

V(er)se



Re(ver)se

Haiku

The Japanese haiku is a three-lined poem that is divided into lines by syllable count. The syllabic pattern is 5-7-5 (line one = 5 syllables; line two = 7 syllables; line three = 5 syllables). In addition, the haiku usually follows these other rules:

- ✓ contains a reference to nature
- ✓ the subject is a particular event – no generalizing (think in terms of a photograph or postcard capturing a specific shot)
- ✓ the time is now! capture the present situation for an immediate effect
- ✓ has a mystical quality (i.e. this moment is special to the poet)

Here are some examples:

**“Winter-evening snow...
The uncompleted bridge is all
An arch of whiteness”
- Basho**

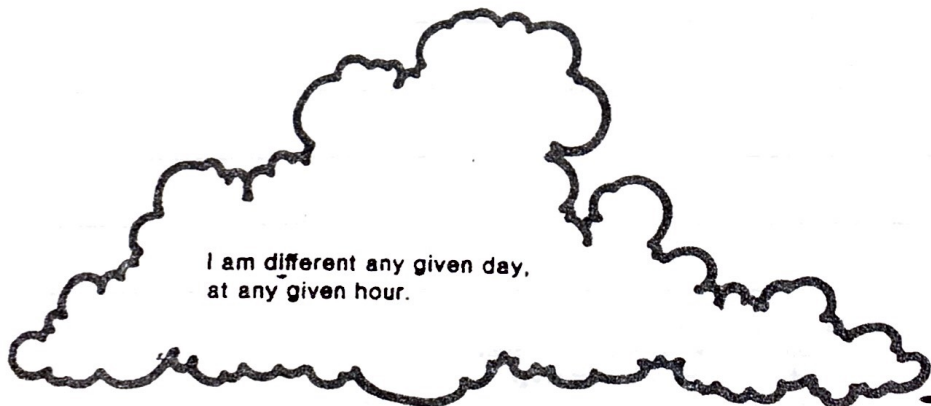
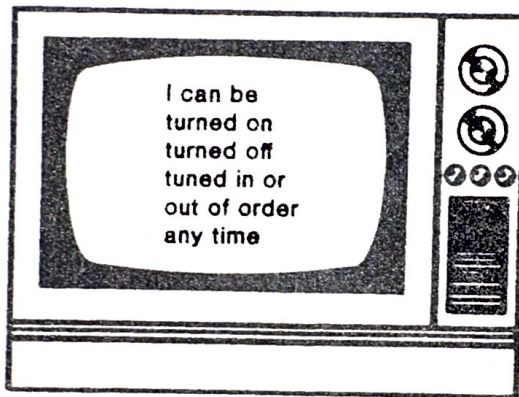
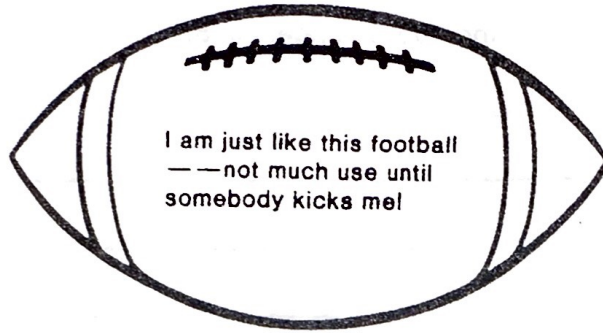
**“A summer shower
Along all the street, servants
Slapping shut shutters”
-Shiki**

You don't have to adhere strictly to the “nature” requirement, however. You may be able to have a bit more fun without it. Here's one that doesn't quite play by the rules:

**“His date gasps loudly
As the big toenail goes through
The hole in his shoe”
-Metzler**

(Truly a special moment, huh?! Now you try one.)

Personal Identification Shape Poem Examples



Directions: Choose a shape that best reveals your personality, then, write *why* inside the shape.

Pattern II: "I Do Not Understand" Poem

1. Begin the poem with "I do not understand."
2. List three things you do not understand about the world or people.
3. Name the thing you do not understand most of all.
4. End with an example of something you *do* understand.

