# Survey of Poetry Summer Reading: 2019 AP Literature

Mrs. Ben-Ezra

## **Poetry Devices**

Studying poetry can be rewarding if approached with an open mind and a careful eye. The following list of definitions is important to the study of poetry, but it is **not enough** to simply know the definitions of the terms, or even to be able to identify the terms when utilized by a poet. Rather, the terms should be used to answer the questions *why and how* language is used to give meaning to a poem.

# <u>Directions:</u> Part I: Define each term. Include an example when deemed necessary.

- 1. alliteration
- 2. assonance
- 3. blank verse
- 4. cacophony
- 5. conceit
- 6 connotation
- 7. couplet
- 8. enjambment
- 9. euphony
- 10. free verse
- 11. imagery
- 12. metaphor
- 13. meter
- 14. prosody
- 15. quatrain
- 16. repetition
- 17. rhyme
- 18. scansion
- 19. simile
- 20. sonnet
- 21. stanza

Part II: Print, read, and annotate the following poems. By annotate, I mean: try to get an understanding of what they are about without looking up the answers. Your annotations, genuine, authentic, and, YES, wrong, are the acceptable answers. Getting it "RIGHT" is not the objective.

### Renaissance

## "Amoretti: Sonnet 54" By Edmund Spenser

Of this worlds theatre in which we stay, My love like the spectator ydly sits Beholding me that all the pageants play. Disguysing diversly my troubled wits. Sometimes I joy when glad occasion fits, 5 And mask in myrth lyke to a comedy: Soone after when my joy to sorrow flits, I waile and make my woes a tragedy. Yet she, beholding me with constant eye, Delights not in my merth nor rues my smart: 10 But when I laugh she mocks, and when I cry She laughs and hardens evermore her heart. What then can move her? if nor merth nor mone, She is no woman, but a senceless stone.

## "On Poet-Ape"

## by Ben Jonson (1582-1637)

Poor Poet-Ape, that would be thought our chief, Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit, From brokage is become so bold a thief, As we, the robbed, leave rage, and pity it. At first he made low shifts, would pick and glean, Buy the reversion of old plays; now grown To a little wealth, and credit in the scene, He takes up all, makes each man's wit his own. And, told of this, he slights it. Tut, such crimes The sluggish gaping auditor devours; He marks not whose 'twas first, and after-times May judge it to be his, as well as ours. Fool, as if half eyes will not know a fleece From locks of wool, or shreds from the whole piece.



## The Enlightenment and Age of Reason

# from *An Essay on Criticism* Alexander Pope (1688-1744)

A little learning is a dangerous thing; Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring: There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain, And drinking largely sobers us again. Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts, 5 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts; While from the bounded level of our mind Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind, But, more advanced, behold with strange surprise New distant scenes of endless science rise! 10 So pleased at first the towering Alps we try, Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky; The eternal snows appear already past, And the first clouds and mountains seem the last; But those attained, we tremble to survey 15 The growing labours of the lengthened way: The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes, Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

## **Romanticism**

# "The Sick Rose" By William Blake (1757-1827)

O Rose thou art sick. The invisible worm, That flies in the night In the howling storm:

Has found out thy bed 5
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy

## "Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802" By William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

Earth has not anything to show more fair: Dull would he be of soul who could pass by A sight so touching in its majesty: This City now doth, like a garment, wear The beauty of the morning; silent, bare, 5 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie Open unto the fields, and to the sky; All bright and glittering in the smokeless air. Never did sun more beautifully steep In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill; 10 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep! The river glideth at his own sweet will: Dear God! the very houses seem asleep; And all that mighty heart is lying still!

## **Victorian**

# "The Charge of the Light Brigade" By Alfred, Lord Tenneyson (1809-1892)

1

Half a league, half a league, Half a league onward, All in the valley of Death Rode the six hundred. "Forward, the Light Brigade! Charge for the guns!" he said. Into the valley of Death Rode the six hundred.

#### II

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

#### Ш

Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon in front of themVolleyed and thundered; Stormed at with shot and shell, Boldly they rode and well, Into the jaws of Death, Into the mouth of hell Rode the six hundred.

#### IV

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

#### V

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell.
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

#### VI

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

### "HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD"

### BY Robert Browning (1812-1889)

Oh, to be in England Now that April's there. And whoever wakes in England Sees, some morning, unaware, That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf 5 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf, While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough In England—now! And after April, when May follows, And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows! 10 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge Leans to the field and scatters on the clover Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge— That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over, Lest you should think he never could recapture 15 The first fine careless rapture! And though the fields look rough with hoary dew, All will be gay when noontide wakes anew The buttercups, the little children's dower —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

### Realism

## "1914" by Wilfred Owen

War broke: and now the Winter of the world With perishing great darkness closes in. The foul tornado, centred at Berlin. Is over all the width of Europe whirled, Rending the sails of progress. Rent or furled 5 Are all Art's ensigns. Verse wails. Now begin Famines of thought and feeling. Love's wine's thin. The grain of human Autumn rots, down-hurled. For after Spring had bloomed in early Greece, And Summer blazed her glory out with Rome, 10 An Autumn softly fell, a harvest home, A slow grand age, and rich with all increase. But now, for us, wild Winter, and the need Of sowings for new Spring, and blood for seed.

# "The Unknown Citizen" W. H. Auden, (1907 – 1973)

(To JS/07 M 378

This Marble Monument

*Is Erected by the State)* 

He was found by the Bureau of Statistics to be
One against whom there was no official complaint,
And all the reports on his conduct agree
That, in the modern sense of an old-fashioned word, he was a saint,

For in everything he did he served the Greater Community.

Except for the War till the day he retired

He worked in a factory and never got fired,

But satisfied his employers, Fudge Motors Inc.

Yet he wasn't a scab or odd in his views.

For his Union reports that he paid his dues,

(Our report on his Union shows it was sound)

And our Social Psychology workers found

That he was popular with his mates and liked a drink.

The Press are convinced that he bought a paper every day

And that his reactions to advertisements were normal in every way.

Policies taken out in his name prove that he was fully insured,

And his Health-card shows he was once in hospital but left it cured.

Both Producers Research and High-Grade Living declare

He was fully sensible to the advantages of the Instalment Plan

And had everything necessary to the Modern Man,

A phonograph, a radio, a car and a frigidaire.

Our researchers into Public Opinion are content

That he held the proper opinions for the time of year;

When there was peace, he was for peace: when there was war, he went.

He was married and added five children to the population,

Which our Eugenist says was the right number for a parent of his generation.

And our teachers report that he never interfered with their education.

Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:

Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have heard.

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# Modernism

### "One Art"

### **Elizabeth Bishop (1911 – 1979)**

The art of losing isn't hard to master; so many things seem filled with the intent to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster of lost door keys, the hour badly spent. The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster: places, and names, and where it was you meant to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or next-to-last, of three loved houses went. The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster, some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent. I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

—Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident the art of losing's not too hard to master though it may look like (*Write* it!) like disaster.

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#### Mini Glossarv

camshaft – a bar in an engine.

gimbel – some mechanism for keeping bits in place.

crank – a lever you turn to make something start.

Swarfega – a type of heavy duty handwash good for getting oil off hands.

swarf – small bits of metal left over after drilling or filing.

scobs – waste material from metal.

gunmetal – dark gray/black metallic substances.

lithe – moving and bending in a graceful way.

lathe – a machine that spins wood.

emigre – someone who has settled abroad for political reasons.

flange – part of a pipe.

chamfered – carpentry term meaning cut away.