

Poetry Unit

9th Grade Literature/Composition

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Poetry Definitions and Other Important Information

Poetic Form: Narrative Poem

By Will Conley, eHow Contributor,

Introduction

A narrative poem tells a story. Its structure is similar to that of a short story or novel. There is a beginning, a middle and an end, as well as the usual literary devices such as character and plot. A narrative poem can take the form of rhyming couplets, or it can go more in the direction of prose poetry, in that the rhyme scheme is flexible. There are many variations on the theme of the narrative poem.

History

The oldest known narrative poem is "*The Epic of Gilgamesh*," a quasi-historical story about an Uruk (Sumerian) king who lived circa 2600 B.C. The earliest version of the poem itself was written on clay tablets in the seventh century B.C. Around the same time, Homer of Greece composed "*The Iliad*" and "*The Odyssey*," still important today. Homer influenced later narrative poems like "*Beowulf*" (anonymous author, eighth to 11th century); "*The Divine Comedy*" (Dante of Italy, 13 century); and "*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*" (Samuel Taylor Coleridge of England, 1798). The style of narrative poetry is one of the most ancient forms of literature and yet continues to be used by poets.

Function

A narrative poem tells a story in an entertaining way: usually with rhyme. As narrative poetry has its roots in ancient oral traditions, it is thought that the rhyme schemes were a mnemonic device that allowed performers to carry many stories inside their heads, before the advent of literacy. In the modern era, many musicians use narrative poetry to tell a story within the framework of a song, as in the case of many folk, country and hip hop artists.

Types

Narrative poetry can be long or short form. The long forms are often a series of short-story poems meant to be told as an evening's entertainment, as in the case of Chaucer's "*The Canterbury Tales*" or the heroic poems of Homer. When a narrative poem does not contain a predictable rhyme scheme but does contain the various parts of poetry (alliteration, symbolism, and so forth), then it is a free-form narrative poem or prose poem. The only limit to the types of narrative poems is the poet's imagination.

Features

A narrative poem usually contains a series of rhyming couplets (ABAB) or cinquains (ABABA) broken into stanzas (groups of lines), but the variations are endless. It can also contain any of the usual literary devices, such as alliteration, assonance, consonance and repetition. As the poem is a narration, it usually tells a story that has a beginning, middle and end, replete with character and plot development, climax and conclusion.

Misconceptions

A narrative poem does not necessarily have to be linear or chronological. For example, the conclusion may be told at the beginning, and vice versa. It can contain many divergent story lines, which may or may not weave their way back toward the main plot. The avant-garde and postmodern movements of the 20th century helped to redefine the narrative poem in this way.

9/25/2014. http://www.ehow.com/about_4571332_what-narrative-poem.html

Poetic Form: Ballad

Centuries-old in practice, the composition of ballads began in the European folk tradition, in many cases accompanied by musical instruments. Ballads were not originally transcribed, but rather preserved orally for generations, passed along through recitation. Their subject matter dealt with religious themes, love, tragedy, domestic crimes, and sometimes even political propaganda.

A typical ballad is a plot-driven song, with one or more characters hurriedly unfurling events leading to a dramatic conclusion. At best, a ballad does not tell the reader what's happening, but rather shows the reader what's happening, describing each crucial moment in the trail of events. To convey that sense of emotional urgency, the ballad is often constructed in quatrain stanzas (groups of four lines), each line containing as few as three or four stresses and rhyming either the second and fourth lines, or all alternating lines.

Ballads began to make their way into print in fifteenth-century England. During the Renaissance, making and selling ballad broadsides became a popular practice, though these songs rarely earned the respect of artists because their authors, called "pot poets," often dwelled among the lower classes.

However, the form evolved into a writer's sport. Nineteenth-century poets Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Wordsworth wrote numerous ballads. Coleridge's "*Rime of the Ancient Mariner*," the tale of a cursed sailor aboard a storm-tossed ship, is one of the English language's most revered ballads.

Other balladeers, including Thomas Percy and, later, W. B. Yeats, contributed to the English tradition. In America, the ballad evolved into folk songs such as "*Casey Jones*," the cowboy favorite "*Streets of Laredo*," and "*John Henry*."

