# POETRY

## “Out, Out \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_”

## Robert Frost (1874-1963)

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| The buzz-saw snarled and rattled in the yardAnd made dust and dropped stove-length sticks of wood,Sweet-scented stuff when the breeze drew across it.And from there those that lifted dyes could countFive mountain ranges one behind the otherUnder the sunset far into Vermont.And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled,As it ran light, or had to bear a load.And nothing happened: day was all but done.Call it a day, I wish they might have saidTo please the boy by giving him the half hourThat a boy counts so much when saved from work.His sister stood beside them in her apronTo tell them ‘Supper’. At the word, the saw,As if to prove saws knew what supper meant,Leaped out at the boy’s hand, or seemed to leap –He must have given the hand. However it was,Neither refused the meeting. But the hand!The boy’s first outcry was a rueful laugh,As he swung toward them holding up the handHalf in appeal, but half as if to keepThe life from spilling. Then the boy saw all –Since he was old enough to know, big boyDoing a man’s work, though a child at hear –He saw all spoiled. ‘Don’t let him cut my hand off –The doctor, when he comes. Don’t let him, sister!’So. But the hand was gone already.The doctor put him in the dark of ether.He lay and puffed his lips out with his breath.And then – the watcher at his pulse took fright.No one believed. They listed at his hear.Little – less – nothing! – and that ended it.No more to build on there. And they, since theyWere not the one dead, turned to their affairs. | 1.2.3.4.5. | The subject matter is grim and the outcome is gruesome.Explain.Personification is a poetic device to bring a normally inanimate object to life.What words bring the buzz-saw to life?The poem starts both ominously and lyrically: “The buzz-saw snarled” but by contrast, the wood is “sweet-scented” and the view out over “Five mountain ranges” is awe-inspiring.How do these images add to the poem’s intensity?What caused the saw to leap out at the boy’s hand?Carelessness is responsible for many injuries and death.How could the boy have prevented this tragedy?List other tragedies and how they can be prevented. |
| www.poemofquotes.com.robertfrost/out-out.php |  |

## MIRROR

## Sylvia Plath (1932 – 1963)

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| I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.Whatever I see i swallow immediatelyJust as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.I am not cruel, only truthful –The eye of a little god, four-cornered.Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so longI think it is a part of my heart. But it flickers.Faces and darkness separate us over and over.Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,Searching my reaches for what she really is.Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moonI see her back, and reflect it faithfully.She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.I am important to her. She comes and goes.Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old womanRises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish. | 1.2.3.4.5.6.7. | What are all the ways that the mirror describes itself?Why are the candles and the moon liars?What is the mirror’s attitude about the woman who looks into it?What does **your** mirror meditate upon?What is the woman’s attitude after looking into the mirror?How many stories can you think of have been about mirrors?List them.Why do you think cracked mirrors are bad luck?Look in the mirror and describe what you see.Are you reflecting yourself faithfully?What would you like to see? |
| [www.cs.rise.edu/~ssiyer/minstrels/poems/678.html](http://www.cs.rise.edu/~ssiyer/minstrels/poems/678.html) |
|  |
| Write a story about a mirror.What would things look like on the other side of the mirror?“Mirror, mirror on the wall... who’s the fairest of them all?”A day in the life of a mirror... |

Macbet h ACT 4, SCENE 1, LINES 1-21

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*The three witches, who earlier had prophesied that Macbeth would be king, now get ready for his visit. He comes to ask them what the future holds. They stir a pot filled with the unusual ingredients needed for their magic. The witches’ verse is an eight-syllable, four-stress verse line, different from the human speakers (who all speak in Shakespeare’s usual ten-syllable, five-stress line). Thus the witches’ speech, as well as their appearance, marks them as strange creatures.*

**FIRST WITCH ALL**

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew’d. Double, double, toil and trouble;

 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

**SECOND WITCH**

Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined.

**THIRD WITCH**

Harpier cries. “Tis time; ‘tis time”.

**FIRST WITCH**

Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison’d entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty-one

Swelter’d venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i’ the charmed pot.

Source: http://www.bbc.co.uk/scotland/learning/bitesize/standard/english/macbeth/images/witches1\_546x307.gif

**ALL**

Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

**SECOND WITCH** *brinded - streaked*

Fillet of a fenny snake, *hedge-pig - hedgehog*

In the cauldron boil and bake; *Harpier - the name of a spirit*

Eye of newt and toe of frog, *Days ... got - for thirty-one days and nights*

Wool of bat and tongue of dog, *has exuded poison formed*

Adder’s fork and blind-worm’s sting, *during sleep*

Lizard’s leg, and howlet’s wing, *Fillet - slice*

For a charm of powerful trouble *fenny - from the swamp*

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble. *fork - forked tongue*

 *howlet’s - owl’s*

Source: Shakespeare-navigators.com/Macbeth/T41.html

## A Dream Within A Dream

## EDGAR ALLAN POE

*In poetry, there are a few ideas we hear over and over again. It is as though certain thoughts live in the soul of every poet. This poem contains one of those ideas. In the second stanza, poe tells us that the days of life slip through his fingers like grains of sand, and no matter how he tries, he cannot stop the passage of time. It is an idea that was repeated a hundred years later by another American, a man named Thornton Wilder, who wrote, “Do any human beings ever realize life while they live it? Every minute? No, the Saints and Poets, maybe they do some”.*

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| Add picturesKiss – lipsDream bubble?Surf shoreGolden sand in handtears | Take this kiss upon the brow!And, in parting from you now,This much let me avow-You are not wrong, who deemThat my days have been a dream;Yet if Hope has flown awayIn a night, or in a day,In a vision, or in none,Is it therefore the less gone?*All* that we see or seemIs but a dream within a dream.I stand amid the roarOf a surf-tormented shore,And I hold within my handGrains of the golden sand-How few! Yet how they creepThrough my fingers to the deep,While I weep-while I weep!O God! Can I not graspThem with a tighter clasp?O God! Can I not save*One* from the pitiless wave?Is *all* that we see or seemBut a dream within a dream? |  |