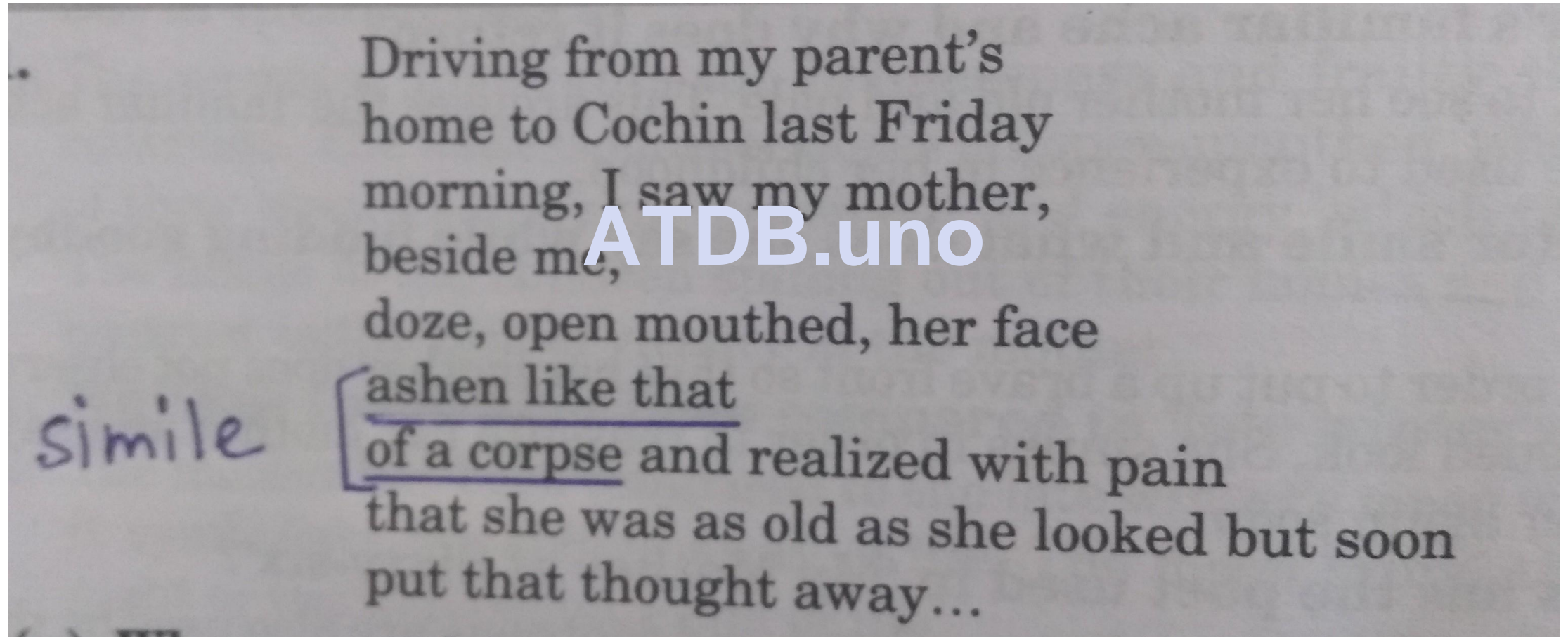


# POETIC/LITERARY DEVICES

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## FLAMINGO - POEMS

# My Mother at Sixty-six – Kamala Das



2.

....looked but soon  
put that thought away, and  
looked out at young  
trees sprinting, the merry children spilling  
out of their homes

personifi-  
cation

imagery

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3.

....but after the airport's  
security check, standing a few yards  
away, I looked again at her, wan,  
pale

simile

....as a late winter's moon and felt  
that old  
familiar ache, my childhood's fear,

simile

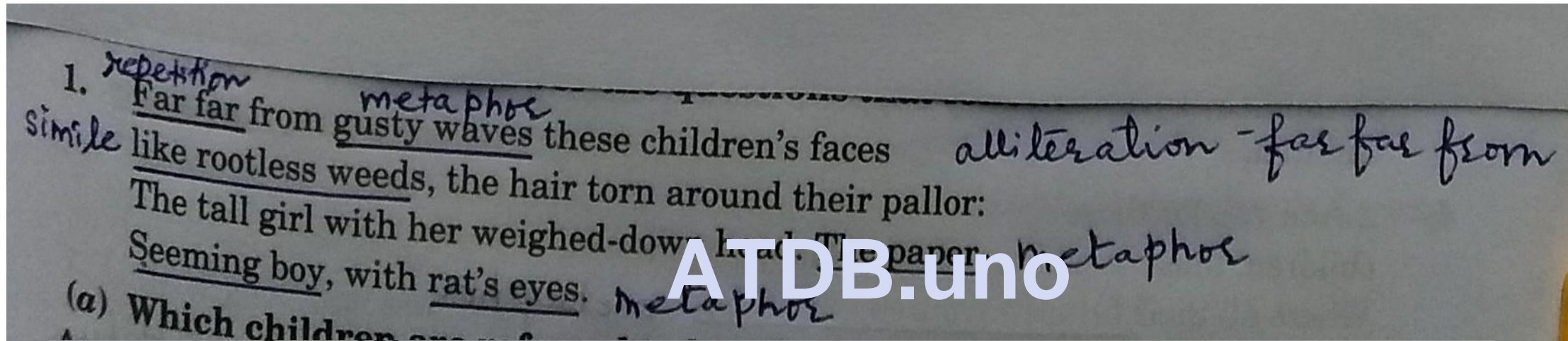
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5. but all I said was, see you soon, Amma,  
all I did was smile and smile and smile...

repetition

Amma?"

