

POETRY WORKSHOP 3

1. "I wandered lonely as a cloud"
2. - people/animals/birds etc
- action(s)
- feelings
- things/objects
3. Make 4 word lists of the above
4. Choose one word from each list
5. Write a poem!!!
- 6.

7. Two 'interesting' quotes:

"No ideas but in things" - W.C. Williams

"Show, don't tell" - Henry James

8. ~~Living room~~ *poetry is heightened conversation; ness*

And that pine farmhouse table. Sixty years on,
This boy still draws up evenings his finger
Hopalong'd its creeks and canyons, ducked
Lassoos of equations and Latin parsing.

And Hollins Park's playground shrieks still skim their yard's
Flags and panes; through a faded floral wall -
"Higher!" "Firmer!" - his dad's voice and granite chords
Push his pupil tenor to a new place.

The mangle clunks, the dollytub thunders
In the kitchen's furies, and his mind's eye frames
His mam's face roasted by tears, her picked sores.
But where is he? Who? (Once, wrapped in the ceiling
Rack's damp sheets, Lawrence of Arabia
Riding his dream.....Akaba!) Now, some plain sound,
A table's rightness, returns him to the clutch
Of real love, unsaid, in that room for living.

1 (a

le

af

fa

11

s)

one

1

Metaphysical Villanelle

We may or may not cease to exist
(conclusion of a long, late-night discussion about
religion on an Arvon course at Lumb Bank)

We have argued for hours and this is the gist.
After much confrontation, at last we agree:
We may or may not cease to exist.

First you scoffed at my view, then in turn I dismissed
Your opinion, but now we've discovered the key.
We have argued for hours and this is the gist:

There is either a god or we're all slightly pissed.
Shall we compromise, since it's now twenty to three?
We may or may not cease to exist.

If I weren't so exhausted I might well insist
That I'm right as a right-thinking person can be
But we've argued for hours and this is the gist:

We can all go to bed without fearing we've missed
Some great spiritual truth. Melvyn's got it, you see –
We may or may not cease to exist.

There isn't a sub-text. There isn't a twist
And who cares? Who would like a Ryvita with Brie?
We have argued for hours and this is the gist:
We may or may not cease to exist.

Rondeau Redoublé

He likes the soup but doesn't like the spoon.
We hold opposing views on means and ends.
It's funny now, but it would matter soon
If we shared more than chinese food and friends.

In case he breaks the only time he bends,
He drinks the coffee, leaves the macaroon.
He says, as though pure anarchy descends,
He likes the soup but doesn't like the spoon.

I've sat in restaurants all afternoon,
Fallen for all the culinary trends
But to admit this seems inopportune.
We hold opposing views on means and ends.

Normally I am someone who defends
High living, but I let him call the tune
During these strange, occasional weekends.
It's funny now, but it would matter soon;

The earth won't sprout a ladder to the moon
Though we make compromises and amends.
It would be like December next to June
If we shared more than chinese food and friends.

Sometimes we clash, sometimes our difference blends
And the cold air turns hot in the balloon.
I tell myself (in case success depends
On attitude) that though he hates the spoon,
He likes the soup.

Ghazal

Imagine that a man who never writes
Walks on the planet Mars in cricket whites

Looking for signs of life which isn't there.
He walks through hot red days and dark red nights

Across a surface which is rough and bare.
He feels confused; he's come to see the sights

But there are none, and nobody to share
His empty mouth, his sudden fear of heights.

Nine of his cigarettes are going spare.
The tenth is for himself, and that he lights.

Something's familiar now. He starts to swear.
He stumbles through bizarre, one-sided fights.

Meanwhile you're stuck on Earth without the fare.
In any case, there are no scheduled flights,

And all the love you send is lost in air,
And all your words stick in the sky like kites.

WHAT IS A POEM?

ROSE-POETRY----BLANK VERSE---ACCENTUAL---RHYMING---SYLLABIC VERSE---FREE VERSE---CONCRETE---FOUND POETRY
SHAPE
VISUAL

POETIC PROSE

Some questions on D.H. Lawrence's
"SNAKE" ?

- Do you think this poem captures the immediate living responses of the author?
- What are the author's responses to the snake? And how do they change in the course of the poem?
- Why are some of the lines very long and some very short?
- What is the effect of the very short last line?
- What kind of rhythm does the language create?
- In your view, how successful is this free verse poem?

