

## **Chapter 13 Sound and Meaning**

### **1. Sound suggests meaning**

**Onomatopoeia:**

**Phonetic intensives:**

**\*2. Reinforce pleasant and unpleasant meaning with pleasant and unpleasant sound**

**Cacophony (cacophonous)**

**Euphony (euphonious)**

**3. Control the speed of the lines by use of meter, vowel sounds, pause**

**\*4. Emphasis**

**alliteration, assonance, consonance, rhyme, metrical deviation**

# Anthem for 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 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.

## *Heaven-Haven*

### *A Nun Takes the Veil*

by Gerard Manley Hopkins

I have desired to go  
Where springs not fail,  
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail,  
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be  
Where no storms come,  
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,  
And out of the swing of the sea.

## ***Landcrab***

By Margaret Atwood

A lie, that we come from water.  
The truth is we were born  
from stones, dragons, the sea's  
teeth, as you testify,  
with your crust and jagged scissors.

Hermit, hard socket  
For a timid eye  
You're a soft gut scuttling  
Sideways, a bone skull,  
Round bone on the prow.  
Wolf of treeroots and gravelly holes,  
A mount on stilts,  
The husk of a small demon.

Attack, voracious  
Eating, and flight:  
It's a sound routine  
For staying alive on edges.  
Then there's the tide, and that dance  
You do for the moon  
On wet sand, claws raised  
To fend off your mate,  
Your coupling a quick  
Dry clatter of rocks.  
For mammals  
With the lobes and bulbs,  
Scruples and warm milk,  
You've nothing but contempt.

Here you are a frozen scowl  
Targeted in flashlight,  
Then gone: a piece of what  
We are, not all,  
My stunted child, my momentary face in the mirror,  
My tiny nightmare.

## ***Blackberry Eating***

Galway Kinnell

I love to go out in late September  
among the fat, overripe, icy, black blackberries  
to eat blackberries for breakfast,  
the stalks very prickly, a penalty  
they earn for knowing the black art  
of blackberry-making; and as I stand among them  
lifting the stalks to my mouth, the ripest berries  
fall almost unbidden to my tongue,  
as words sometimes do, certain peculiar words  
like *strengths* or *squined*,  
many-lettered, one-syllabled lumps,  
which I squeeze, squinch open, and splurge well  
in the silent, startled, icy, black language  
of blackberry -- eating in late September

*At the round earth's imagined corners, blow*

*By John Donne*

At the round earth's imagined corners, blow  
Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise  
From death, you numberless infinities  
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,  
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,  
All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,  
Despair, law, chance, hath slain, and you whose eyes,  
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.  
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,  
For, if above all these, my sins abound,  
'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace,  
When we are there; here on this lowly ground,  
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good  
As if thou hadst seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.