

The Advanced Poetry
Student Companion

The Advanced Poetry Companion is a companion volume to Classical Writing - Advanced Poetry. It is available as both a free pdf download and an at-cost print volume, containing schedules, models, tables and other helpful charts for completing the work in Advanced Poetry.

If you have questions about how to use the Companion or feedback on how we can improve it, please contact us at

www.classicalwriting.com

Contents

Weekly Assignment Checklist

5

Models

Model 1.1	Our God, Our Help	7
Model 1.2	O Canada!	7
Model 1.3	Sonnet XVIII	8
Model 1.4	The Song of Hiawatha	9
Model 1.5	The Knight's Tomb	10
Model 1.6	Wanderings of Oisín	11
Model 1.7	To an Athlete Dying Young	13
Model 2.1	Prologue to <i>The Canterbury Tales</i>	15
	From <i>The Prioress' Tale</i>	16
Model 2.2	From <i>Whistlecraft</i>	17
Model 2.3	From <i>Don Juan</i>	18
Model 2.4	Faerie Queene, Book 1, Canto 1	19
Model 2.5	The World Is Too Much With Us	21
Model 2.6	Amoretti LXVIII	22
Model 2.7	Sonnet XVIII	23
Model 2.8	From <i>Paradise Lost</i>	24
Model 2.9	Ars Poetica	25
Model 3.1	From <i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	26
Model 3.2	Petals	27
Model 3.3	Sonnet XVIII	28
Model 3.4	Sonnet LXXIII	29
Model 3.5	Fog	30
Model 3.6	O Worship the King	30
Model 3.7	Egg-Life	31
Model 3.8	Light	31
Model 3.9	Sonnet CXVI	32
Model 3.10	Inferno: Canto I	33

Model 3.11	Sonnet XVIII	38
Model 3.12	Introduction to <i>Song of Hiawatha</i>	39
Model 3.13	Sonnet LXV.	40
Model 3.14	Be Thou My Vision	41
Model 3.15	Ozymandias.	43
Model 3.16	Prologue to <i>King Henry V</i>	44
Model 3.17	Mark Antony's Speech.	46
Model 3.18	From <i>Paradise Lost</i>	48
Model 3.19	From <i>Oedipus Rex</i>	50
Model 3.20	Sonnet VI	53
Model 4.1	From <i>The Aeneid</i>	54
Model 4.2	Prologue to <i>Paradise Lost</i>	55
Model 4.3	The Raven	57

Tables and Forms

63

Four Steps for Imitation	64
Step I. Plan and Outline	64
Step II. Draft of Each Stanza	64
Step III. Macro-edit	65
Step IV. Micro-edit.	65
Table for Imitation of a Sonnet	67

Answer Key to Selected Exercises

68

Weekly Assignment Checklist							
Your Dates	Week	Lessons					Optional Lessons and Reading
	Week 1	<input type="checkbox"/> 1.1	<input type="checkbox"/> 1.2	<input type="checkbox"/> 1.3	<input type="checkbox"/> 1.4	<input type="checkbox"/> Pre-Lesson for Chapter 1 <input type="checkbox"/> Read <i>Sir Gawain and the Green Knight</i>	
	Week 2	<input type="checkbox"/> 1.5	<input type="checkbox"/> 1.6	<input type="checkbox"/> 1.7	<input type="checkbox"/> 1.8		
	Week 3	<input type="checkbox"/> 2.1	<input type="checkbox"/> 2.2	<input type="checkbox"/> 2.3	<input type="checkbox"/> 2.4	<input type="checkbox"/> Pre-Lesson for Chapter 2 <input type="checkbox"/> Read Book 1 of Spenser's <i>Faerie Queene</i>	
	Week 4	<input type="checkbox"/> 2.5	<input type="checkbox"/> 2.6	<input type="checkbox"/> 2.7	<input type="checkbox"/> 2.8		
	Week 5	<input type="checkbox"/> 2.9	<input type="checkbox"/> 2.10	<input type="checkbox"/> 2.11	<input type="checkbox"/> 2.12		
	Week 6	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.1	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.2	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.3	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.4	<input type="checkbox"/> Pre-Lesson for Chapter 3 <input type="checkbox"/> Read Dante's <i>Inferno</i>	
	Week 7	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.5	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.6	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.7	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.8		
	Week 8	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.9	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.10	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.11	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.12		
	Week 9	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.13	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.14	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.15	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.16		
	Week 10	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.17	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.18	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.19	<input type="checkbox"/> 3.20		
	Week 11	<input type="checkbox"/> 4.1	<input type="checkbox"/> 4.2	<input type="checkbox"/> 4.3	<input type="checkbox"/> 4.4	<input type="checkbox"/> Pre-Lesson for Chapter 4 <input type="checkbox"/> Read Milton's <i>Paradise Lost</i> .	
	Week 12	<input type="checkbox"/> 4.5	<input type="checkbox"/> 4.6	<input type="checkbox"/> 4.7	<input type="checkbox"/> 4.8		
	Week 13	<input type="checkbox"/> 4.9	<input type="checkbox"/> 4.10	<input type="checkbox"/> 4.11	<input type="checkbox"/> 4.12		
	Week 14	Additional Essay Writing					

Models

Model 1.1

Our God, Our Help

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

~ Isaac Watts

Model 1.2

O Canada!

O Canada!
Our home and native land!
True patriot love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North strong and free!
From far and wide, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.
God keep our land glorious and free!
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.

~ Sir Adolphe-Basile Routhier

Model 1.3

Sonnet XVIII

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,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
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.

~ William Shakespeare

Model 1.4

The Song of Hiawatha

Should you ask me,
Whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations
As of thunder in the mountains?

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Model 1.5

The Knight's Tomb

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch tree!
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.—
The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;—
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

~ Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Model 1.6

Wanderings of Oisín

Patrick:

You who are bent, and bald, and blind,
With a heavy heart and a wandering mind,
Have known three centuries, poets sing,
Of dalliance with a demon thing.

