

HW 12/8

I notice the speaker of the poem seems to be a boy/girl born from a generation of potato farmers.

DIGGING

^{little/}
I notice there is no rhyming in this poem

Between my finger and my thumb

The squat pen rests; snug as a gun.

I notice repetition

of the word "digging"

all throughout the poem

I notice simile comparing pen to gun, narrator holding pen to holding gun.

Under my window, a clean rasping sound

When the space sinks into gravelly ground

I notice the alliteration of "gravelly ground"

My father, digging, I look down

I notice that the syllable count per line is not constant

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds

Bends low, comes up twenty years away

?

Stooping in rhythm through potato drills

place you plant potatoes in

Where he was digging.

The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft

fruit box / crate

I notice the hard labor father + grandfather do & the rough words used to describe them + their actions.

“(manly)”
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.

He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep

To scatter new potatoes that we picked

Loving their cool hardness in our hands.
(purpose of this sentence?)

By God, the old man could handle a spade.

I notice the repetition of “old man” to describe ^{two} generations.

Just like his old man.

I notice lots of diction/repetition of posture-related words like “bends low,” “stooping,” and “straightened” up

My grandfather cut more turf in a day

Than any other man on Toner's bog.

Once I carried him milk in a bottle

Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up

To drink it, then fell to right away

I notice how diligently they work w/ the potatoes.

I notice that the author's sentences (ended by periods) are not grammatical/complete sentences.

Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods

Over his shoulder, going down and down

For the good turf. Digging.

I notice that the author uses strong verbs.

The cold smell of potato mould, the squelch and slap

? partially decayed plant matter, turf

Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge

I notice the dreary ^{gross} tone/mood here, with words like "mould," "squelch," "soggy," "curt cuts"

Through living roots awaken in my head.

I notice the personification of "living roots awaken"

But I've no spade to follow men like them.

Between my finger and my thumb

The squat pen rests.

writing pen? Why squat pen & not pen?

I'll dig with it.