

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Honors English 12

Date: \_\_\_\_\_  
Period 8

# Reading for Meaning

From Poets.org (the Academy of American Poets)

**CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.11-12.1** Cite strong and thorough textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text, including determining where the text leaves matters uncertain.

**CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.11-12.2** Determine two or more themes or central ideas of a text and analyze their development over the course of the text, including how they interact and build on one another to produce a complex account; provide an objective summary of the text.

Reading poetry well is part \_\_\_\_\_ and part \_\_\_\_\_. Curiosity is a useful attitude, especially when it's free of preconceived ideas about what poetry is or should be. Effective technique directs your curiosity into asking questions, drawing you into a conversation with the poem.

Most readers make three false assumptions when addressing an unfamiliar poem.

1. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Sooner or later, you're going to have to \_\_\_\_\_ the poem, word by word.

- First, read the poem \_\_\_\_\_. Read it more than once. Listen to your voice, to the sounds the words make. Do you notice any special effects? Do any of the words rhyme? Is there a cluster of sounds that seem the same or similar? Is there a section of the poem that seems to have a rhythm that's distinct from the rest of the poem? Don't worry about why the poem might use these effects.
- The first step is to \_\_\_\_\_ what's going on. If you find your own voice distracting, have a friend read the poem to you.

The best way to discover and learn about a poem is through \_\_\_\_\_. - Although your first experience of the poem may be \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_, talking about the poem is a natural and important next step.

Begin with a \_\_\_\_\_ about the poem, the discussion addresses various possible answers to the question, reshaping and clarifying it along the way. The discussion should remain grounded in the \_\_\_\_\_ as much as possible. Responses that move away from what is written into personal anecdotes or tangential leaps should be gently urged back into analyzing the text. The basis for shared inquiry is \_\_\_\_\_ reading. Good readers "dirty the text" with notes in the margins. They make the inquiry their own. I encourage you to write your own notes in your poetry packets.

Talking back to a Poem: When you are reading poetry, it is common for the reader to take part in back and forth \_\_\_\_\_ with the text. To find meaning, some questions you can ask about the poem include:

- |   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| • Who is the speaker?                       | • Is sound an important, active element of the poem?           | • What kind of figurative language, if any, does the poem use?    |
| • What circumstances gave rise to the poem? | • Does the poem spring from an identifiable historical moment? | • If the poem is a question, what is the answer?                  |
| • What situation is presented?              | • Does the poem speak from a specific culture?                 | • If the poem is an answer, what is the question?                 |
| • Who or what is the audience?              | • Does the poem have its own vernacular?                       | • What does the title suggest?                                    |
| • What is the tone?                         | • Does the poem use imagery to achieve a particular effect?    | • Does the poem use unusual words or use words in an unusual way? |
| • What form, if any, does the poem take?    |  |   |
| • How is form related to content?           |  |   |

Here's a tricky issue: the task is to \_\_\_\_\_, to \_\_\_\_\_, and to \_\_\_\_\_. But such a task is to some degree impossible, and most people want clarity. At the end of class, at the end of the day, we want revelation, a glimpse of the skyline through the lifting fog. Aesthetically, this is understandable. Some magic, some satisfaction, some "Ah ha!" is one of the rewards of any reading, and particularly the reading of poetry. But a poem that reveals itself completely in one or two readings will, over time, seem less of a poem than one that constantly reveals subtle recesses and previously unrecognized meanings. Playing or listening to a song for the hundredth time—if it is a great song—will yield new interpretation and discovery. So it is with great poetry.

# Shakespearean Sonnets

## **“Billy Shakespeare wrote a whole bunch of sonnets”** LFO- Summer Girls

18.