Oisín:

I, sad to remember, sick with years,
The swift innumerable spears,
The horsemen with their floating hair,
And bowls of barley, honey, and wine,
Those merry couples dancing in tune,
And the white body that lay by mine;
But the tale, though words be lighter than air.
Must live to be old like the wandering moon.

Caoilte, and Conan, and Finn were there,
When we followed a deer with our baying hounds.
With Bran, Sceolan, and Lomair,
And passing the Firbolgs' burial-mounds,

Came to the cairn-heaped grassy hill
Where passionate Maeve is stony-still;
And found on the dove-grey edge of the sea
A pearl-pale, high-born lady, who rode
On a horse with bridle of findrinny;
And like a sunset were her lips,
A stormy sunset on doomed ships;
A citron colour gloomed in her hair,
But down to her feet white vesture flowed,
And with the glimmering crimson glowed
Of many a figured embroidery;
And it was bound with a pearl-pale shell
That wavered like the summer streams,
As her soft bosom rose and fell.

~ William Butler Yeats

Model 1.7

To an Athlete Dying Young

The time you won your town the race
We chaired you through the market-place;
Man and boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder-high.

To-day, the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsmen of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay,
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut
Cannot see the record cut,
And silence sounds no worse than cheers
After earth has stopped the ears:

Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honours out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up
The still-defended challenge-cup.

And round that early-laurelled head
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's.

~ A. E. Houseman

Model 2.1

Prologue to *The Canterbury Tales*

When in April the sweet showers fall
And pierce the drought of March to the root, and all
The veins are bathed in liquor of such power
As brings about the engendering of the flower,
When also Zephyrus with his sweet breath
Exhales an air in every grove and heath
Upon the tender shoots, and the young sun
His half-course in the sign of the Ram has run,
And the small fowl are making melody
That sleep away the night with open eye
(So nature pricks them and their heart engages)
Then people long to go on pilgrimages
And palmers long to seek the stranger strands
Of far-off saints, hallowed in sundry lands,
And specially from every shire's end
Of England, down to Canterbury they wend
To seek the holy blissful martyr, quick
To give his help to them when they were sick.

~ Geoffrey Chaucer

From *The Prioress' Tale*

A little school for Christian folk there stood,
Down at the farther end, in which there were
A many children born of Christian blood,
Who learned in that same school, year after year,
Such teachings as with men were current there,
Which is to say, to sing well and to read,
As children do of whatsoever creed.

~ Geoffrey Chaucer

Model 2.2

From *Whistlecraft*

But chiefly, when the shadowy moon had shed
O'er woods and waters her mysterious hue,
Their passive hearts and vacant fancies fed
With thoughts and aspirations strange and new,
Till their brute souls with inward working bred
Dark hints that in the depths of instinct grew
Subjection not from Locke's associations,
Nor David Hartley's doctrine of vibrations.

~ John Hookham Frere

Model 2.3

From *Don Juan*

“Go, little book, from this my solitude!

I cast thee on the waters – go thy ways!

And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,

The world will find thee after many days.”

When Southey's read, and Wordsworth understood,

I can't help putting in my claim to praise –

The four first rhymes are Southey's every line:

For God's sake, reader! take them not for mine.

~ Lord Byron

Model 2.4

Faerie Queene, Book 1, Canto 1

Middle English:

A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Y cladd in mightie armes and siluer shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruell markes of many' a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he neuer wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

Faerie Queene, Book 1, Canto 1

Updated English:

A gentle knight was riding on the plain,
Clad in mighty armor and silver shield,
Wherein old dents of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field,
Yet weapons until this did he never wield:
The eager steed did chomp his foaming bit,
As much disdainning the curb to yield,
A gallant knight he seemed, and well did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

~ Edmund Spenser

Model 2.5

The World Is Too Much With Us

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

~ William Wordsworth

Model 2.6

Amoretti LXVIII

Most glorious Lord of life, that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin:
And having harrow'd hell, didst bring away
 Captivity thence captive, us to win:
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest die,
Being with thy dear blood clean wash'd from sin,
 May live forever in felicity.
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same again:
And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
 With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear love, like as we ought,
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

~ Edmund Spenser

Model 2.7

Sonnet XVIII

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,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
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.

~ William Shakespeare

Model 2.8

From *Paradise Lost*

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us and regain the blissful Seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

~ John Milton

Model 2.9

Ars Poetica

A poem should be palpable and mute
as a globed fruit,

Dumb

As old medallions to the thumb,

Silent as the sleeve-worn stone
Of casement ledges where the moss has grown—

A poem should be wordless
As the flight of birds.

A poem should be motionless in time
As the moon climbs,

Leaving, as the moon releases
Twig by twig the night-entangled trees,

Leaving, as the moon behind the winter leaves,
Memory by memory the mind—

A poem should be motionless in time
As the moon climbs.

A poem should be equal to:
Not true.

For all the history of grief
An empty doorway and a maple leaf.

For love
The leaning grasses and two lights above the sea—

A poem should not mean
But be.

~ Archibald MacLeish

Model 3.1

From *Romeo and Juliet*

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief

That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she. . . .

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night

~William Shakespeare

Model 3.2

Petals

Life is a stream
On which we strew
Petal by petal the flower of our heart;
The end lost in dream,
They float past our view,
We only watch their glad, early start.

Freighted with hope,
Crimsoned with joy,
We scatter the leaves of our opening rose;
Their widening scope,
Their distant employ,
We never shall know. And the stream as it flows
Sweeps them away,
Each one is gone
Ever beyond into infinite ways.

We alone stay
While years hurry on,
The flower fared forth, though its fragrance still stays.

