

Name:

Sophomore English Honors

Poem of the week #5: The Sacred

Due: Monday, December 7 -- Poem must be turned in with your essay!

Directions

Overview: Read the poem first to enjoy it. Read it straight on through, preferably aloud. Then read it again (and again), looking for any of the following literary devices or features:

- Language: tone, style, diction (word choice)
- Conventions: punctuation, grammar
- Devices: imagery, metaphor, symbols, repetition, etc.
- Design: structure, organization (stanzas. Layout of stanzas)
- Themes: ideas that run throughout the poem
- Connections: Does the poem connect or allude to literature, history, popular culture, art, etc.?
- Purpose: Is the poet trying to explain? Define? Persuade? What, why, and how do they do this?

Close Reading:

- ✓ You *must* show evidence of close reading – for example, underlined words, comments, questions, connections, suspected patterns.

Essay: write a well-organized essay in which you analyze how the poet uses language to describe the scene and to convey mood and meaning.

- ✓ You must *word-process/type a small analysis essay* regarding the poem. Your response must strive to be a grammatically correct essay (not a loosely written journal-type response) with a clear assertion, supporting details, and examples or quotations from the poem embedded within your sentences.
- ✓ Your paragraph must include quotations from the poem. These quotations must be embedded, not left to stand alone.
- ✓ It is HIGHLY SUGGESTED that you think in terms of paragraphs:
 - 1st paragraph: what is the author's purpose? What is the tone of the poem?
 - 2nd-etc.: How do different elements contribute to the meaning? The purpose? The tone? For example, you might wish to consider why certain images are used, why certain words are included (what do these words connote), why certain grammatical structures and layouts are employed – all in different paragraphs of course.

THE SACRED (1989): Stephen Dunn

After the teacher asked if anyone had
a sacred place
and the students fidgeted and shrunk

in their chairs, the most serious of them all
said it was his car,
being in it alone, his tape deck playing

things he'd chosen, and others knew the truth
had been spoken
and began speaking about their rooms,

their hiding places, but the car kept coming
up, the car in motion,
music filling it, and sometimes one other person

who understood the bright altar of the dashboard
and how far away
a car could take him from the need

to speak, or to answer, the key
in having a key
and putting it in, and going.