JL



"FIXED" poetic forms

SONNET

BALLAD

BALLADE

VILLANELLE

CINQUAIN

LIMERICK

ENGLYN

RONDEAU

HAIKU

OTTAVA RIMA

PANTOUM

TERZA RIMA

SESTINA

GHAZAL

RIME ROYAL

BLANK VERSE

"UNFIXED" poetic types

ECLOGUE

PARODY

PANEGYRIC

ELEGY/DIRGE/THRENODY

LYRIC/SONG

ODE

IDYLL

'FOUND'

SATIRE

EPITHALAMIUM

BURLESQUE

PASTORAL

EPIC

"COMPUTER"

"CONCRETE"

EPITAPH

EPIGRAM

COLLAGE

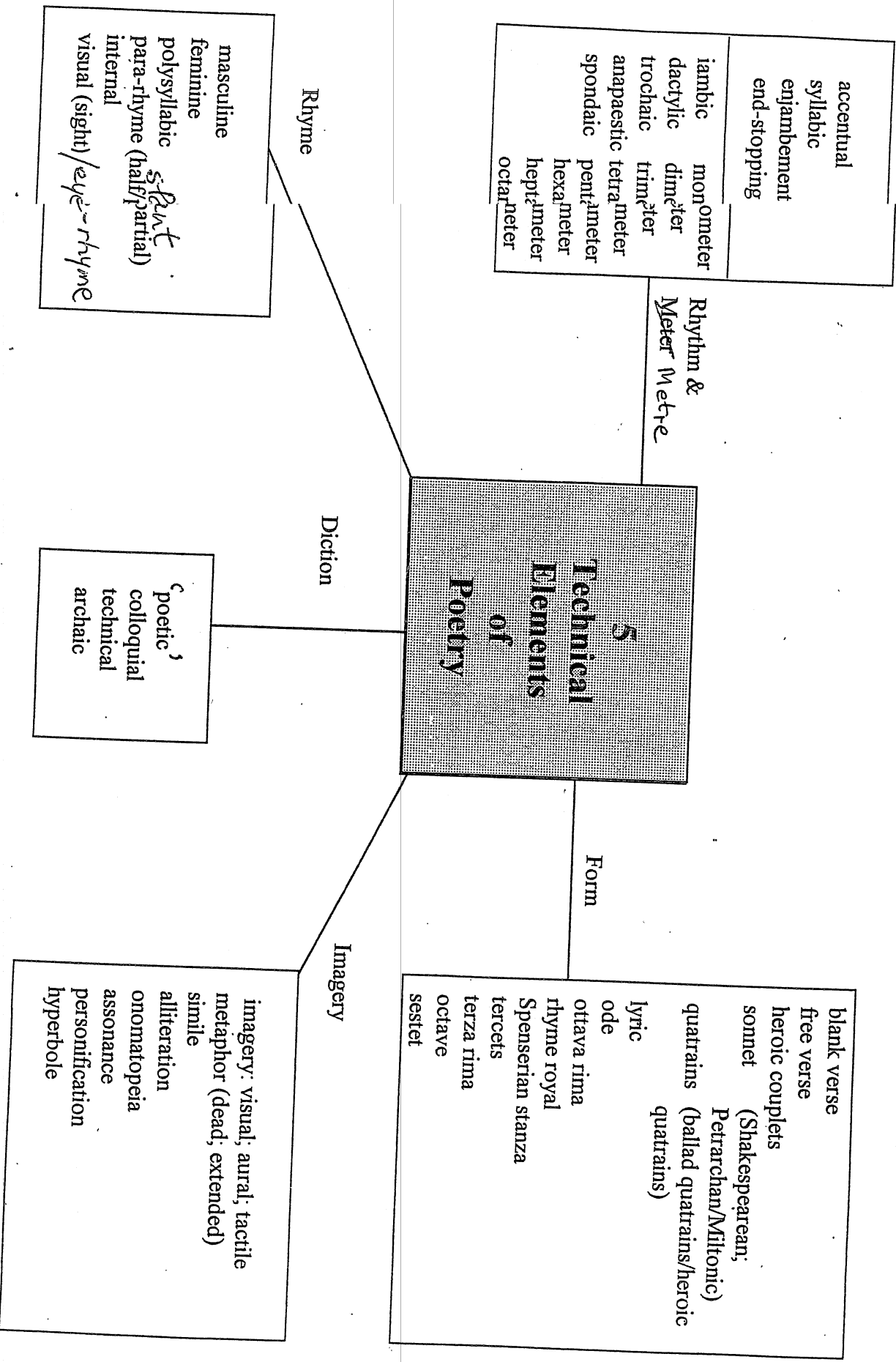
MONTAGE

SYLLABIC VERSE

RIDDLE

FREE VERSE

PROSE POEM??



