

La poésie au collège et au lycée

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L'objectif de ce webinaire est de proposer :

- des activités concrètes pour travailler la poésie en cours
- des activités créatives pour écrire ses propres poèmes

- des poèmes et des activités pour les niveaux collège et lycée

- Pour les élèves de LLCER anglais:

- Le site « Verse by Verse » permet aux élèves de créer leur propre poème en fonction de leurs poètes favoris. Ils choisissent leur style poétique, le nombre de syllabes...

- <https://sites.research.google/versebyverse/>



Verse by Verse

An experimental AI-powered muse that helps you compose poetry inspired by classic American poets

Let's write a poem

La poésie et le message (Mme Collobert)

<https://www.globalcitizen.org/en/content/no-one-puts-their-children-in-a-boat-unless-the-w>

Poetry and art aren't just indulgences, or for decoration. They're forms of expression which can do things that essays or political speeches can't. Poetry in particular can convey additional aspects of the human experience, and help us to see life from a different angle.

Warsan Shire, a Somali-British writer and poet in her 20s, uses her work to explore stories of escape and journeys. The poem below, entitled "Home", is written from the perspective of someone escaping violence, and losing their home. Not only is Shire a very talented writer, this poem is also a powerful answer to common claims that asylum seekers are moving for economic reasons, or because they just feel like it. The majority of the Syrian people who have attempted to enter Europe in recent months were legitimately fearing for their lives, and felt like they had no other choice.

"No one puts their children in a boat unless the water is safer than the land"

A poem about seeking asylum.

TWEET

SHARE

SHARE



no one leaves home unless
home is the mouth of a shark
you only run for the border
when you see the whole city running as well

your neighbours running faster than you
breath bloody in their throats
the boy you went to school with
who kissed you dizzy behind the old tin factory
is holding a gun bigger than his body
you only leave home
when home won't let you stay.

Mme Collobert

Et l'importance des phrases.

This sentence has five words. Here are five more words.
Five-word sentences are fine. But several together become
monotonous. Listen to what is happening. The writing is
getting boring. The sound of it drones. It's like a stuck record.
The ear demands some variety.

Now listen. I vary the sentence length, and I create music.
Music. The writing sings. It has a pleasant rhythm, a lilt, a
harmony. I use short sentences. And I use sentences of
medium length. And sometimes when I am certain the reader
is rested, I will engage him with a sentence of considerable
length, a sentence that burns with energy and builds with all
the impetus of a crescendo, the roll of the drums, the crash of
the cymbals—sounds that say listen to this, it is important.

So write with a combination of short, medium, and long
sentences. Create a sound that pleases the reader's ear. Don't
just write words. Write music.

-Gary Provost



Un projet 3ème LCE sur Amanda Gorman par Mme Bintein-N'Diaye au Collège La Madeleine au Mans

<https://view.genial.ly/61af8a46ddff6e0dfa6c>

Lu par les élèves



Qu'à chacun soit épargnée la peine, et donnée la paix.



Avant tout, nous devons tout passer outre nos différences.



Les normes et que le monde juste ainsi fait. Ne signifiant toujours que just soit faits.

Dans un **premier** temps, les élèves ont découvert l'autrice, le poème puis en groupes se sont penchés plus spécifiquement sur un passage qu'ils ont analysé.

- Chaque groupe a ensuite collaboré pour proposer une **mise en voix** de ce passage.
- Vous pouvez utiliser acapela : <https://www.acapela-group.com/demos/>

Dans un deuxième temps, nous avons fait un travail au CDI avec ma collègue documentaliste, Mme Manceau qui me rejoint souvent dans mes projets.

Les élèves ont fait des "**Blackout poems**" à partir des passages qu'ils avaient mis en voix.

Ensuite ma collègue a proposé aux élèves **d'écrire sur les vitres** du CDI les phrases du poème d'Amanda Gorman qui les avaient le plus marqués.

Les phrases en anglais sur les fenêtres ont suscité la curiosité des fidèles lecteurs du CDI.

En guise de prolongement du projet, Mme Manceau a commandé la version française de "The Hill We Climb" et a proposé ce support à certains élèves assidus du CDI pour faire une recherche sur l'autrice **et trouver la traduction des phrases écrites sur les vitres.**





GROUPWORK : you are in charge of one part of the poem.

Tell us what it's **ABOUT** and spot the **REPETITIONS**, the **(INTERNAL) RHYMES** and the **ALLITERATIONS**.

GROUP 1 : lines 4 to 20 : **Tilin's** group

GROUP 2 : lines 21 to 38 : **Waël's** group



By declaring that "so much depends upon" the wheelbarrow, then, the poem implies the importance of agriculture and farm laborers. More broadly, the wheelbarrow can also act as a representation for any and all everyday objects that the speaker believes are deserving of appreciation.

The Red Wheelbarrow

BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

so much depends
upon

a red wheel
barrow

glazed with rain
water

beside the white
chickens

Robert Frost's poem "The Road Not Taken" is often interpreted as an anthem of individualism and nonconformity, seemingly encouraging readers to take the road less traveled. This interpretation has long been propagated through countless song lyrics, newspaper columns, and graduation speeches. 19 mars 2018

The Road Not Taken

BY ROBERT FROST

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

“One Art” asserts that, over time, we can recover from the loss of an object or even the loss of a loved one. “The art of losing isn’t hard to master,” the poet says; practice by losing small objects, then build up to the loss of homeland, home, and loved ones.

One Art

BY ELIZABETH BISHOP

The art of losing isn’t hard to master;
so many things seem filled with the intent
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.
The art of losing isn’t hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:
places, and names, and where it was you meant
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother’s watch. And look! my last, or
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.
The art of losing isn’t hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.
I miss them, but it wasn’t a disaster.

—Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
I love) I shan’t have lied. It’s evident
the art of losing’s not too hard to master
though it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster.

The basic meaning of "Harlem" by Langston Hughes is that when people are not able to fulfill their dreams, it can be harmful to them. 3 sept. 2021

Harlem

BY LANGSTON HUGHES

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore—
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over—
like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

'Still I Rise' is primarily about self-respect and confidence. In the poem, Angelou reveals how she will overcome anything through her self-esteem. She shows how nothing can get her down. She will rise to any occasion, and nothing, not even her skin color, will hold her back. 14 Jul 2022

Still I Rise

BY MAYA ANGELOU

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may tread me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Oppression, Racism, and Identity

"We Wear the Mask" speaks to the experience of being a member of an oppressed group. The speaker is part of a community of people who must constantly "mask" their true feelings while presenting a happy face to the world.

We Wear the Mask

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

We wear the mask that grins and lies,
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,—
This debt we pay to human guile;
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be over-wise,
In counting all our tears and sighs?
Nay, let them only see us, while
 We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries
To thee from tortured souls arise.
We sing, but oh the clay is vile
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;
But let the world dream otherwise,
 We wear the mask!

Published in 1952, "i carry your heart with me(i carry it in" is one of E. E. Cummings's best known love poems. The speaker feels an intense connection to an unidentified lover, addressing the poem to this person and suggesting that everything in life has become infused with their romance.

[i carry your heart with me(i carry it in]

BY E. E. CUMMINGS

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
i go you go,my dear;and whatever is done
by only me is your doing,my darling)

i fear

no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want
no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)

John McCrae wrote the poem *In Flanders Fields* which inspired the use of the poppy as a symbol of Remembrance. In the spring of 1915, shortly after losing a friend in Ypres, a Canadian doctor, Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae wrote his now famous poem after seeing poppies growing in battle-scarred fields.

