English 1201 Poetry Practice:

[Patrick Roche](http://genius.com/artists/Patrick-roche) – Couples Therapy

Every Thursday I go to couples therapy with my depression  
He whispers in my ear to stay in bed for another day, presses his palm to my chest, afraid I'm going to escape the covers.  
After i scrape myself out of the shower,  
I still smell like him.  
like midnight panic attacks,  
like first name basis with the CVS pharmacist,  
like "I'm not hungry, I already had a Rice Krispie treat today”.  
our sessions with our therapist are 50 minutes  
we spend that time restating the same issues to her.  
We've been on again, off again since high school.  
This time it’s been a solid year, so that's gotta mean it's getting pretty serious.  
She asks about my appetite.  
No I haven't been eating, but  
he likes me skinny  
it makes it easier for him to be the big spoon  
It’s like I disappear  
like his body swallows mine.  
she asks if I've done anything with my friends lately...  
not in a while,  
we usually stay in  
my friends are the third wheel if we're out together.  
That's what happens when you've been with someone for so long.  
She asks if anything has changed since I started with Zoloft.  
He digs his nails into the chair, grits his teeth.  
She asks again  
He gets... jealous, but Zoloft treats me nice, takes me to breakfast in the mornings  
feeds me French toast.  
He got mad though... something like cheating on him.  
He threatened to take out the scissors so I threatened to see Zoloft even more.  
All of them ---  
all at once.  
I almost... did.  
She asks if that was the night my friend took me to the healthcare center.  
Yeah... but it was just that one time, and  
the nurse said  
"no visitors".  
They took Zoloft away from me  
so we got to spend some quality time as a couple again.  
Our therapist thinks we're only together because  
my father called my mother a whore  
or because I still sometimes wish I were straight  
or because I've never had a "serious love life."  
She doesn't understand that this is the most serious relationship I've ever had  
She says "time's up, come back next week".  
He mutters, "fine", under my breath, and  
slams the door on our way out.  
Our therapist says, "there have been improvements over the past few weeks."  
That he and I will probably always be together,  
but I’ll start to be more independent soon…  
lately I've been thinking more about that.  
Mornings when I wake up hungry  
my body remembers how to leave the mattress on its own  
feel his arms shrink from my waist for a while so I can finish a poem,  
watch parks and rec,  
make a sandwich,  
or the bed...  
without crawling back into it.  
Even when he says that without him I would be an empty house  
scraped clean and creaking  
and caving in  
Sometimes I still think he's right.  
Last week I stepped onto the scale and I gained three pounds.  
It's only three pounds,  
but it’s all me.  
It's all... me.

1. What is the overall tone coming across in the poem? Provide 2 different references for support.
2. Discuss the significance of the title.
3. Identify 2 different types of emphatic devices used in this poem. Discuss how they are being used effectively.
4. List the literary devices used throughout this poem.

# I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud

## by William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Out-did the sparkling leaves in glee;  
A poet could not be but gay,  
In such a jocund company!  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

1. State an appropriate mood for this poem. Support your choice with two references to the text.
2. Choose 2 images from the poem and discuss how they are effective.

# As You Go Through Life

## by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Don’t look for the flaws as you go through life;  
And even when you find them,  
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind  
And look for the virtue behind them.  
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light  
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;  
It is better by far to hunt for a star,  
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away  
To the bosom of God’s great ocean.  
Don’t set your force ‘gainst the river’s course  
And think to alter its motion.  
Don’t waste a curse on the universe –  
Remember it lived before you.  
Don’t butt at the storm with your puny form,  
But bend and let it go o’er you.

The world will never adjust itself  
To suit your whims to the letter.  
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,  
And the sooner you know it the better.  
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,  
And go under at last in the wrestle;  
The wiser man shapes into God’s plan  
As water shapes into a vessel.

1. What is the main message of the poem? Support your answer with two specific references to the poem.
2. Discuss how symbolism is used effectively in this poem. Support your answer with two specific references to the poem.

# Caged Bird - Poem by Maya Angelou

The free bird leaps  
on the back of the wind  
and floats downstream  
till the current ends  
and dips his wings  
in the orange sun rays  
and dares to claim the sky.  
  
But a bird that stalks  
down his narrow cage  
can seldom see through  
his bars of rage  
his wings are clipped and  
his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.  
  
The caged bird sings  
with fearful trill  
of the things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill   
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom  
  
The free bird thinks of another breeze  
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees  
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright lawn  
and he names the sky his own.  
  
But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams  
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream  
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing  
  
The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.

1. State an appropriate mood for this poem. Support your answer with two references to the text.

2. What is the main message for the poem. Support your answer with two references to the text.

3. List the literary devices used throughout this poem.

4. State the major symbol of this poem. Support your reasoning with two references to the text.

5. Choose two images from the poem and state why they are effective.