Sonnet

* 14-line poem.
* Usually rhymes.
* Often written in iambic pentameter

“Formal” by Robert Brewer

**Consider the moon as its light reflects**

**off her hair. Consider her smile as she**

**never doubts the beat of your heart. Expect**

**fantasy, but accept reality.**

**In the end, you’re the one filled with doubt that**

**never ends. She considers your large feet**

**even as you feel there’s nowhere to stand.**

**Don’t fret. Find a bench. Offer her a seat.**

**Slide your arm across the top without once**

**putting a hand on her. Look in her eyes**

**and remember how you ended up here.**

**Consider the moon and her smile, you dunce.**

**Even as her face is framed by fireflies**

**she just wants your kiss, your words in her ears.**

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**Prose**

* Ordinary language . The word prose is derived from the Latin word 'prosa' meaning straightforward.
* Two types of text - narrative and expository.
	+ Narrative text is defined as "something that is narrated such as a story.
	+ Expository text is non-fiction reading material such as Description, Analysis, Classification etc.

**CINDERELLA by Nin Andrews**

**So tell me this. Why did that prince want to marry**

**some girl, so slim she could dance in glass slippers?**

**And I mean, dance, not pussyfoot around.**

**And why is it that no maiden in the entire kingdom**

**ever shattered that glass shoe? One step in**

**and smasho. Now doesn't that tell you something**

**about women back then? Even those mean, ugly**

**stepsisters . . . . They didn't carry any weight at all.**

**The best were as light as milkweed with nothing**

**but dreams to keep them happy. And the beautiful**

**were always in danger of being blown away**

**like kites or party balloons. But there was one,**

**once upon a time and long ago . . .**

**There had to have been at least one**

**who never gazed upon her prince with silken eyes . . .**

**Maybe it was her scent of cinders, sweat and silt**

**that really turned men on and drove them wild.**

**So they galloped away on silver steeds, waving their lances**

**in the air, chanting: "Mine's bigger than yours!"**

**Because that, my love, is what men do best**

**and have done and will do happily ever after**

**until the end of time.**

**Elegy**

* **A song of sorrow or mourning–often for someone who has died.**
* **Or the ends of things, whether a life, a love affair, a great era, a football season, etc.**

**Elegy in Present Tense by Nancy Kryowski**

**He’s climbing a tree, he’s standing on the beach with me, he’s holding**

**a radio antennae out the window as he drives, he’s finding**

**the 49er’s, the Indians. He’s turning 29. He’s driving**

**to Arizona on a whim, he’s calliing from Idaho, calling**

**from San Francisco, telling me I love this city. He’s growing**

**a mass next to his lung. He’s telling me not to break**

**a certain heart, he’s telling me he will get**

**better. He’s finally crying. He’s hovering over his guitar, hovering**

**at the refrigerator, pulling out cottage cheese, barbeque sauce. He’s blacked out, hit**

**his head on the bathroom mirror. He’s slapping**

**his red tennis shoes against the linoleum, dancing**

**to The Pixies. He’s getting his t-cell count. He’s walking**

**across the bridge, walking in the door, he’s saying hey there and saying**

**no chemo this Friday—my temperature was 103. He’s slurping**

**the bowl of soup, the cup of coffee. He’s mumbling**

**through the morphine. He’s buying me birthday cake, handing**

**me a tinfoil crown, saying you’re queen for the day.**

**He’s granting me three wishes. He’s refusing**

**to eat macrobiotically. He’s telling me his newest theory on sex,**

**his newest story about dogs. He’s telling me The Plan. It starts with—I**

**live.**

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**Ode**

* A poetic form formed for flattery.
* Three types of odes: the Horation; the Pindaric; and the Irregular:
	+ Pindaric: a pattern of three stanzas called triads
	+ Horation: contains one stanza pattern that repeats throughout the poem–usually 2 or 4 lines in length.
	+ Irregular: does away with formalities and focuses on the praising aspect of the ode.

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| **Pindaric Poem****Childhood by William Wordsworth****There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,****The earth, and every common sight****To me did seem****Apparelled in celestial light,****The glory and the freshness of a dream.****It is not now as it hath been of yore;--****Turn wheresoe'er I may,****By night or day,****The things which I have seen I now can see no more.** | **Irregular Poem****Ode to the West Wind by Percy Bysshe Shelley****Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth****Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!** **Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth** **The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,****If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?**  |

**Dramatic**

* Generally, any type of poetry in which characters is used to tell the story.
* more broadly as any type of poem in which the lines are constructed as characters speaking.

