

### **Senior English Poetry Unit**

#### **Background/Project Description**

- In this unit, you will create a poetry collection of 12 poems.
- You will have to create one of each poem using your own life, experiences, values, aspirations, etc. (Yes, that will mean you will use two of the forms twice.)
- In addition, the expectation will be that you will be able to use and identify the poetic devices listed below on a test.

#### **Poetry Forms**

- 1. Haiku/Tanka**
- 2. Acrostic**
- 3. Cinquain**
- 4. Skeltonic**
- 5. Concrete Poem**
- 6. “I Am” Poem**
- 7. Ballad**
- 8. Shakespearean/Italian Sonnet**
- 9. Free Verse/Imagery**
- 10. Found**

#### **You will be able to use and identify the following poetic devices:**

Alliteration, Metaphor, Meter, Onomatopoeia, Personification, Repetition, Rhyme, Simile, Stanza

#### **Requirements/Scoring Guide for Poetic Portfolios:**

- Interesting and Creative Cover Page (10 pts.)
- Poem Form (25 pts.)
- Poem Content (25 pts.)
- Poem Creativity: Both in form (25 pts.)
- Mechanics/Presentation (15 pts.)

## Poetry Unit Calendar

<b>Day 1</b>	<p><b>Poetry Form:</b> Haiku/Tanka, Acrostic  <b>Poetic Devices:</b> Stanza, Alliteration  <b>Note:</b> Each lesson will function in the following form:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Explanation of Poetic Styles</li> <li>• Completion of Poem in that style (HW grade)</li> <li>• Once all complete for that day: We will watch <i>The Dead Poet's Society</i> as a class.</li> </ul>
<b>Day 2</b>	<p><b>Poetry Form:</b> Cinquain, Skeltonic  <b>Poetic Devices:</b> Meter, Rhyme</p>
<b>Day 3</b>	<p><b>Poetry Form:</b> Concrete Poem, "I am" Poem  <b>Poetic Devices:</b> Onomatopoeia, Repetition  <b>HW:</b> Complete Unit 5 Vocabulary Sentences/Flashcards and Grammar Activity</p>
<b>Day 4</b>	<p><b>Poetry Form:</b> Ballad, Sonnets  <b>Poetic Devices:</b> Simile, Personification  <b>**Unit 5 Vocabulary/Grammar Quiz**</b></p>
<b>Day 5</b>	<p><b>Poetry Form:</b> Free Verse, Found  <b>Poetic Devices:</b> Metaphor</p>
<b>Day 6</b>	<b>Work Day for Poetry Portfolios</b>
<b>Day 7</b>	<p><b>Poetry Test—All forms and devices</b>  <b>Poetry Portfolio Due</b></p>

**Poetry Form Examples:**

**Haiku**

Haikus are easy  
But sometimes they don't make sense  
Refrigerator

A bridge too far is  
A path you've never taken,  
Could change your future.

**Tanka**

What is wrong with you?  
Don't you see I miss you so  
My thoughts are racing  
Baby please say something!  
Don't leave me like this...

Floats in the thin air  
Ideas to be picked  
Converting a field  
Mine of opportunities  
Building a new entire life

**Acrostic**

A n acrostic poem  
C reates a challenge  
R andom words on a theme  
O r whole sentences that rhyme  
S elect your words carefully  
T o form a word from top to bottom  
I s the aim of this poetry style  
C hoose a word then go!

**Cinquain**

puppy  
ornery, naughty  
growling, jumping, chewing  
a playful bundle of trouble  
Boxer

dessert  
cold, creamy  
eating, giggling, licking  
cone with three scoops  
ice cream

### Skeltonic

Dipodic What?

Dipodic Verse  
Will be Terse.  
Stress used just twice  
to keep it nice,  
short or long  
a lilting song  
or sounding gong  
that won't go wrong  
if you adhere  
to the rule here,  
Now is that clear  
My dear?

