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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 deSunshine seemed like gold.When I was home deSunshine seemed like gold.Since I come up North deWhole 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 wearyAn' de road is hard an' long.I fell in love withA gal I thought was kind.Fell in love withA gal I thought was kind.She made me lose ma moneyAn' almost lose ma mind.Weary, weary,Weary early in de morn.Weary, weary,Early, early in de morn.I's so wearyI 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 beenstanding before a polishing wheelfor over three hours, and she lackstwenty minutes before she can takea lunch break. Is she a woman?Consider the arms as they pressthe 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 downabove the upper lip, and the beadsof sweat that run from under the redkerchief across the brow and are wipedaway with a blackening wrist bandin one odd motion a child might maketo say No! No! You must come closerto find out, you must hang your tieand jacket in one of the lockersin favor of a black smock, you mustbe prepared to spend shift after shifthauling 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 dullunpolished 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 yousuddenly saw it was not a solid objectbut so many separate bristles formingin motion a perfect circle, she would turnto you and say, "Why?" Not the old whyof why must I spend five nights a week?Just, "Why?" Even if by some magic you knew, you wouldn't dare speakfor fear of her laughter, which nowyou have anyway as she places the fivetapering fingers of her filthy handon the arm of your white shirt to markyou 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 nightFrom far down San JoaquinThrough Mariposa, up theDangerous 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 hooksWe stacked the bales up cleanTo splintery redwood raftersHigh in the dark, flecks of alfalfaWhirling through shingle-cracks of light,Itch of haydust in the  sweaty shirt and shoes.At lunchtime under Black oakOut 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 whatI've gone and done." |  |

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| **The Right To Grief**  |

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|   | To Certain Poets About to DieTake your fill of intimate remorse, perfumed sorrow,Over the dead child of a millionaire,And the pity of Death refusing any check on the bankWhich the millionaire might order his secretary toscratch offAnd 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 worksAnd it's many tubs of blood he shoves out with a broomday by day.Now his three year old daughterIs in a white coffin that cost him a week's wages.Every Saturday night he will pay the undertaker fiftycents till the debt is wiped out.The hunky and his wife and the kidsCry 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 nowwill have more to eat and wear.Yet before the majesty of Death they cry around the coffinAnd wipe their eyes with red bandanas and sob whenthe 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 backto his job sweeping blood off the floor at a dollarseventy cents a day.All he does all day long is keep on shoving hog bloodahead 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 everythingTo 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