In Flanders Fields

John McCrae - 1872-1918

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

The American poet Lucille Clifton published "homage to my hips" in 1980 as part of her fourth poetry collection, *Two-Headed Woman*. As the title suggests, the poem is a celebration of the speaker's body and femininity with a focus on her "big hips." These, the speaker says, demand "space" in society, refuse to be "held back," and have "never been enslaved." The poem is also a celebration specifically of Black womanhood, associating the speaker's self-confidence and demand for dignity with freedom and independence in the face of oppression.

homage to my hips

BY LUCILLE CLIFTON

these hips are big hips
they need space to
move around in.
they don't fit into little
petty places. these hips
are free hips.
they don't like to be held back.
these hips have never been enslaved,
they go where they want to go
they do what they want to do.
these hips are mighty hips.
these hips are magic hips.
i have known them
to put a spell on a man and
spin him like a top!

poets.org

Poems for Kids

search



find poems

find poets

poem-a-day

**library (texts,
books & more)**

**materials for
teachers**

Slam Poetry

<https://lindsayannlearning.com/40-engaging-slam-poems-secondary-ela/>

- La mise en voix
- Le choix de la musique au fond
- Enregistré, filmé (illustré par des images...)
- Ou lu à voix haute en classe (cueprompter)
- Un cours mémorable.

Prince Ea « Dear Future Generations :Sorry » et le thème de l'écologie (3ème et lycée)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gCWyLLnsOCo>

Rowie Shebala, Love You Some Indians, performed at the National Poetry Slam, 2014.

- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UvvYRhU5hvk>

L'importance du ton.

POETIC DEVICES – a quick guide

Alliteration

= the repetition of the **FIRST CONSONANT SOUND** in words.

The **children chose** to **chew** with their mouths open. / tʃ /
The **grass grew green** in the **graveyard**. / gr /
He **keeps the kitchen clean**. / k /

Assonance

= the repetition of **VOWEL SOUNDS**.

He **saw** the **oast** and **hauled off**. / ɔː /
Will **she read** these **cheap leaflets**? / ɪ /
The **snow** in the **rose garden groaned**. / au /

Onomatopoeia

= the use of words that **sound like what they refer to**

I heard the **bang** of the door
Night after night, the wolves
howled in the forest

Consonance (or 'near rhyme')

= the repetition of **CONSONANT SOUNDS** in the middle or at the end of words.

Her **finger hungered** for a **ring**. / ŋ /
The **satin mittens** were **ancient**. / t + n / ou / ʃ /
You could **paddle** through the **spittle** in the **bottle**. / d + l / and / t + l /

Repetition

Repetition is when the writer or speaker deliberately repeats a word or group of words for effect.

Nobody, oh nobody can make it out here alone.
Free at last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty, we are **free at last!**
My love is like a **red, red rose**.

Rhyme

= when the **end or final sound of two or more words** are identical. A rhyme may be **monosyllabic** (a one syllable rhyme)

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall / Humpty Dumpty had a great fall

or **polysyllabic** (two or more syllables)

*I left my punch card on the lunch yard
I loved to go to the post office.
We saw a butter fly flutter by.*

BASIC STRUCTURE OF POEMS

Poems are composed of **lines**.

Groups of lines together are **stanzas**.

Often each line has a natural stop or pause at the end. If we need to pass to the next line to finish a sentence, this is called **enjambement**. This is usually done for a specific effect

*Rolling through the field in the
dead
of winter.*

Free Verse When there is no rhyming structure in the poem, it is called **Free Verse**

Rory Campbell

En lycée

LLCER

Un travail sur le poète

Seamus Heaney

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vDGm1fLWKqQ&t=8s>



devices.



Time to learn about iambic pentameter
Don't be a Shakespearean amateur
If you're playing Romeo or Hamlet or Lear
Pentameter's here
To help you perform Shakespeare.

It goes like this:
da-da da-da da-da da-da da-da, Ten beats.
da-da da-da da-da da-da da-da. Five feet.
Two beats in a foot and most beats are iambs
And sometimes the ends of the iambs have rhy-ams!

But hey, what is an iamb?
"Here, I'll explain! I'm an iamb!
Da-dah! Da-dah!
An iambic foot is an unstressed syllable
followed by a stressed.
And that's the kinda foot that I am... I am an iamb!

Trochee. Trochee.
A stressed syllable first then an unstressed one.

And don't forget about me boys! I'm a feminine
ending.
Instead of ending at the tenth beat I just add one
more.
That's what a feminine ending's for [...]

POETIC DEVICES ACTIVITY – which poetic devices can you find in these short poems?

Poem	My comments
1) I'm growing fonder of my staff; I'm growing dimmer in the eyes; I'm growing fainter in my laugh; I'm growing deeper in my sighs;	
2) I dreamed a dream next Tuesday week, Beneath the apple-trees; I thought my eyes were big pork-pies, And my nose was Stilton cheese.	
3) Big Balloons Bounce into the Big Blue Sky Up, up, and away There they go	
4) Confound the cats! All cats--away-- Cats of all colors, black, white, gray; By night a nuisance and by day-- Confound the cats! All cats, always.	

Mid-Term Break

I sat all morning in the college sick bay
Counting bells knelling classes to a close.
At two o'clock our neighbours drove me home.

In the porch I met my father crying—
He had always taken funerals in his stride—
And Big Jim Evans saying it was a hard blow.

The baby cooed and laughed and rocked the pram
When I came in, and I was embarrassed
By old men standing up to shake my hand

And tell me they were 'sorry for my trouble'.
Whispers informed strangers I was the eldest,
Away at school, as my mother held my hand

In hers and coughed out angry tearless sighs.
At ten o'clock the ambulance arrived
With the corpse, stanced and bandaged by the nurses.

Next morning I went up into the room. Snowdrops
And candles soothed the bedside; I saw him
For the first time in six weeks. Paler now,

Wearing a poppy bruise on his left temple,
He lay in the four-foot box as in his cot.
No gaudy scars, the bumper knocked him clear.

A four-foot box, a foot for every year.

Seamus Heaney (1966)

MID-TERM BREAK - Study questions

1. Does the young man who describes his experience understand the significance of the events? Give examples to justify your answer.
2. Describe the atmosphere of the family home and the reactions of the different characters.
3. This is often described as a “coming-of-age” poem. Can you explain in what way the status of the young Heaney changes in the course of the story?
4. Focus on the dead child. How does Heaney communicate his relationship with him? What does he tell us explicitly and implicitly about his death? Why does he say ‘a poppy mark’?
5. Examine the structure and language of the poem. What poetic devices can you identify? What effect do they have on the effect of the poem?

SEAMUS HEANEY – FACT FILE



Date and place of birth? _____

Information about his family? _____

Studies? _____

Jobs? _____

2 other poems (and their subjects...)

1)

2)

Notable achievements _____

Death? _____

Watch the TV news report after his death and take notes:

WHO?

WHAT?

WHERE?

WHEN?

WHY?

The early poem *Mid-Term Break* was written by Heaney following the death of his young brother, killed when a car hit him in 1953. It is a poem that grows in stature, finally ending in an unforgettable single line image.



"My poems almost always start in some kind of memory..." Seamus Heaney said, and this poem is no exception. He was only 14 years old when the accident happened but the poem captures the family funeral atmosphere in a subtle and sensitive manner.

The reader is unsure at first just what might unfold, after all, the title suggests that this might be a poem about a holiday, a chance to get away from school work and relax. Instead, we're gradually taken into the grieving world of the first person speaker, and the seriousness of the situation soon becomes clear.