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### Concrete



### “I am” Poem

I am polite and kind  
I wonder about my kids' future I hear a unicorn's cry  
I see Atlantis  
I want to do it all over again  
I am polite and kind

I pretend I am a princess  
I feel an angel's wings

I touch a summer's cloud  
I worry about violence

I understand your love for me  
I say children are our future  
I dream for a quiet day  
I try to do my best  
I hope the success of my children  
I am polite and kind.

**Ballad**

She's a good girl, loves her mama  
Loves Jesus and America too  
She's a good girl, crazy 'bout Elvis  
Loves horses and her boyfriend too  
It's a long day living in Reseda  
There's a freeway runnin' through the yard  
And I'm a bad boy 'cause I don't even miss her  
I'm a bad boy for breakin' her heart  
And I'm free, free fallin'  
Yeah I'm free, free fallin'

**Sonnet**

*Italian/Petrarchan Sonnet*

Being one day at my window all alone,  
So manie strange things happened me to see,  
As much as it grieveth me to thinke thereon.  
At my right hand a hynde appear'd to mee,  
So faire as mote the greatest god delite;  
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace.  
Of which the one was blacke, the other white:  
With deadly force so in their cruell race  
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,  
That at the last, and in short time, I spide,  
Under a rocke, where she alas, opprest,  
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.  
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie  
Oft makes me wayle so hard a desire.  
(Visions by Francesco Petrarch)

*Shakespearean Sonnet*

From fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die.  
But as the ripener should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory:  
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament  
And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine own bud buriest thy content  
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.  
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee  
(William Shakespeare)

**Free Verse**

*This Is Just To Say*

by William Carlos Williams

I have eaten  
the plums  
that were in  
the icebox

and which  
you were probably  
saving  
for breakfast

Forgive me  
they were delicious  
so sweet  
and so cold

*A Blessing*  
by James Wright

Just off the highway to Rochester, Minnesota,  
Twilight bounds softly forth on the grass.  
And the eyes of those two Indian ponies  
Darken with kindness.  
They have come gladly out of the willows  
To welcome my friend and me.  
We step over the barbed wire into the pasture  
Where they have been grazing all day, alone.  
They ripple tensely, they can hardly contain their happiness  
That we have come.  
They bow shyly as wet swans. They love each other.  
There is no loneliness like theirs.  
At home once more,  
They begin munching the young tufts of spring in the darkness.  
I would like to hold the slenderer one in my arms,  
For she has walked over to me  
And nuzzled my left hand.  
She is black and white,  
Her mane falls wild on her forehead,  
And the light breeze moves me to caress her long ear  
That is delicate as the skin over a girl's wrist.  
Suddenly I realize  
That if I stepped out of my body I would break  
Into blossom.

Found Poetry

Unkille R. Parramore

In My **WORST**  
**Christmas** OF ALL, 2009,  
my BETTER bid me goodbye...  
I Was ASKING him Why ?  
He said 'Calm down, be strong  
I Feel not at peace NOW and I  
need space, wonders, and TIME!  
OH I Lost my nerve  
But My Faith in God Said 'Life goes on...'



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It was a long time since I had taken a walk out of doors, and the fresh air revived me. It was also pleasant to hear a human voice speaking to me above a whisper. I passed several people whom I knew, but they did not recognize me in my disguise. I prayed internally that, for Peter's sake, as well as my own, nothing might occur to bring out his dagger. We walked on till we came to the wharf. My aunt Nancy's husband was a seafaring man, and it had been deemed necessary to let him into our secret. He took me into his boat, rowed out to a vessel not far distant, and hoisted me on board. We three were the only occupants of the vessel. I now ventured to ask what they proposed to do with me. They said I was to remain on board till near dawn, and then they would hide me in Snaky Swamp, till my uncle Phillip had prepared a place of concealment for me. If the vessel had been bound north, it would have been of no avail to me, for it would certainly have been searched. About four o'clock, we were again seated in the boat, and rowed three miles to the swamp. My fear of snakes had been increased by the venomous bite I had received, and I dreaded to enter this hiding place. But I was in no situation to choose, and I gratefully accepted the best that my poor, persecuted friends could do for me.

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