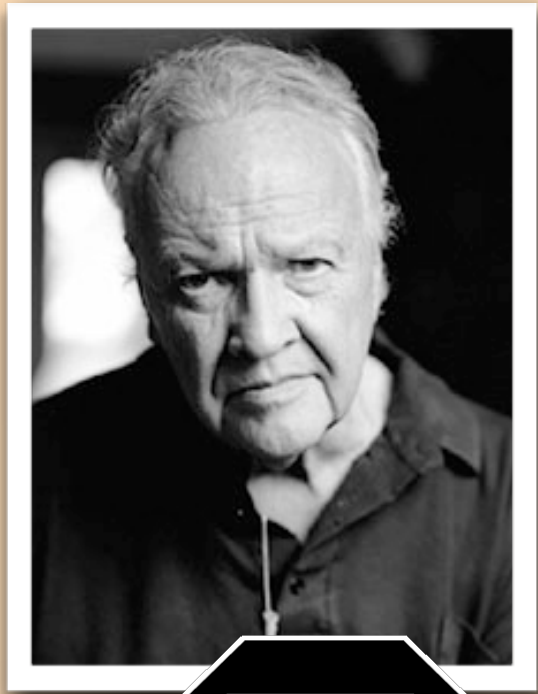


# Fun with Poetry



# “Gamecock” by James Dickey



- *Official Disclaimer: Students are encouraged to do their best in writing a brief (1 page max) literary commentary on this poem, in class. This exercise is mandated by people who have authority to do so and apparently know more than me so there's nothing we can do about it. In light of this unsettling reality I have picked something I thought you might find interesting in hopes that you will take it seriously even though technically you will not be graded on it. Please enjoy, and Go Cocks.*



# Poetry Sampler

*Practice  
for the Individual Oral Commentary*



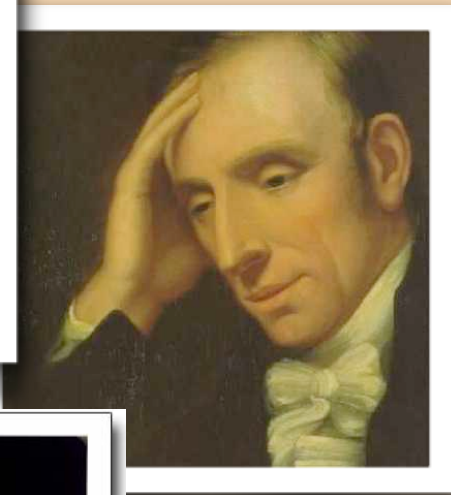
## *Review: (i.e. you should know most of this already)*



- *Forms: Lyrics, Sonnets, Free Verse*
- *Technical aspects: Rhythm, Meter, Feet*
- *Figurative Language: Metaphor, Simile, Personification*
- *Devices: Enjambment, Caesura, Elision, Allusion, Sibilance, Synecdoche, Oxymoron, Irony, Diction, Tone, Mood, etc.*
- *Syntax: Inversion, Juxtaposition, Chiasmus, Anaphora, Analepsis, Apostrophe, Anasyndeton/Polysyndeton, etc.*



# Romantic Poetry Sampler



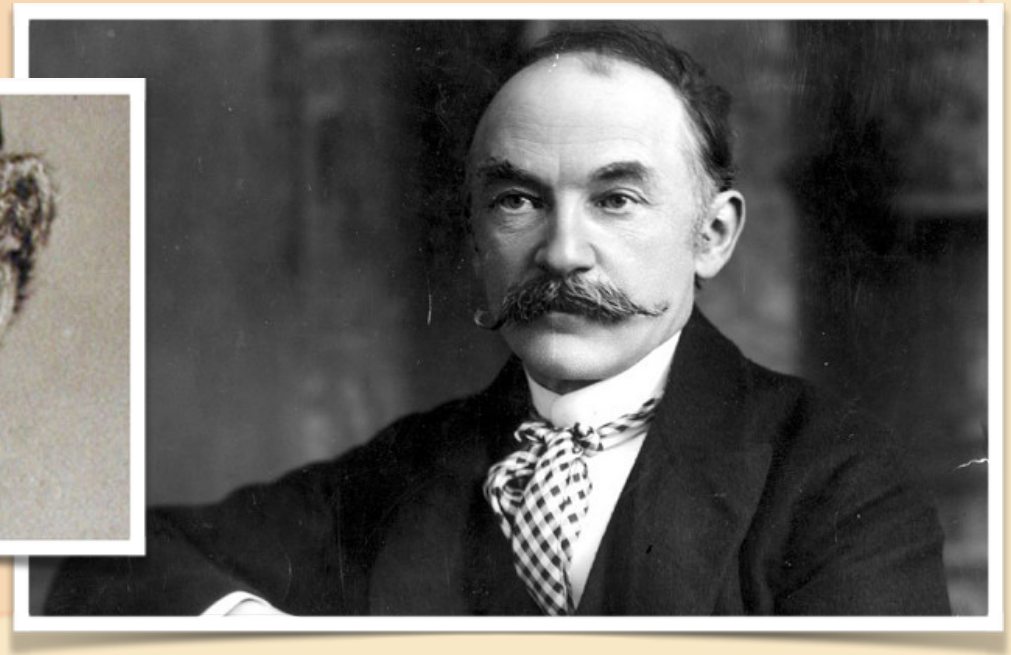
- *William Wordsworth (1-2)*
- *Samuel Taylor Coleridge (3-4)*
- *John Keats (4-5)*
- *Percy Bysshe Shelley (5-7)*
- *Lord Byron (8)*