I do not understand

Why _____

Why _____

Why _____

But most of all

I do not understand

Why _____

(_____

_____).

What I understand most _____

I do not understand
why some people must have revenge
why some people live for drugs
why others live for money.
But most of all I do not understand
why people don't believe
we are running out of oil
(I still see drivers burning rubber
driving well over 55
going to work alone
like kings in their royal cars).
What I understand most are people who are depressed
who see a dismal future
where the world's light

Pattern I: A Mood Poem

1. State a mood.
2. Write three things the mood is *not* (the first two statements begin with *not* and are stated briefly; the third statement begins with *not* and is stated as a comparison using *like*.)
3. Switch to statement of what mood *is*.
4. State three more descriptions of the mood.

My Mood Poem

I am _____

Not _____

Not _____

Not _____ like _____

But just _____

_____ that _____

_____ that _____

_____ that _____

Examples

I'm happy
Not spaced-out silly-faced happy
Not delirious with a fever happy
Not happy like a man who has pleasantly lost his
memory
But just under the surface of my skin happy
Glad that life is still mine despite problems
Glad that I still appreciate a good sunset
Glad that I am still in love.

I'm sick
No pain-filled headache sick
Not ache in the stomach sick
Not sick like a man recovering from a case
of the seven day flu that attacked his ulcer
after his heart attack
But just mildly all over sick
Sick that the nation still builds nuclear plants
Sick that children still go hungry in America
Sick that I'm too sick to do much except be sick.

Free Verse

Just fill in the space, Ace!

“Something Pretty from Something Ugly” Poem

Between Walls

the back wings
of the

hospital where
nothing

will grow lie
cinders

in which shine
the broken

pieces of green
bottle

By: William Carlos Williams

Student Example 1

You

On an old black
canvas,

That nothing was
on,

Will soon become
beautiful.

On which I have
painted

A wonderful picture
of you.

Student Example 2

School Days

Between walls of
the bright classroom
in the school
where nothing would move
but the
mouths of the
bright, intelligent
children.

Student Example 3

Under the Docks

Under the docks

of the nearby
river

where almost
nothing lives

trash and mud
lie piled

in which there is
a single

growing little
flower.

“Beauty or Surprise from Far Away” Poem

The Locust Tree in Flower	<i>Student Example 1</i>	<i>Student Example 2</i>
Among of green	Through and under	Through the stream
stiff old bright	green swaying branches,	of Cool Clean
broken branch come	bright orange ball	Water, A Duck
white sweet May	blazens new tomorrow	Swam Away To
again By: William Carlos Williams	in	His Nest Again

The “Apology” Poem

This Is Just to Say	<i>Student Example 1</i> “I’m Sorry”	<i>Student Example 2</i>
I have eaten the plums that were in the icebox	I have eaten the pie that laid in the frig	I have taken the bills that were laying in the bank vault
and which you were probably saving for breakfast,	The one you were probably keeping for dessert	and which you were probably saving for vacation
Forgive me, they were so delicious, so sweet, and so cold.	Forgive me, it was so taste so creamy, and so luscious.	Forgive me They looked so fresh so cool so green.
By: William Carlos Williams		

The Five W's Poem

Each line of the poem answers one of the W questions. Each line may be a *word*, or a *phrase*, or a *clause* but must be consistent in choice throughout the five lines.

The order of the questions may be changed to suit a purpose, or to give a more succinct meaning, or to impart a more exciting climax.

So Young—So Still

Who?—Sweet sixteen, queen of the prom
When?— Returning home at midnight
Where?—On a dark, rain-slick highway
What?—In a twisted car splitting a pole
Why?—Because the driver fell asleep

Student Examples

Sacrifice

A soldier, his name unknown
Gave his life
In many wars, battles, and
conflicts,
In different countries all
over the world
To protect the name and
people
Of the land he loved—America.

New Life

An unsteady, damp baby chick
Head first from the fragile shell
Warm in the downy mother-nest
Dawn's rays slanting rosily
Nature whispering, "It is time!"

Spring

The jaunty robin red-breast
Carries string and twigs
To a branch with uncurled
leaves
Building a nest, soft and secure
Answering unbidden the stir
of Nature.

Dinner

Toad
Staring
Lily pad
Twilight
Dragonflies

LIMERICKS

Limericks have been around since the 1700s. The authors of these silly ditties (except for the one by Edward Lear) are unknown.

There was a young fellow
named Clyde,
Who once at a funeral was
spied.
When asked who was dead,
He smilingly said,
"I don't know—I just came
for the ride."

