

UGHS 2015-2016 Honors Twelfth Grade/British Literature Summer Assignment

The Poisonwood Bible by Barbara Kingsolver

The Poetry of Adah (poetry she mentions in her narration – listed below)

Read Kingsolver's *The Poisonwood Bible*. You may choose to keep notes/annotate your book if you choose (which I highly recommend), but that work is optional. Additionally, read all nine poems posted here by Williams Carlos Williams, William Shakespeare, and Emily Dickinson. **Then choose any three of the poems (choose one short one and two longer ones): Look up the allusion to the poems in the novel** (page numbers are given, except for the last one). Consider how the poems may contribute to the characterization of Adah or another character, the themes of the novel, or some other element of literature Kingsolver uses to convey her meaning.

Complete all reading and be prepared to write on the topic above on the second day of school, Tuesday, August 4, 2015. Should you have any questions, email them to Mrs. Marston: emarston@henry.k12.ga.us

"The Red Wheelbarrow" by William Carlos Williams -- page 170

so much depends upon
a red wheel barrow
glazed with rain water
beside the white chickens.

Emily Dickinson -- page 185

"Hope" is the thing with feathers —
That perches in the soul —
And sings the tune without the words —
And never stops — at all —

And sweetest — in the Gale — is heard —
And sore must be the storm —
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm —

I've heard it in the chillest land —
And on the strangest Sea —
Yet, never, in Extremity, It asked a crumb — of Me.

Emily Dickinson -- page 295

Presentiment — is that long Shadow — on the Lawn —
Indicatives that Suns go down —

The Notice to the startled Grass
That Darkness — is about to pass —

Emily Dickinson -- page 365

Because I could not stop for Death,

He kindly stopped for me;
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,
And I had put away
My labor, and my leisure too,
For his civility.

We passed the school, where children strove
At recess, in the ring;
We passed the fields of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

Or rather, they passed us;
The dews drew quivering and chill,
For only gossamer my gown,
My tippet only tulle.

We paused before a house that seemed
A swelling of the ground;
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries, and yet each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward Eternity.

Emily Dickinson -- page 407

Tell all the Truth but tell it slant---

Success in Circuit lies
Too bright for our infirm Delight
The Truth's superb surprise
As Lightning to the Children eased
With explanation kind
The Truth must dazzle gradually
Or every man be blind---

Emily Dickinson -- page 443

This is my letter to the World

That never wrote to Me —
The simple News that Nature told —
With tender Majesty

Her Message is committed To Hands I cannot see —
For love of Her — Sweet — countrymen —
Judge tenderly — of Me

“Full Fathom Five...” by William Shakespeare (from *The Tempest*) – page 491

Full fathom five thy father lies;

Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that does fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong,
Hark! Now I hear them – Ding-dong, bell.

Emily Dickinson -- pages 527, 530

A Toad, can die of Light —
Death is the Common Right
Of Toads and Men —
Of Earl and Midge The privilege —
Why swagger, then?
The Gnat's supremacy is large as Thine —
Life — is a different Thing —
So measure Wine —
Naked of Flask — Naked of Cask —
Bare Rhine —
Which Ruby's mine?

Emily Dickinson (must find this page number yourself)

It ceased to hurt me, though so slow
I could not feel the Anguish go—
But only knew by looking back—
That something—had benumbed the Track—

Nor when it altered, I could say,
For I had worn it, every day,
As constant as the Childish frock—
I hung upon the Peg, at night.

But not the Grief—that nestled close
As needles—ladies softly press
To Cushions Cheeks—
To keep their place—

Nor what consoled it, I could trace—
Except, whereas 'twas Wilderness—
It's better—almost Peace—