9/26/2014 <http://www.poets.org/poetsorg/text/poetic-form-ballad>

The Ballad

Ballads have strong associations with childhood: much of children's poetry comes in ballad form, and English poets traditionally associated ballads with their national childhood as well. Ballads emphasize strong rhythms, repetition of key phrases, and rhymes; if you hear a traditional ballad, you will know that you are hearing a poem. Ballads are meant to be song-like and to remind readers of oral poetry--of parents singing to children, for instance, or of ancient poets reciting their verse to a live audience.

(**A side note:** contemporary music terminology also uses the term "ballad." In that context, the word describes a genre of "slow songs" in jazz or rock music.)

Ballads do not have the same formal consistency as some other poetic forms, but one can look for certain characteristics that identify a ballad, including these:

- *Simple language.* Some ballads, especially older traditional ballads, were composed for audiences of non-specialist hearers or (later) readers. Therefore, they feature language that people can understand without specialist training or repeated readings. When later poets choose to write ballads, regardless of their intended audience, the choice of the ballad form generally implies a similar emphasis on simple language. Sometimes poets write ballads specifically to react against poetry they see as overly intellectual or obscure.
- *Stories.* Ballads tend to be *narrative* poems, poems that tell stories, as opposed to *lyric* poems, which emphasize the emotions of the speaker.

- *Ballad stanzas.* The traditional ballad stanza consists of four lines, rhymed *abcb* (or sometimes *abab*--the key is that the second and fourth lines rhyme). The first and third lines have four stresses, while the second and fourth have three. Here is a stanza from "*Sir Patrick Spens*," a medieval ballad:

'I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
II fear we'll come to harm.'

- *Repetition.* A ballad often has a *refrain*, a repeated section that divides segments of the story. Many ballads also employ *incremental repetition*, in which a phrase recurs with minor differences as the story progresses. For a classic example of incremental repetition, see the first two lines of each stanza in "Lord Randal."
- *Dialogue.* As you might expect in a narrative genre, ballads often incorporate multiple characters into their stories. Often, since changes of voice were communicated orally, written transcriptions of oral ballads give little or no indication that the speaker has changed. Writers of *literary ballads*, the later poems that imitate oral ballads, sometimes play with this convention.
- *Third-person objective narration.* Ballad narrators usually do not speak in the first person (unless speaking as a character in the story), and they often do not comment on their reactions to the emotional content of the ballad.

9/26/2014 <http://www.math.grinnell.edu/~simpsons/Connections/Poetry/Forms/ballad1.html>

Poetic Form: Lyric Poem

Linda Sue Grimes

Lyric poetry is the most common form of poetry; it does not tell a story as the epic and narrative forms do; the lyric poem has grown into many forms since ancient times.

Origin of Lyric Poetry

On the ancient Greek stage, a dramatic production often featured a *chorus*, which was a group of speakers, who commented on the action of the play. When a single individual sang or spoke more personally and accompanied himself on a lyre, the verse was called *lyric*. Thus, our present designation of *lyric* poetry includes personal, individual emotion. The *lyric* does not tell a story as an *epic* or *narrative* poem does. Most poetry as we think of it is lyric poetry.

Song

There are many subdivisions of lyric poetry. The weakest form is the *song*, especially popular songs that are heard frequently on the radio. With the exception of the *hymn* and *chant*, most songs do not achieve the level of true poetry, even though they employ some poetic devices. The words to songs are often inaccurately referred to as “lyrics.” The entire song is the lyric.

Sonnet

The next best-known lyric is the *sonnet*, which may be in the Petrarchan or Italian form, Elizabethan or Shakespearean or English form, or the American or innovative form. The Petrarchan takes its name from the 13th century Italian poet Petrarch. The Petrarchan sonnet consists of two stanzas: an octave of eight lines with the rime scheme ABBAABBA and a sestet of six lines with a varied rime scheme CDE.

The Elizabethan sonnet also has fourteen lines but is divided into three quatrains and a couplet; the standard rime scheme is ABAB CDCD EFEF GG. Shakespeare is the poet most associated with this form, so much so that it is also called the Shakespearean sonnet.

A third sonnet form is the innovative sonnet or American sonnet, which is usually a free verse poem written in fourteen lines. Rime is usually infrequent and often quite accidental, but the American sonnet is often driven by rhythm and individual speech patterns. Wanda Coleman’s “*American Sonnet*” exemplifies the innovative sonnet.

