

A poet is, before anything else, a
person who is passionately in love
with language.

W. H. Auden

Poetry in Multi-Genre Writing

Everyone seems to have their own description of what poetry is. Even if you ask a famous poet, he/she will probably give a different explanation than another. However, there are always some similarities between definitions.

A poem is more than rhyming. In fact, poetry doesn't even have to rhyme. The main ingredients are movement and sound. These two things along with feeling make up what the definition of poetry is.



<http://www.kersplebedeb.com/mystuff/s11/silence.html>



“This Bridge Will Only Take You Halfway There”

Shel Silverstein

This bridge will only take you halfway there
To those mysterious lands you long to see:
Through gypsy camps and swirling Arab fairs
And moonlit woods where unicorns run free.
So come and walk awhile with me and share
The twisting trails and wondrous worlds I've known.
But this bridge will only take you halfway there-
The last few steps you'll have to take alone.

Tupac Shakur

The Power Of A Smile

The power of a gun can kill
and the power of Fire can Burn
The power of wind can chill
and the power of the mind can learn
The power of anger can rage
inside until it tears u apart
But the Power of a Smile
especially yours can heal a frozen Heart

Tupac Shakur

And Tomorrow.....

Today is filled with anger, fueled with hidden hate.
Scared of being outkast, afraid of common fate.
Today is built on tragedies which no one wants to face.
Nightmares to humanity and morally disgraced.
Tonight is filled with rage, violence in the air.
Children bred with ruthlessness cause no one at home cares.
Tonight I lay my head down but the pressure never stops,
knawing at my sanity, content when I'm dropped.
But tomorrow I see a change, a chance to build anew,
built on Spirit, intent of heart, and ideas based on truth.
Tomorrow I wake with second wind and strong ideas of pride.
I know I fought with all my heart to keep the dream alive.

Bob Dylan

The saddest thing
that i ever did see,
was a woodpecker peckin'
on a plastic tree.
He looks at me
and "friend" says he
"Things ain't as sweet
as they used to be".

-Shel Silverstein
A light in the Attic
(Peckin')

Break, Break, Break

By [Alfred, Lord Tennyson](#) 1809–1892 Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could
utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is
dead
Will never come back to me.

Dirge Without Music

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

I am not resigned to the shutting away of loving hearts in the hard ground.

So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been, time out of mind:
Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely. Crowned
With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.

Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you.

Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.

A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew,

A formula, a phrase remains,—but the best is lost.

The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter, the love,—

They are gone. They are gone to feed the roses. Elegant and curled

Is the blossom. Fragrant is the blossom. I know. But I do not approve.

More precious was the light in your eyes than all the roses in the world.

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave

Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;

Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave.

I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.

Poetry is language at its
most distilled and most
powerful.

Rita Dove

What are the Elements of Traditional Poetry?

With your table discuss what makes a poem a poem. What are the elements of poetry?

Rhythm/ Meter/Rhymes

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.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed--and gazed--but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Lines and Stanzas

Poetry is often separated into lines on a page. These lines may be based on the number of metrical feet, or may emphasize a rhyming pattern at the ends of lines. Lines may serve other functions, particularly where the poem is not written in a formal metrical pattern. Lines can separate, compare or contrast thoughts expressed in different units, or can highlight a change in tone.

Lines of poems are often organized into stanzas. A stanza in a poem is somewhat like a paragraph in prose. Poets use stanzas to give their poems shape on the page and also to help create the poem's meaning.

One merit of poetry few persons will deny: it says more and in fewer words than prose.

Voltaire

Free Verse Poetry

A form of poetry that refrains from consistent meter patterns, rhyme, or any other pattern.

The Red Wheelbarrow
William Carlos Williams

so much depends
upon

a red wheel
barrow

glazed with rain
water

beside the white
chickens.

To a Poor Old Woman by [William Carlos Williams](#)

munching a plum on
the street a paper bag
of them in her hand

They taste good to her
They taste good
to her. They taste
good to her

You can see it by
the way she gives herself
to the one half
sucked out in her hand

Comforted
a solace of ripe plums
seeming to fill the air
They taste good to her

Concrete Poetry

swirls
of
steam
curl
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rom
the
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swirls
of sm
ell
lifting
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the
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a cup
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DRINKING

A CUP OF HOT COFFEE ON A
TIRING MORNING DAY DRINKING A
CUP OF TEA ON A SUNNY AUTUMN DAY
DRINKING A MUG OF HOT CHOCOL
ATE ON A COLD SNOWY DAY