~ Amy Lowell

Model 3.3

Sonnet XVIII

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,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

~ William Shakespeare

Model 3.4

Sonnet LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

~ William Shakespeare

Model 3.5

Fog

The fog comes
on little cat feet.
It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

~ Carl Sandburg

Model 3.6

O Worship the King

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm

~ Robert Grant

Model 3.7

Egg-Life

Still at the Egg-life—

Chafing the Shell—

Till you troubled the Ellipse—

And the Bird fell—

~ Emily Dickinson

Model 3.8

Light

Light, like a defect, cut the rain.

The legal daylight held

Its star-shaped umbrella over me.

~ Medbh McGuckian

Model 3.9

Sonnet CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come:
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

~ William Shakespeare

Model 3.10

Inferno: Canto I

Midway upon the journey of our life
I found myself within a forest dark,
For the straightforward pathway had been lost.
Ah me! how hard a thing it is to say
What was this forest savage, rough, and stern,
Which in the very thought renews the fear.
So bitter is it, death is little more;
But of the good to treat, which there I found,
Speak will I of the other things I saw there.
I cannot well repeat how there I entered,
So full was I of slumber at the moment
In which I had abandoned the true way.
But after I had reached a mountain's foot,
At that point where the valley terminated,
Which had with consternation pierced my heart,
Upward I looked, and I beheld its shoulders,
Vested already with that planet's rays
Which leadeth others right by every road.
Then was the fear a little quieted

That in my heart's lake had endured throughout
The night, which I had passed so piteously.
And even as he, who, with distressful breath,
Forth issued from the sea upon the shore,
Turns to the water perilous and gazes;
So did my soul, that still was fleeing onward,
Turn itself back to re-behold the pass
Which never yet a living person left.
After my weary body I had rested,
The way resumed I on the desert slope,
So that the firm foot ever was the lower.
And lo! almost where the ascent began,
A panther light and swift exceedingly,
Which with a spotted skin was covered o'er!
And never moved she from before my face,
Nay, rather did impede so much my way,
That many times I to return had turned.
The time was the beginning of the morning,
And up the sun was mounting with those stars
That with him were, what time the Love Divine
At first in motion set those beauteous things;

So were to me occasion of good hope,
The variegated skin of that wild beast,
The hour of time, and the delicious season;
But not so much, that did not give me fear
A lion's aspect which appeared to me.
He seemed as if against me he were coming
With head uplifted, and with ravenous hunger,
So that it seemed the air was afraid of him;
And a she-wolf, that with all hungerings
Seemed to be laden in her meagreness,
And many folk has caused to live forlorn!
She brought upon me so much heaviness,
With the affright that from her aspect came,
That I the hope relinquished of the height.
And as he is who willingly acquires,
And the time comes that causes him to lose,
Who weeps in all his thoughts and is despondent,
E'en such made me that beast withouten peace,
Which, coming on against me by degrees
Thrust me back thither where the sun is silent.
While I was rushing downward to the lowland,

Before mine eyes did one present himself,
Who seemed from long-continued silence hoarse.

When I beheld him in the desert vast,
“Have pity on me,” unto him I cried,
“Whiche'er thou art, or shade or real man!”

He answered me: “Not man; man once I was,

And both my parents were of Lombardy,
And Mantuans by country both of them.

‘Sub Julio’ was I born, though it was late,
And lived at Rome under the good Augustus,

During the time of false and lying gods.

A poet was I, and I sang that just
Son of Anchises, who came forth from Troy,
After that Ilion the superb was burned.

...

And I to him: "Poet, I thee entreat,
By that same God whom thou didst never know,
So that I may escape this woe and worse,
Thou wouldst conduct me there where thou hast said,
That I may see the portal of Saint Peter,
And those thou makest so disconsolate."
Then he moved on, and I behind him followed.

~ Dante

Model 3.11

Sonnet XVIII

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,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
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.

~ William Shakespeare

Model 3.12

Introduction to *Song of Hiawatha*

Should you ask me,
Whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations
As of thunder in the mountains?

~ Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Model 3.13

Sonnet LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O! how shall summer's honey breath hold out,
Against the wrackful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O! none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

~ William Shakespeare

Model 3.14

Be Thou My Vision

Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art.
Thou my best Thought, by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my Wisdom, and Thou my true Word;
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, I Thy true son;
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Be Thou my battle Shield, Sword for the fight;
Be Thou my Dignity, Thou my Delight;
Thou my soul's Shelter, Thou my high Tower:
Raise Thou me heavenward, O Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,

Thou mine Inheritance, now and always:

Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,

High King of Heaven, my Treasure Thou art.

High King of Heaven, my victory won,

May I reach Heaven's joys, O bright Heaven's Sun!

Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,

Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.

~ Dallán Forgaill

Model 3.15

Ozymandias

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed,
And on the pedestal these words appear:
“My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings:
Look upon my works, ye Mighty, and despair!”
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

~ Percy Bysshe Shelley

Model 3.16

Prologue to *King Henry V*

O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention,
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!

 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
 Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
 Crouch for employment. But pardon, and gentles all,

 The flat unraised spirits that have dared
 On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
 So great an object: can this cockpit hold
 The vasty fields of France? or may we cram

 Within this wooden O the very casques
 That did affright the air at Agincourt?
 O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
 Attest in little place a million;
 And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
 On your imaginary forces work.

 Suppose within the girdle of these walls

Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
 Into a thousand parts divide on man,
 And make imaginary puissance;
Think when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
 Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
 Turning the accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
 Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

~ William Shakespeare

Model 3.17

Mark Antony's Speech

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men--

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause:

What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

~ William Shakespeare

Model 3.18

From *Paradise Lost*

From this Assyrian Garden, where the Fiend
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living Creatures new to sight and strange:
 Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native Honour clad
 In naked Majestie seemd Lords of all,
 And worthie seemd, for in thir looks Divine
 The image of thir glorious Maker shon,
 Truth, wisdom, Sanctitude severe and pure,
 Severe but in true filial freedom plac't;
 Whence true authority in men; though both
 Not equal, as thir sex not equal seemd;
 For contemplation hee and valour formd,
 For softness shee and sweet attractive Grace,
 Hee for God only, shee for God in him:
 His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd
 Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
 Shee as a vail down to the slender waste

Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Disheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the Vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receivd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceald,
Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame
Of natures works, honor dishonorable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind
With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,
And banisht from mans life his happiest life,
Simplicitie and spotless innocence.
So passd they naked on, nor shund the sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they passd, the lovliest pair
That ever since in loves imbraces met,
Adam the goodliest man of men since borne
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters Eve.

