

Sixth Week

Form Poetry

- I. Form
- II. Couplet and Quatrains

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

How to begin: write a couplet (two rhyming lines with the same meter or number of syllables) → write a quatrain (meter or rhyme not necessary)
→ Write a quatrain that consists of two couplets

- III. Iambic Pentameter

I walked across a meadow in the rain
I danced beneath a starry summer sky

Practice: Write a poem of four to six lines in iambic pentameter. The lines don't have to rhyme.

Or

write a contemporary haiku that is seventeen syllables on three lines with the following meter: 5-7-5.

Or

Write an English sonnet

Or

Write a syllabic poem

- IV. Syllabic poem
- V. Haiku (contemporary haiku, not traditional haiku)

Masculine rhyme vs. feminine rhyme

It was not Death, for I stood up,
And all the Dead, lie down—
It was not Night, for all the Bells
Put out their tongues, for Noon.

Vs.

The whiskey on your breath
Could make a small boy dizzy;
But I hung on like death:
Such waltzing was not easy.

↓

The wood are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep.
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Lying, listening
To small rustles all around
Waiting to be found

Shells upon water,
Washed ashore by gentle blue waves,
Painted by the sun.

In the languid rain
A slender tree shivers
Delirious with life

古池塘，

青蛙跳入

水聲響。

《奧之細道》松尾芭蕉

A Farm Picture Walt Whitman

Through the ample open door of the peaceful country barn,
A sunlit pasture field with cattle and horses feeding.
And haze and vista, and the far horizon fading away.

Before a Cashier's Window in a Department Store James Wright

1.

The beautiful cashier's white face has risen
once more

Behind a young manager's shoulder.

They whisper together, and stare

Straight into my face.

I feel like grabbing a stray child

Or a skinny old woman

And driving into a cellar, crouching

Under a stone bridge, praying myself sick,

Till the troops pass.

2.

Why should he care? He goes.

I slump deeper

In my frayed coat. I am pinned down

By debt. He nods,

Commending my fleshing to the pity of the
daws of God.

3.

Am I dead? And, if not, why not?

For she sails there, alone, looming in the
heaven of the beautiful.

She knows

The bulldozers will scrape me up

After dark, behind

The officers' club.

Beneath her terrible blaze, my skeleton

Glitters out. I am the dark. I am the dark

Bone I was born to be.

4.

Tu Fu woke shuddering on a battlefield

Once, in the dead of night, and made out

The mangled women, sorting

The haggard slant-eyes.
The moon was up.

5.

I am hungry. In two more days
It will be spring. So this
Is what it feels like.

Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day William Shakespeare

- (A) Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
- (B) Though art more lovely and more temperate.
- (A) Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
- (B) And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
- (C) Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
- (D) And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
- (C) And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
- (D) By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed.
- (E) But thy eternal summer shall not face
- (F) Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
- (E) Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
- (F) When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,
- (G) So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
- (G) So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

The Fish Marianne Moore

wade

through black jade.

Of the crow-blue mussel-shells, one keeps

adjusting the ash-heaps:

opening and shutting itself like

an

injured fan.

The barnacles which encrust the side

of the wave, cannot hide

there for the submerged shafts of the

sun,

split like spun

glass, move themselves with spotlight swiftness

into the crevices—