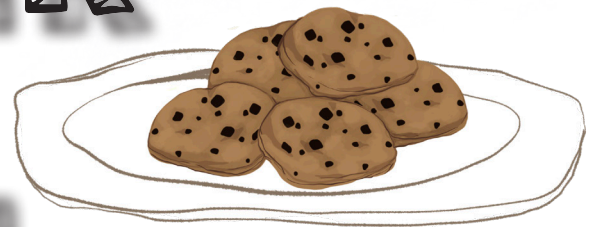


Tea Time

& Critical

Think



Cookies

WonderHere<sup>?</sup>

# Materials:

- Tea
- Cookies
- Pencil
- Sticky notes
- Highlighter

# Directions:

Annotation is when a reader takes notes about what they are reading. Annotating poetry is an excellent way to make sure you understand what you are reading. Annotating is like reading with a pencil! Annotating is not highlighting or underlining the majority of a text without a purpose or without notes to go along with it. Annotating is also not just drawing symbols without meaningful notes in addition.

Grab a cup of tea and plate of cookies, a pencil, sticky notes, and your very own print out copy of the poetry selection.

Practice annotating text by reading this selection of poetry. First, read a poem without annotation. Then, number each stanza and label the rhyme scheme. Count and number how many syllables are in each line of the poem. Draw "critical think cookies" in the margins of each poem to guide your note-taking along the way or use sticky notes. Draw squiggly lines beneath figurative language you identify and write in the margins what form of figurative language it is and the literal meaning.



# Important Notes

## What is a Stanza?

A stanza is an arrangement of a specific amount of lines, typically four or more, often with a set length, meter, or rhyme scheme, forming a division (similar to paragraphs in an essay) within a poem.

## Figures of Speech Listed

- Assonance
- Anaphora
- Understatement
- Synecdoche
- Alliteration
- Personification
- Metaphor
- Simile
- Euphemism
- Irony
- Oxymoron
- Hyperbole

## Identifying a Poem's Rhyme Scheme

Rhyme scheme refers to the pattern of rhyming words used at the end of each line within a poem. Many poems use free verse, or non-rhyming structures, but other poems follow a specific pattern or rhyme scheme.

Example:

*Neither Out Far nor in Deep*  
by Robert Frost

The people along the sand (A)  
All turn and look one way. (B)  
They turn their back on the land. (A)  
They look at the sea all day. (B)  
As long as it takes to pass (C)  
A ship keeps raising its hull; (D)  
The wetter ground like glass (C)  
Reflects a standing gull. (D)

In this example, sand (A) rhymes with land (A) and way (B) rhymes with day (B).

# Critical Think Cookies



# Poetry Copies

Dreams by Langston Hughes



Hold fast to dreams  
For if dreams die  
Life is a broken-winged bird  
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams  
For when dreams go  
Life is a barren field  
Frozen with snow.

Hope Is The Thing With Feathers (254) by Emily Dickinson



Hope is the thing with feathers  
That perches in the soul,  
And sings the tune without the words,  
And never stops at all,

And sweetest in the gale is heard;  
And sore must be the storm  
That could abash the little bird  
That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chillest land,  
And on the strangest sea;  
Yet, never, in extremity,  
It asked a crumb of me.



“I cannot go to school today,”  
Said little Peggy Ann McKay.  
“I have the measles and the mumps,  
A gash, a rash and purple bumps.  
My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,  
I’m going blind in my right eye.  
My tonsils are as big as rocks,  
I’ve counted sixteen chicken pox  
And there’s one more—that’s seventeen,  
And don’t you think my face looks green?  
My leg is cut—my eyes are blue—  
It might be instamatic flu.  
I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,  
I’m sure that my left leg is broke—  
My hip hurts when I move my chin,  
My belly button’s caving in,  
My back is wrenched, my ankle’s sprained,  
My ‘pendix pains each time it rains.  
My nose is cold, my toes are numb.  
I have a sliver in my thumb.  
My neck is stiff, my voice is weak,  
I hardly whisper when I speak.  
My tongue is filling up my mouth,  
I think my hair is falling out.  
My elbow’s bent, my spine ain’t straight,  
My temperature is one-o-eight.  
My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,  
There is a hole inside my ear.  
I have a hangnail, and my heart is—what?  
What’s that? What’s that you say?  
You say today is. . .Saturday?  
G’bye, I’m going out to play!”



You may write me down in history  
With your bitter, twisted lies,  
You may trod 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.

Out of the huts of history's shame  
I rise  
Up from a past that's rooted in pain  
I rise  
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,  
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear  
I rise  
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear  
I rise  
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,  
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.

I rise  
I rise  
I rise.



Sunset by E. E. Cummings



Great carnal mountains crouching in the cloud  
That marrieth the young earth with a ring,  
Yet still its thoughts builds heavenward, whence spring  
Wee villages of vapor, sunset-proud.—  
And to the meanest door hastes one pure-browed  
White-fingered star, a little, childish thing,  
The busy needle of her light to bring,  
And stitch, and stitch, upon the dead day's shroud.  
Poises the sun upon his west, a spark  
Superlative,—and dives beneath the world;  
From the day's fillets Night shakes out her locks;  
List! One pure trembling drop of cadence purred—  
“Summer!”—a meek thrush whispers to the dark.  
Hark! the cold ripple sneering on the rocks!

The Eagle by Alfred Lord Tennyson



He clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

## 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.