~ John Milton

Model 3.19

From *Oedipus Rex*

[The action takes place in Thebes in front of the royal palace. The main doors are directly facing the audience. There are altars beside the doors. A crowd of citizens carrying branches decorated with laurel garlands and wool and led by the PRIEST has gathered in front of the altars, with some people sitting on the altar steps. OEDIPUS enters through the palace doors]

OEDIPUS: My children, latest generation born from Cadmus, why are you sitting here with wreathed sticks in supplication to me, while the city fills with incense, chants, and cries of pain? Children, it would not be appropriate for me to learn of this from any other source, so I have come in person—I, Oedipus, whose fame all men acknowledge. But you there, old man, tell me—you seem to be the one who ought to speak for those assembled here. What feeling brings you to me—fear or desire? You can be confident that I will help. I shall assist you willingly in every way. I would be a hard-hearted man indeed, if I did not pity suppliants like these.

PRIEST: Oedipus, ruler of my native land, you see how people here of every age are crouching down around your altars, some fledglings barely strong enough to fly and others bent by age, with priests as well—for I'm priest of Zeus—and these ones here, the pick of all our youth. The other groups sit in the market place with suppliant sticks or else in front of Pallas' two shrines, or where Ismenus prophesies with fire. For our city, as you yourself can see, is badly shaken—she cannot raise her head above the depths of so much surging death. Disease infects fruit blossoms in our land, disease infects our herds of grazing cattle, makes women in la-

bour lose their children. And deadly pestilence, that fiery god, swoops down to blast the city, emptying the House of Cadmus, and fills black Hades with groans and howls. These children and myself now sit here by your home, not because we think you're equal to the gods. No. We judge you the first of men in what happens in this life and in our interactions with the gods. For you came here, to our Cadmeian city, and freed us from the tribute we were paying to that cruel singer—and yet you knew no more than we did and had not been taught. In their stories, the people testify how, with gods' help, you gave us back our lives. So now, Oedipus, our king, most powerful in all men's eyes, we're here as suppliants, all begging you to find some help for us, either by listening to a heavenly voice, or learning from some other human being. 50 For, in my view, men of experience provide advice which gives the best results. So now, you best of men, raise up our state. Act to consolidate your fame, for now, thanks to your eagerness in earlier days, the city celebrates you as its saviour. Don't let our memory of your ruling here declare that we were first set right again, and later fell. No. Restore our city, so that it stands secure. In those times past you brought us joy—and with good omens, too. Be that same man today. If you're to rule as you are doing now, it's better to be king in a land of men than in a desert. An empty ship or city wall is nothing if no men share your life together there.

OEDIPUS: My poor children, I know why you have come—I am not ignorant of what you yearn for. For I well know that you are ill, and yet, sick as you are, there is not one of you whose illness equals mine. Your agony comes to each one of you as his alone, a special pain for him and no one else. But the soul inside me sorrows for myself, and for the city, and for you—all together. You are not rousing me from a deep sleep. You must know I've been shedding many tears and, in my wandering thoughts, exploring many pathways. After a careful search I

followed up the one thing I could find and acted on it. So I have sent away my brother-in-law, son of Menoeceus, Creon, to Pythian Apollo's shrine, to learn from him what I might do or say to save our city. But when I count the days—the time he's been away—I now worry what he's doing. For he's been gone too long, well past the time he should have taken. But when he comes, I'll be a wicked man if I do not act on all the god reveals.

~ Sophocles

Model 3.20

Sonnet VI

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

~ William Shakespeare

Model 4.1

From *The Aeneid*

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forced by Fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expelled and exiled, left the Trojan shore.
Long labours, both by sea and land he bore,
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the destined town;
His banished gods restored to rites divine;
And settled sure succession in his line,
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.
O Muse! The causes and the crimes relate;
What goddess was provoked, and whence her hate;
For what offence the queen of heaven began
To persecute so brave so just a man;
Involved his life in endless cares,
Exposed to wants, and hurried into wars!
Can heavenly minds such high resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe?

~ Virgil, translated by Dryden

Model 4.2

From *Paradise Lost*

Of Mans First Disobedience, and the Fruit
 Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal tast
 Brought Death into the World, and all our woe,
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
 Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
 Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
 That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,
 In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
 Rose out of Chaos: Or if Sion Hill
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's Brook that flow'd
 Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my adventrous Song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above th' Aonian Mount, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.
 And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first

Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread

Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss

And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark

Illumin, what is low raise and support;

That to the highth of this great Argument

I may assert Eternal Providence,

And justifie the wayes of God to men.

~ John Milton

Model 4.3

The Raven

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door -
Only this, and nothing more.'

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; - vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow - sorrow for the lost Lenore -
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore -
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me - filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door -
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; -
This it is, and nothing more,'

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
 'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you' - here I opened wide the door; -
 Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before
 But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, 'Lenore!'
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, 'Lenore!'
 Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
 'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore -
 Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; -
 'Tis the wind and nothing more!

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door -
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door -
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven.
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the nightly shore -
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!'
Quoth The Raven, 'Nevermore.'

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning - little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door -
Bird or beast above the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as 'Nevermore.'

But The Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only,
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered - not a feather then he fluttered -
Till I scarcely more than muttered 'Other friends have flown before -
On the morrow will he leave me, as my hopes have flown before.'

Then the bird said, 'Nevermore.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore -
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore

Of "Never-nevermore."'

