Group Activity: Names\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

a)

Each **section** of song/poetry has at least one poetic device. As a group, underline the example and write down the device.

Alliteration; Allusion; Assonance; Hyperbole; Metaphor; Personification; Simile; Symbol

**What the Motorcycle Said**

Br-r-ram-m-m, rackety-am-m, OM, Am:
All-r-r-room, r-r-ram, ala-bas-ter-
Am, the world’s my oyster.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|   | **A Red, Red Rose**By Robert Burns |

Oh my luve is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
Oh my luve is like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As [fair art thou](http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/a-red-red-rose/), my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the [seas gang](http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/a-red-red-rose/) dry.

**While My Guitar Gently Weeps**

**By Paul McCartney**

I look at you all see the love there that's sleeping
While my guitar gently weeps
I look at the floor and I see it needs sweeping
Still my guitar gently weeps

**Democracy**

By Leonard Cohen

Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.
It's coming through a crack in the wall,
on a visionary flood of alcohol;
from the staggering account
of the Sermon on the Mount
which I don't pretend to understand at all.
It's coming from the silence
on the dock of the bay,
from the brave, the bold, the battered
heart of Chevrolet:

**The Juice by Seuss**

Did you take this person's life?
Did you do it with a knife?
I did not do it with a knife.
I did not, could not, kill my wife.
I did not do this awful crime.
I could not, would not, anytime.

**MY MIND** (by Tongmyong Kim)

My mind is a lake;
come and row your boat in it.
I will hug your white shadow
and break into jewels against your sides.
My mind is a candlelight;
please close the window for me.
I will burn myself, quiet, to the last drop
trembling by your silken dress.

**Appetite by** Sharon Hendricks

In a house the size of a postage stamp
lived a man as big as a barge. **What’s that Smell in the Kitchen**

His mouth could drink the entire river By Marge Piercy Her
You could say it was rather large nothing but leftovers in Tupperware.
For dinner he would eat a trillion beans Look, she says, once I was roast duck
And a silo full of grain, on your platter with parsley but now I am Spam.
Washed it down with a tanker of milk Burning dinner is not incompetence but war.
As if he were a drain.

Atrocity

gas glows

 billowing in wild bales

they drop

dead desperate despised

hated hurt humiliated

 they fight fate faithfully

b) In the following poem identify:

 1. The speaker; Who is speaking the poem- the poet, a first-person account, an all-knowing narrator etc…

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 2. The setting; Where are they, what is the time period, what is happening in the world around them at this time

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 3. The Plot; What happens in the poem…

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4. The Tone; What is the mood conveyed by the poem?…What is the attitude of the speaker about the actions taking place?

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 5. Identify at least one example of: (bonus for finding more)

Simile\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Personification\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Metaphor\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Hyperbole\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Allusion\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

 6. What are the themes of this poem? There can be more than 1

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**On the Way to the Mission**

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| They dogged him all one afternoon,Through the bright snow,Two whitemen servants of greed;He knew that they were there,But he turned not his head;  |  |
| He was an Indian trapper;He planted his snow-shoes firmly,He dragged the long tobogganWithout rest. The three figures drifted  |  |
| Like shadows in the mind of a seer;The snow-shoes were whisperersOn the threshold of awe;The toboggan made the sound of wings,A wood-pigeon sloping to her nest.  |  |
| The Indian’s face was calm.He strode with the sorrow of fore-knowledge,But his eyes were jewels of contentSet in circles of peace. They would have shot him;  |  |
| But momently in the deep forest,They saw something flit by his side:Their hearts stopped with fear.Then the moon rose.They would have left him to the spirit,  |  |
| But they saw the long tobogganRounded well with furs,With many a silver fox-skin,With the pelts of mink and of otter.They were the servants of greed;  |  |
| When the moon grew brighterAnd the spruces were dark with sleep,They shot him.When he fell on a shield of moonlightOne of his arms clung to his burden;  |  |
| The snow was not melted:The spirit passed away. Then the servants of greedTore off the cover to count their gains;They shuddered away into the shadows,  |  |
| Hearing each the loud heart of the other.Silence was born. There in the tender moonlight,     As sweet as they were in life,Glimmered the ivory features,  |  |
|      Of the Indian’s wife. In the manner of Montagnais women     Her hair was rolled with braid;Under her waxen fingers     A crucifix was laid.  |  |
| He was drawing her down to the Mission,     To bury her there in spring,When the bloodroot comes and the windflower     To silver everything. But as a gift of plunder  |  |
|      Side by side were they laid,The moon went on to her setting     And covered them with shade. |  |