

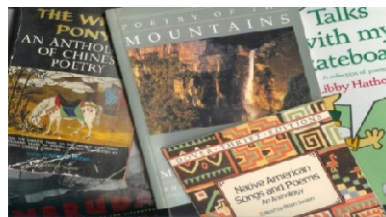


POETRY WORKSHOP 2

Models of Poetry

Make sure that the young writer is not overwhelmed by the techniques of poetry writing. Point out that it is ***what the poet wants to tell us about life and ourselves, our feelings and emotions*** that is important. Incidental reading of poetry during the day is encouraged.

The most exciting prospect for writers young and old must be this: that we have spent thousands of years exploring the magic of language without yet exhausting its possibilities. And that they, as writers, are free to go on exploring



Before the Writing Poetry Workshop- some models to try

The workshop outlined can be used as a stepping-off place for *poetry writing*. In the first stages of learning to write, students do find it useful to have **models** for their own writing. A poetry reading followed by a brief discussion which touches on several characteristics of poetry may be enough to motivate students to write. Encourage students to **discover and discuss** the following characteristics of poetry. Then use some of the poem as models for work of their own.

...stillness and quiet for reading...

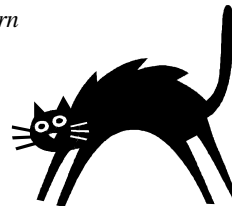


- **Its shape and pattern on a page** e.g. lots of white around the poem on the page. This can be seen by merely holding up a poem for the group as opposed to some prose.

*Cat being Cat
Curls in swirls
of blankets
Moulds on folds
of sheets
Sleeps on heaps
of clothing*

*Curls
Uncurls
Elastic
Fantastic
Cat being cat!*

by Libby Hathorn



Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

From The Tyger William Blake 1757-1827

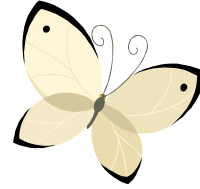


Ask the students to find a picture of an animal and then write an animal poems using the shape and pattern as above.

- **Its compression or brevity**- the best arrangement of words in the shortest most effective way. Japanese Haiku form is a wonderful example.

A long black strand of river, far below
Winds across a moorland, deep in snow.
-Boncho

The moon-how big and round and bright.
Children, to whom does it belong tonight?
-Issa



The falling blossoms which I saw arise
Returning upward to the bough, were butterflies.
-Moritake

Up comes the bucket from the well of gloom
And in it floats- a pink camellia bloom.
-Kakei



Another year departs; the bell is tolled
And I intended never to grow old.
-Jocun

The rogue called Love has taken to its heel:
On snowy nights; how cold in bed it feels!
Jackush

When from the moor the autumn mists have fled
A spider's web has dew on every thread
-Hakyo

To see the world in a grain of sand
And heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour.

From Auguries of Innocence by William Blake

Haiku are 17 syllables long. Ask the students to experiment with haiku, choosing something simple from nature at first.

- **Its rhythm and sound-**
repetition of a sound alliteration

*And, softer than slumber, and sweeter than singing,
The notes of the bell-birds are running and ringing.*

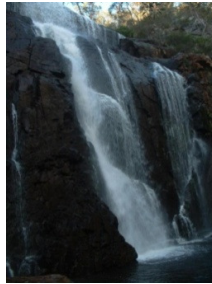
From Bellbirds by Henry Kendall

Jim and Jody and Jake have joggers,
Jilly and Jock and Janet have joggers,
Grandpa Jeremiah has joggers,
Justin Jones has too.

From Who has Joggers? by Libby Hathorn

Internal rhyme *assonance*

Collecting, projecting
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling
And shaking and quaking
And pouring and roaring



*From Cataract at Lodore
by Robert Southey*

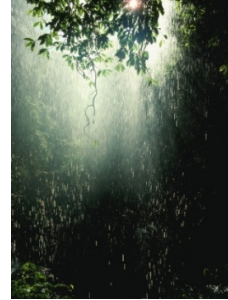
- **The connections of language** (imaginative and metaphorical rather than literal)

*My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;*

from Birthday by Christina Rossetti

Droplets in the late sun,
A shower of silver coin
Into the dark valley.

from Wentworth Falls at Evening by Mark O'Connor



Make the writer aware of **the freedom and power** one has, as composer to:

- **range through time and space-** take the reader back, or into the future

*He crouches, and buries his face on his knees,
And hides in the dark of his hair;
For he cannot look up to the storm-smitten trees,
Or think of the loneliness there –
Of the loss and the loneliness there.*

The Last of His Tribe by Henry Kendall

- **search for fresh images-** from memory or from experience, like looking at a landscape or out the window at a storm

The wind began to rock the grass
With threatening tunes and low-
He flung a menace at the earth
A menace at the sky.

The leaves unhooked themselves from trees
And started all abroad:
The dust did scoop itself like hands
And throw away the road
Emily Dickinson

*I love a sunburnt country,
A land of sweeping plains,
Of ragged mountain ranges,
Of droughts and flooding rains.
I love her far horizons,
I love her jewel sea,
Her beauty and her terror –
The wide brown land for me!*



My Country by Dorothea Mackellar

- **concentrate meaning using the tools of rhythm and sound.**

*Round sky
In my eye
Way up high,
Things swirl
Bend and curl
Straighten out
Blow about.
Round sky
In my eye
Clouds go by.*



Clouds go By, by Libby Hathorn

Some poems can be like a list...