But The Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore -
What this grim, ungainly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking 'Nevermore.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllabl expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer

Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee - by these angels he has sent thee

Respite - respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!'

Quoth The Raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or devil! -

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted -

On this home by horror haunted - tell me truly, I implore -

Is there - is there balm in Gilead? - tell me - tell me, I implore!'

Quoth The Raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us - by that God we both adore -

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels named Lenore -

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels named Lenore?'

Quoth The Raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked upstarting -

'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! - quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'

Quoth The Raven, 'Nevermore.'

And The Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted - nevermore!

~ Edgar Allen Poe

Tables and Forms

Four Steps for Imitation

Step I. Plan and Outline

Choose topic, outline what you want to say and how many stanzas you want to write.

Step II. Draft of Each Stanza

<i>Line</i>	<i>Feet and Rhyme Scheme</i>				
1					
2					
3					
4					

Rhyming Table			
<i>Word, Phrase, or Term</i>	<i>Definition in the context of the poem</i>	<i>Thesaurus Possibilities</i>	<i>Possible Rhymes</i>

Step III. Macro-edit

Global Check	
Invention	What is the assignment? Have you done as you were asked?
Arrangement	Does each line make sense and flow with the meter? Does the poem rhyme where it needs to? How many lines were you asked to write? How many stanzas?
Style	Is the vocabulary and sentence complexity appropriate for the tone the poem is supposed to have? Is it written in the same spirit as the original?

Step IV. Micro-edit

Stanza Check	
Invention	Does this stanza cover the topic I was to write about? Does it say what I want it to say? Does each stanza cover a complete thought?
Arrangement	Is the first word of each line capitalized? Is the stanza centered spatially on the page? Do lines that need to rhyme rhyme?
Style	Is this stanza written in complete sentences that are grammatically correct? Is the stanza written coherently? Does it flow from one sentence to the next? Is there consistency in verb tenses and usage within each stanza?

Sentence and Line Check	
Invention	Does the sentence say what it needs to say? Is it understandable?
Arrangement	Does each sentence make complete sense? Is the sentence grammatically correct? Is each sentence punctuated correctly?
Style	Does the sentence follow the meter of the line? Does the line have the right number of syllables?

Word Check	
Invention	Does the word adequately express the concept? Does each word in the sentence transition into the next word smoothly?
Arrangement	Is the word in the grammatically correct form? Is the word spelled correctly?
Style	Is each word the best fit for this line in terms of meter, rhyme, and semantics?

Table for Imitation of a Shakespearean Sonnet

Line	Iambs					Rhyme	
1						A	1st quatrain
2						B	
3						A	
4						B	
5						C	2nd quatrain
6						D	
7						C	
8						D	
9						E	3rd quatrain
10						F	
11						E	
12						F	
13						G	Couplet
14						G	

Answer Key
for
Selected Exercises

Lesson 1.1 Foot and Meter

1. Meter - a measure of how many feet are in a line
Foot - a combination of stressed and unstressed syllables identifies a particular foot
2. Model 1.1: Our GOD, our HELP in A-ges PAST
The foot is da-DUM. breve-stress. There are 4 feet in the first line, so iambic tetrameter.
Model 1.2 o CA-naD-A, Our HOME and NA-tive LAND
Again, the foot is da DUM. There are 5 feet in the first line. So iambic pentameter.
3. a WISE old OWL lived IN an OAK (da DUM) 4 feet
There WAS a MAN lived IN the MOON, 4 feet
An APple a DAY keeps the DOCTOR away (DUM da da) 4 feet
as I was GOing TO St. IVES (da DUM) 4 feet

Lesson 1.2 Iambic and Trochaic Meter

shall *I*	comPARE	thee TO	a SUM-	mer's DAY?
thou ART	more LOVE-	ly AND	more TEM-	peRATE.
Rough WINDS	do SHAKE	the DAR-	ling BUDS	of MAY,
And SUM-	mer's LEASE	hath ALL	too SHORT	a DATE.
 The meter is iambic. There are 5 feet to a line; iambic pentameter.

SHOULD you	ASK me,		
WHENCE these	STORIES?		
WHENCE these	LEGends	AND tra-	DI-tions,
WITH the	Odors	OF the	FOREst
WITH the	DEW and	DAMP of	MEA-dows,
 The meter is trochaic. The first line has two feet. Trochaic dimeter.

Lesson 1.3 Dactylic Meter

WHERE is the	GRAVE of Sir	AR-thur o'-	KEL-lyn?	
WHERE may the	GRAVE of that	GOOD MAN be?		
by the	SIDE of a	SPRING, on the	BREAST of Hel-	VEL - lyn

Lesson 1.4 Anapestic Meter

| YOU | who are BENT, | and BALD, | and BLIND, |
 | with a HEA- | vy HEART | and a WAN- | de-ring MIND, |

This poem is a mixture of anapests and iambs, and also a few irregular partial feet at the beginning or end of a line. The dominant meter is anapestic. It is tetrameter, 4 feet per line.

Lesson 1.5 Irregular Meter

3. The dominant meter is iambic tetrameter. There are 4 feet, mostly iambic, per line, with occasional partial stresses at the beginning of lines.

the TIME	you WON	your TOWN	the RACE
we CHAIRED	you THROUGH	the MAR-	ket-PLACE;
MAN	and BOY	stood CHEER-	ing BY,
and HOME	we BROUGHT	you SHOUL-	der-HIGH.
to-DAY,	the ROAD	all RUN-	-ners COME,
SHOUL-	der-HIGH	we BRING	you HOME,
and SET	you AT	your THRES-	hold DOWN,
TOWNS-	man OF	a STIL-	-ler TOWN.

