

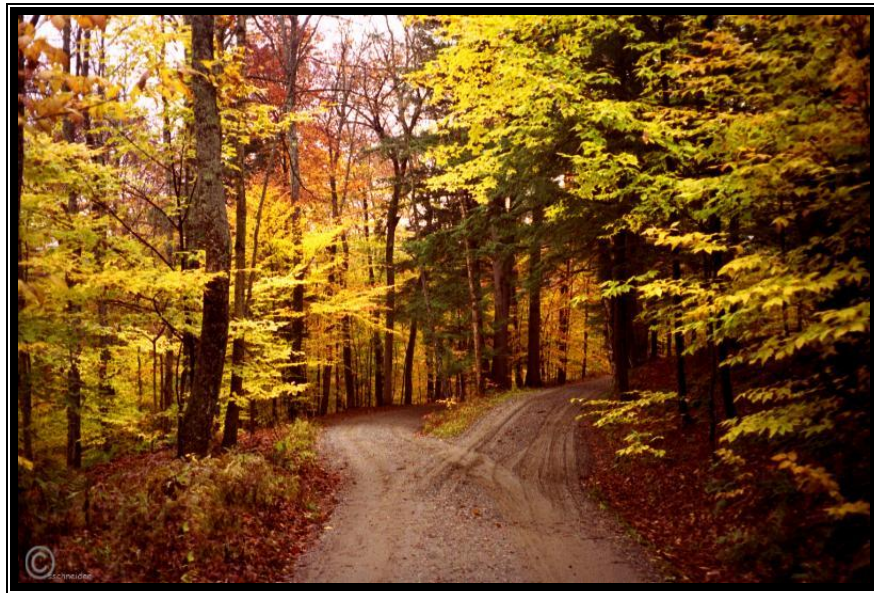
## *English 11 Poetry Project: Bringing Poetry to Life*

*You* will work in pairs or in a group of three on this assignment. Each group will be divided into A or B groupings. You will find your selection and then choose one of the poems from the collection given to you.

Over the next few weeks, you will discuss the poem and do research in the library and at home.

Once you have a deep understanding of your poem and its theme, you are to create a visual display of your poem. The finished project will be presented as a Power Point presentation, a picture slideshow, a skit, an animated video clip, a painting, or any other visual means deemed acceptable by Mr. Weiss.

On the due date, you will present your finished project to the class, reading your poem and explaining its theme, and showing your visual representation.



### *E*valuation:

Your final project will be marked out of 30.

- 20 marks for level of understanding of the poem's theme.
- 10 marks for creativity and effort in the putting together of your visual.

You will receive two classes in the library next week to work on your project.

Due date:\_\_\_\_\_.

## Poetry Project – Group A

### *Guilt*

By Leona Gom

your mother giving you a set of dishes  
and all you said was *but I move around  
so much* and you can never forget  
her hurt face turning away.  
the best friend you accused of  
flirting with your boyfriend when  
all the time you knew it was him  
you just couldn't face it.  
the argument with your father about  
not having seen his damn magazine  
then finding it in your room  
and never admitting it.  
telling your office mate you  
agreed with her motion then  
voting with the others after all.

thousands of them, little knots  
you can't shake loose from your memory.  
it's too late now to say you're sorry.  
they contract along your nerves  
to consciousness, whenever you think  
you are not a bad person, there  
they come, little lumps of guilt  
making their daily rounds,  
like doctors, keeping you sick.

### *A Poison Tree*

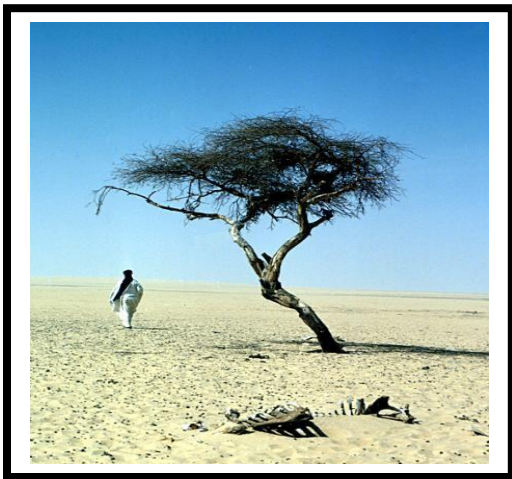
By William Blake

I was angry with my friend:  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
I was angry with my foe;  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I water'd it in fears,  
Night & morning with my tears;  
And I sunned it with my smiles  
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,  
Till it bore an apple bright;  
And my foe beheld it shine,  
And he knew that it was mine,

