

College Guild
P.O. Box 6448, Brunswick, ME 04011

POETRY CLUB

Unit 3 of 7

In this Unit, you will be writing 5 poems, including 4 with specific guidelines relating to the poems presented in the Appendices; remember, only one of them rhyming. And, as in Unit 2, you'll be critiquing 3 other poems in depth.

1. Write an original poem on the subject of your choosing.
2. Refer back to the list of considerations in the introduction to Unit 1. Using this list, fully critique the poem in Appendix B, "*Song of Love*," by Willie Tucker.
3. Write a pair of 8 line poems on love; one on the bright side and one on the dark side of love. One poem must rhyme, but the other should be a free verse poem.
4. Critique the poem in Appendix C, "*Imprisoned*," by Ryan W.
5. Write a poem that conveys an image of any kind of key.

Read the poem "*Disillusionment of Ten O'Clock*," by Wallace Stevens in Appendix D. In the poetry of Wallace Stevens (1879 – 1955), "everything is implied; if anything is stated, it is stated in terms of something else," according to the poet Louis Untermeyer. Stevens wrote using metaphors and abstractions, exploring the relationship between reality and imagination with his poetry.

6. Discuss this poem as you did Maya Angelou's in Unit 2 (message, impact, what makes it unique, etc.) Don't get discouraged if this poem seems to make no sense initially – keep trying, and think about metaphor, especially the colors.
7. Write a poem based around a metaphor.
8. What have you learned from any, or all three, of the poems you have read in this unit that you can apply to your own work? Be specific, and provide (an) example(s).

Remember: First names only & please let us know if your address changes

APPENDIX B

Song of Love

The music plays, yet no one hears.
Listen, I say!

People turn as if to pity,
“poor thang, he’s gone mad.”

Can’t you hear it?
The melody sweet as cotton candy.

Cool like “Grover”...
A horn that wails out a message,
yet no one hears.

Am I mad to hear the birds sing?
First of all
who are they to question –

Listen I say!
to the music that plays
in my heart.

Willie Christopher Tucker

APPENDIX C

Imprisoned

Cold reality hits you
with the slam of a door
the jiggling of the keys
fading footsteps on the floor.
There’s austerity in this place
a loud silence like a tomb
that whispers constantly
telling of a cell, instead of a room.

Ryan W.

APPENDIX D

Disillusionment of Ten O’Clock

The houses are haunted
By white night-gowns.
None are green,
Or purple with green rings,
Or yellow with blue rings.
None of them are strange,
With socks of lace
And beaded ceintures.
People are not going
To dream of baboons and periwinkles.
Only, here and there, and old sailor,
Drunk and asleep in his boots,
Catches tigers
In red weather.

Wallace Stevens

Following is a selection of works by well-known poets, including Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (*The Arrow and the Song*), Vachel Lindsay (*The Leaden Eyed*), Jimmy Santiago Baca (*To My Own Self*), Langston Hughes (*Dream Deferred – Harlem*), Edgar Lee Masters (*The Unknown*), and William Blake (*The Tyger*). Many of Baca’s poems were actually written in prison, where he taught himself to read and write!

The Arrow and the Song

I shot an arrow into the air
 It fell to earth, I knew not where;
 For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
 Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where;
 For who has sight so keen and strong,
 That it can follow the flight of a song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
 I found the arrow, still unbroke;
 And the song, from beginning to end,
 I found again in the heart of a friend.

Dream Deferred (Harlem)

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up
 like a raisin in the sun?
 Or fester like a sore –
 And then run?
 Does it stink like rotten meat?
 Or crust and sugar over –
 like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
 like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

The Leaden Eyed

Let not young souls be smothered out before
 They do quaint deeds and fully flaunt their pride.
 It is the world's one crime its babes grow dull,
 Its poor are oxlike, limp and leaden eyed.
 Not that they starve, but starve so dreamlessly;
 Not that they sow, but that they seldom reap;
 Not that they serve, but have no gods to serve;
 Not that they die, but that they die like sheep.

To My Own Self

My hands the	Hook thunder hangs it hat on,
My breast the	Arroyo storms fill with water,
My brow the	Horizon sunrise fills,
My heart the	Dawn weaving blue threads of day,
My soul the	Song of all life...

The Unknown

Ye aspiring ones, listen to the story of the unknown
 Who lies here with no stone to mark the place.
 As a boy reckless and wanton,
 Wandering with gun in hand through the forest
 Near the mansion of Aaron Hatfield,
 I shot a hawk perched on the top
 Of a dead tree.
 He fell with a guttural cry
 At my feet, his wing broken.
 Then I put him in a cage
 Where he lived many days cawing angrily at me
 When I offered him food.
 Daily I search the realms of Hades
 For the soul of the hawk,
 That I may offer him the friendship
 Of one whom life wounded and caged.

The Tyger

Tyger! Tyger! Burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears,

Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! Burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?