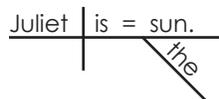
a. Line 3 of the first stanza starts with an irregular stress on the word MAN. The first syllables of stanza 2, lines 2 and 4 are also stressed,

b. and c. The word MAN is stressed in this poem. This is done to honor the athlete who died, a person of strength and maturity. The word MAN also serves to represent everybody in the town. It refers to both men and women. The word 'shoulder-high' is emphasized to show that the athlete's coffin is carried high, to honor the athlete. Coffins are normally carried out of churches by people who are closest to the person who died, and usually by strong men, since coffins are heavy. This coffin is carried shoulder-high, which takes more effort, to emphasize the respect that the people have for the person who died. The word TOWN is emphasized because the athlete's town was proud of him. The town, for the loss of its athlete, is now a still town. It made a difference that the athlete died. The town has suffered a loss.

Lesson 3.3 Identification Metaphors

Juliet is the sun. - Identification metaphor.

The whole poem is an extended metaphor of Juliet being the sun, and Juliet's rays shining almost too brightly.



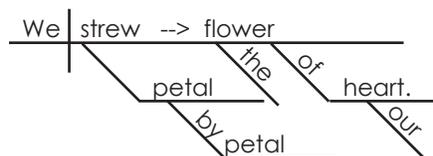
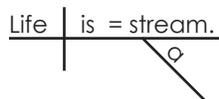
Lesson 3.4 Renaming Metaphors

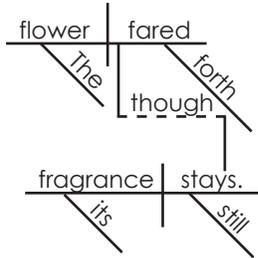
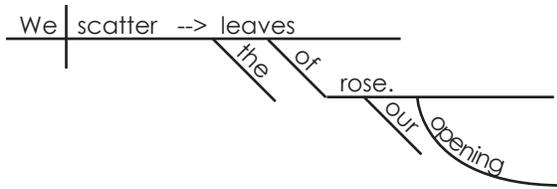
Life is a stream - Identification metaphor

We strew Petal by petal the flower of our heart; - renaming metaphor events in our lives are petals

We scatter the leaves of our opening rose; - renaming metaphor the youth of our lives is likened to a rose, and the fruit of our lives is likened to that rose bud which then sheds its leaves.

The flower faded forth, though its fragrance still stays. - replacement metaphor - Our lives are viewed like a flower which fades while its smell remains.



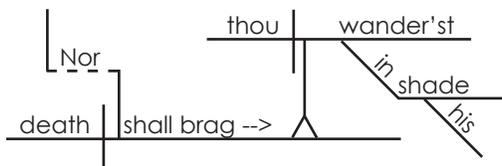
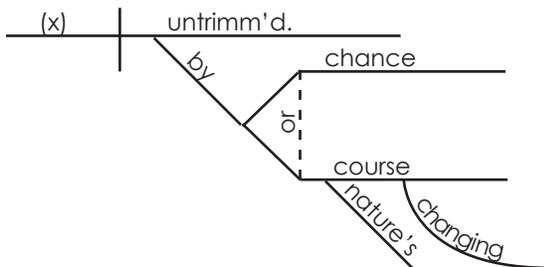
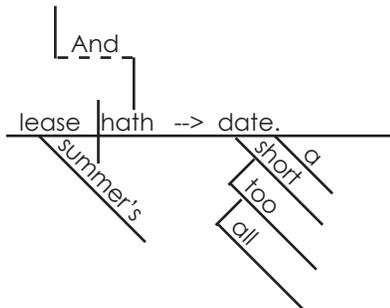
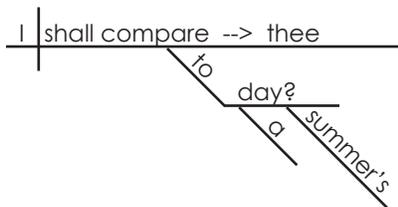


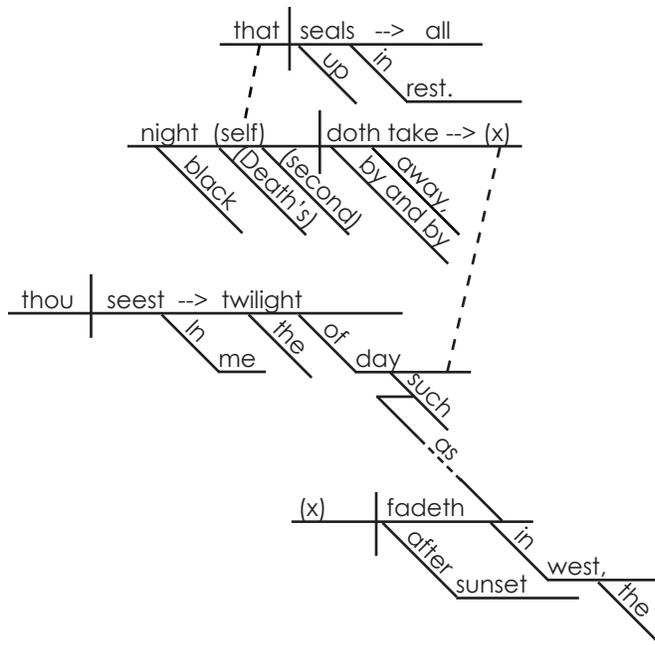
Lesson 3.5 'Of' Metaphors

'of' Metaphors

Shall I compare thee to a **summer's day**?
 And **summer's lease** hath all too short a date:
 By chance or **nature's changing course** untrimm'd;
 Nor shall **Death** brag thou wander'st in **his shade**,

In me thou seest **the twilight of such day**
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.





