St Joseph’s Catholic and Anglican High School

Different Cultures Poetry Workbook 2020

Year 7 and 8
Poetry techniques, examples and tasks.
Content:

1) Similes
2) Metaphor x3
3) Personification
4) Imagery x3
5) Hyperbole
6) Alliteration

Worksheets and *Different Cultures* Poems

1) For each poem highlight and annotate the following: *poetic techniques (as studied above), key messages from the poems, adjectives, feelings/emotions, any interesting descriptions.*

2) Complete the Worksheets and tasks included for each poem.
'My Mum Is Like a Star'

Simile
A simile compares two unlike things using the words 'like' or 'as'.

Read the example word web and simile paragraph below. Follow the examples to create your own.

My mother is like a star.
She watches over me with shining eyes.
She is heavenly.
She shines brightly, guiding my way in the darkest night.
She is so incredibly beautiful to me.
She is my light.

Hint
Word webs can help you to brainstorm ideas.
A word web can keep your ideas organised
and in front of you while you think of other ideas.
You do not need to use every idea from
the web in your paragraph.

1. Create your simile and put it into the centre of the word web.
   (Examples: She is like a computer. He is as fast as the wind.)
2. Put details to support your simile in the surrounding balloons.
3. On another piece of paper, use the ideas you generated from the word web to write your simile paragraph of at least five sentences.
She is a Computer of Knowledge

Metaphor

A metaphor compares two unlike things not using the words 'like' or 'as'; e.g., He is a computer.

Discussion

What are two qualities of a computer? Can someone really be as smart as a computer? Can a computer really be as smart as a person? What kind of intelligence does a computer have? Is it different from other kinds of intelligence? What could this metaphor mean by comparing a person to a computer?

1. On the lines below, write two qualities of a computer.
   (a) 
   (b) 

2. Complete the metaphors using your own words.
   (a) She is a pretty 
   (b) He is a big 
   (c) School is a 
   (d) My friend is a 
   (e) Homework is a 

3. Make up four of your own metaphors below. Some examples of ideas you can use are school, lunch, people you know and the weather. Emotions also make good metaphors.
   (a) 
   (b) 
   (c) 
   (d) 

4. Take one of your metaphors (above) and write three reasons why it is true.
   
   
   

He Is a Diamond in a Box of Pearls

Metaphor

Comparing two unlike things not using the words 'like' or 'as'; e.g. 'He is diamond in a box of pearls.'

Discussion

Close your eyes and imagine a box of creamy, glowing pearls. In the centre of this treasure is one outstanding diamond. Light reflected from the pearls dances like a fairy through this rock. Now, ask yourself, what it could mean to call a person a diamond in a box of pearls? To find the answer to this question, ask yourself, 'What are the qualities of diamonds and pearls?' How does the use of a metaphor help people better express themselves? For example, couldn't a person just say, 'He's the very best person I know?' How does a metaphor give us a better picture of what is meant?

1. Read each sentence given below. Write a metaphor for each. For example:

   She is very fast.
   (a) He is very angry.
   (b) She is a warm person.
   (c) He is very mean.
   (d) He is very handsome.
   (e) He is very gentle.
   (f) She sings.
   (g) She is not attractive to you.
   (h) He is very happy.
   (i) She is very sad.

2. Make up two of your own metaphors about your friends, family, teachers or school.
   (a)
   (b)

3. Read the metaphors and the discussion below. On the lines beneath each, write two reasons to make the metaphors true.

   'My teacher's heart is gold.'

   What two things are being compared in the metaphor above? Could a person's chest really be filled with precious metal? While they were alive? (Come on! Yes, your teacher is alive. I guarantee it.) Why would someone compare their teacher's heart to gold?
   (a) Two reasons why a person might say a teacher has a heart of gold:

   'He was my perfect rose.'

   (b) Two reasons why you might call a boy or girl your perfect rose:
'My Dreams Are Clouds'

Metaphor
A metaphor compares two unlike things **not** using the words 'like' or 'as'.

Read the example word web and metaphor paragraph below. Follow the example to create your own.

