Poetry Review

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| Simile**Be like the Bird**Be like the bird, whoHalting in his flightOn limb too slightFeels it give way beneath him,Yet singsKnowing he hath wings.*Victor Hugo* | Metaphor**The Sea**(an excerpt)The sea is a hungry dog,Giant and grey.He rolls on the beach all day.With his clashing teeth and shaggy jawsHour upon hour he gnawsThe rumbling, tumbling stones.And ‘Bones,bones, bones,bones!’The giant sea-dog moans,Licking his greasy paws.*James Reeves* | Personificaton**North Stream**Ice mothers meMy bed is rockOver sand I move silently.I am crystal clearTo a sunbeam.No grasses grow in meMy banks are clean.Foam runs from the rapidTo rest on my dark pools.*F. R. Scott* |
| Imagery**The Eagle**He clasps the crag with crooked handsClose to the sun in lonely lands.Ring’d with the azure world he stands,The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;He watches from his Mountain walls,And like a thunderbolt he falls.*Alfred,Lord Tennyson* | Onomatopoeia**Sawmill**No tenor droning of the circular saw,Snort of donkey engine,Purr of belt over slotted wheelsClatter of new planks stacked,Crunch of tires on the gravel,No hoarse voices of men . . .But black buildings stacked against the sky,The dereliction of a rusting engine,A tramp’s fire winking behind abandoned cordwood.*George Woodcock* | Symbolism**Moment**The day she dieda redbreast hoppedthrough the open doorin stilled December,inquiring nearwith little confident bounce,starting my first tear.*Alistair Macdonald* |
| Theme**No Man Is an Island**No man is an island,entire of itself,Every man is a piece of the Continent – A part of the main;If a clod be washed away by the Sea,Europe is the lesser;As well as if a Promontory were.Any man’s death diminished me,Because I am involved in mankind.And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls;It tolls for thee.*John Donne* | Theme**In the Street**In rainy weatherWho can tellWhether we weep Or not?I dread the sunFor his fierce honesty.*Dorothy Livesay* | Theme**The Clod and the Pebble**"Love seeketh not itself to please,Nor for itself hath any care,But for another gives its ease,And builds a heaven in hell's despair."So sung a little Clod of Clay,Trodden with the cattle's feet,But a Pebble of the brookWarbled out these metres meet:"Love seeketh only Self to please,To bind another to its delight,Joys in another's loss of ease,And builds a hell in heaven's despite."*William Blake* |
| Remember . . .1. Poetry has both literal and figurative meanings.2. Consider the significance of what the poetic device adds to each poem. What is its purpose as used?3. For all questions provide an answer, explain what you mean, and connect to the poem to support your ideas. |