And into my garden stole  
When the night had veil'd the pole:  
In the morning glad I see  
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree



## *Welcome Morning*

By Anne Sexton

There is joy  
in all:  
in the hair I brush each morning,  
in the Cannon towel, newly washed,  
that I rub my body with each morning,  
in the chapel of eggs I cook  
each morning,  
in the outcry from the kettle  
that heats my coffee  
each morning,  
in the spoon and the chair  
that cry "hello there, Anne"  
each morning,  
in the godhead of the table  
that I set my silver, plate, cup upon  
each morning.

All this is God,  
right here in my pea-green house  
each morning  
and I mean,  
though often forget,  
to give thanks,  
to faint down by the kitchen table  
in a prayer of rejoicing  
as the holy birds at the kitchen window  
peck into their marriage of seeds.

So while I think of it,  
let me paint a thank-you on my palm  
for this God, this laughter of the  
morning,  
lest it go unspoken.

The Joy that isn't shared, I've heard,  
dies young.

## *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 the sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

# *Music of the Night*

**By Andrew Lloyd Weber**

Night-time sharpens, heightens each sensation  
Darkness wakes and stirs imagination  
Silently the senses abandon their defences  
helpless to resist the notes I write  
for I compose the music of the night

Slowly, gently, night unfurls its splendour  
Grasp it, sense it - tremulous and tender  
feeling is believing  
music is deceiving  
hard as lightning, soft as candlelight  
dare you trust the music of the night

close your eyes for your eyes will only tell the truth  
and the truth isn't what you want to see  
in the dark it is easy to pretend  
that the truth is what it ought to be

and listen to the music of the night

Softly, deftly, music shall caress you  
hear it, feel it, secretly possess you  
Open up your mind, let your fantasies unwind,  
in this darkness which you know  
you cannot fight -  
the darkness of the music of the night

close your eyes, start a journey  
through a strange, new world!  
Leave all thoughts  
of the world you knew before  
close your eyes, let the music set you free  
only then can you belong to me

Floating, falling, sweet intoxication!  
Touch me, trust me,  
savour each sensation!  
Let the dream begin,  
let your darker side give in  
to the power of the music that I write -  
the power of the music of the night...

You alone can make my song take flight -  
help me make the music of the night



## *Reluctance*

By Robert Frost

Out through the fields and the woods  
And over the walls I have wended;  
I have climbed the hills of view  
And looked at the world, and descended;  
I have come by the highway home,  
And lo, it is ended.

The leaves are all dead on the ground,  
Save those that the oak is keeping  
To ravel them one by one  
And let them go scraping and creeping  
Out over the crusted snow,  
When others are sleeping.

And the dead leaves lie huddled and still,  
No longer blown hither and thither;  
The last long aster is gone;  
The flowers of the witch-hazel wither;  
The heart is still aching to seek,  
But the feet question 'Whither?'

Ah, when to the heart of man  
Was it ever less than a treason  
To go with the drift of things,  
To yield with a grace to reason,  
And bow and accept the end  
Of a love or a season?

## *Anthem for a Doomed Youth*

By Wilfred Owen

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?  
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.  
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle  
Can patter out their hasty orisons.  
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;  
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs, –  
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;  
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.  
What candles may be held to speed them all?  
Not in the hands of boys but in their eyes  
Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.  
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;  
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,  
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.



## *Desert Places*

By Robert Frost

Snow falling and night falling fast, oh, fast  
In a field I looked into going past,  
And the ground almost covered smooth in snow,  
But a few weeds and stubble showing last.

The woods around it have it--it is theirs.  
All animals are smothered in their lairs.  
I am too absent-spirited to count;  
The loneliness includes me unawares.

And lonely as it is that loneliness  
Will be more lonely ere it will be less--  
A blanker whiteness of benighted snow  
With no expression, nothing to express.

They cannot scare me with their empty spaces  
Between stars--on stars where no human race is.  
I have it in me so much nearer home  
To scare myself with my own desert places.