Heaney uses his special insights to reveal an emotional scene - remember this was the patriarchal Ireland of the 1950s - one in which grown men cry and others find it hard to take.

Structure

A poem with an ambiguous title, *Mid-Term Break* appears on the page as an orderly set of tercets, finished off with a single line, as if underlining everything that has gone before. Perhaps the poet wanted a neat, arranged form to control what could be a seriously upsetting scenario?

So, twenty-two lines with an echo of traditional iambic pentameter in each stanza, plus odd bits of occasional anapaests and spondees to reflect the varying emotions at play.

Note the use of dashes, enjambment and other punctuation to slow and pause proceedings, or to let them flow; and the syntax is, as always with Heaney's early poems, worked in a formal conversational fashion.

- There are two full end rhymes, at the end, *clear/year*, which is a kind of closure on proceedings. Assonance is used throughout, helping to tie things together - *close/drove/home/blow/old...o'clock/rocked/coughed/box/knocked...whilst* alliteration occurs in the second, twentieth and last lines - *counting/classes/close... four-foot/a foot*.
- The second line is interesting as it contains both alliteration and assonance, plus the combination of the hard c and silent k suggest a confusion of sorts. Why is the speaker in the sick bay in the first place? Knelling is a word more often associated with church funerals (alternatives would have been tolling or peeling or ringing).

Heaney takes the reader right into the bosom of the family and provides first hand observations of people present at home, following the death of his young brother.

Interestingly, we don't know if this is a brother or not. It is a male but the speaker informs us only of the 'corpse' which is delivered by ambulance.

From the start, there is a suggestion that something isn't quite right. The speaker has to sit in a sick bay with little to do but listen to the ominous sound of bells - foretelling of doom? The word *knelling* implies that the occasion is solemn.

This is a little bit morbid, a touch ironic, because the title tells of a break, a holiday away from responsibility and formality. When we are told the neighbours, and not family, are the ones taking him home the intrigue deepens.

Atmosphere and tension are building by the second stanza as we learn of the father, the patriarch, being reduced to tears, and a family friend, Big Jim Evans, affirming the difficulty of the occasion. Tough men are showing emotion which is something the speaker isn't used to.

Heaney softens the mood slightly by introducing us to a baby in the third stanza but this is countered when old men offer their hands to shake. Again, you can picture the speaker, the eldest son, trying to take it all in as 'sorry for your trouble' repeatedly hits home.

The eldest son is going through a rite of passage, in a sense this profoundly sad death in the family is forcing him to grow up and he's finding it understandably hard.

Stanzas 5 - 7

It's the mother who takes on some of the grief in the form of anger as the speaker holds her hand in a room of strangers and prepares himself for the arrival of the body 'stanced and bandaged'. Compare the role of father with mother in this respect, at opposite ends of the grieving spectrum.

Heaney's use of "corpse" is clinical and a little cold, suggesting that the speaker is too upset to mention the child's name. The next day however he feels compelled to go upstairs to have one last personal meeting.

Snowdrops are the first flowers to show in winter, bursting through the cold earth, sparked by the increasing light. They are a symbol of hope - even in the depths of darkness life prevails. Candles are associated with prayer. The use of the word *soothed* reflects the healing qualities of the peaceful room where the body lies.

There is the dead child "wearing" a bruise, which implies it's not a part of him, a temporary thing. Poppies are linked to peace and also are a source for opiates which ease pain. Because the car hit the boy directly on the head there are no unsightly scars; the boy reminds the speaker of when he was a baby in his cot.

The last line is full of *nathos*, the four-foot box measuring out the life of the victim in years. Note

Mrs Midas (Carol Ann Duffy)

It was late September. I'd just poured a glass of wine, begun to unwind, while the vegetables cooked. The kitchen filled with the smell of itself, relaxed, its steamy breath gently blanching the windows. So I opened one, then with my fingers wiped the other's glass like a brow. He was standing under the pear tree snapping a twig.

Now the garden was long and the visibility poor, the way the dark of the ground seems to drink the light of the sky, but that twig in his hand was gold. And then he plucked a pear from a branch. – we grew Fondante d'Automne – and it sat in his palm, like a lightbulb. On. I thought to myself, is he putting fairy lights in the tree?

He came into the house. The doorknobs gleamed. He drew the blinds. You know the mind; I thought of the Field of the Cloth of Gold and of Miss Macready. He sat in that chair like a king on a burnished throne. The look on his face was strange, wild, vain. I said, What in the name of God is going on? He started to laugh.

I served up the meal. For starters, corn on the cob. Within seconds he was spitting out the teeth of the rich. He toyed with his spoon, then mine, then with the knives, the forks. He asked where was the wine. I poured with a shaking hand, a fragrant, bone-dry white from Italy, then watched as he picked up the glass, goblet, golden chalice, drank.

It was then that I started to scream. He sank to his knees. After we'd both calmed down, I finished the wine on my own, hearing him out. I made him sit on the other side of the room and keep his hands to himself. I locked the cat in the cellar. I moved the phone. The toilet I didn't mind. I couldn't believe my ears:

how he'd had a wish. Look, we all have wishes; granted. But who has wishes granted? Him. Do you know about gold?

It feeds no one; aurum, soft, untarnishable; slakes no thirst. He tried to light a cigarette; I gazed, entranced, as the blue flame played on its luteous stem. At least, I said, you'll be able to give up smoking for good.

Separate beds. in fact, I put a chair against my door, near petrified. He was below, turning the spare room into the tomb of Tutankhamun. You see, we were passionate then, in those halcyon days; unwrapping each other, rapidly, like presents, fast food. But now I feared his honeyed embrace, the kiss that would turn my lips to a work of art.

And who, when it comes to the crunch, can live with a heart of gold? That night, I dreamt I bore his child, its perfect ore limbs, its little tongue like a precious latch, its amber eyes holding their pupils like flies. My dream milk burned in my breasts. I woke to the streaming sun.

So he had to move out. We'd a caravan in the wilds, in a glade of its own. I drove him up under the cover of dark. He sat in the back. And then I came home, the woman who married the fool who wished for gold. At first, I visited, odd times, parking the car a good way off, then walking.

You knew you were getting close. Golden trout on the grass. One day, a hare hung from a larch, a beautiful lemon mistake. And then his footprints, glistening next to the river's path. He was thin, delirious; hearing, he said, the music of Pan from the woods. Listen. That was the last straw.

What gets me now is not the idiocy or greed but lack of thought for me. Pure selfishness. I sold the contents of the house and came down here. I think of him in certain lights, dawn, late afternoon, and once a bowl of apples stopped me dead. I miss most, even now, his hands, his warm hands on my skin, his touch.

Associate the underlined words in the text with their French translation

Ce qui m'énerve - craquer une petite branche - cueillir (cueillit) - déballer - déménager - des guirlandes électriques - en le laissant finir de parler -

étancher - il baissa les stores - la chambre des invités - le moment venu - les poignets de porte - mais en épi - qui scintillaient - sa tige jaune -

se décontracter - un loquet - une clairière

MRS MIDAS ~ analysis worksheet

1. Who is the poet (name, nationality, date of birth, position)?

2. Who was the original Midas?

3. Describe the subject of this poem in one or two sentences.



How many elements of the poem can you see in this illustration?