Lesson 3.6 Replacement Metaphors

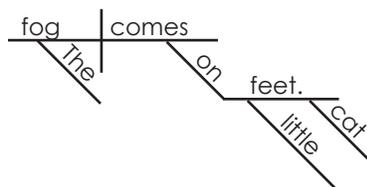
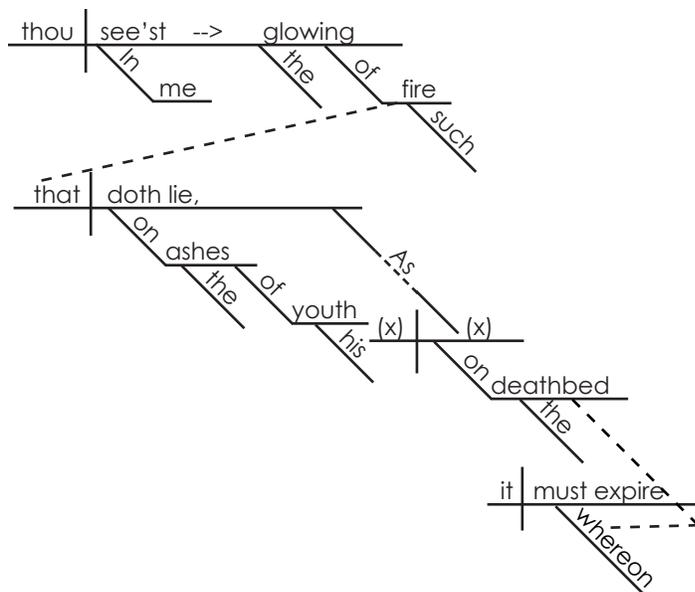
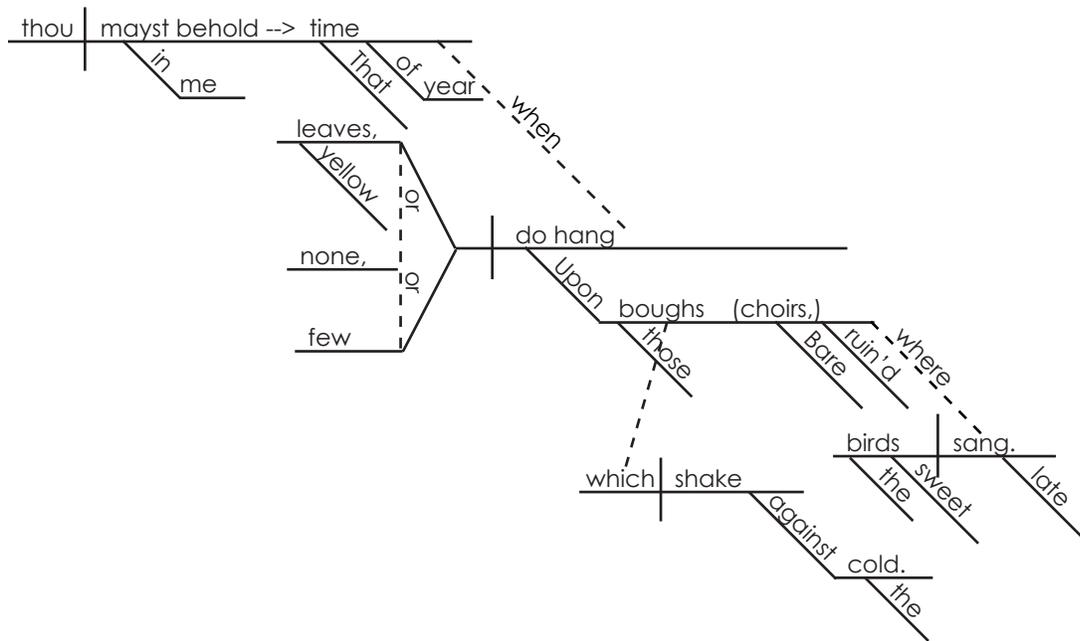
That time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

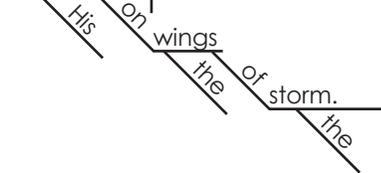
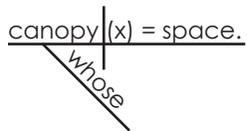
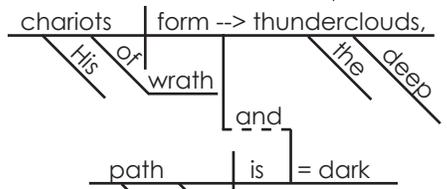
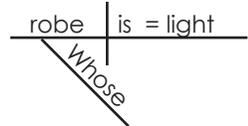
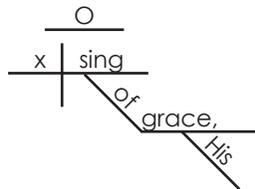
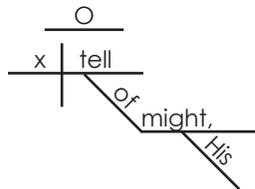
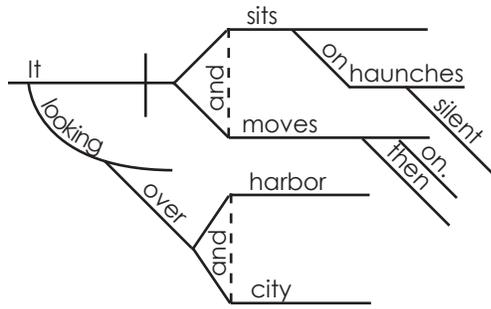
- Empty boughs on trees are send as ruined choirs because the birds sung in them during the summer

In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
 That on **the ashes** of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire
 -- Ashes of his youth refers to the memories of his youth

Fog
 The fog comes
 on **little cat feet**.
 It sits looking
 over harbor and city
 on **silent haunches**
 and then moves on.
 -- The movements of the fog is replaced with the moments of a cat.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
 And dark is his path on the wings of the storm
 ~ Robert Grant