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| **A Boy Named Sue by Shel Silverstein****My daddy left home when I was three****And he didn't leave much to ma and me****Just this old guitar and an empty bottle of booze.****Now, I don't blame him cause he run and hid****But the meanest thing that he ever did****Was before he left, he went and named me "Sue."****Well, he must o' thought that is quite a joke****And it got a lot of laughs from a' lots of folk,****It seems I had to fight my whole life through.****Some gal would giggle and I'd get red****And some guy'd laugh and I'd bust his head,****I tell ya, life ain't easy for a boy named "Sue."****Well, I grew up quick and I grew up mean,****My fist got hard and my wits got keen,****I'd roam from town to town to hide my shame.****But I made a vow to the moon and stars****That I'd search the honky-tonks and bars****And kill that man who gave me that awful name.****Well, it was Gatlinburg in mid-July****And I just hit town and my throat was dry,****I thought I'd stop and have myself a brew.****At an old saloon on a street of mud,****There at a table, dealing stud,****Sat the dirty, mangy dog that named me "Sue."****Well, I knew that snake was my own sweet dad****From a worn-out picture that my mother'd had,****And I knew that scar on his cheek and his evil eye.****He was big and bent and gray and old,****And I looked at him and my blood ran cold****And I said: "My name is 'Sue!' How do you do!****Now your gonna die!!"** | **Kicking and a' gouging in the mud and the blood and the beer.****Well, I hit him hard right between the eyes****And he went down, but to my surprise,****He come up with a knife and cut off a piece of my ear.****But I busted a chair right across his teeth****And we crashed through the wall and into the streetI tell ya, I've fought tougher men****But I really can't remember when,****He kicked like a mule and he bit like a crocodile.****I heard him laugh and then I heard him cuss,****He went for his gun and I pulled mine first,****He stood there lookin' at me and I saw him smile.****And he said: "Son, this world is rough****And if a man's gonna make it, he's gotta be tough****And I knew I wouldn't be there to help ya along.****So I give ya that name and I said goodbye****I knew you'd have to get tough or die****And it's the name that helped to make you strong."****He said: "Now you just fought one hell of a fight****And I know you hate me, and you got the right****To kill me now, and I wouldn't blame you if you do.****But ya ought to thank me, before I die,****For the gravel in ya guts and the spit in ya eye****Cause I'm the son-of-a-bitch that named you "Sue.'"****I got all choked up and I threw down my gun****And I called him my pa, and he called me his son,****And I came away with a different point of view.****And I think about him, now and then,****Every time I try and every time I win,****And if I ever have a son, I think I'm gonna name him****Bill or George! Anything but Sue! I still hate that name!** |

**Narrative**

* Narrative Poetry is found in different types of poetry such as Ballads, Epics, and Lays.
* Some of which are the length of a book such as the Song of Hiawatha or the Iliad.

**Papa’s Fishing Hole by Elisabeth D. Babin**

**I place my tiny hand in his**

**as we walk to Papa’s Fishing Hole.**

**I hand him a wiggling night crawler**

**fighting for his life.**

**The deadly hook squishes**

**through the worm’s head,**

**and I watch the brown guts ooze out.**

**Papa throws the pole’s long arm back**

**and then forward.**

**The line lands in a merky spot**

**along the reedy shore.**

**Now I get to reel it in.**

**Nothing yet, he says.**

**He casts again. I reel it in.**

**Still nothing.**

**Three time’s a charm, he says.**

**He casts.**

**A strike.**

**We turn the crank together.**

**The fish jumps from the water**

**and his colors form a rainbow**

**as he arches his body above the reeds.**

**My Papa handles him**

**with the skill of a master**

**as I stop helping to watch him work.**

**A stiff jerk, a quick reel, a stiff jerk again.**

**The fish doesn’t have a chance, I yell.**

**I know. I know. I know, he says.**

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**Lyric**

* Non-narrative, short poem that reveals the speaker’s personal feeling, emotion, mode, state of mind, expression
* In a first person narrative.
* Does not tell any story, very personal and solely focused on the speaker’s personal feeling and ideas

**Excerpt from 'If' by Rudyard Kipling**

**If you can fill the unforgiving minute**

**With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,**

**Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,**

**And - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son! "**