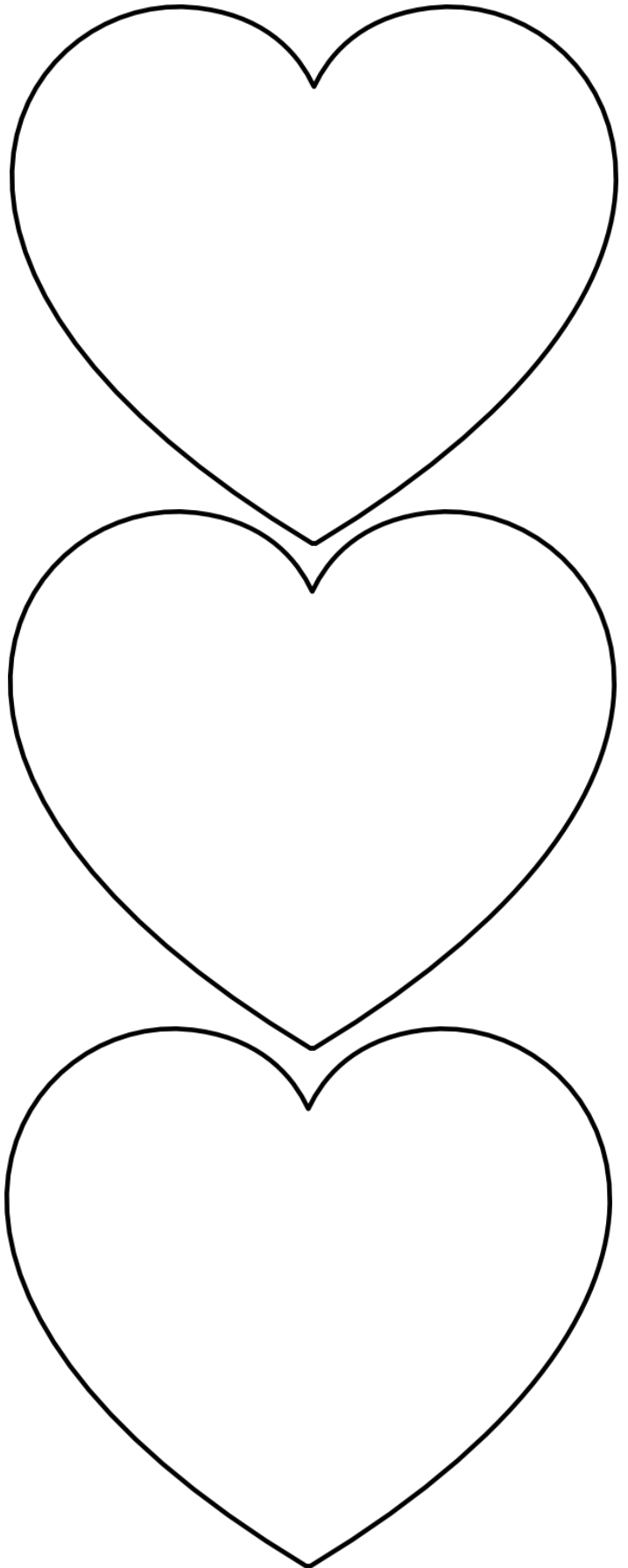
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

25.

Let those who are in favour with their stars  
Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.  
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread  
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;  
And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
For at a frown they in their glory die.  
The painful warrior famoused for fight,  
After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
Is from the book of honour razed quite,  
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd  
Then happy I, that love and am beloved  
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