There was a young man of
Calcutta
Who had a most terrible
stutta,
He said: "Pass the h...ham,
And the j...j...j...jam,
And the b...b...b...b...b...
b...butta."

There was a young man from
Darjeeling,
Who got on a bus bound for
Ealing;
It said at the door:
"Don't spit on the floor,"
So he carefully spat on the
ceiling.

There was an old fellow named
Cager
Who, as the result of a wager,
Offered to fart
The whole oboe part
Of Mozart's *Quartet in F*
Major.

There was a young fellow of
Lyme
Who lived with three wives at
one time.
When asked: "Why the third?"
He replied: "One's absurd,
And bigamy, sir, is a crime."

There was a brave fellow
named Gere,
Who hadn't an atom of fear.
He indulged a desire
To touch a live wire,
And any last line will do
here.

An epicure, dining in Crewe,
Once found a large mouse in
his stew.
Said the waiter: "Don't shout,
Or wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting
one, too."

A mouse in her room woke
Miss Dowd,
Who was frightened and
screamed very loud.
Then a happy thought hit
her—
To scare off the critter,
She sat up in bed and
meowed.

—Edward Lear

Syllables



8
8
5
5
8

A
A
B
B
A

Rhyme Scheme

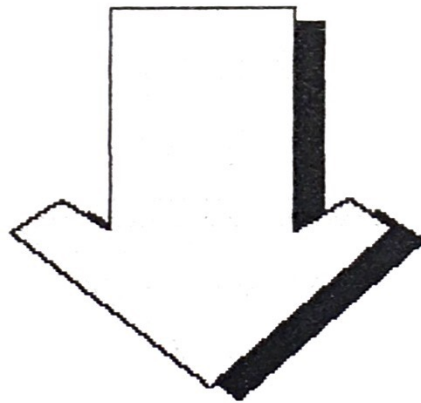


MAGNET + POEM2

take a HANDFUL OF MAGNETIC WORDS

ARRANGE THEM ON THE CHALKBOARD INTO A POEM

COPY THE POEM DOWN ON PAPER



Recipe Poem

Choose an original topic (cure for sadness, thunder,...)

Make a list of 5+ steps

*Combine action with ingredients

"Sprinkle a cup of..."

At the end of the list answer "So what?"

Recipe for Rain

*Assume a plucked-string of tension
From the closed-eye lips
Of a breathing leaf.
Shudder with a baby's breath of whispers
A fern's hush of moisture.
Cream with moonlit twilight
And sprinkle over wilted wheat.*

Uncle Sam's Own Recipe for Well Done Societies

*Obtain a large chunk of soil (ideally stretching
Sea to shining sea).
Sprinkle generously with assorted people,
Aspirations, histories, and intents.
Congeal with a broad, representative government.
Blend together smoothly with mass communications.
Stir occasionally using overseas expansion, big business, or domestic turmoil.
Cover with corruption and censorship and let simmer.
Let off steam with impeachment and keep the flame burning low.
Makes a fabulous centerpiece at the feast of nations.*

Sonnet

Robert Frost said writing "free verse" is like playing tennis without a net. He meant that sometimes you can have more fun (and create something more beautiful & powerful) when you place rules and restrictions on yourself.

Writing sonnets certainly does that. The most popular (allright, maybe they're not that popular to you) sonnet types are Shakespearean and Petrarchan. The Shakespearean form follows a rhyme pattern of 3 quatrains and 1 couplet (abab cdcd efef gg) while the Petrarchan follows a pattern of one octet and one sestet (abbaabba cdecde or abbaabba cdcdcd). It might seem confusing until you listen to the last word in each line. Here's a famous Shakespearean sonnet:

18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
4 And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines;
8 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
12 When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

a
b
a
b
c
d
c
d
e
f
e
f
g
g

**This doesn't mean that you can't use modern language, either. Just give a listen to Robert Frost's "Acquainted With the Night" in your packet.

THE NONSENSE POEM

$$C + C + WD + e = NP$$

Translation:

A comparison plus a comparison plus a wild dream plus an emotion equals a nonsense poem.

