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**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| 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 toboggan Without rest.  The three figures drifted |  |
| Like shadows in the mind of a seer; The snow-shoes were whisperers On 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 content Set 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 toboggan Rounded 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 brighter And the spruces were dark with sleep, They shot him. When he fell on a shield of moonlight One of his arms clung to his burden; |  |
| The snow was not melted: The spirit passed away.  Then the servants of greed Tore 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. |  |