4. Describe the structure of the poem (number and length of stanzas, rhyming system)

5. What poetic devices can we see in the poem? Give one or two examples of each one.

6. The story told in the poem can be divided into three different parts. What characterises each part?

1. (stanzas 1 – 4) _____

2. (stanzas 5 – 8) _____

3. (stanzas 9 – 11) _____

7 a. Describe the language of the poem. Is it lyrical? Complex? Everyday?.....?

7b. Why? What is the effect?

8. The lexical field (*le champ lexical*) of light and colour is very important in the poem. Why?

Can you identify 10 examples?

9. The poem mixes negative emotions and humour. Give five examples. How would you describe the humour?

10. Can you comment on Duffy's choice of words in the following lines? What is the effect?

a) "then watched / as he picked up the glass, goblet, golden chalice, drank. (l.24)

b) "Look, we all have wishes; granted. / But who has wishes granted?" (l. 31, 32)

If we translate these lines into French, is the effect the same? If not, why not?

c) *I think of him in certain lights, dawn, afternoon, / and once a bowl of apples stopped me dead. (l. 64, 65)*

What kind of light and what variety of apples do you think she is referring to?

Sur mes cahiers d'écolier
Sur mon pupitre et les arbres
Sur le sable sur la neige
J'écris ton nom

Sur toutes les pages lues
Sur toutes les pages blanches
Pierre sang papier ou cendre
J'écris ton nom

Sur les images dorées
Sur les armes des guerriers
Sur la couronne des rois
J'écris ton nom

Sur la jungle et le désert
Sur les nids sur les genêts
Sur l'écho de mon enfance
J'écris ton nom

Un projet pour promouvoir le plurilinguisme au sein de l'établissement.

Le poème de Paul Eluard
Liberté

Faire dire après chaque strophe (15 strophes) « Liberté j'écris ton nom » dans une langue différente (dans les langues parlées par les élèves de l'établissement).

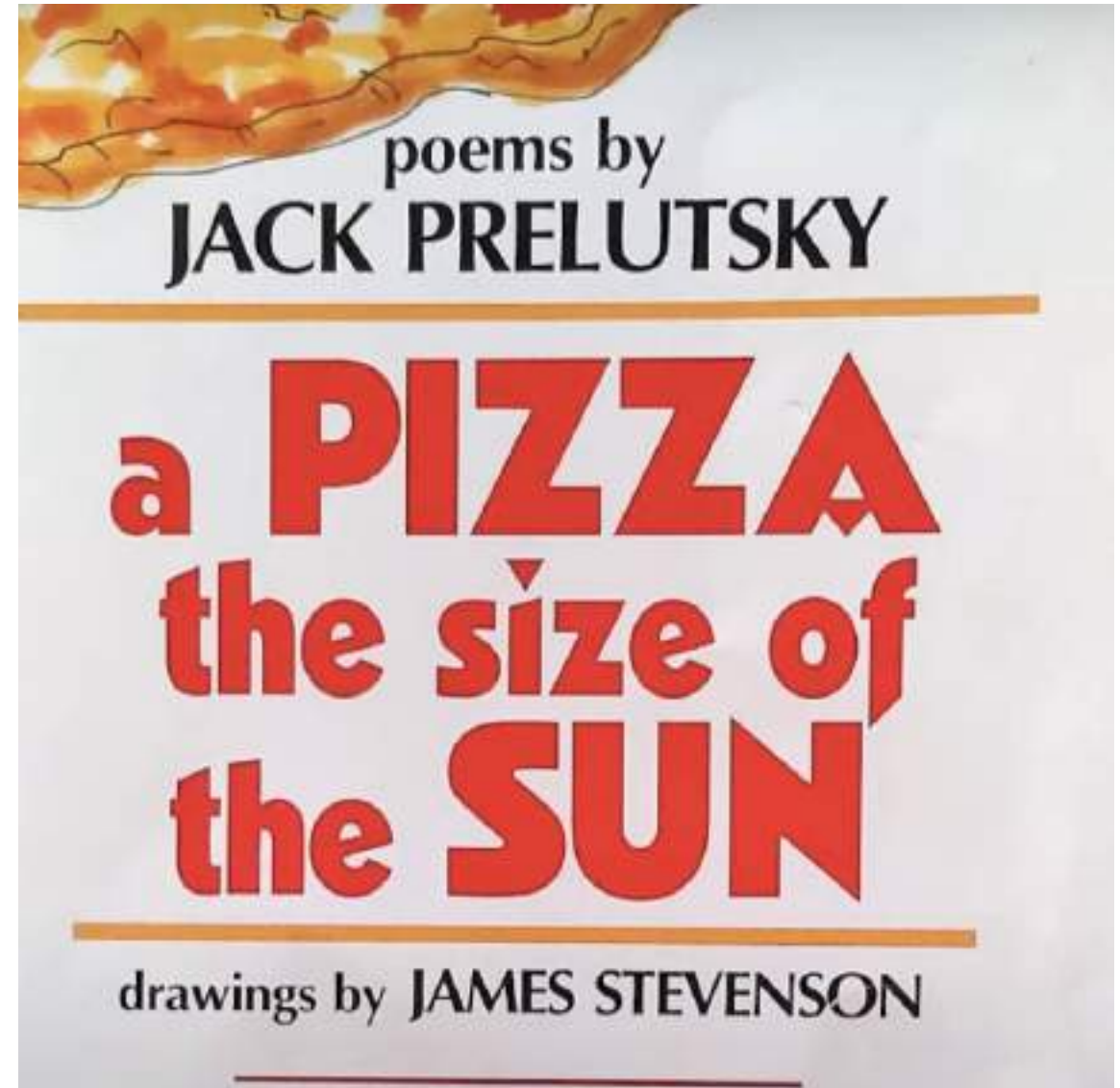
A Pizza the Size of the Sun

I'm making a pizza the size of the sun,
a pizza that's sure to weigh more than a ton,
a pizza too massive to pick up and bow,
a pizza resplendent with oceans of sauce.

I'm topping my pizza with mountains of cheese,
with acres of peppers, pimientos, and peas,
with mushrooms, tomatoes, and sausage galore,
with every last olive they had at the store.

My pizza is sure to be one of a kind,
my pizza will leave other pizzas behind,
my pizza will be a delectable treat
that all who love pizza are welcome to eat.

The oven is hot, I believe it will take
a year and a half for my pizza to bake,
I hardly can wait till my pizza is done,
my wonderful pizza the size of the sun.



This poem is about a person making a pizza the size of the sun. Its big idea is to show that he is making a pizza that he really wants to be different from other pizzas.

Choose your favourite food!

“We Real Cool” is a poem by Gwendolyn Brooks, first published in her 1960 collection *The Bean Eaters*. The poem describes a group of teenagers hanging out outside of a pool hall. It imagines these teenagers as rebels who proudly defy convention and authority—and who will likely pay for their behavior with their lives.

Les sons voyelle.
What is behind the words?

We Real Cool

BY GWENDOLYN BROOKS

The Pool Players.
Seven at the Golden Shovel.

We real cool. We
Left school. We

Lurk late. We
Strike straight. We

Sing sin. We
Thin gin. We

Jazz June. We
Die soon.

This Is Just To Say

BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

I have eaten
the plums
that were in
the icebox

and which
you were probably
saving
for breakfast

Forgive me
they were delicious
so sweet
and so cold

Temptation, Guilt, and Simple Pleasures

“This Is Just To Say” can be understood as a poem about the simple pleasures of everyday life. To illustrate this, the poem features a speaker who has eaten chilled plums that another person—perhaps the speaker's lover—was saving.