Suggestions:

- ✓ The wilder & crazier, the better!!!
- ✓ Compare objects w/animals or your life with something pleasant
- ✓ "I was picking my nose out of a police line-up when the ceiling cracked & began flaking green lizards. I handcuffed myself to the largest lizard with snowtires & drove to school where the principal was waiting, tapping his webbed foot & wiping fly guts off his mouth with an old baseball glove."
- ✓ Emotion: "Metzler makes me angry with all these stupid projects!"
- ✓ Combine above ingredients, mix well, put in a heart-shaped jello-mold & wait for your first "NP"

Rules:

1. The poem should not make sense.
2. Rhyming is not permitted.
3. Use as many of the words as you can & write them in any form that looks like a poem to you.

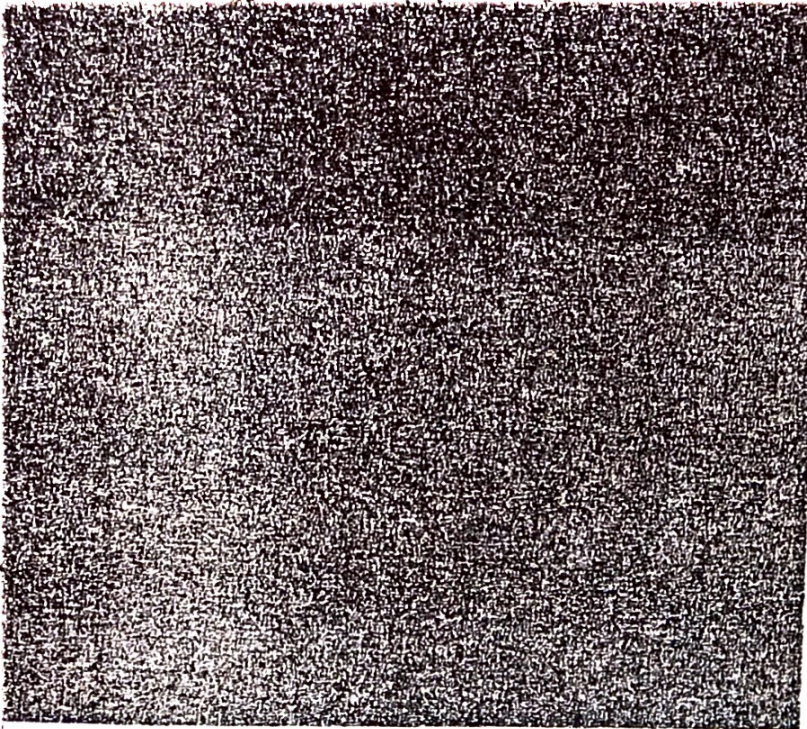
MAKE SENSE POEM

Follow this formula:

- ✓ think of a person you know well
- ✓ compare that person to an appropriate inanimate object
(mountain, chair, rock, etc.)
- ✓ then compare that person to an appropriate animal
- ✓ write a wild dream that person would have (if s/he wouldn't have wild dreams, write her/his dream or goal in life)
- ✓ pick an emotion typical of this person, name it, and write what you think would arouse that emotion in this person

Rules:

1. this poem should make sense
(a genuine poem about a real person)
2. Rhyming is not permitted.
3. Use as many of the words as you can & write them in any form that looks like a poem to you.



Then they were to take this sentence and transform it into a poem resembling something which was written by the writer who probably did for poetry what Picasso did for painting: e. e. cummings.

This is what Julia Merlino wrote when she returned from lunch: "People everywhere in the hall walking around and talking—all of a sudden someone comes up to me and puts his arm around me and says 'What's up?'—I didn't know this person, but I did know that he is on the morning announcements, so I turn around and realize that the camera is on me, so my friend and I start to run away."

I had my writing students experiment with this by having them write one continuous sentence in which they recorded the swirling array of sensory impressions in the lunch room.

When she transformed it into the cummings-like piece, it became:

PeopleEvErYwHeRe in the hall
 walking a d
 r n
 o u & talking;

 ALL OF A **SUDDEN** SOMEONE COMES **UP** and puts his

 A(me)rm and says "What's **UP**?"
 I didn't know this person but I did know that he is on the
 morning **ANNOUNCEMENTS**, so I turn a d
 r n & realize that
 o u

 the **C E R**
 A M A is on
 me, so my friend and I start to **R**
 U
 N **AWAY.**

Writing Project

Write an Ode to an Everyday Object.

