Ms. Pierce

Pre-AP English I

Unit III: Drama and Classical Literature

**Poetry Cafe**

Hurray for poetry! Now, it is your chance to shine! Over the next few weeks, you will find a poem that is meaningful to you and memorize it. You will be presenting it in front of the class on December 10th.

**Poem Selection Requirements:**

* It must be approximately 40+ words.
	+ If you’re not sure your poem is long enough, ask Ms. Pierce for approval before memorizing it.
* The poem \*must\* be meaningful to you.
* There is no required genre or style. Your choice!
	+ *If you need inspiration, check out these poets: Walt Whitman, Shakespeare, Maya Angelou,*

*Shel Silverstein, Edgar Allan Poe, Dr. Seuss, Emily Dickenson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Mark Twain*

* If you want to write the poem yourself, please check with Ms. Pierce (up to 15 pts extra credit).

**Presentation Requirements:**

* Rehearse the poem aloud.
* Add emotion when necessary.
* Things to turn in:
	+ The poem (either handwritten or typed)
	+ Written reaction paragraph (5-8 sentence). It must explain why the poem is meaningful to you. Consider answering these questions too.
		- When did you first hear/read this poem?
		- Are their literary devices in the poem?
		- What is the tone and mood?
		- Is the author a special person?
		- What draws you to this style or genre of poem?

We will be having a Poetry Café on December 10th in class. Bring your favorite treat to share. It will be really fun! ☺ There are two ways to earn extra credit (1) memorize and recite a second poem (up to 25pts) and (2) wear all black on the day of the Poetry Café (5 pts).

How you will be graded:

* Presentation: total 100 pts

 Voice - 25

Tone - 25

Fluency - 50

* Poem and Paragraph: total 100pts

 Heading – 5

 Length – 5

Grammar/Spelling/Conventions – 30

Explanation - 60

\*Please Note:

The title of a long poem that can stand alone as an individual work of art should be italicized (ie: *To This Day*). While, on the other hand, short poems are enclosed in quotation marks (ie: “I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings”).

Pierce 1

Genevieve Pierce

Ms. Pierce

Pre-AP English I, Period 1

13 November 2014

Poetry Café

Since 11th grade English class, I have had a literary love affair with Edgar Allan Poe. I am fascinated by his infamous character and legendary works of literature. He lived a peculiar life that was full of sadness and despair, both of which influenced his macabre writing style. The poem *Annabelle Lee* has always been meaningful to me. It was my introduction to Poe – my first – shown to me by my teacher, Mr. Sander. I was drawn to it because of its controversial inspiration. Some believe, Poe wrote it about his first cousin and child bride, Viginia Clemm, who died a slow and miserable death from tuberculosis. However, I want to believe it’s about his mistress, Frances Osgood. He was obsessed with Osgood, but she, in the end, denied his love. Arguably, he emotionally “buried” her after that and began an intense, downward spiral into alcoholism which inevitably led to his demise (and infamy).

***Annabel Lee***

BY [EDGAR ALLAN POE](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/edgar-allan-poe)

It was many and many a year ago,

   In a kingdom by the sea,

That a maiden there lived whom you may know

   By the name of Annabel Lee;

And this maiden she lived with no other thought

   Than to love and be loved by me.

*I* was a child and *she* was a child,

   In this kingdom by the sea,

But we loved with a love that was more than love—

   I and my Annabel Lee—

With a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven

   Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,

   In this kingdom by the sea,

A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling

   My beautiful Annabel Lee;

So that her highborn kinsmen came

   And bore her away from me,

To shut her up in a sepulchre

   In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,

   Went envying her and me—

Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,

   In this kingdom by the sea)

That the wind came out of the cloud by night,

   Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love

   Of those who were older than we—

   Of many far wiser than we—

And neither the angels in Heaven above

   Nor the demons down under the sea

Can ever dissever my soul from the soul

   Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams

   Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes

   Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side

   Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,

In her sepulchre there by the sea—

   In her tomb by the sounding sea.