

ESLCO/EO Poetry Assignment

What is the Assignment?

For this assignment, you will be leading a lesson to teach me and your classmates how to read and understand a poem.

Each student will choose a different poem from the list provided. I have provided a template that shows you everything that you should talk about and some of the language that you should use in your presentation.



Due Date: April 29, 2024

Presentation Template

1. The poem I am going to teach you today is called _____ **(title)**
2. The poem was written by _____ **(writer/poet)** Here is what I know about the author **(background research)**
3. The poem has _____ number of stanzas and _____ number of lines
4. Here is what happens in the poem _____ **(general plot)**
5. The following _____ **number** of poetic devices are used in the poem The first poetic device is _____ **(name of device-simile etc)** We can see it being used in this line _____ **(read the line out loud & show us the line)**
6. What this poetic device really means is _____ **(explain the literal meaning)**. And when I read this device in the poem it helps me to understand _____

(Do this for all the poetic devices)

7. The overall mood of this poem is _____ *(how the speaker feels and how I feel when I read the poem)*
8. *One interesting/meaningful part of the poem is _____ I chose this line phrase/ stanza because _____.*
9. When I finished reading the poem a second/ third/ fourth time, this is what I think the poet is really trying to say. *(explain how you got this theme)*
10. What I liked/disliked about the poem is _____ *(your personal opinion and explanation)*

Your presentation should be between **5 and 10 minutes**.

You should create a **PowerPoint** presentation where you can show us your poem and your notes.

Poem Options

Invisible Children

BY MARIANA LLANOS

Invisible children fall
through the cracks of the system
like Alice in the rabbit hole.
But these children won't find
an eat-me cake or a drink-me bottle.
They won't wake up on the lap
of a loving sister.
They'll open their eyes on the hand
of a monster called Negligence
who'll poke them with its sharp teeth
and bait them with its heartless laughter, like a wild thing in a wild rumpus.
But the children won't awake

to the smell of a warm supper,
nor will they find a purple crayon
to draw an escape door or a window. Instead they'll make a mirror
of a murky puddle on the city street
which won't tell them they're beautiful
but it'll show their scars, as invisible to others as these children are.

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We Wear the Mask

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

We wear the mask that grins and lies,
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,—
This debt we pay to human guile;
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be over-wise,
In counting all our tears and sighs?
Nay, let them only see us, while
 We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries
To thee from tortured souls arise.
We sing, but oh the clay is vile
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;
But let the world dream otherwise,
 We wear the mask!

A Poison Tree

William Blake

I was angry with my friend;
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I waterd it in fears,
Night & morning with my tears:
And I sunned it with smiles,

And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night.
Till it bore an apple bright.
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole,
When the night had veild the pole;
In the morning glad I see;
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

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Caged Bird

BY MAYA ANGELOU

A free bird leaps
on the back of the wind
and floats downstream
till the current ends
and dips his wing
in the orange sun rays
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks
down his narrow cage
can seldom see through
his bars of rage
his wings are clipped and
his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn bright lawn
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

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i wanna be yours

John Cooper Clarke

let me be your vacuum cleaner breathing in your dust
let me be your ford cortina
i will never rust

if you like your coffee hot let me be your coffee pot you call the shots
i wanna be yours

let me be your raincoat
10 for those frequent rainy days

let me be your dreamboat when you wanna sail away let me be your teddy
bear take me with you anywhere

i don't care
i wanna be yours

let me be your electric meter i will not run out
let me be the electric heater

you get cold without
let me be your setting lotion hold your hair
with deep devotion
deep as the deep

atlantic ocean
that's how deep is my emotion deep deep deep deep de deep deep i don't
wanna be hers
i wanna be yours

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THE GARDEN OF LOVE

William Blake

I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen;
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And 'Thou shalt not' writ over the door;
So I turned to the Garden of Love
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tombstones where flowers should be;
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

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Ballad of Birmingham

BY DUDLEY RANDALL

(On the bombing of a church in Birmingham, Alabama, 1963)

"Mother dear, may I go downtown
Instead of out to play,
And march the streets of Birmingham
In a Freedom March today?"

"No, baby, no, you may not go,
For the dogs are fierce and wild,
And clubs and hoses, guns and jails
Aren't good for a little child."

"But, mother, I won't be alone.
Other children will go with me,
And march the streets of Birmingham
To make our country free."

"No, baby, no, you may not go,
For I fear those guns will fire.
But you may go to church instead
And sing in the children's choir."

She has combed and brushed her night-dark hair,
And bathed rose petal sweet,
And drawn white gloves on her small brown hands,
And white shoes on her feet.

The mother smiled to know her child
Was in the sacred place,
But that smile was the last smile
To come upon her face.

For when she heard the explosion,
Her eyes grew wet and wild.
She raced through the streets of Birmingham
Calling for her child.

She clawed through bits of glass and brick,
Then lifted out a shoe.
"O, here's the shoe my baby wore,

But, baby, where are you?"

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Handcuffs

Mbuyiseni Oswald Mtshali

Handcuffs
have steel fangs
whose bite is more painful than a whole battalion
of fleas.
Though the itch in my heart grows deeper and deeper
I cannot scratch.

How can I? My wrists are manacled. My mind
is caged. My soul
is shackled.
I can only grimace at the ethereal cloud, a banner billowing in the sky,
emblazoned "Have hope, brother,
despair is for the defeated."

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MOTHER TO SON By Langston Hughes

Well, son, I'll tell you:
Life for me ain't been no crystal stair. It's had tacks in it,
And splinter,
And boards torn up,
And places with no carpet on the floor—
But all the time
I've been a-climbin' on
And reachin' landin's
And turnin' corners,
And sometimes goin' in the dark
Where there ain't been no light.
So, boy, don't you turn back.
Don't you set down on the steps
'Cause you finds it kinder hard.

Don't you fall now—
For I'se still goin', honey,
I'se still climbin',
And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

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Love and Friendship

BY EMILY BRONTË

Love is like the wild rose-briar,
Friendship like the holly-tree—
The holly is dark when the rose-briar blooms
But which will bloom most constantly?

The wild rose-briar is sweet in spring,
Its summer blossoms scent the air;
Yet wait till winter comes again
And who will call the wild-briar fair?

Then scorn the silly rose-wreath now
And deck thee with the holly's sheen,
That when December blights thy brow
He still may leave thy garland green.