Lesson 3.7 Unstated Metaphors

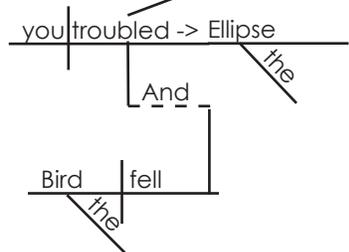
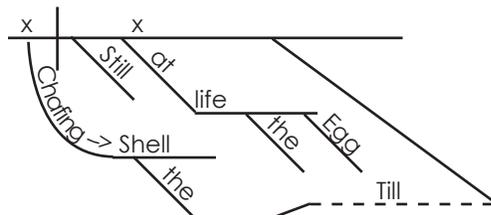
Still at the Egg-life-

Chafing the Shell-

Till you troubled the Ellipse-

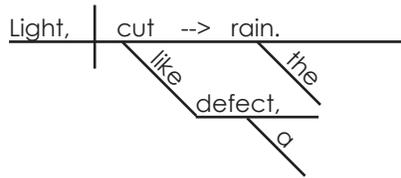
And the Bird fell-

- This is an unstated metaphor. 'You' are likened to a bird that is hatching in the first three lines. In the fourth lines the metaphor is renaming. You are the bird.



Light, like a defect, cut the rain. - Unstated metaphor, light is likened to a knife.

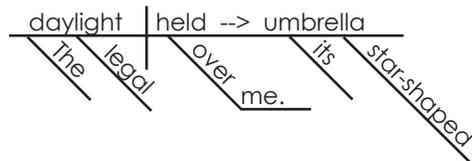
Rewrite as simile - Light, like a knife, cut the rain.



The legal daylight held

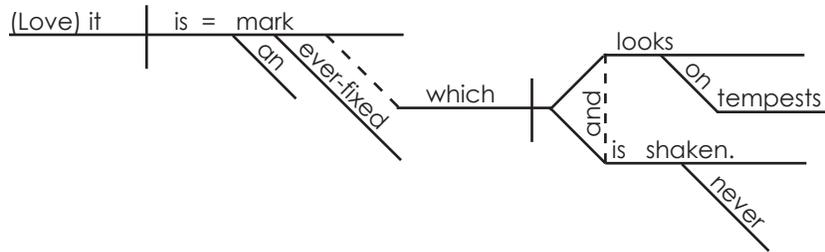
Its star-shaped umbrella over me. Unstated metaphor, light is likened to a man holding an umbrella.

Rewrite as a simile - The legal daylight, like a man, held its star-shaped umbrella over me.



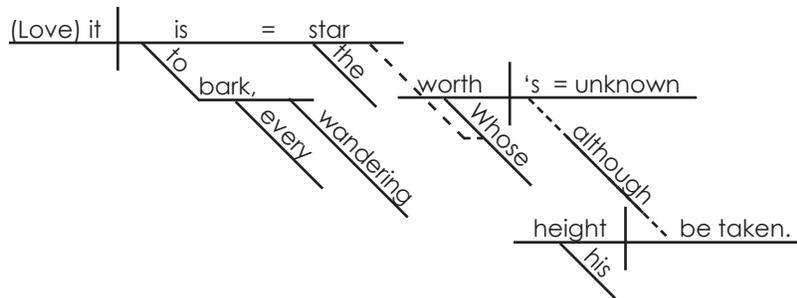
[Love] it is an ever-fixed mark

That looks on tempests and is never shaken; - Identification metaphor, love = mark



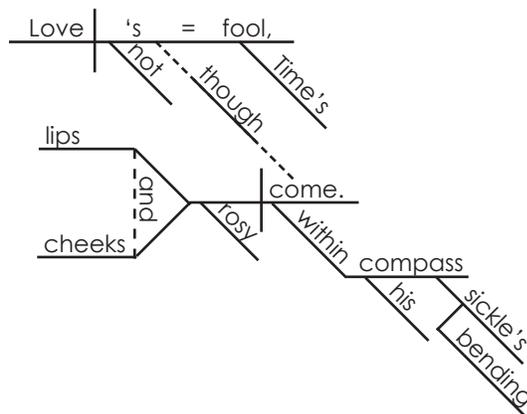
[Love] It is the star to every wandering bark,

Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken - identification metaphor, love is a star



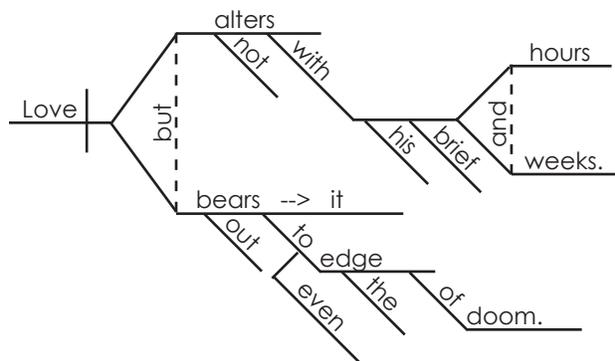
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks - Identification metaphor stating what love is not.

Within his bending sickle's compass come: - lips and cheek come within time's bending sickle, unstated metaphor, time is like the grim reaper who cuts down rosy lips and cheeks when they get old.



Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks, - Unstated metaphor, love is likened to a person who is mortal, limited by his hours and weeks alive.

But bears it out even to the edge of doom. - the time of death is likened to the edge of doom. Unstated metaphor. Edge of doom - possession metaphor, doom has an edge.



Lesson 3.13

1. Vision - God is the poet's vision, vision is the way the poet sees, which is associated with the person that rules the poet's life

My best thought - associated with God

Thy presence my light - God is associated with light, illumination

True Word - God speaks, speaking (The Word) is associated with God

Battle Shield and Sword, God is associated with military weapons for defense

Thou my soul's Shelter, Thou my high Tower: - God is associated with protection

Thou mine Inheritance, now and always: - God is associated with a legacy

my Treasure Thou art. - God is associated with riches

O bright Heaven's Sun! - God is associated with the light that shines from heaven.

2. The poet wants to be in God's presence/ God's light at all times.

The poet wants to be God's true son;

The poet wants to be one with God.

The poet wants to be raised heavenward