

Third Week

I. Repetition and rhythm

Repetend

Anaphora

Refrain

II. The use of Appositives

1. Why repeat?

III. Shape

IV. Practice:

1. Write a poem that uses anaphora.

Or

2. Write a short poem that begins and ends with the same line. The reader should feel differently about the line the second time he or she encounters it.

Or

3. Write a poem which is one long sentence. Make it at least twenty lines.

Prose examples

The rain is ever falling—drip, drip, drip—by day and night upon the broad flagged terrace-pavement, the Ghost's Walk. (Dickens)

Oh, I should never have come, never, I'm here against my better judgment (Dorothy Parker)

This is the story of John Segrave—of his life, which was unsatisfactory; of his love, which was unsatisfied; of his dreams, and of his death (Agatha Christie)

- Note the use of phrases to put breath into the words

It looked good to him, the dark just beginning to fade slightly, midnight blueblack growing gray and misty, through which he could make out the last light of a dying star. It looked good to him, a calm, pre-dawn hush without a breath of wind. . . .

Note the lengths of sentences

Mrs. Hudson, the landlady of Sherlock Holms, was a long-suffering woman. Not only was her first-floor flat invaded at all hours by throngs of singular and often undesirable characters but her remarkable lodger showed an eccentricity and irregularity in his life which must have sorely tried her patience. His incredible untidiness, his addiction to music at strange hours, his occasional revolver practice within doors, his weird and often malodorous scientific experiments, and the atmosphere of violence and danger which hung around him made him the very worst tenant in London. On the other hand, his payments were princely. I have no doubt that the house might have been purchased at the price which Holmes paid for his rooms during the years that I was with him. (Conan Doyle)

Long Disconsolate Lines Jane Cooper

Because it is a gray day but not snowy, because traffic grinds by
outside,
because I woke myself crying help! To no other in my bed and no god,
because I am in confusion about god,
because the tree out there with its gray, bare limbs is shaped like a
lyre,
but it is only January, nothing plays it, no lacerating March sleet,
no thrum of returning rain,
because its arms are empty of buds or even of protective snow,
I am in confusion, words harbor in my throat, I hear not one confident
tune,
and however long I draw out this sentence
it will not arrive at any truth.

It's true my friend died in September and I have not yet begun to
mourn.
Overnight, without warning, the good adversary knocked at her door,
the one she so often portrayed
as a cloud-filled drop out the cave's mouth, crumpled dark of an old
garden chair. . .
But a lyre-shaped tree? Yes, a lyre-shaped tree. It's true that at
twenty-four
in the dripping, raw Iowa woods
she sketched just such a tree, and I saw it, fell in love with its
half-heard
lament
as if my friend, in her pristine skin, already thrashed by the
storm-blows
ahead,
had folded herself around them,
as if she gave up nothing, as if she sang.

The Lumber Company Executive William Dickey

The sacred direction: down. Bring it to down.
Bring down these tents of assertion, the enemy,
the tall ones.

The sacred color: red. Bring it to red.
Wash down the widening gorges of earth flesh
till the stone stiffens.

The sacred instrument, fire. Bring it to fire.
Fire's afterbirth, the long dangle of waste, pitted
by unwilling waters.

The Critic

I unscrewed the lip from the mouth, the mouth I discarded.
I unscrewed the lid from the eye, the eye I discarded.

Here is a doll made from pieces. The pieces hate one another.

Here are the doll and I in a posed photograph.
After the photograph was taken, I unscrewed the camera.

The Story we Know Martha Collins

The way to begin is always the same. Hello,
Hello. Your hand, your name. So glad, Just fine,
and Good-bye at the end. That's every story we know,

and why pretend? But lunch tomorrow? No?
Yes? An omelette, salad, chilled white wine?
The way to begin is simple, sane, Hello,

and then it's Sunday, coffee, the *Times*, a slow
day by the fire, dinner at eight or nine
and Good-bye. In the end, this is a story we know

so well we don't turn the page, or look below
the picture, or follow the words to the next line:
The way to begin is always the same Hello.

But one night, through the latticed window, snow
begins to whiten the air, and the tall white pine,
Good-bye is the end of every story we know

that night, and when we close the curtains, oh,
we hold each other against that cold white sign
of the way we all begin and end. *Hello,*
Good-bye is the only story. We know, we know.

The use of Appositives

My grandmother stands in the kitchen.
She sings the old songs. Her voice
rises and falls.

My grandmother, Stella, a tiny woman
with long white hair and the face
of a Botticelli angel,
stands in the kitchen, a long low room
filled with the smell
of grilling onions and roasting garlic,
a smell I remember from childhood.

Practice in class

1. I wanted to return to that place, the tiny fishing village in Mexico.
2. I remember the scent of my father, the cologne and cigarettes, the whisky on his breath.
3. I was thinking of the soul, that body of light.
4. All that I love tonight—your body curled beside mine, the vase of white lilies, the one bird calling from the yard—might be lost tomorrow.
5. The seagull follow the boat, hover over the white wake.
6. If you look at the ugliness of the world—at the homeless woman lying in a doorway, at her dress of rags and bed of old newspapers—you might see a kind of beauty.
7. The kitchen counter was dirty, littered with cigarette butts, crowded with unwashed plates.

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2. I remember the scent of my father,
3. I was thinking of the soul,
4. All that I love tonight-- _____--might be lost tomorrow.
5. The seagulls follow the boat,
6. If you look at the ugliness of the world -- _____--you might see a kind of beauty.
7. The kitchen counter was dirty,

Compare them (from a poem by Ezra Pound)

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead
I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.
You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse;
You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.
And we went on living in the village of Chokan:
Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.

While my hair
 Was still cut straight
 Across my forehead

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead I played about
 the front gate,
pulling flowers.
You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse: you walked about my seat,
 playing with
blue plums.