Hymn and Chant

The lyric poem known as a *hymn* is ironically intended to be sung by a chorus, departing greatly from the Greek tradition that distinguished choric from lyric. The hymn’s main distinction is its subject, which is spiritual. The hymn is offered to the Divine; it is an outpouring of emotion, love, and devotion to Divinity. The form of a hymn is often written in quatrains with a rime scheme ABAB or ABCB. A modern hymn is “*How Great Thou Art*,” words and music by Carl G. Boberg and R.J. Hughes.

The *chant* is also devotional, usually employing fewer differentiated ideas than the hymn. The chant’s purpose is to assist the mind in becoming one-pointed on God.

Ode

The *ode* usually exalts its subject. It is dedicated to one theme to honor its subject usually an important person or idea such as freedom. There are three subdivisions of odes: the Pindaric, the Horatian, and the irregular. Allen Tate’s “*Ode to the Confederate Dead*” exemplifies a modern ode.

Elegy

The *elegy* is a highly formal verse focusing on death or any other solemn subject. Most noted elegies are Gray's "*Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*" and Whitman's "*When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd*." Milton's "*Lycidas*" is an example of a pastoral elegy.

Most Poetry Lyric

Most poetry that we experience is some form or combination of lyric poetry, resulting in many varieties of poetry. Emily Dickinson's poems often employ the form of the *hymn*. Often fond of the *elegy*, Walt Whitman wrote sprawling catalogues of people and things, but his basic form is still lyrical.

Each poet expresses his/her voice through the varying forms of poetry, and most of it can truly be defined as lyric as opposed to epic or narrative. Poets do tell stories but seldom in what we have come to think of as the story form.

9/26/2014 <https://suite.io/linda-sue-grimes/4za22h>

Poetic Form: Haiku

Haiku (high-koo) are short poems that use sensory language to capture a feeling or image. They are often inspired by an element of nature, a moment of beauty or a poignant experience.

Haiku poetry was originally developed by Japanese poets, and the form was adapted to English and other languages by poets in other countries.

9/26/2014 <http://www.wikihow.com/Write-a-Haiku-Poem>

A traditional Japanese haiku is a three-line poem with seventeen syllables, written in a 5/7/5 syllable count. Often focusing on images from nature, haiku emphasizes simplicity, intensity, and directness of expression.

Haiku began in thirteenth-century Japan as the opening phrase of renga, an oral poem, generally 100 stanzas long, which was also composed syllabically. The much shorter haiku broke away from renga in the sixteenth-century, and was mastered a century later by Matsuo Basho, who wrote this classic haiku:

An old pond!
A frog jumps in—
the sound of water.

Haiku was traditionally written in the present tense and focused on associations between images. There was a pause at the end of the first or second line, and a “season word,” or *kiigo*, specified the time of year.

As the form has evolved, many of these rules—including the 5/7/5 practice—have been routinely broken. However, the philosophy of haiku has been preserved: the focus on a brief moment in time; a use of provocative, colorful images; an ability to be read in one breath; and a sense of sudden enlightenment and illumination.

9/26/2014 <http://www.poets.org/poetsorg/text/poetic-form-haiku>

Learning the Sonnet

A history and how-to guide to the famous form

BY RACHEL RICHARDSON

The sonnet, one of the oldest, strictest, and most enduring poetic forms, comes from the Italian word *sonetto*, meaning “little song.” Its origins date to the thirteenth century, to the Italian court. Giacomo de Lentini is credited with its invention, though Francesco Petrarca (Petrarch) was its most famous early practitioner. The form was adopted and enthusiastically embraced by the English in the Elizabethan period, most notably by Shakespeare, who gave it the structure we commonly think of today: 14 lines of rhymed iambic pentameter.

Its tight rhyme scheme and metrical regularity emphasize its musicality, but the sonnet is also thought of as the first poetic form that was intended to be read *silently*, as opposed to performed and shared: it is “the first lyric of self-consciousness, or of the self in conflict,” according to Paul Oppenheimer in *The Birth of the Modern Mind: Self, Consciousness, and the Invention of the Sonnet* (1989). As such, the form consists of two parts, often called the proposition and resolution. Dividing them is the *volta*, or turn. Thus, a problem or question is often presented in the first section of a sonnet and then, via the pivot made by the turn, resolved or given new perspective in the second.

