shadows cut the road

before I drove off into the dark woods.

1. Epigraph- A quotation from another literary work that is placed beneath the title at the beginning of a poem or section of a poem. For example, Grace Schulman’s [“American Solitude”](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/archive/poem.html?id=171380) opens with a quote from an essay by [Marianne Moore](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/archive/poet.html?id=4780)
2. Enjambment- there is not a pause at the end of each line but rather the work is read sentence by sentence.
3. **Yoda’s way of talking in Star Wars**

Did you notice how Yoda puts the noun phrase at the end of the sentence instead of at the beginning? One example is: "If into the security recordings you go, only pain will you find." In normal English syntax, the sentence would be: "You will only find pain if you go into the security recordings."

**5.Inversion:** By definition, inversion is the reversal of the normal word order in a sentence or phrase. Inversion is usually used when writing poetry because an author may want to move the word order around so that the words at the end of the lines rhyme. Yoda, the Jedi master, speaks almost entirely in inversion.

**Lyric Poem**

-brief poem that expresses the personal emotions and thoughts of a single speaker. It is important to realize that although the lyric is uttered in the first person, the speaker is not necessarily the poet. (Elegy, ode, and sonnet are types of lyric poems). This is the most common type of poem form. Lyric poetry does not tell a story which portrays characters and actions. The lyric poet addresses the reader directly, portraying his or her own feeling, state of mind, and perceptions.

1. ODE- A formal, often ceremonious lyric poem that addresses and often celebrates a person, place, thing, or idea. Its stanza forms vary. Odes are long poems which are serious in nature and written to a set

**Ode on a Grecian Urn**

**By** [**John Keats**](http://www.poetryoutloud.org/poet/john-keats)

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,

Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,

Sylvan historian, who canst thus express

A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:

What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape

Of deities or mortals, or of both,

In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?

What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?

What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;

Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,

Though winning near the goal yet, do not grieve;

She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,

For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;

And, happy melodist, unwearied,

For ever piping songs for ever new;

More happy love! more happy, happy love!

For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,

For ever panting, and for ever young;

All breathing human passion far above,

That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,

A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,

And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?

What little town by river or sea shore,

Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,

Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?

And, little town, thy streets for evermore

Will silent be; and not a soul to tell

Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede

Of marble men and maidens overwrought,

With forest branches and the trodden weed;

Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought

As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!

When old age shall this generation waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe

Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

* We will go into great detail on this poem Tuesday.
1. **ELEGY**- In traditional English poetry, it is often a melancholy poem that laments its subject's death but ends in comfort.

## To an Athlete Dying Young

## By [A. E. Housman](http://www.poetryoutloud.org/poet/a-e-housman)

The time you won your town the race

We chaired you through the market-place;

Man and boy stood cheering by,

And home we brought you shoulder-high.

Today, the road all runners come,

Shoulder-high we bring you home,

And set you at your threshold down,

Townsman of a stiller town

Smart lad, to slip betimes away

From fields where glory does not stay,

And early though the laurel grows

It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut

Cannot see the record cut,

And silence sounds no worse than cheers

After earth has stopped the ears.

Now you will not swell the rout

Of lads that wore their honours out,

Runners whom renown outran

And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,

The fleet foot on the sill of shade,

And hold to the low lintel up

The still-defended challenge-cup.

And round that early-laurelled head

Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,

And find unwithered on its curls

The garland briefer than a girl’s.

1. **SONNET**- A 14-line poem with a variable rhyme scheme. Literally a “little song,” the sonnet traditionally reflects upon a single sentiment, with a clarification or “turn” of thought in its concluding lines. (English vs italian)

-**A Shakespearean, or English,** sonnet consists of:

* fourteen lines written in [iambic pentameter](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Iambic_pentameter), in which a pattern of an unstressed syllable followed by a stressed syllable is repeated five times
* The rhyme scheme in a Shakespearean sonnet is *a-b-a-b, c-d-c-d, e-f-e-f, g-g*
* the last two lines are a rhyming couplet.
* In Shakespeare's sonnets, however, the volta usually comes in the couplet, and usually summarizes the theme of the poem or introduces a fresh new look at the theme.

-The structure of a **typical Italian sonnet** of this time included:

* two parts that together formed a compact form of "argument"
* First, the [octave](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Octave_%28poetry%29) (two [quatrains](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Quatrain)), forms the "proposition," which describes a "problem," or "question,"
* followed by a [sestet](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sestet) (two [tercets](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tercet)), which proposes a "resolution."
* Typically, the ninth line initiates what is called the "turn," or "volta," which signals the move from proposition to resolution/signaling a change in the tone, mood, or stance of the poem.

This example, [*On His Blindness*](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/On_His_Blindness) by [Milton](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Milton), gives a sense of the Italian rhyming scheme:

When I consider how my light is spent (a)
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide, (b)
And that one talent which is death to hide, (b)
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent (a)
To serve therewith my Maker, and present (a)
My true account, lest he returning chide; (b)
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?" (b)
I fondly ask; but Patience to prevent (a)
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need (c)
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best (d)
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state (e)
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed (c)
And post o'er land and ocean without rest; (d)
They also serve who only stand and wait." (e)