Essayez de lire le poème ou de le réciter comme l'auteur

"Eating Poetry" is a surreal and darkly comic poem that celebrates poetry's ability to excite the imagination and bring joy to its readers. The poem opens with the speaker "eating poetry" in a library, much to the startled librarian's distress.

Des phrases courtes et simples: SVC
Un travail sur le sens des verbes.

Eating Poetry

BY MARK STRAND

Ink runs from the corners of my mouth.
There is no happiness like mine.
I have been eating poetry.

The librarian does not believe what she sees.
Her eyes are sad
and she walks with her hands in her dress.

The poems are gone.
The light is dim.
The dogs are on the basement stairs and coming up.

Their eyeballs roll,
their blond legs burn like brush.
The poor librarian begins to stamp her feet and weep.

She does not understand.
When I get on my knees and lick her hand,
she screams.

I am a new man.
I snarl at her and bark.
I romp with joy in the bookish dark.

What is the meaning of this short and justly celebrated poem? In summary, Dickinson says that we should tell the truth – the whole truth – but tell it indirectly, in a circuitous and round-the-houses fashion. The truth, she says, is too bright and dazzling for us to be able to cope with it in one go.



More difficult but short and very meaningful.

Tell all the truth but tell it slant — (1263)

BY EMILY DICKINSON

Tell all the truth but tell it slant —
Success in Circuit lies
Too bright for our infirm Delight
The Truth's superb surprise
As Lightning to the Children eased
With explanation kind
The Truth must dazzle gradually
Or every man be blind —

The message of the poem is that few people are fated to be writers. Those who are will not enjoy a tranquil life. Like much of Bukowski's work, "so you want to be a writer?" is cantankerous and politically incorrect—particularly by contemporary standards of the 2020s. Charles Bukowski was a prolific writer.

L'importance des images.
Le conditionnel et l'impératif.

so you want to be a writer?

Charles Bukowski - 1920-1994

if it doesn't come bursting out of you
in spite of everything,
don't do it.
unless it comes unasked out of your
heart and your mind and your mouth
and your gut,
don't do it.
if you have to sit for hours
staring at your computer screen
or hunched over your
typewriter
searching for words,
don't do it.
if you're doing it for money or
fame,
don't do it.
if you're doing it because you want
women in your bed,
don't do it.
if you have to sit there and
rewrite it again and again,
don't do it.
if it's hard work just thinking about doing it



Kae Tempest : un anglais clair, bien articulé.
English spoken word performer.

« Hold Your Own » by Kae Tempest

An easy-to-read poem on the importance of happiness and love.

The poet uses some interesting examples of [figurative language](#), including [imagery](#) and [metaphors](#), throughout 'Hold Your Own.' These are used in tandem with their more direct language to inspire readers to live the best possible life. This kind of life is focused on living fully and completely and not on acquiring objects or improving one's social position in life.

Hold Your Own Lyrics

But, when time pulls lives apart
Hold your own
When everything is fluid, nothing can be known with any
certainty
Hold your own
Hold it till you feel it there
As dark and dense and wet as earth
As vast and bright and sweet as air
When all there is is knowing that you feel what you are feeling
Hold your own
Ask your hands to know the things they hold
I know, the days are reeling past in such squealing blasts
But stop for breath and you will know it's yours
Swaying like an open door when storms are coming
Hold
Time is an onslaught, love is a mission
We work for vocations until, in remission
We wish we'd had patience and given more time to our children
Feel each decision that you make
Make it, hold it
Hold your own

Imagine there's no heaven

It's

No

Abc

Ima

Ima

It is

Not

And

Ima

You may say I'm a dreamer

But I'm not the only one

Songs to analyze and sing in pairs, re-write....: (bien articulé).

- **“Across the Universe” by the Beatles** (Nothing’s Gonna Change my World” : remplacer des mots, chanter et illustrer en video (avec la guitare). Collège et lycée.
- **“Angel” by Sarah McLachlan** (lexique assez simple pour 3ème ou lycée): transformer tout le négatif en positif
- **“Blank Space” by Taylor Swift**: long mais intéressant pour travailler sur les valeurs, l’avenir (The Jar). Lycée.
- **“Chasing Pavements” by Adele**: Lycée: changer les paroles, ce qu’on veut dans la vie.
- **“Counting Stars” by One Republic**: lycée: langue (parlée et chantée, pair work, group work)
- **“Imagine” by John Lennon** (use only acoustics or cueprompter version): college et lycée
- **“Dancing Barefoot” by Pattie Smith** (changer les paroles)
- **“Universal Soldier”** (college et lycée: 1963) or “ Up Where We Belong” Buffy Saint Mary

for today

life in peace, you



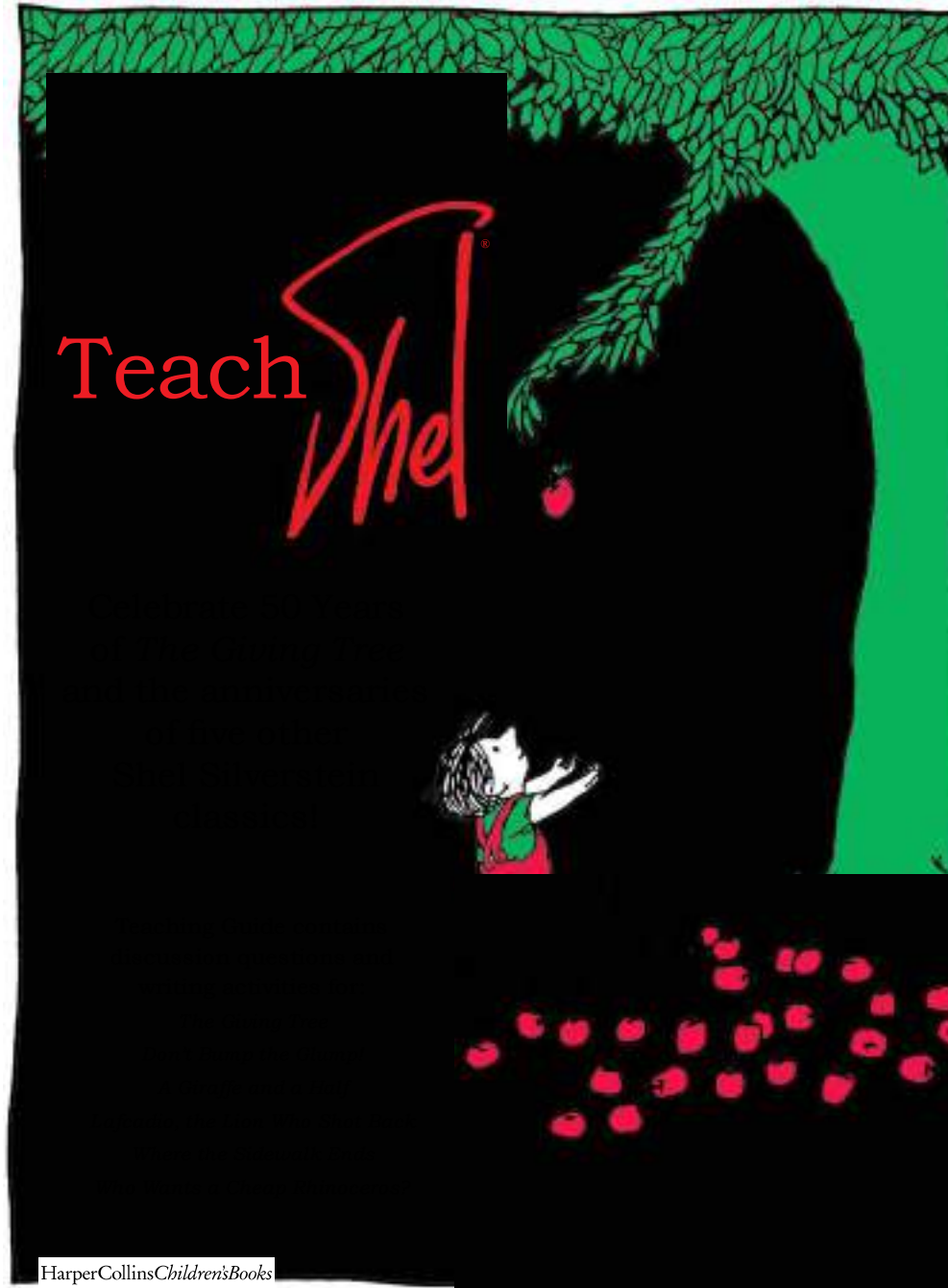


“Zombie” by The Cranberries
and “Bloody Sunday” U2

Et les conflits nord-irlandais

Illustrate, draw, prove you have understood the poem/song....

