

## Eighth week

### Tricks

1. Put your adjectives after your nouns.
2. Delay the subject of your sentence.
3. An interruption: Put something between your subject and your verb.
4. Another interruption: Use dashes or parentheses.
5. Start with a pronoun and then give us the noun it refers to.
6. Double or triple your subject, but use one verb.
7. Near the end of a free-verse poem, find a place to create a rhyme with your last word.
8. Close a free-verse poem with a metrical line, especially one in iambic pentameter.
9. Repeat a word or phrase near the end of a poem, for greater intensity.
10. Combine one or more of the above strategies in a single sentence.

### Examples:

Until everything

Was rainbow, rainbow, rainbow!

And I let the fish go. (Elizabeth Bishop)

I, with no rights in this matter,

Neither father nor lover (Theodore Roethke)

The snows of the Tyrol, the clear beer of Vienna

Are not very pure or true. (Sylvia Plath)

The art of losing's not too hard to master

Though it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster (Elizabeth Bishop)

What do they sing, the last birds

Coasting down the twilight (Galway Kinnell)

And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,

Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born? (William Butler Yeats)

Stiff in our black funeral ties and jackets,

My brother and I crept out the kitchen door (Richard Newman)

The tiger,

Marvelously striped and irritable, leaps (Frank O'Hara)

I. Early poems by Emily Dickens and Walt Whitman

Oh the Earth was made for lovers, for damsel, and hopeless swain,  
For sighing, and gentle whispering, and unity made of twain.

O, powerless is this struggling brain

To pierce the mighty mystery;

In dark, uncertain awe it waits,

The common doom—to die!

II. Drag ( $\leftarrow$ ), Advance ( $\rightarrow$ ), and Balance ( $\leftrightarrow$ )

III. Revising

No practice this week. Work on your mid-term poem.

Pastoral William Carlos Williams

When I was younger  
it was plain to me  
I must make something of myself.  
older now  
I walk back streets  
admiring the houses  
of the very poor:  
roof out of line with sides  
the yards cluttered  
with old chicken wire, ashes,  
furniture gone wrong;  
the fences and outhouses  
built of barrel-staves  
and parts of boxes, all,  
if I am fortunate,  
smeared a bluish green  
that properly weathered  
pleases me best  
of all colors.

                    No one  
will believe this  
of vast import to the nation.

## Poem

As the cat  
climbed over  
the top of

the jamcloset  
first the right  
forefoot

carefully  
then the hind  
stepped down

into the pit of  
the empty  
flowerpot

Revising

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 undermine the  
Side of the wave—trained to hide  
There—but the submerged shafts of the

Sun, split like spun

.....

(1918)

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

.....

(1924)

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

.....

(1935)

Swimmer in the Rain Robert Wallace

No one but him to see  
the rain begin—fine scrim  
far down the bay, like smoke,  
smoking and hissing its way  
toward, and then up the creek  
where he drifted, waited  
a suit  
supple, green glass  
to his neck.

No one but him to see  
the rain begin—a fine scrim  
far down the bay, slow smoke,  
smoking and hissing its way  
toward, then into the marsh creek  
where he swam, waited  
clad in  
cold, supple, thin glass  
to his neck.

No one but him  
seeing the rain  
start—a fine scrim  
far down the bay,  
smoking, advancing  
between two grays  
till the salt-grass rustles  
and the creek's mirror  
In which he stands  
to his neck, like clothing  
cold, green, supple,  
begins to ripple.

The opening lines of Richard Wilbur's "Love Calls Us to the Things of This World"

Draft 1

My eyes came open to the squeak of pulleys  
My spirit, shocked from the brothel of itself

Draft 2

My eyes came open to the shriek of pulleys,  
And the soul, spirited from its proper wallow,  
Hung in the air as bodiless and hollow

Draft 3

My eyes came open to the pulleys' cry.  
The soul, spirited from its proper wallow,  
Hung in the air as bodiless and hollow  
As light that frothed upon the wall opposing;  
But what most caught my eyes at their unclosing  
Was two gray ropes that yanked across the sky.  
One after one into the window frame  
. . . the hosts of laundry came

Draft 4

    The eyes open to a cry of pulleys,  
And the soul, so suddenly spirited from sleep,  
    Hangs in the air as bodiless and simple  
    As morning sunlight frothing on the floor,  
    While just outside the window  
    The air is solid with a dance of angels.

Draft 5

    The eyes open to a cry of pulleys,  
And spirited from sleep, the astounded soul  
Hangs for a moment bodiless and simple  
As dawn light in the moment of its breaking:  
    Outside the open window  
The air is crowded with a



Draft 6

The eyes open to a cry of pulleys,  
And spirited from sleep, the astounded soul  
Hangs for a moment bodiless and simple  
As false dawn.

Outside the open window,  
The air is leaping with a rout of angels.  
Some are in bedsheets, some are in dresses,  
It does not seem to matter