# Elementary School Classroom in a Slum – Stephen Spender



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2. ....The stunted, unlucky heir  
 of twisted bones, reciting a father's gnarled disease,  
 His lessons from his desk. At back of the dim class  
 One unnoted, sweet and young. His eyes live in a dream,  
 Of Squirrel's game, in the tree room, other than this.

3. On sour cream walls, donations. Shakespeare's head,  
Cloudless at dawn, civilized dome riding all cities.  
Belled, flowery, Tyrolese Valley. Open-handed map  
Awarding the world its world.

*metaphor*  
*personification*  
*repetition*

4. ...And yet, for these  
children, these windows, not this map, their world,  
Where all their future's painted with a fog,  
A narrow street sealed in with a lead sky  
Far far from rivers, capes, and stars of words.

*ATDB.uno*  
*metaphor*  
*alliteration & repetition*  
*(far far)*

5. Surely, Shakespeare is wicked, the map a bad example *Synecdoche*  
 with ships and sun and love tempting them to steal- *Alliteration (Surely Shakespeare)*  
 For lives that slyly turn in their cramped holes  
From fog to endless night? *metaphor, alliteration (from fog)*

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6. ...On their slag heap, these children *metaphor*  
 wear skins peeped through by bones and spectacles of steel *metaphor*  
With mended glass, like bottle bits on stone. *simile*  
 All of their time and space are foggy slum.  
 So blot their maps with slums as big as doom. *simile*

7. Unless, governor, inspector, visitor, *Asyndeton (absence of and)*  
This map becomes their window and these windows  
That shut upon their lives like catacombs *simile*

Break O break open 'till they break the town's petition  
And show the children green fields and make their world  
Run azure on gold sands, and let their tongues  
Run naked into books, the white and green leaves open *metaphor*  
History is theirs whose language is the sun. *metaphor*

# Keeping Quiet – Pablo Neruda

Now we will count to twelve

And we will all keep still.

For once on the face of the Earth

Let's not speak in any language,

Let's stop for one second,

And not move our arms so much.

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Personification

Pun

It would be an exotic moment

Without rush, without engines, *repetition*

We would all be together

in a sudden strangeness. *alliteration*

Fishermen in the port sea

Would not harm whales

And the man gathering salt

Would look at his hurt hands. *alliteration*

ATDB.uno

Antithesis Wars with gas, wars with fire, asyndeton  
 Victory with no survivors (absence of conjunc-  
 tion)  
 Would put on clean clothes alliteration, metaphors  
 And walk about with their brothers  
 In the shade, doing nothing. metaphors

4. What I want would not be  
 Confused  
 With total inactivity.  
 Life is what it is about;  
 I want no truck with death.  
 If we were not so single-minded alliteration  
 About keeping our lives moving, and for once could do nothing,  
 Perhaps a huge silence  
 Might interrupt this sadness  
 Of never understanding ourselves  
 And of threatening ourselves with death.

5. Perhaps the Earth can teach us Personification  
 As when everything seems dead & Symbolism  
 And later proves to be alive.  
 Now I'll count up to twelve

# A Thing of Beauty – John Keats

1.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever  
Its loveliness increases, it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing  
A flowery band to bind us to the earth, *metaphor*  
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days, *alliteration*  
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways  
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,

Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,  
Trees old, and young, sprouting a shady boon.  
For simple sheep;.....

...and such are daffodils

With the green world they live in; and clear rills

That for themselves a cooling covert make

*alliteration*

...and such are daffodils  
With the green world they live in; and clear rills  
That for themselves a cooling covert make

*alliteration*

5. *such*  
And ~~sun~~ too is the grandeur of the dooms  
We have imagined for the mighty dead;  
All lovely tales that we have heard or read;  
*metaphor* An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink

*imagery*

# Aunt Jennifer's Tigers – Adrienne Rich

1. Aunt Jennifer's tigers prance across a screen, *symbol*  
Bright topaz denizens of a world of green. *imagery*  
 They do not fear the men beneath the tree:  
 They pace in sleek chivalric certainty. *alliteration*

2. Aunt Jennifer's fingers flutter *alliteration*  
 Find even the ivory needle hard to pull.  
 The massive weight of Uncle's wedding band *symbol/metonymy*  
 Sits heavily upon Aunt Jennifer's hand

3. When Aunt is dead, her terrified hands will lie *transferred epithet*  
*pun* Still ringed with ordeals she was mastered by *synecdoche*  
 The tigers in the panel that she made  
 Will go on prancing, proud and unafraid *alliteration*