THE STEAM OF ALL THESE HOT DRINKS FILLS THE
AIR OF STARBUCKS. CHILDREN CRY OUT FOR
HOT CHOCOLATE AFER A LONG DAY PLAY
ING IN THE SNOW. THE ELITE OF FRANCE
AND ENGLAND SIP THEIR TEA THROUGH
OUT THE DAY. NO PINNKIES ON THAT C
UP OF THEIRS! TEACHERS WALK INTO
CLASS EACH MORNING, CARRYING TH
EIR CUP OF COFFEE. THAT COFFEE WI
LL CARRY THEM THROUGHOUT THEIR
LONG LONG DAY. STUDENTS ARE NO
T ALLOWED TO BRING HOT DRINKS S
O THEY STARE JEALOUSLY AT THE M
UGS TEACHERS HAVE. WHEN TO HA
VE A HOT DRINK? ANYTIME AT STAR
BUCKS IS ALWAYS ALRIGHT! BREW
UP YOUR OWN CUP AT HOME TOO AN EE
D ENJOY THE TASTE OF WARMTH !!!!!!!!!!!!!

TAKE
A
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HOT
MUG
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FF

Litany Poems

Repeats a phrase over and over...

I remember the day I hear the news
I remember the look on my mother's face.

I remember how hollow I felt
I remember wanting night to come.

Write a litany poem. Chose a phrase and repeat it at the start of each new line.

Past Examples

In his mind

In his mind, he doesn't need to be forgiven

In his mind, he did nothing wrong

In his mind, he's not malevolent

The power he has is so strong

He took away my childhood

That feeling of innocence

When I use to think bad guys weren't reality

I try to forget that he's part of my family.

Dying Slowly

I slowly feel life slipping away

I slowly hear my heart beat.

I slowly hear my doctor say its okay

I slowly hear my heart beat.

I slowly feel the tears I cry

I slowly hear my heart beat.

I slowly say the words, "Good bye."

I slowly don't hear my heart beat.

Her car.

Her **face**.

Her **name**.

These are the things I can no longer stand.

Bad **memories** come back any time I see her car around town.

Anytime I hear that name.

I remember.

What she did.

Who **she** was.

What I had to do.

What she **has** done to me.

Who I have become because of her.

Aware.

Nervous.

Judgmental.

Afraid.

Untrusting.

Cautious.

The ways she has **changed** me.

I won't forget her.

I can't forget her.

Ly Di (Divorce)

Ly Di,
the word was shouted!
I was too young,
what did it mean?
Mom, dad
what are you saying?
I never learned the word,
I experienced it.
It's the hardest word
to think about.
Divorce.

A Walk in the Woods

The bark so rough against my fur

The grass so smooth against my paws

The sun so hot against my coat

The brambles so aggressive against my skin

A smell of flowers with their allure

A sight of a riverbed water long since gone

A sound of a someone walking down the trail

The taste of dinner in my mouth

The adrenaline racing through my veins

A meal only a pounce away

Mary

I want it, I need it.
Mama would kill me, if she only knew.
Daddy would kill me, if he cared.
I want it, I need it.
What would Lisa do? What would Katy do?
What would big brothers do?
I want it, I need it.
Home isn't Salt Lake.
Home isn't a place.
I want it, I need it.
This drug is all I have.
This drug is my *home*.
I want it, I need it.
I'll have this baby for my home.
I'll do anything for my home.
I want it, I need it.
I want it, I need it.
I want it, I need it.
I want it, I need it.
Forever and always.
Until I *fade* away.

Alcohol

Alcohol looks good

Alcohol looks fun

Alcohol looks cool,

You will change

You may drive

You may die

So why drink?

Haiku

Haiku is a popular form of unrhymed Japanese poetry, which evolved in the 17th century. Haikus contain three lines totaling 17 syllables in a 5-7-5 pattern.

the wind of Mt. Fuji
I've brought on my fan!
a gift from Edo

Acrostic Poems

An acrostic poem uses the letters in a topic word to begin each line. All lines of the poem should relate to or describe the poem.

Shines brightly

Up in the sky

Nice and warm on my skin

Getting Started: Grand Theft Poetry (stealing from others)

Open the book to a random page, and copy down a line.

Pass the book

Do the same thing with a new book

You will be creating a "found poem"

Grand Theft Poetry

-Take the lines you have copied down and edit/revise them

-Can you make the poem fit the topic of your multi-genre project

Homework

Create a poem for your multi-genre project. Your poem may take any form. It should add another element or dimension to your multi-genre project.

A-Day: Due Tuesday, May 13

B-Day: Due Wednesday, May 14

