

Metaphysical or Romantic Poem Essay

Due 12/2 10 pm to turnitin.com

Using “Suppose you were asked to analyze...”, write a thousand word essay that analyzes how the form, content and figures of speech of a metaphysical or romantic poem from the packet supports a big idea in that poem about human beings.

Please use quotes from the text to help prove your point.

Please use quotes from at least one secondary source to help prove your point.

Metaphysical Poems:

Sonnet 130

by William Shakespeare

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

from HOLY SONNETS.

X.

by John Donne

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so ;
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture[s] be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou'rt slave to Fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke ; why swell'st thou then ?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more ; Death, thou shalt die.

The Mower to the Glo-Worms

by Andrew Marvell

i

Ye living Lamps, by whose dear light
The Nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the Summer-night,
Her matchless Songs does meditate;

ii

Ye Country Comets, that portend
No War, nor Princes funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Then to presage the Grasses fall;

iii

Ye Glo-worms, whose officious Flame
To wandring Mowers shows the way,
That in the Night have lost their aim,
And after foolish Fires do stray;

iv

Your courteous Lights in vain you wast,
Since Juliana here is come,
For She my Mind hath so displac'd
That I shall never find my home.

DEATH

By George Herbert

DEATH, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
 Nothing but bones,
 The sad effect of sadder groans:
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we consider'd thee as at some six
 Or ten years hence,
 After the loss of life and sense,
Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We looked on this side of thee, shooting short;
 Where we did find
 The shells of fledge souls left behind,
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Savior's death did put some blood
 Into thy face;
 Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much sought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
 As at dooms-day;
 When souls shall wear their new array,
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
 Half that we have
 Unto an honest faithful grave;
Making our pillows either down, or dust.

On His Blindness

By John Milton

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Romantic Poems

London

By William Blake

I wandered through each chartered street,
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,
A mark in every face I meet,
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,
In every infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear:

How the chimney-sweeper's cry
Every blackening church appalls,
And the hapless soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down palace-walls.

But most, through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the marriage-hearse.

Composed Upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1802

By William Wordsworth

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

La Belle Dame Sans Merci

By John Keats

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
Alone and palely loitering;
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful, a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery's song.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
I love thee true.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she gaz'd and sighed deep,
And there I shut her wild sad eyes--
So kiss'd to sleep.

And there we slumber'd on the moss,
And there I dream'd, ah woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cry'd--"La belle Dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Analytical Essay Rubric

97....95....93....91....89....87....85....83....81....79....77....75....73....71....69....67....65....

How well do this essay's word choices express meaning?

Well somewhat well needs more attention

How well do this essay's sentences express meaning and develop continuity?

Well somewhat well needs more attention

How well do this essay's paragraphs express meaning and develop continuity?

Well somewhat well needs more attention

How well do the transitions in this essay express meaning and develop continuity?

Well somewhat well needs more attention

How well does this essay use specific examples from the text?

Well somewhat well needs more attention

How well does this essay develop observations about form?

Well somewhat well needs more attention

How well does this essay develop observations about content?

Well somewhat well needs more attention

How well does this essay develop observations about figures of speech?

Well somewhat well needs more attention

How well does this essay develop complexities and ambiguities (emphasize and undermine)?

Well somewhat well needs more attention

How well does this essay develop a big idea?

Well somewhat well needs more attention

How well does this essay incorporate quotes from the poem?

Well somewhat well needs more attention

How well does this essay incorporate quotes from the secondary source(s)?

Well somewhat well needs more attention

How well are these primary and secondary source quotes cited?

Well somewhat well needs more attention

How well does this essay use Standard Written English?

Well somewhat well needs more attention

How well does this essay stay within 1000 words (ten percent either side)?

Well somewhat well needs more attention

97....95....93....91....89....87....85....83....81....79....77....75....73....71....69....67....65....