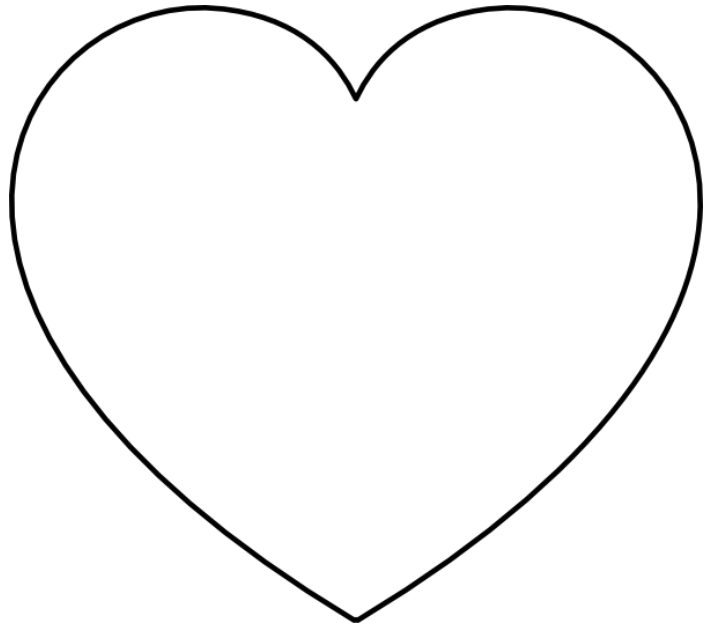
10.

For shame deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
Who for thyself art so unprovident.  
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,  
But that thou none lovest is most evident;  
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,  
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,  
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,  
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!  
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?  
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:  
Make thee another self, for love of me,  
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.



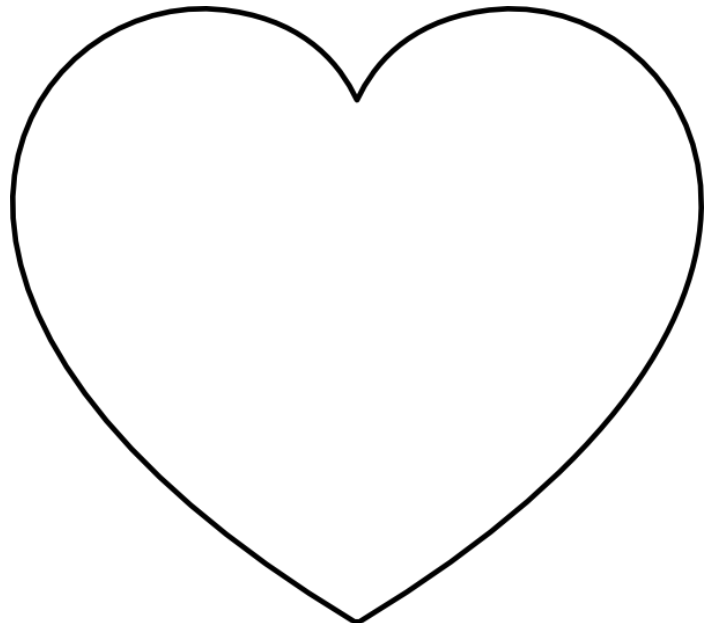
151

Love is too young to know what conscience is;  
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?  
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,  
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:  
For, thou betraying me, I do betray  
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;  
My soul doth tell my body that he may  
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;  
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee  
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,  
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.  
No want of conscience hold it that I call  
Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and fall



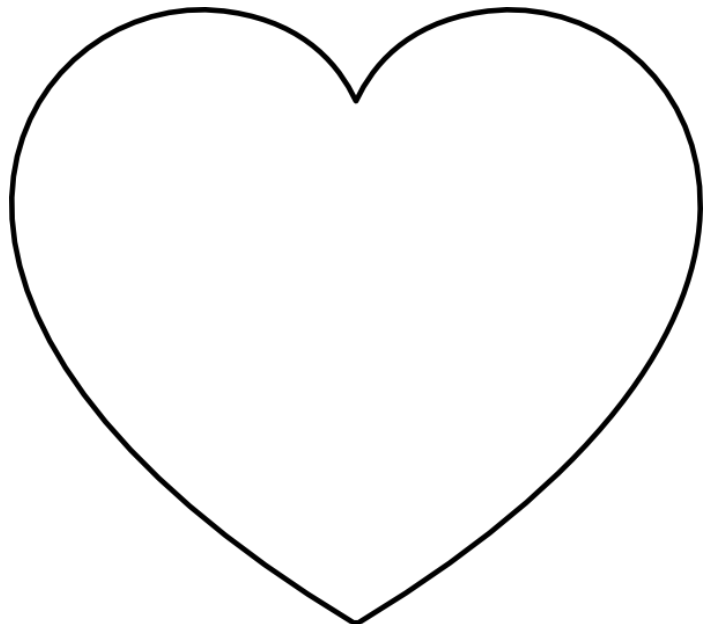
130.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:  
I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.