The basic requirements of a traditional sonnet are the following

- 14 lines
- iambic pentameter
- rhyme scheme:
 - Petrarchan: ABBA ABBA CDECDE or ABBA ABBA CDCDCD (NOTE: sometimes the sestet has a variety of rhyme schemes that is different from either of these!!)
 - Shakespearean: ABAB CDCD EFEF GG

In the Petrarchan sonnet, the sections are broken up into an *octave* (first eight lines) and a *sestet* (final six lines). Below is an example of a Petrarchan sonnet, with the rhyme scheme indicated in parentheses ().

Your Look of Precious Love

Gary Bateman

(a) Whilst I gaze so warmly in your eyes my dearest,
(b) I see deeply your pure angelic soul of love
(b) Reflecting like a radiant flight of a dove,
(a) Charting its flight on so high emotions purest!
(a) Our spirits ascend high in the sky so clearest
(b) To the very boundaries of Heaven my love,
(b) Where the power of brightness is God's best above.
(a) Your look of precious love is always mine dearest!

(c) When we kiss so passionately our lips so melt,
(c) As we caress warmly emotions are so felt!
(d) Why we do this darling defines our love so dear,
(d) As counts the worth of angels' blessings to be here!
(e) How we love each other so matters on God's Earth,
(e) Your look of so precious love exceeds all gold's worth!

10/5/2015. http://www.lovepoemsandpoets.com/poem/your_look_of_precious_love_623912

In the Shakespearean sonnet, there are three *quatrains* (four-line stanzas or sections) and then a *couplet*. In both types, a *volta* marks the transition to the final section.

Sonnet 130

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

10/5/2015. <http://www.poetryfoundation.org/learning/article/246410>

Poetic Form: Limerick

Definition: Nonsensical verse of five lines. Lines 1,2, and 5 rhyme and usually have 5 – 7 syllables. Lines 3 and 4 rhyme and are shorter, with 3 – 5 syllables. The style is termed as "*aabba*" or referred to as being *anapestic* which means 2 short syllables followed by a long one. Limericks contain puns or wordplay.

Origin: It is said that rhyme did not exist until the 14th century. (Guess they were pretty grouchy up until that time?) The man who is credited with inventing the limerick is named Edward Lear (1812-1888) an English humorist and painter. He wrote and illustrated "*A Book of Nonsense*" (1846, 1861, 1863) and "*Nonsense Songs*" (1871, 1872, 1877).

The limerick-style today doesn't exist much because we have other forms of entertainment (mostly using obscenity, horror and Sci-Fi) as their content. There seems to be a lack of simple, plain silliness mocking life in today's world as the foundation for humor and entertainment. Limericks, particularly Irish ones, can also be a bit bawdy. Those seemed to originate with the idea of who can be the wittier drunk in a pub.

9/26/2014 <http://www.brownielocks.com/Limericks.html>

The first line traditionally introduces a person and a place, with the place appearing at the end of the first line and establishing the rhyme scheme for the second and fifth lines. In early limericks, the last line was often essentially a repeat of the first line, although this is no longer customary.

9/26/2014 [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Limerick_\(poetry\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Limerick_(poetry))

EXAMPLE of a Limerick (with rhyme scheme indicated)

- (a)A painter, who lived in Great Britain,
- (a)Interrupted two girls with their knittin'
- (b)He said, with a sigh,
- (b)"That park bench—well I
- (a)Just painted it, right where you're sittin.'"

10/5/2015. <http://www.brownielocks.com/Limericks.html>

Poems for Analysis

Narrative Poem

Nancy Hanks

By Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benet

NOTE: This poem tells the story of Abraham Lincoln through the eyes of his mother, Nancy Hanks.

If Nancy Hanks
Came back as a ghost,
Seeking news
Of what she loved most,
She'd ask first 5
"Where's my son?
What's happened to Abe?
What's he done?"

"Poor little Abe,
Left all alone. 10
Except for Tom,
Who's a rolling stone;
He was only nine,
The year I died.
I remember still
How hard he cried." 15

"Scraping along
In a little shack,
With hardly a shirt
To cover his back,
And a prairie wind 20
To blow him down,
Or pinching times
If he went to town."

"You wouldn't know
About my son? 25
Did he grow tall?
Did he have fun?
Did he learn to read?
Did he get to town?
Do you know his name?
Did he get on?" 30

9/26/2014 http://www.dw-jotd.com/inspirational/nancy_hanks.htm

Narrative Poem

The Owl and the Pussycat

By Edward Lear

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!'

