

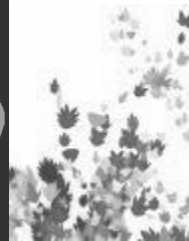
Know-it-ry (no.it.ree) - Attached are samples of several famous American poems. You may have heard of some of them, others may be new to you. As you read them, pay attention to the rhyme, meter, and overall feel of each poem.

Your assignment is to use one of the attached poems as a template – an exemplar text, if you will – and rewrite the poem as a summary of _____. You should emulate the meter, flow, and rhyme scheme of the template poem you choose, although length and tone might vary slightly. *It is strongly recommended that you read your work aloud to a friend several times before finalizing it, since what looks right on paper and what sounds right out loud aren't always the same thing.* That said, keep in mind that the primary goal is to demonstrate a mastery of content, so don't let your 'clever' get in the way of your 'substance'.

Your FIRST DRAFT is due on _____. Once approved, you'll edit/improve/finalize your poem and transfer it to something aesthetically appealing – a half-sized poster board is probably ideal. You'll add enough visual support to the ideas in your poem to make it look like you're very smart and hard-working and so that I can put them up around the room to impress visitors. Your final product is due _____.

Total Possible Points: _____ **Effort/Completion & _____ Content Knowledge.** You may work alone or with ONE OTHER PERSON if you choose, but make sure it's someone who'll contribute to the process and not leave you frustrated and floundering.

Good luck and be brilliant.



Here are a few Great American Poems to use as templates / exemplars. Notice the meter and rhyme scheme of each, as well as the flow and 'tone'. Your new, super-educational poem should 'sound' and 'feel' like whichever template / exemplar you choose. The length should be determined by how much it takes to communicate essential content.

O Captain! My Captain! (Walt Whitman, 1865)

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
 But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 Rise up--for you the flag is flung--for you the bugle trills;
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
 Here Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head;
 It is some dream that on the deck,
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
 From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won;
 Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

Casey at the Bat (Ernest Lawrence Thayer, 1888)

The Outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day:
 The score stood four to two, with but one inning more to play.
 And then when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,
 A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest
 Clung to that hope which springs eternal in the human breast;
 They thought, if only Casey could get but a whack at that -
 We'd put up even money, now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,
 And the former was a lulu and the latter was a cake;
 So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,
 For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,
 And Blake, the much despis-ed, tore the cover off the ball;
 And when the dust had lifted, and the men saw what had occurred,
 There was Jimmy safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from 5,000 throats and more there rose a lusty yell;
 It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;
 It knocked upon the mountain and recoiled upon the flat,
 For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;
 There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face.
 And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
 No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

[you can look up the rest if interested]

'Twas The Night Before Christmas (Clement Clarke Moore, 1822)

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads.
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tinny reindeer.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name!

"Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! On, Cupid! on, on Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of Toys, and St Nicholas too... [etc.]

Shake It Off (Taylor Swift, 2014)

I stay out too late, got nothin' in my brain
That's what people say (mmm hmm), that's what people say (mmm hmm)
I go on too many dates, but I can't make 'em stay
At least that's what people say (mmm hmm),
that's what people say (mmm hmm)

But I keep cruising, can't stop, won't stop moving
It's like I got this music in my mind, sayin' gonna be alright
'Cause the players gonna play, play, play, play, play
And the haters gonna hate, hate, hate, hate, hate
Baby, I'm just gonna shake, shake, shake, shake, shake
I shake it off, I shake it off
Heartbreakers gonna break, break, break, break, break
And the fakers gonna fake, fake, fake, fake, fake
Baby, I'm just gonna shake, shake, shake, shake, shake
I shake it off, I shake it off

I'll never miss a beat, I'm lightning on my feet
And that's what they don't see (mmm hmm)
that's what they don't see (mmm hmm)
I'm dancing on my own (dancing on my own)
I'll make the moves up as I go (moves up as I go)
And that's what they don't know (mmm hmm)
that's what they don't know (mmm hmm)

{repeat the cruising, moving, shaking, breaking part}

Hey, hey, hey – just think while you've been getting down and out about the
liars and the dirty, dirty cheats in the world
You could have been getting down to this sick beat
My ex-man brought his new girlfriend
She's like "Oh my God!" but I'm just gonna shake it
And to the fella over there with the hella good hair
Won't you come on over, baby, we can shake, shake, shake, yeah oh
I shake it off, I shake it off

The Raven (Edgar Allan Poe, 1845),

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

“Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
“Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, “Lenore?”
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, “Lenore!”—
Merely this and nothing more.

{You can look up the rest if you're interested.}

Everybody Knows (Leonard Cohen, 1988)

Everybody knows that the dice are loaded
Everybody rolls with their fingers crossed
Everybody knows the war is over
Everybody knows the good guys lost
Everybody knows the fight was fixed
The poor stay poor, the rich get rich
That's how it goes - Everybody knows

Everybody knows that the boat is leaking
Everybody knows that the captain lied
Everybody got this broken feeling
Like their father or their dog just died
Everybody talking to their pockets
Everybody wants a box of chocolates
And a long-stem rose - Everybody knows

Everybody knows that you love me baby
Everybody knows that you really do
Everybody knows that you've been faithful
Ah, give or take a night or two
Everybody knows you've been discreet
But there were so many people you just had to meet
Without your clothes - And everybody knows

And everybody knows that you're in trouble
Everybody knows what you've been through
From the bloody cross on top of Calvary
To the beach of Malibu
Everybody knows it's coming apart
Take one last look at this Sacred Heart
Before it blows - And everybody knows

Everybody knows, everybody knows
That's how it goes - Everybody knows
Everybody knows, everybody knows
That's how it goes - Everybody knows