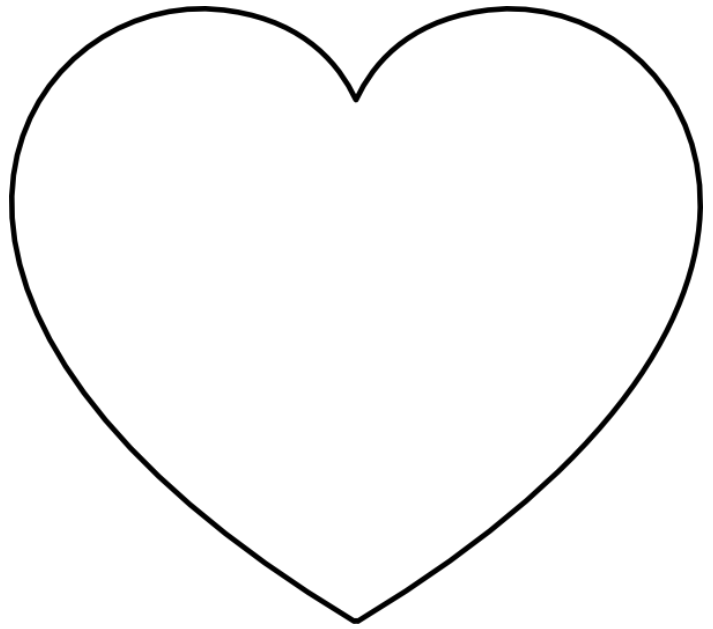
116.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken,  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error, and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved



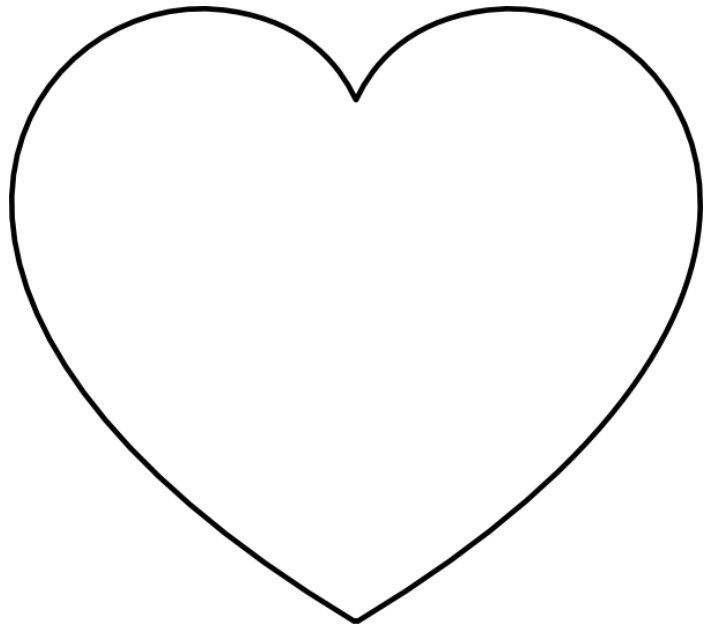
57.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
Upon the hours and times of your desire?  
I have no precious time at all to spend,  
Nor services to do, till you require.  
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour  
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour  
When you have bid your servant once adieu;  
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought  
Save, where you are how happy you make those.  
So true a fool is love, that in your Will,  
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill



27.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;  
But then begins a journey in my head,  
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:  
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,  
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:  
Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.  
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
For thee and for myself no quiet find



29.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweepe my outcast state  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries  
And look upon myself and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