Explain the song, the video clip...



<https://www.shelsilverstein.com/learning-resources/>

<https://dhjhkxawhe8q4.cloudfront.net/shel-silverstein-wp/wp-content/uploads/2021/05/11153732/EightBalloonsBooklet.pdf>

Bring Eight Balloons to Life

Choose eight friends to perform a short play. You can be the narrator, the one who begins and directs the play. Each one says and acts out what happens to each of the eight balloons. All join together to pop at the end.

EIGHT BALLOONS

Narrator: Eight balloons no one was buyin'
All broke loose one afternoon.
Eight balloons with strings a-flyin',
Free to do what they wanted to.

Balloon #1: One flew up to touch the sun—POP!

Balloon #2: One thought tightrope might be fun—POP!

Balloon #3: One took a nap in a cactus pile—POP!

Balloon #4: One stayed to play with a careless child—POP!

Balloon #5: One tried to taste some bacon fryin'—POP!

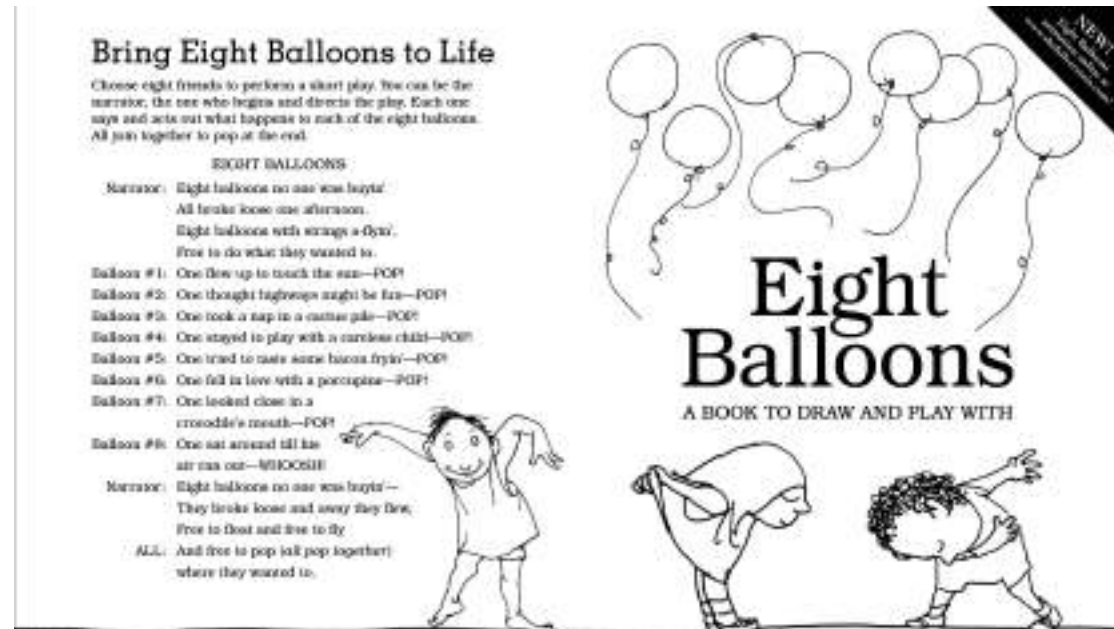
Balloon #6: One fell in love with a porcupine—POP!

Balloon #7: One looked close in a crocodile's mouth—POP!

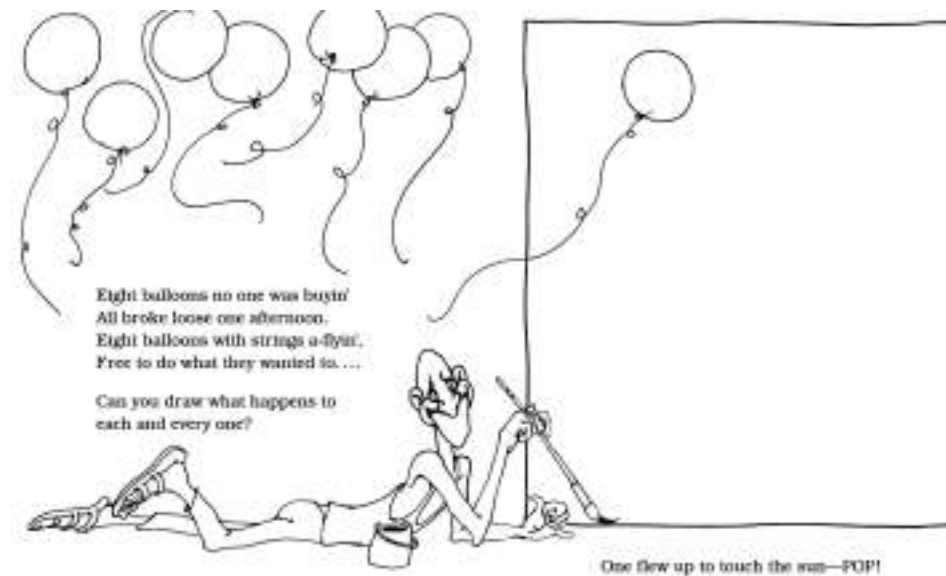
Balloon #8: One sat around till the air ran out—WHOOOSH!

Narrator: Eight balloons no one was buyin'—
They broke loose and away they flew,
Free to float and free to fly.

ALL: And free to pop (all pop together)
where they wanted to.



