

IPoetry Toolkit

5wSVLTT

- 1 **What?** What story does the poem tell? or What is it about?
- 2 **Where and When?** Where is the poem taking place? When is the poem taking place (any shifts in time)?
- 3 **Who?** Who is the speaker/persona?
- 4 **Why?** Why was the poem written? Its purpose? LAST***
- 5 **Structure:** Does the poem have a specific rhyme or rhythm or shape. How do any of these add to the effect of / or emphasis in the poem?
- 6 **Vocabulary:** Interesting vocabulary, levels of meaning to the same word
- 7 **Imagery:** Interesting images/imagery (metaphors / similes)
- 8 **Literary Devices:** Any other literary devices used (symbols, alliteration, assonance, consonance, apostrophe, etc.) and the effect.
- 9 : **Tone:** What is the emotional atmosphere of the poem? Does it shift/change anywhere?
- 10 **Title:** How does the title affect your understanding of the poem?

Hang your hat on a thesis: thesis on the **Why...** or **Why+Tone**, or **Why something else that was *emphasized*** (image, language, or one of the above) and how this reinforces the thesis... (some student memorize this **S5WIVLTT** pronounced 'sswivitt'.

TPCASTT

T → What might the title mean? What does it evoke?

P → Paraphrase → What happens line by line in the poem? Tell the story of the poem. Write it on the side of the poem. Do this before you do anything.

C → Connotation (catch all)→ Note feeling words, a particular image, and imagery such as metaphors, similes, symbols, and look at rhythm (caesura, enjambment), etc.

A → Attitude of the speaker of the poem and/or the feeling evoked in the readers

S → Shifts → A point where the poem shifts/changes towards a new direction → "But", "Yet", "And", etc.

T → Title 2nd Time→ Now that you've analysed the poem, what does the title mean?

T → Theme → What is the message of the poem, the insight about life we are supposed to extract from it?

******You will probably build a thesis from Theme, or Theme + Attitude, or Theme + Shift, Theme + something else that jumps out... You will probably reference the Paraphrase**

Bob Dylan's Dream

While riding on a train goin' west,
I fell asleep for to take my rest.
I dreamed a dream that made me sad,
Concerning myself and the first few friends I had.

With half-damp eyes I stared to the room
Where my friends and I spent many an afternoon,
Where we together weathered many a storm,
Laughin' and singin' till the early hours of the morn.

By the old wooden stove where our hats was hung,
Our words were told, our songs were sung,
Where we longed for nothin' and were quite satisfied
Talkin' and a-jokin' about the world outside.

With haunted hearts through the heat and cold,
We never thought we could ever get old.
We thought we could sit forever in fun
But our chances really was a million to one.

As easy it was to tell black from white,
It was all that easy to tell wrong from right.
And our choices were few and the thought never hit
That the one road we traveled would ever shatter and split.

How many a year has passed and gone,
And many a gamble has been lost and won,
And many a road taken by many a friend,
And each one I've never seen again.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
That we could sit simply in that room again.
Ten thousand dollars at the drop of a hat,
I'd give it all gladly if our lives could be like that.

*less
challenging*

Balances

in life
one is always
balancing

like we juggle our mothers

against our fathers

or one teacher
against another
(only to balance our grade average)

3 grains of salt
to one ounce truth

our sweet black essence
or the funky honkies down the street

and lately i've begun wondering
if you're trying to tell me something

we used to talk all night
and do things alone together

and i've begun

(as a reaction to a feeling)
to balance
the pleasure of loneliness
against the pain
of loving you

Nikki Giovanni, US

*less
challenging*

O Superman (Laurie Anderson)

O Superman. O judge. O Mom and Dad. Mom and Dad.
O Superman. O judge. O Mom and Dad. Mom and Dad.
Hi. I'm not home right now. But if you want to leave a
message, just start talking at the sound of the tone.
Hello? This is your Mother. Are you there? Are you
coming home?
Hello? Is anybody home? Well, you don't know me,
but I know you.
And I've got a message to give to you.
Here come the planes.
So you better get ready. Ready to go. You can come
as you are, but pay as you go. Pay as you go.

medium

And I said: OK. Who is this really? And the voice said:
This is the hand, the hand that takes. This is the
hand, the hand that takes.
This is the hand, the hand that takes.
Here come the planes.
They're American planes. Made in America.
Smoking or non-smoking?
And the voice said: Neither snow nor rain nor gloom
of night shall stay these couriers from the swift
completion of their appointed rounds.

'Cause when love is gone, there's always justice.
And when justice is gone, there's always force.
And when force is gone, there's always Mom. Hi Mom!
So hold me, Mom, in your long arms. So hold me,
Mom, in your long arms.
In your automatic arms. Your electronic arms.
In your arms.
So hold me, Mom, in your long arms.
Your petrochemical arms. Your military arms.
In your electronic arms.

Neutral Tones by Thomas Hardy

scolded-

We stood by a pond that winter day,
And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,
And a few leaves lay on the starving sod,
--They had fallen from an ash, and were gray.

Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove
Over tedious riddles solved years ago;
And some words played between us to and fro--
On which lost the more by our love.

The smile on your mouth was the deadest thing
Alive enough to have strength to die;
And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
Like an ominous bird a-wing....

hard

Since then, keen lessons that love deceives,
And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me
Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,
And a pond edged with grayish leaves.

Hap by Thomas Hardy

If but some vengeful god would call to me
From up the sky, and laugh: "Thou suffering thing,
Know that thy sorrow is my ecstasy,
That thy love's loss is my hate's profiting!"

hardest

wrath, intense anger

Then would I bear it, clench myself, and die,
Steeled by the sense of ire unmerited;
Half-eased in that a Powerfuller than I
Had willed and meted me the tears I shed.

distribute one's share

But not so. How arrives it joy lies slain,
And why unblooms the best hope ever sown?
Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain,
And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan. . . .
These purblind Doomsters had as readily strown
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

unrefined

-almost blind
-slow in imagination

Choose any quote from Acts 1 to 3, give CONTEXT, make a POINT (character, emotion, setting or plot), QUOTE, EXPLAIN the quote, and show RELEVANCE to the play.

Context, Point, Quote, Explain, Relevance

I have 2 examples below. Notice the punctuation.

In his warning to Othello about jealousy, Iago evokes an attractive yet mocking monster: "O, beware, my lord, of jealousy! It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock the meat it feeds on" (3.3.165-167). Green eyes usually signify beauty, which shows the attraction of the jealous person's love interest. Ultimately, the beast destroys the former, and, thus, creates a fool. Ironically, Iago shows Othello the risks of falling into the emotional trap he is setting for his superior.

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The Duke consoles Brabantio who must feel deceived by his daughter and Othello, as well as ashamed in front of the court: "And, noble signior/ If virtue no delighted beauty lack,/ Your son-in-law is far more fair than black" (1.3.288-290). The Duke helps to redefine Brabantio's negative sense of black. He suggests that virtue is a type of beauty, and, therefore, Othello, should be considered beautiful, and his colour irrelevant. Although Brabantio has cause for anger, Brabantio offers his blessing of the marriage, and the Duke suggests Othello will be a virtuous son-in-law.

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