# Victorian Poetry Sampler



- Gerard Manley Hopkins (9)
- Matthew Arnold (10)
- Thomas Hardy (11)



# “Anne Hathaway” by Carol Ann Duffy

- *Commentary Practice: go to the Attic for the text.*



# "Anne Donne" by Sylvia Townsend Warner



I lay in in London;  
And round my bed my live children were crying,  
And round my bed my dead children were singing.  
As my blood left me it set the clappers swinging:  
Tolling, jarring, jowling, all the bells of London  
Were ringing as I lay dying-  
John Donne, Anne Donne, Undone!

Ill-done, well-done, all done.  
All fearing done, all striving and all hoping,  
All weanings, watchings, done; all reckonings whether  
Of debts, of moons, summed; all hither and thither  
Sucked in the one ebb. Then, on my bed in London,  
I heard him call me,. reproaching:  
Undone, Anne Donne, Undone!

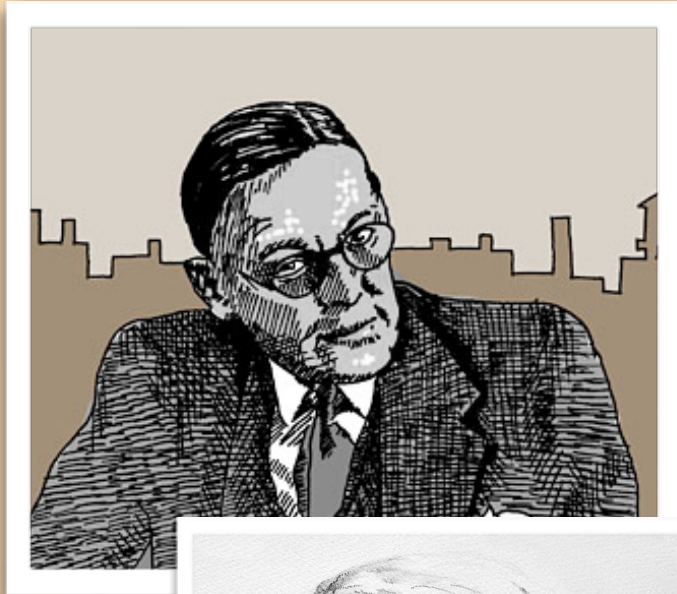
Not done, not yet done!  
Wearily I rose up at his bidding.  
The sweat still on my face, my hair dishevelled,  
Over the bells and the tolling seas I travelled,  
Carrying my dead child, so lost, so light a burden,  
To Paris, where he sat reading  
And showed him my ill news. That done,  
Went back, lived on in London.

*Just for Fun*

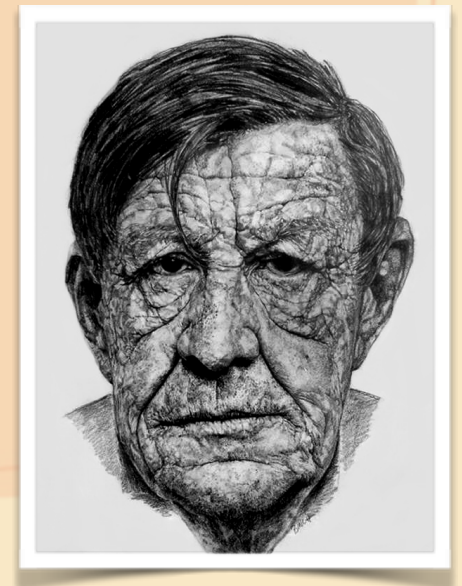
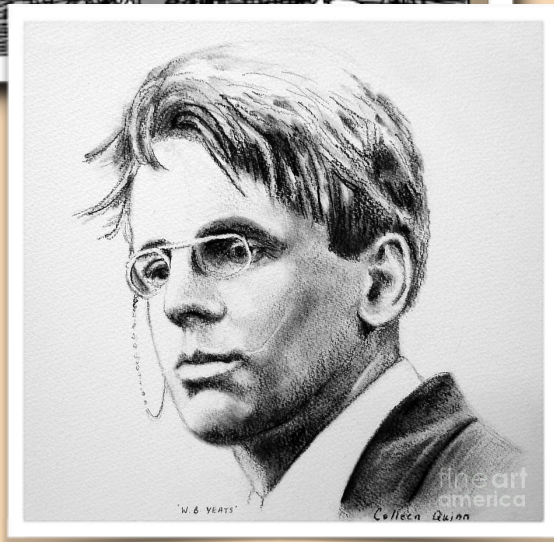




# Modernist Poetry Sampler



- *William Butler Yeats (12-14)*
- *T.S. Eliot (15-16)*
- *Wilfred Owen (17)*
- *W.H. Auden (18-20)*



# *“In Memory of W.B. Yeats” by W.H. Auden*



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