Pussy said to the Owl, 'You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?'
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

'Dear pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

Ballad

The Ballad of William Sycamore

by Stephen Vincent Benét

MY FATHER, he was a mountaineer,
His fist was a knotty hammer;
He was quick on his feet as a running deer,
And he spoke with a Yankee stammer.

My mother, she was merry and brave,
And so she came to her labor,
With a tall green fir for her doctor grave
And a stream for her comforting neighbor.

And some are wrapped in the linen fine,
And some like a godling's scion;
But I was cradled on twigs of pine
In the skin of a mountain lion.

And some remember a white, starched lap
And a ewer with silver handles;
But I remember a coonskin cap
And the smell of bayberry candles.

The cabin logs, with the bark still rough,
And my mother who laughed at trifles,
And the tall, lank visitors, brown as snuff,
With their long, straight squirrel-rifles.

I can hear them dance, like a foggy song,
Through the deepest one of my slumbers,
The fiddle squeaking the boots along
And my father calling the numbers.

The quick feet shaking the puncheon-floor,
And the fiddle squealing and squealing,
Till the dried herbs rattled above the door
And the dust went up to the ceiling.

There are children lucky from dawn till dusk,
But never a child so lucky!
For I cut my teeth on "Money Musk"
In the Bloody Ground of Kentucky!

When I grew as tall as the Indian corn,
My father had little to lend me,
But he gave me his great, old powder-horn
And his woodsman's skill to befriend me.

With a leather shirt to cover my back,
And a redskin nose to unravel
Each forest sign, I carried my pack
As far as a scout could travel.

Till I lost my boyhood and found my wife,
A girl like a Salem clipper!
A woman straight as a hunting-knife
With eyes as bright as the Dipper!

We cleared our camp where the buffalo feed,
Unheard-of streams were our flagons;
And I sowed my sons like the apple-seed
On the trail of the Western wagons.

They were right, tight boys, never sulky or slow,
A fruitful, a goodly muster.
The eldest died at the Alamo.
The youngest fell with Custer.

The letter that told it burned my hand.
Yet we smiled and said, "So be it!"
But I could not live when they fenced the land,
For it broke my heart to see it.

I saddled a red, unbroken colt
And rode him into the day there;
And he threw me down like a thunderbolt
And rolled on my as I lay there.

The hunter's whistle hummed in my ear
As the city-men tried to move me,
And I died in my boots like a pioneer
With the whole wide sky above me.

Now I lie in the heart of the fat, black soil,
Like the seed of the prairie-thistle;
It has washed my bones with honey and oil
And picked them clean as a whistle.

And my youth returns, like the rains of Spring,
And my sons, like the wild-geese flying;
And I lie and hear the meadow-lark sing
And have much content in my dying.

Go play with the towns you have built of blocks,
The towns where you would have bound me!
I sleep in my earth like a tired fox,
And my buffalo have found me.

9/26/2014 http://www.poetry-archive.com/b/the_ballad_of_william_sycamore.html

Modern Ballad

Bad, Bad Leroy Brown

by Jim Croce

Well the South side of Chicago
Is the baddest part of town
And if you go down there
You better just beware
Of a man named Leroy Brown
Now Leroy more than trouble
You see he stand 'bout six foot four
All the downtown ladies call him "Treetop
Lover"
All the men just call him "Sir"

[*Chorus*]

And it's bad, bad Leroy Brown
The baddest man in the whole damned town
Badder than old King Kong
And meaner than a junkyard dog

Now Leroy he a gambler
And he like his fancy clothes
And he like to wave his diamond rings
In front of everybody's nose
He got a custom Continental
He got an Eldorado too
He got a thirty two gun in his pocket for fun
He got a razor in his shoe

[*Chorus*]

And it's bad, bad Leroy Brown
The baddest man in the whole damned town
Badder than old King Kong
And meaner than a junkyard dog

Now Friday 'bout a week ago
Leroy shootin' dice
And at the edge of the bar
Sat a girl named Doris
And oo that girl looked nice
Well he cast his eyes upon her
And the trouble soon began
Cause Leroy Brown learned a lesson
'Bout messin' with the wife of a jealous man

[*Chorus*]

And it's bad, bad Leroy Brown
The baddest man in the whole damned town
Badder than old King Kong
And meaner than a junkyard dog

Well the two men took to fighting
And when they pulled them off the floor
Leroy looked like a jigsaw puzzle
With a couple of pieces gone

[*Chorus*]

And it's bad, bad Leroy Brown
The baddest man in the whole damned town
Badder than old King Kong
And meaner than a junkyard dog.

