

OLYMPIADS SCHOOL/GRADE 8 ENGLISH/HANDOUT 8

From After the Sea-Ship by Walt Whitman

After the Sea-Ship—after the whistling winds;
After the white-gray sails, taut to their spars and ropes,
Below, a myriad, myriad waves, hastening, lifting up their necks,
Tending in ceaseless flow toward the track of the ship:
Waves of the ocean, bubbling and gurgling, blithely prying,
Waves, undulating waves—liquid, uneven, emulous waves,
Toward that whirling current, laughing and buoyant, with curves,
Where the great Vessel, sailing and tacking, displaced the surface;
Larger and smaller waves, in the spread of the ocean, yearnfully flowing;
The wake of the Sea-Ship, after she passes—flashing and frolicsome, under the sun,
A motley procession, with many a fleck of foam, and many fragments,
Following the stately and rapid Ship—in the wake following.

From Little Father by Li-Young Lee

I buried my father in my heart.
Now he grows in me, my strange son,
My little root who won't drink milk,
Little pale foot sunk in unheard-of night,
Little clock spring newly wet
In the fire, little grape, parent to the future
Wine, a son the fruit of his own son,
Little father I ransom with my life.

Fog by Carl Sandburg

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

Winter Poem by Nikki Giovanni

once a snowflake fell
on my brow and i loved
it so much and i kissed
it and it was happy and called its cousins
and brothers and a web
of snow engulfed me then
i reached to love them all
and i squeezed them and they became
a spring rain and i stood perfectly
still and was a flower

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

Sometimes Mysteriously by Luis Omar Salinas

Sometimes in the evening when love
tunes its harp and the crickets
celebrate life, I am like a troubadour
in search of friends, loved ones,
anyone who will share with me
a bit of conversation. My loneliness
arrives ghostlike and pretentious,
it seeks my soul, it is ravenous
and hurting. I admire my father
who always has advice in these matters,
but a game of chess won't do, or
the frivolity of religion.
I want to find a solution, so I
write letters, poems, and sometimes
I touch solitude on the shoulder
and surrender to a great tranquility.
I understand I need courage
and sometimes, mysteriously,
I feel whole.

In A Station Of The Metro by Ezra Pound

The apparition of these faces in the crowd:
Petals on a wet, black bough.

Writing a Free Verse Poem (Collaborative Effort)

Adapted from <http://betterlesson.com/community/lesson/13838/free-verse>

1. Choose a topic. Free verse, like other forms of poetry, can turn a seemingly common or ordinary person, place, thing, or experience into something special or extraordinary.
2. Your teacher will list your suggested experiences or topics on the board.
3. Let's vote. Choose one of the suggested topics to write a class free verse poem.
4. Your teacher will write the topic on the board as a title.
5. Remember: free verse is a controlled list of colorful, thought provoking words about a topic.
6. Volunteer words, phrases, or sentences about the topic. Your teacher will record your responses below the topic.
7. After your teacher records your responses, you will suggest ways to organize the list so that it conveys meaning in a better way.
8. All good writers revise their work until they feel that the words say what they want them to say in the best way. Collaboratively, revise the free verse poem several times.
9. Your teacher will model breaking lines at different points to show how the reading can change.

Your turn!

Write your own free verse using a different topic.