1 BRAINSTORM A LIST OF OBJECTS you use every day. Make a list of objects you see and use on a daily basis—foods and drinks, soaps and lotions, clothing, cars, knickknacks, book bags, etc.

2 CHOOSE AN OBJECT. Neruda wrote odes to lemons and artichokes, and to many other ordinary things. Your object should be just as mundane and just as useful.

3 OBSERVE THE OBJECT. Observe the object directly, or examine it in your mind's eye. Be specific and detailed. Note images of taste, smell, sight, and texture. Also note associations the object has for you—people, conversations, and/or places it reminds you of.

4 WRITE A FIRST DRAFT. Use imagery that appeals to the senses, and show how this object has meaning for you.

5 REVISE. Have you used sensory imagery? Have you answered the question, Why are you writing about this object? Clarify your poem, and make any additions or deletions that are necessary.

ODE TO SALT

I saw the salt
in this shaker
in the salt flats.
I know
you
will never believe me,
but
it sings,
the salt sings, the hide
of the salt plains,
it sings
through a mouth smothered
by earth.
I shuddered in those deep
solitudes
when I heard
the voice
of
the salt
in the desert.
Near Antofagasta
the entire
salt plain
speaks:
it is a
broken
voice,
a song full
of grief.
Then in its own mines
rock salt, a mountain
of buried light,
a cathedral through which light passes,

crystal of the sea, abandoned
by the waves.

And then on every table
on this earth,
salt,
your nimble
body
pouring out
the vigorous light
over
our foods.
Preserver
of the stores
on the ancient ships,
you were
an explorer
in the ocean,
substance
going first
over the unknown, barely open
routes of the sea-foam.
Dust of the sea, the tongue
receives a kiss
of the night sea from you:
taste recognizes
the ocean in each salted morsel,
and therefore the smallest,
the tiniest
wave of the shaker
brings home to us
not only your domestic whiteness
but the inward flavor of the infinite.

PABLO NERUDA
translated by Robert Bly

ODE TO THE WATERMELON

The tree of intense
summer,
hard,
is all blue sky,
yellow sun,
fatigue in drops,
a sword
above the highways,
a scorched shoe
in the cities:
the brightness and the world
weigh us down,
hit us
in the eyes
with clouds of dust,
with sudden golden blows,
they torture
our feet
with tiny thorns,
with hot stones,
and the mouth
suffers
more than all the toes:
the throat
becomes thirsty,
the teeth,
the lips, the tongue:
we want to drink
waterfalls,
the dark blue night,
the South Pole,
and then

the coolest of all
the planets crosses
the sky,
the round, magnificent,
star-filled watermelon.

It's a fruit from the thirst-tree.
It's the green whale of the summer.

The dry universe
all at once
given dark stars
by this firmament of coolness
lets the swelling
fruit
come down:
its hemispheres open
showing a flag
green, white, red,
that dissolves into
wild rivers, sugar,
delight!

Jewel box of water, phlegmatic
queen
of the fruitshops,
warehouse
of profundity, moon
on earth!
You are pure,
rubies fall apart
in your abundance,
and we
want
to bite into you.

to bury our
face

in you, and
our hair, and
the soul!

When we're thirsty
we glimpse you
like

a mine or a mountain
of fantastic food,
but

among our longings and our teeth
you change
simply

into cool light
that slips in turn into
spring water
that touched us once
singing.

And that is why
you don't weigh us down
in the siesta hour
that's like an oven,
you don't weigh us down;
you just
go by

and your heart, some cold ember,
turned itself into a single
drop of water.



Haircut

went in to get a haircut and Nick took me haven't seen you for awhile rather short please and the talk was the old guy tended bar next door The Annex he'd died last night though it didn't surprise Mike the other barber how pale he'd looked almost a year coarse clippers on the side white as a ghost always tired too never'd see a doctor what the hell you going to do Yankees four to nothing bottom of the eighth really crazy not to see a doctor pale and tired all the time just the other day complained to Mike about the tiredness and Nick'd know a fellow back in Italy like that walked around with a broken something for a month not letting on to any doctor about the something being wrong no not the fat one doesn't work there any more down on Witherspoon a couple weeks snip a bit off the top just a little geezer pale and tired all the time leukemia or something no tonic at all a pretty nice fellow too though quiet who's next now?

-Keith Gunderson