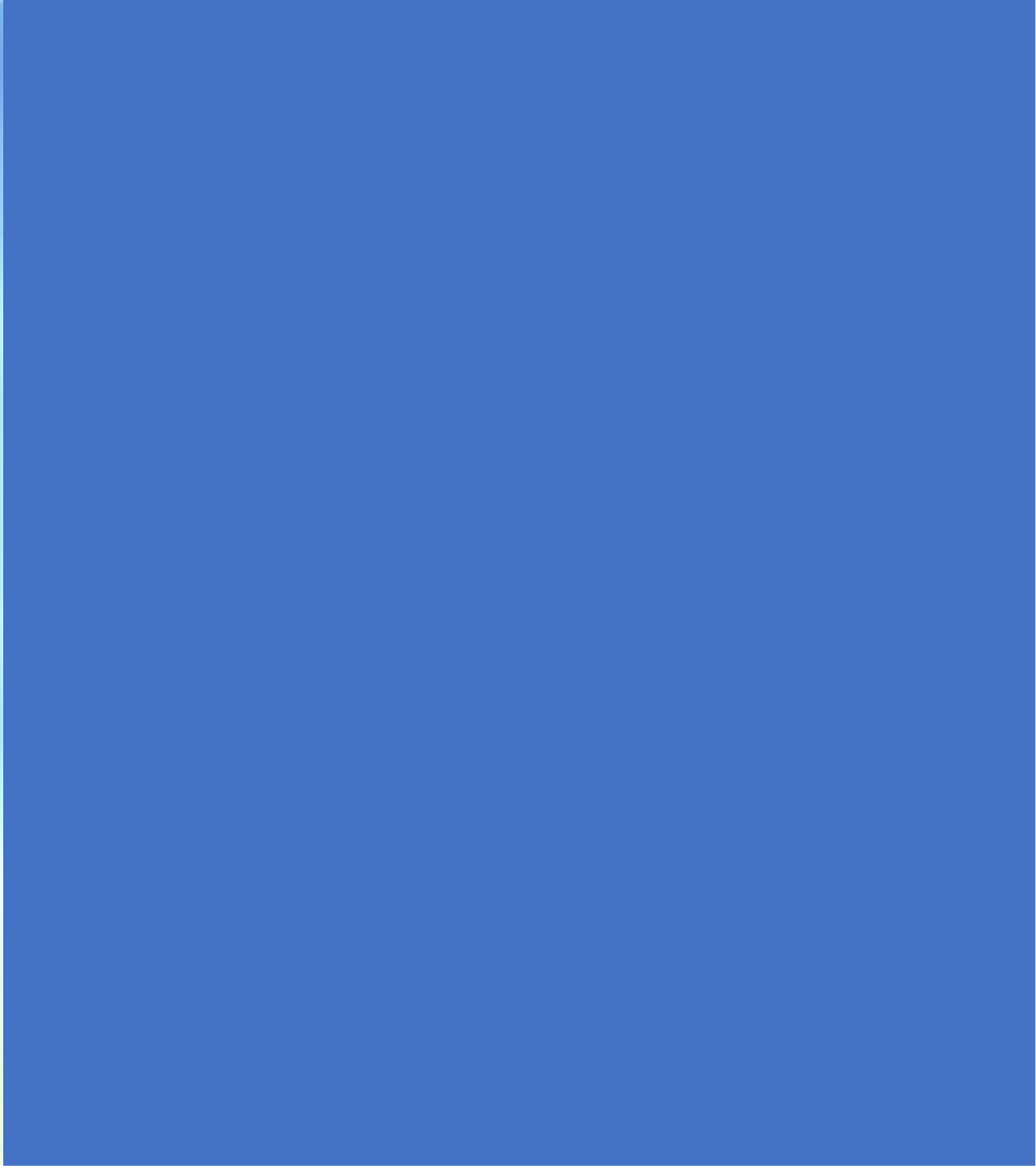
Eight Balloons
A BOOK TO DRAW AND PLAY WITH



Eight balloons no one was buyin'
All broke loose one afternoon.
Eight balloons with strings a-flyin',
Free to do what they wanted to. . . .

Can you draw what happens to each and every one?

One flew up to touch the sun—POP!



Pourquoi faire écrire?

- Développer un lexique plus riche et plus nuancé
- Faciliter la mémorisation
- Le travail sur la phonologie pour les rimes (on retient mieux ce qu'on sait prononcer)
- Le travail sur le rythme et les groupes de souffle, les mots que l'on veut mettre en valeur
- L'importance de la ponctuation
- Un travail littéraire sur les figures de style
- La possibilité de construire des phrases originales, différentes: plus de liberté dans les images (You can break the rules; think out of the box)
- Une mise en voix possible, une lecture oralisée: seul ou à plusieurs
- Une multiplicité de sens: l'écoute des élèves et de leurs interprétations
- Parler de soi, découvrir les autres
- Les connaissances culturelles: Hamlet
- La multiplicité des sens des mots et donc leur mémorisation
- Associer avec des images, de la musique, des films...

Choose words from a song

Cut-out words (so you can switch them around) and write your own poem.

Or teacher gives 15 words and write a poem: take words from nature magazines, feel good words (laugh...)

Create a poet section in your class (ou au CDI):

- Put plenty of words in a box
- White paper and glue
- Invent your own poem



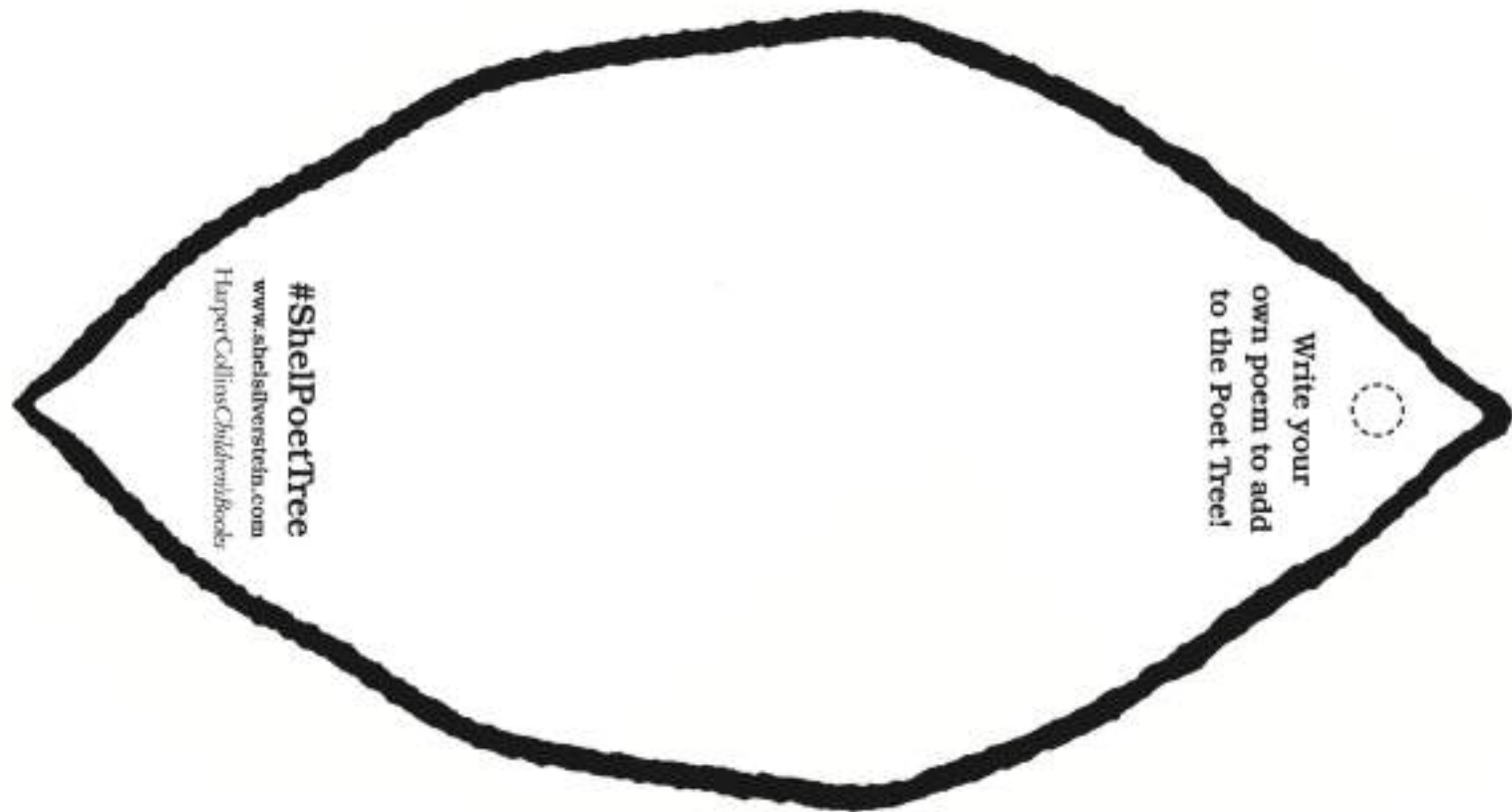
The Poet Tree

Le lycée Robert Garnier à La Ferté Bernard

Faire réaliser par une section métallier ou chaudronnier ou menuisiers ou peut-être le proposer en exercice d'application en BTS industriel pour travailler l'impression 3D.