## *Sonnet 18*

By William Shakespeare

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 dimmed;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed.  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,  
    So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
    So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

## *Poetry Project – Group B*

### *This is a Photograph of Me*

Margaret Atwood

It was taken some time ago.  
At first it seems to be  
a smeared  
print: blurred lines and grey flecks  
blended with the paper;

then, as you scan  
it, you see in the left-hand corner  
a thing that is like a branch: part of a tree  
(balsam or spruce) emerging  
and, to the right, halfway up  
what ought to be a gentle  
slope, a small frame house.

In the background there is a lake,  
and beyond that, some low hills.

(The photograph was taken  
the day after I drowned.

I am in the lake, in the center  
of the picture, just under the surface.

It is difficult to say where  
precisely, or to say  
how large or small I am:  
the effect of water  
on light is a distortion

but if you look long enough,  
eventually  
you will be able to see me.)



*Gifts*  
Shu Ting

My dream is the dream of a pond  
Not just to mirror the sky  
But to let the willows and ferns  
Suck me dry  
I'll climb from the roots to the veins,  
And when the leaves wither and fade  
I will refuse to mourn  
Because I was dying to live.

My joy is the joy of sunlight.  
In a moment of creation  
I will leave shining words  
In the pupils of children's eyes  
Igniting golden flames.  
Whenever seedlings sprout  
I shall sing a poem of green.  
I'm so simple I'm profound!

My grief is the grief of birds.  
The Spring will understand:  
Flying from hardship and failure  
To a future of warmth and light.  
There my blood-stained pinions  
Will scratch hieroglyphics  
On every human heart  
For every year to come.

Because all that I am  
Has been a gift from earth.



*There's a Certain Slant of  
Light*

By Emily Dickinson

There's a certain slant of light,  
On winter afternoons,  
That oppresses, like the weight  
Of cathedral tunes.

Heavenly hurt it gives us;  
We can find no scar,  
But internal difference  
Where the meaning are

None may teach it anything,  
'T is the seal, despair,  
An imperial affliction  
Sent us of the air.

When it comes, the landscape listens,  
Shadows hold their breath;  
When it goes, 't is like the distance  
On the look of death.



## *The Forgotten Grave*

By Emily Dickinson

After a hundred years  
Nobody knows the place, --  
Agony, that enacted there,  
Motionless as peace.

Weeds triumphant ranged,  
Strangers strolled and spelled  
At the lone orthography  
Of the elder dead.

Winds of summer fields  
Recollect the way, --  
Instinct picking up the key  
Dropped by memory



## *Sonnet 130*

By William Shakespeare

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.

# *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*

By Maya Angelou

The free bird leaps  
on the back of the win  
and floats downstream  
till the current ends  
and dips his wings  
in the orange sun rays  
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks  
down his narrow cage  
can seldom see through  
his bars of rage  
his wings are clipped and  
his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings  
with fearful trill  
of the things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill for the caged bird  
sings of freedom



The free bird thinks of another breeze  
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees  
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright lawn  
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams  
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream  
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing

The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.

## *Sympathy*

By Paul Dunbar Laurence

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!  
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;  
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,  
And the river flows like a stream of glass;  
When the first bird sings and the first bud opens,  
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals--  
I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wing  
Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;  
For he must fly back to his perch and cling

When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;  
And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars  
And they pulse again with a keener sting--  
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,  
When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,--  
When he beats his bars and he would be free;  
It is not a carol of joy or glee,  
But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,  
But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings--  
I know why the caged bird sings



## *In Abbot Zan's Room at Dayun Temple*

By Du Fu

The boy draws shining water from the well,  
He nimbly lifts the bucket to his hand.  
He sprinkles water without soaking the earth,  
And sweeps so well as if without a broom.  
The rosy dawn again lights the pagoda,  
The clearing mist lifts from the higher windows.  
Leaning blossoms cover over the path,  
Swaying willow leaves reach down to the steps.  
I'm driven by these troublesome affairs,  
Retirement from the world must be put off.  
We've met and talked, our deepest hearts agreeing,  
How can our mouths be forced completely shut?  
I say goodbye and fetch my riding crop,  
Parting for now, I turn my head at the last.  
There's so much mud that can defile a man,  
Just listen to all the dogs throughout the land.  
Although I cannot get free from this yoke,  
I'll sometimes come to rest from all the bustle.  
Your presence, Abbot, acts just like white snow,  
How can I be upset to grasp what's hot?