9/26/2014

http://www.lyricsfreak.com/j/jim+croce/bad+bad+leroy+brown_20071475.html

Lyric Poem

Still I Rise

By Maya Angelou

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops.
Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.
Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.
I rise
I rise
I rise.

Lyric Poem

Yesterday

By The Beatles

Yesterday
All my troubles seemed so far away
Now it looks as though they're here to stay
Oh, I believe
In yesterday

Suddenly
I'm not half the man I used to be
There's a shadow hanging over me
Oh, yesterday
Came suddenly

Why she
Had to go I don't know
She wouldn't say
I said
Something wrong now I long
For yesterday

Yesterday
Love was such an easy game to play
Now I need a place to hide away
Oh, I believe
In yesterday

Why she
Had to go I don't know
She wouldn't say
I said
Something wrong now I long
For yesterday

Yesterday
Love was such an easy game to play
Now I need a place to hide away
Oh, I believe
In yesterday

Limericks

1. There was an Old Man of Nantucket

Who kept all his cash in a bucket.
His daughter, called Nan,
Ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket, Nantucket.

- *Anonymous*

2. There was a young lady of Lucca

Whose lovers completely forsook her;
She ran up a tree
And said "Fiddle-de-dee!"
Which embarrassed the people of Lucca.

- *Edward Lear*

3. There was a Young Lady whose chin

Resembled the point of a pin:
So she had it made sharp,
And purchased a harp,
And played several tunes with her chin.

- *Edward Lear*

4. Few thought he was even a starter;

There were many who thought themselves
smarter,
But he ended a PM
CH and OM
An earl and a Knight of the Garter.

- *Clement Attlee*

5. There once was a man from Peru

Who had a lot of growing up to do,
He'd ring a doorbell,
then run like hell,
Until the owner shot him with a .22.

- *Anonymous*

6. A bather whose clothing was strewed

By winds that left her quite nude
Saw a man come along
And unless we are wrong
You expected this line to be lewd.

- *Anonymous*

7. There once was a young lady named
bright

Whose speed was much faster than light
She set out one day
In a relative way
And returned on the previous night.

- *Anonymous*

8. There was an old man with a beard

Who said, "it's just how I feared!
Two owls and a hen
Four larks and a wren
Have all built their nests in my beard.

- *Edward Lear*

Haiku

1. Fallen sick on a journey,
In dreams I run wildly
Over a withered moor.
2. An old pond!
A frog jumps in-
The sound of water.
3. The first soft snow!
Enough to bend the leaves
Of the jonquil low.
4. In the cicada's cry
No sign can foretell
How soon it must die.
5. No one travels
Along this way but I,
This autumn evening.
6. In all the rains of May
there is one thing not hidden -
the bridge at Seta Bay.
7. The years first day
thoughts and loneliness;
the autumn dusk is here.
8. Clouds appear
and bring to men a chance to rest
from looking at the moon.
9. Harvest moon:
around the pond I wander
and the night is gone.
10. Poverty's child -
he starts to grind the rice,
and gazes at the moon.
11. No blossoms and no moon,
and he is drinking sake
all alone!
12. Won't you come and see
loneliness? Just one leaf
from the *kiri* tree.
13. Temple bells die out.
The fragrant blossoms remain.
A perfect evening!

Petrarchan Sonnet

Down Fall

By Debbie Guzzi

Within the warmth of home, I sit amazed
at the gentle fall of snow through window pane.
Cup of tea in hand, my layered thoughts unchain,
and tumble from the tip of tongue unfazed
to land upon a pristine page appraised,
aided by the silent fall through snowy pane.
Oh, the soft white wintry glow 'pon the lane
leaves a graceful drape, Lord be praised.

Within the warmth of home, I muse on themes
of days to come and those gone bye and so,
I thank the Lord for all of nature's schemes,
for the gift of time, for peace, and for the snow.
Oh, make the blanket deep, I wish to dream,
may all my days and 'morrrows have this glow.

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Shakespearean Sonnet

Sonnet Number 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 wander'st 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.