

Poetry

Assignment: "Sound: Gold in the Ore"

Full draft due: Tuesday 24 April

Final draft due, along with poet's statement, if required, and drafts: Tuesday 1 May

\*\*\*You may submit your work electronically, as a single pdf document with multiple pages, through the assignments in Jupiter set up for these purposes or in class in hard copy. Stray emails must be ignored. However, combination submissions (hard copies for draftwork and a typed final that's uploaded) are acceptable.\*\*\*

For this assignment, you may choose one of two tasks.

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Option 1: Creative

Write a poem that reflects and corresponds with the ideas in Chapter 7. Use sounds in a conscious, judicious way that affects the emotional impact of the poem. The poem must be a finished, worthy aesthetic object, not merely a collection or juxtaposition of sounds.

You may write in any form. Remember the use of the villanelle in Dylan Thomas's poem—the repeating lines intensify the impact of those particular sounds. Thus, a villanelle, a ghazal, or a pantoum might be an interesting choice for this assignment.

Along with your poem, you must include a 200 word poet's statement explaining your intentions, your process, and the results as you assess them.

The poem itself should go through at least five drafts, which you will also include with your poem (possibly through your journal).

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Option 2: Academic

Write an analysis of the use of sound, as we have seen it discussed in Chapter 7, in Marie Howe's "Copper Beech."

In writing your analysis, focus on the ideas in Chapter 7 only; please do not submit an irrelevant analysis of this poem. Consult the chart we made in class Wednesday about the different uses of consonant sounds as well as the discussion from Tuesday about vowels.

Your analysis should feature an introduction that leads to a thesis statement, two or three body paragraphs (ESOL students may write one body paragraph) and a conclusion. Usual standards for academic writing apply.

(Poem is on the next page)

The Copper Beech  
BY MARIE HOWE

Immense, entirely itself,  
it wore that yard like a dress,

with limbs low enough for me to enter it  
and climb the crooked ladder to where

I could lean against the trunk and practice being alone.

One day, I heard the sound before I saw it, rain fell  
darkening the sidewalk.

Sitting close to the center, not very high in the branches,  
I heard it hitting the high leaves, and I was happy,

watching it happen without it happening to me.