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| **Po' Boy Blues**  **Title:**  **Paraphrase:**  **Connotation:** *Annotate for diction, tone, figurative language, symbolism, etc.*  **Attitude (at least 5 tone words):**  **Shifts (in tone, in rhythm/rhyme):**  **Themes/Truth:**  **Title:** |  |
| by [Langston Hughes](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/83) | |
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| When I was home de  Sunshine seemed like gold.  When I was home de  Sunshine seemed like gold.  Since I come up North de  Whole damn world's turned cold.  I was a good boy,  Never done no wrong.  Yes, I was a good boy,  Never done no wrong,  But this world is weary  An' de road is hard an' long.  I fell in love with  A gal I thought was kind.  Fell in love with  A gal I thought was kind.  She made me lose ma money  An' almost lose ma mind.  Weary, weary,  Weary early in de morn.  Weary, weary,  Early, early in de morn.  I's so weary  I wish I'd never been born. |  |

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| **Coming Close** |  |
| by [Philip Levine](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/19) | |
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| Take this quiet woman, she has been  standing before a polishing wheel  for over three hours, and she lacks  twenty minutes before she can take  a lunch break. Is she a woman?  Consider the arms as they press  the long brass tube against the buffer,  **Title:**  **Paraphrase:**  **Connotation:** *Annotate for diction, tone, figurative language, symbolism, etc.*  **Attitude (at least 5 tone words):**  **Shifts (in tone, in rhythm/rhyme):**  **Themes/Truth:**  **Title:**  they are striated along the triceps,  the three heads of which clearly show.  Consider the fine dusting of dark down  above the upper lip, and the beads  of sweat that run from under the red  kerchief across the brow and are wiped  away with a blackening wrist band  in one odd motion a child might make  to say No! No! You must come closer  to find out, you must hang your tie  and jacket in one of the lockers  in favor of a black smock, you must  be prepared to spend shift after shift  hauling off the metal trays of stock,  bowing first, knees bent for a purchase,  then lifting with a gasp, the first word  of tenderness between the two of you,  then you must bring new trays of dull  unpolished tubes. You must feed her,  as they say in the language of the place.  Make no mistake, the place has a language,  and if by some luck the power were cut,  the wheel slowed to a stop so that you  suddenly saw it was not a solid object  but so many separate bristles forming  in motion a perfect circle, she would turn  to you and say, "Why?" Not the old why  of why must I spend five nights a week?  Just, "Why?" Even if by some magic  you knew, you wouldn't dare speak  for fear of her laughter, which now  you have anyway as she places the five  tapering fingers of her filthy hand  on the arm of your white shirt to mark  you for your own, now and forever. |  |

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| **Hay for the Horses** |  |
| by [Gary Snyder](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/167) | |
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| He had driven half the night  From far down San Joaquin  Through Mariposa, up the  Dangerous Mountain roads,  And pulled in at eight a.m.  With his big truckload of hay  behind the barn.  **Title:**  **Paraphrase:**  **Connotation:** *Annotate for diction, tone, figurative language, symbolism, etc.*  **Attitude (at least 5 tone words):**  **Shifts (in tone, in rhythm/rhyme):**  **Themes/Truth:**  **Title:**  With winch and ropes and hooks  We stacked the bales up clean  To splintery redwood rafters  High in the dark, flecks of alfalfa  Whirling through shingle-cracks of light,  Itch of haydust in the  sweaty shirt and shoes.  At lunchtime under Black oak  Out in the hot corral,  ---The old mare nosing lunchpails,  Grasshoppers crackling in the weeds---  "I'm sixty-eight" he said,  "I first bucked hay when I was seventeen.  I thought, that day I started,  I sure would hate to do this all my life.  And dammit, that's just what  I've gone and done." |  |

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| |  | | --- | | **The Right To Grief** | |
| |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | To Certain Poets About to Die  Take your fill of intimate remorse, perfumed sorrow, Over the dead child of a millionaire, And the pity of Death refusing any check on the bank Which the millionaire might order his secretary to scratch off And get cashed.  Very well, You for your grief and I for mine. Let me have a sorrow my own if I want to.  I shall cry over the dead child of a stockyards hunky. His job is sweeping blood off the floor. He gets a dollar seventy cents a day when he works And it's many tubs of blood he shoves out with a broom day by day.  Now his three year old daughter Is in a white coffin that cost him a week's wages. Every Saturday night he will pay the undertaker fifty cents till the debt is wiped out.  The hunky and his wife and the kids Cry over the pinched face almost at peace in the white box.  They remember it was scrawny and ran up high doctor bills. They are glad it is gone for the rest of the family now will have more to eat and wear.  Yet before the majesty of Death they cry around the coffin And wipe their eyes with red bandanas and sob when the priest says, "God have mercy on us all."  I have a right to feel my throat choke about this. You take your grief and I mine--see? To-morrow there is no funeral and the hunky goes back to his job sweeping blood off the floor at a dollar seventy cents a day. All he does all day long is keep on shoving hog blood ahead of him with a broom.  **Title:**  **Paraphrase:**  **Connotation:** *Annotate for diction, tone, figurative language, symbolism, etc.*  **Attitude (at least 5 tone words):**  **Shifts (in tone, in rhythm/rhyme):**  **Themes/Truth:**  **Title:** | |

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| **Richard Cory** |  |
| by [Edwin Arlington Robinson](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/391) | |
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| Whenever Richard Cory went down town,  **Title:**  **Paraphrase:**  **Connotation:** *Annotate for diction, tone, figurative language, symbolism, etc.*  **Attitude (at least 5 tone words):**  **Shifts (in tone, in rhythm/rhyme):**  **Themes/Truth:**  **Title:**  We people on the pavement looked at him:  He was a gentleman from sole to crown,  Clean favored and imperially slim.  And he was always quietly arrayed,  And he was always human when he talked,  But still he fluttered pulses when he said,  "Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.  And he was rich--yes, richer than a king--  And admirably schooled in every grace:  In fine, we thought that he was everything  To make us wish that we were in his place.  So on we worked, and waited for the light,  And went without the meat and cursed the bread;  And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,  Went home and put a bullet through his head. |  |

**Group Work**

**Step 1.** Discuss your poem with your group. If no one has already, consider the following things: 🡨colon!!!

* Similes/metaphors
* Repetition
* Unusually short lines (what do they draw attention to?)
* Telegraphic sentences (same as above)
* Dialect (accent? Unusual language? What could this tell you?)
* Imagery (Colors? Weather? Smells?)

**Step 2.** Create a visual representation of your poem.

* Glue your poem in the center of your poster.
* Use markers to colorfully transcribe the following things:
  + Your group’s analysis of the title
  + A 1-2 sentence paraphrase of the poem
  + ALL of your analysis. Work together on this; one person shouldn’t be writing everything.
  + Shifts—Draw an arrow to and identify any tone shifts, syntax shifts, etc.
  + A list of abstract themes
  + At least one universal truth
  + At least one visual representation of an image in the poem