Come Sit Under the “Poet Tree” with Shel Silverstein!

Celebrate Poetry Month by creating a “Poet Tree” in your community. Print this set of leaves double-sided. Write a poem in the leaf below, cut it out, and tie it to the branches of a tree in your store, school, or library. Be sure to share your poem and your “Poet Tree” by using the hashtag #ShelPoetTree!





Wacky Wordplay

Shel's poems are full of humor, and now it's your turn to practice his signature style! Write your own version of "Fear" from *A Light in the Attic* by filling in the blanks in the poem below with a noun or verb. Be creative—the sillier the better! Don't forget to share and read your poem aloud when you're finished.

[your name]

Was scared of _____,

[noun]

So he never would _____

[verb]

Or get into a _____

[noun]

Or take a _____

[noun]

Or cross a _____

[noun]

He just sat day and night

With his door locked tight

And the windows nailed down.



- https://dhjhkxawhe8q4.cloudfront.net/shel-silverstein-wp/wp-content/uploads/2021/05/11153236/2016_Shel_Silverstein_Poetry_Month_Poster_Activities.pdf

miraculous
waves
of

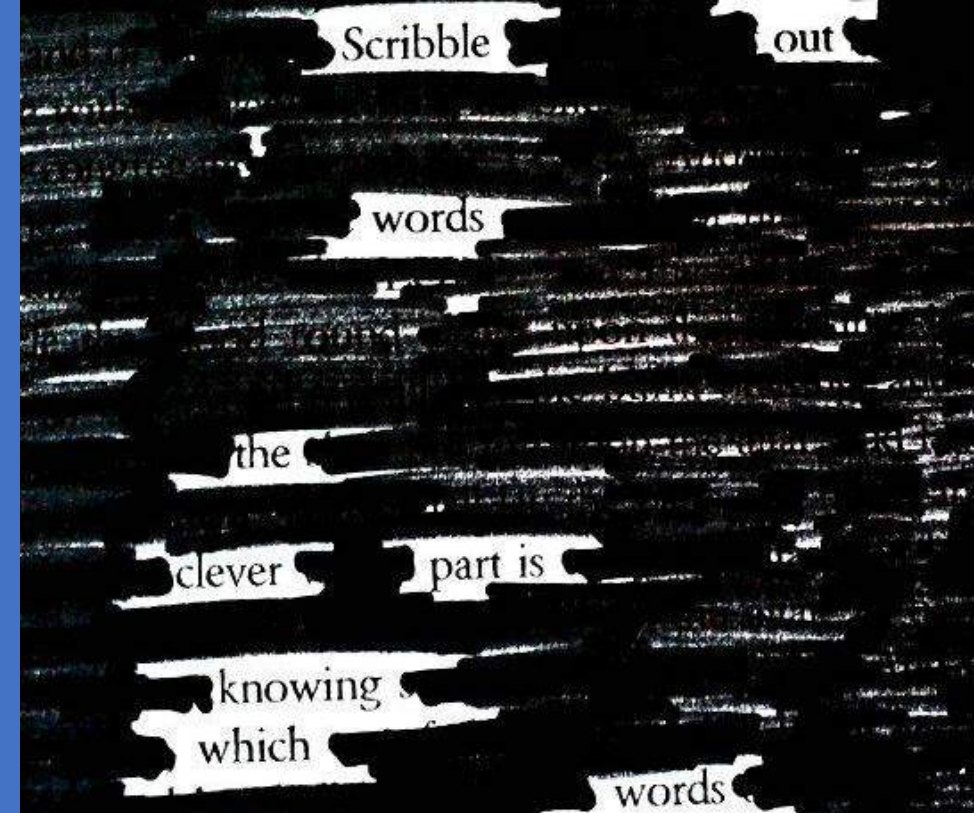
wonder

climbed
around her
and
the

desire to

start over again

was



Blackout Poetry



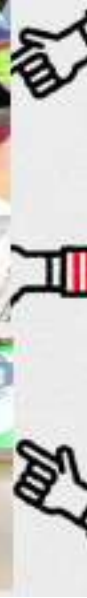
The making-of



The making-of



The making-of



Acrostic Poem: you give the main word (linked to the theme you are working on), then write words that start with the letters of the main word.

Please

Oh

Exist along

Me.

Write a Haiku:

- It is usually about nature but it can be about anything
- 5-7-5 syllables
- Usually the last line is an aha moment!



Book Spine Poetry

- Créer un poème à partir de titres de romans
- On peut rendre l'activité plus amusante en demandant aux élèves de mélanger les genres (fiction et non-fiction).
- On peut leur demander d'écrire le début et la fin du poème avec des titres. Mais le milieu doit être de leur propre production.

The last sound

It no longer comes to me

The sound

The sound no longer comes to me

I can see around

I can see the sky

I can see birds

I can see my body

I can't hear

All people on the floor

Me standing

The show is finished or

The show stopped its airing

My hands on my ears

My ears blown up

Are there killers?

I look up

It no longer comes to me

The light

The light no longer comes to me

I can touch the light

I can touch the ground

I can touch me

I can touch a pound

I can't see

The floor is cold

The air is hot

There is a corpse

There are lots

My hands on my eyes

My eyes are exhausted

My life dies

I'm dead

It no longer comes to me
The sound
The sound of war no longer comes to me
It no longer comes to me
The sound
The sound of laments no longer comes to me
It no longer comes to me
The sound
The sound of blood spilling no longer comes to me

It no longer comes to me
The howling
The howling of sorrows no longer comes to me
It no longer comes to me
The howling
The howling of hatred no longer comes to me
It no longer comes to me
The howling
The howling of the lost ones no longer comes to me

I left them behind me
The mortals' sundering, the mortals' pain
Now that I am walking
Above the shapeless clouds
Among the timeless stars

I left them behind me
The mortals' doubts, the mortals' meaningless life
Now that I am walking
Above the shapeless clouds
Among the timeless stars

I left them behind me
The violence and hardness of below
Now that I am walking
Above the shapeless clouds
Among the timeless stars

I left them behind me
And now I'm born anew
Freed from the earthen prison
Beyond eternity's end
Above the shapeless clouds
Among the timeless stars

Consigne: Read the poem and fit the highlighted words into the boxes depending on the syllables. Then find other words from your chapter to put in the boxes. (Cela aiderait dans la création du poème où il faut porter une attention particulière aux choix de mots et ici l'importance du rythme qui est principalement dicté par des mots monosyllabiques)

+

One syllable	Two syllables
Dark	Castle
Place	Table
Room	<i>vampire</i>
Box	<i>pumpkin</i>
ghost	
<i>cat</i>	
<i>witch</i>	

Préparation à la tâche finale :

Merci aux enseignants pour leurs partages!