Riddle 1.

Awash in the watery airway, I drift
But never stray from my moorings.

Child of a year, I am born
In the spray, fade in the fall.

My submissive brethren wait man's time;
I create my own moment,

Leaning from my twiggy rigging
Into the wind's hand, finding

A mutineer's grave in my grassy landfall.
Wasps are my monument.



Riddle 2.

A door
In homes
I have no hole
Those who flash through me
I am way out
For the night-watchers

but not a door
but not for humans
for a key, nor a handle
having no fingers.
and way in
the long-whiskered.




THREE RIDDLES

What Am I?

1. Rotary, Probus and W.I.

Too hard for scratching, too precious to try;
My pump for a lifetime, when not drowned in passion,
I'm digging potatoes for roasting and mash'n.
Four times a prime number, bad luck some may feel?
Just one for each week of the year, that's the deal!

2. Tiny, shiny craters.

My profile as broad as it is long.
Struck at tea time by a careless driver:
A slice of rough luck!
Fortunately chips were on the menu
Which was only fair.
Way beyond the green grass
I felt a whole lot better.

3. The boon and bane of modern life,
Much is excused by my shortcomings.
My periphery is hard;
Where is my core, so soft?
Where is the key?
Reach out!
Connect!
I am there.

Borderlands

'And the fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth': Genesis, IX, 2.

'A man hath no pre-eminence above a beast': Ecclesiastes, III, 19.

Once I'd reached the Cymru signs,
my road shook out raw steeples,
wind- and rain-hunched farms, drystones

dipping west through cornfields hungry
for late summer's holding But
nothing in that opening dark

shaped my mood for the shock toy
bullet-train head in my lights:
I braked for a badger's green-eyed

burly wrestler's outstare.

*

O myopic earth-mover,
bad-luck bringer: I couldn't
explain for you the dumbshow

of my midge-specked screen. But *my road*?
Not an issue, I hoped
you said in your canticle

of barks, snorts and moorhen creaks
as you flat-footed your musky,
yellow permanent run

across my tarmac's grey turf.

*

One life's only sighting, two
lives meeting on a frontier
between home and bone Then down

into gear for a valley
where an apricot moon, steady,
inched the highwire of a ridge;

a village where a forecourt's
slick neon splintered against
a mohican of firs, wild

flanks gentled with brilliances.

(a riddle)

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.
Whatever I see I swallow immediately
Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.
I am not cruel, only truthful—
The eye of a little god, four-cornered.
Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.
It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long
I think it is a part of my heart. But it flickers.
Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,
Searching my reaches for what she really is.
Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.
I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.
She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.
I am important to her. She comes and goes.
Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.
In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman
Rises towards her day after day, like a terrible fish.

CHURCH FELLOWSHIP WALK

They left with urgent boots and straining rucksacks
On a way rocky and hard in places.

That day the leader was Morris. He helped
The uncertain across a flooding stream.
When he tried, he could see further than most.

Shy Josh made notes about mending some stiles.
His wife wouldn't thank him, he said. She had
Other interests. They missed their son dearly.

Paula was a revelation. She kept
Them all focussed. GPS was God's gift,
So she sprinkled hills and valleys with names.

Francesca loved the birds round her council flat.
How many thousands did she feed? For the group
She wove a quilt of their songs and habits.

Pete told a story. Then another...about
Various fish he would catch. He wore white
And was usually the group's back-marker.

Stone-faced Martin was back-marker, though.
He argued with fences, tapped his head a lot,
Drew lines in the earth and stepped over them.

The one they couldn't really place was Judy.
She disagreed with Jez about the route
And had burning eyes, red hands like rashers.

With their hearts raised to the first of the stars,
Jez drove them down Thieves Lane to Weeping Cross,
And their year's last meal together. And then home.