Good Catalogue

Sky's drapery
Neck's napery
Children smiling
Time for wiling
Food to eat
Friends to meet
Winter's bite
Summer's light
Night's tracery
Foam's lacery
And love, and love,
Love's embracery.

Bad Catalogue

Acid rain
Hunger's pain
Prisoners held
Forests felled
No home to go to
No love to show to
One another, one another,
Nobody's sister, nobody's brother,
Nobody's sister, nobody's brother.

Libby Hathorn

Ask the students to talk about their own feelings of good and bad in the world. Remember to note the invented words e.g. 'napery, tracery' in the poem. Ask them to write their own catalogue of good and bad things in the form of a poem.

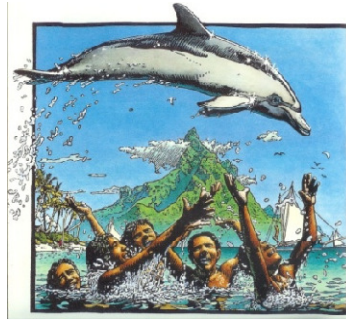
And as for Rhyme...

Whilst we may automatically want to rhyme our poetry, remember it is not necessary to use rhyme to make a wonderful poem. Though it is advisable to experiment with rhyming poems, don't insist on rhyme in every instance. For students, this limitation sometimes makes for awkward expression and a lack of 'honesty' vital to the simple truth of a poem.

- **Rhyming**

Miracle Thing

Lovely as life is,
For me and for you,
Wild in the falls
Soft in the dew.
Lovely as life is
For you, for me
Placid in lakes



Lovely as life is

Untamed in the sea.
Lovely to touch,
To sup, to the eye,
Precious to have
For without it we die.
Lovely as life is
For the life it will bring,
Splendid as rainbows
A miracle thing.
Water!

By Libby Hathorn



For the life it will bring

NB This poem was re-worked as a picture storybook entitled *The Wonder Thing* with the remarkable lino-cuts of Tasmanian artist, Peter Gouldthorpe. The students might like to try to plan a poem or even rhyming picture storybook, which has the reader guessing. Not until the last line does the poet reveal she is talking about water.

- **Repetition is a powerful tool of the poet**

Poems that have a chanting quality can ‘cast a spell’ on the reader/listener through their **music** and **rhythm**. Poems can be playful and create nonsense words. Or more serious as the following, taking the form of an oath, invocation, supplication or prayer.

Invocation

Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree,
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!



Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn
Like a yellow water-lily.

*From The Song of Hiawatha
by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 1807-1882*

Oath

Shanga ya!
I want to be your friend
For ever and ever without break or decay.
When the hills are flat
And the rivers are all dry,
When it lightens and thunders in winter,
When it rains and snows in summer,
When Heaven and Earth mingle-
Not till then will I part from you.

*Oath of Friendship
Anonymous China 1st Century BC*

Some Mountain Poems



At last unto the mountains
I'm returning, I'm returning,
Oh mountains of my childhood
I'm returning to thee.

Fragment of song lyrics

These are my Mountains

For fame and for fortune, I wandered the earth
And now I'm returning, to the land of my birth.
I brought back my treasures, but only to find,
they're less than the pleasures, I first left behind.

CHORUS

For these are my mountains and this is my glen
The bra's(brae) of my childhood, will know me again,
No land's ever claimed me, though far I did roam
For these are my mountains, and I'm going home.

Kind faces will meet me and welcome me in
And how they will greet me, my ain kith and kin.
This night by the fireside, folksongs will be sung,
At last I'll be hearing, my ain mother tongue

CHORUS

Traditional Irish Lyrics



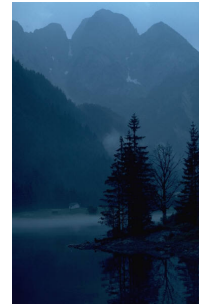
Viewing the Waterfall at Mt Lu

Sunlight streaming on Incense Stone kindles violet smoke
Far off I watch the waterfall plunge to the long river
Flying waters descending straight three thousand feet,
Till I think the Milky Way has tumbled from the ninth height of Heaven
Li Po 705-762

They say you're staying in a mountain temple

They say you're staying in a mountain temple
In Hang-Chou- or is it Yueh-chou?
In the wind and grime of war, how long since we parted?
At Chiang-han, bright autumns waste away.
While my shadow rests by monkey-loud trees,
My soul whirls off to where shell-born towers rise.
Next year on floods of spring I'll go downriver
To the white clouds at the end of the east
I'll look for you.

Tu Fu 712-770



In a Cloud

For three days we have lived inside a cloud,
Watching a fog squeeze itself into droplets.
Sometimes it lowered and lifted around us,
White heights and dull grey,
And once wispy white-blue
Myrtle bushes were wet feather dusters
That soaked us at the touch.

.....
The stream spilled water from a flute-edged rim,
Once its bank, down half a hill
Star-flowers in the never-rained overhangs
Pulled water from the yielding air.
The heath's bell-sprays hung heavily
Till an extra drop made an avalanche
That landing, cleared the branch below.

From Poetry of the Mountains by Mark O'Connor

From the Art of the Snowflake
By Kenneth Libbrecht