My dreams are clouds, hovering above me.
Sometimes, I reach out.
But they've vanished altogether:
I'm left staring into the sky,
yearning for their soft rain to quench my thirst.
On lonely nights, they visit me.
Then drift off slowly.

1. Create your metaphor. (Examples – My mum is a bear. My brother is a tractor.)
2. Put details to support your metaphor in the surrounding balloons.

3. Use the ideas you generated in the word web to write your metaphor paragraph of at least five sentences.
'Is the River Really Running?'

Personification
Personification gives human qualities to non-human things.

Discussion:
Do rivers really run? If a river doesn't really have feet to run with, why do we always say 'the river's running'? Why don't we just say it is flowing? Why do human beings give human qualities to objects around them? Could it be that we don't want to be lonely? Or is it just more fun to pretend the 'clock is telling me the time' and 'the river is running away'?

1. Read the personifications below. Draw funny pictures to show these non-human objects doing, saying or possessing the human qualities attributed to them in each sentence.

For example: 'The river is running.'

(a) The clock was telling me the time.

(b) The fire licked up the curtains.

(c) The flag waved at me.

2. Think of two more personifications of your own. Write them down and then draw a picture of each.
"The Day I Smiled"

Gentle kisses of wind
Wiped my tears
The sun's fading rays
Dripped
Like blood
Into the water
I felt warm sand
Between my toes
Hearing distant voices
Laughing
Children skirted the water
That day
Calling questions
As they played
'Why are you crying?'
I don't know
Anymore
Reasons are like clouds
Empty
After a storm
A girl with diamond eyes
Handed me
A snow cone
Ripe for eating
How much have I missed
The taste of freedom?
After all this time
With cherry-flavoured lips
I smiled

Discussion

Imagery is used to create 'pictures' in your mind. Sometimes the 'pictures' arouse your sense of sight and you can imagine the picture being described. Sometimes a familiar smell is being created by words. Close your eyes. What smell could you add to this scene? If you were an artist painting this scene as a picture, what colours would you choose? If you were a musician, what sounds would you choose to play in the background? What mood does this poem arouse? Have you ever felt this way?
Vanessa — Chapter 1:

'Vanessa,' I told myself as I pushed open the cold metal of the school door, 'you got it made girl!'

And, I smiled, escaping the darkness of the school for the entire summer. Outside, the sunlight was so bright I had to squint my eyes as I hurried, happily, along the glaringly hot footpath towards home.

As I journeyed down the familiar street towards my house, a sigh of relief escaped my throat.

I loved the last day of school! Yes! It was glorious summertime now and I was mega-excited, noticing the happy sights, smells and sounds of summer were all around me.

Up the street, I could hear the screams and giggles of a group of long-haired girls who were gathered in a tight knot of smiling faces. One of them had her jet black fringe sprayed straight up like a tiara. I recognised her as my best friend Linda! She turned and waved to me.

Just then, a blue sports car drove up, its stereo blaring like thunder. Linda disappeared inside the car and her brother, who must have been driving, sped off.

Suddenly I realised how warm I felt. So, I decided to rest under a small piece of shade and spit out my dull piece of chewing gum. Now that my mouth was empty, I could smell the perfumed aroma of barbecue smoke, orange blossoms and swimming pool chlorine that wafted through the air. I loved summertime!

Yep! It was summertime and I was totally, incredibly ready to lie back and enjoy it!

Discussion:

What mood do the images create for the reader?
'A Barbecue with My Loved Ones'

Imagery
Imagery is writing with details of sight, sound, touch, taste, and/or smell.

Fill in the word web with the details you imagine would be present at a barbecue with your loved ones. You can include friends or family. Write an imagery paragraph describing a barbecue.

Sight

A Barbecue with My Loved Ones

Taste

Sound

Touch/Feeling

Smell
Hyperbole
Hyperbole is an extreme exaggeration that we all know is not possible. The person using hyperbole is not considered a liar because we have accepted the use of hyperbole for expression; e.g. 'I have walked a million kilometres today'.

Discussion:
How many times have you said, 'I must have walked a million kilometres today'? Could a person really walk a million kilometres in one day? Ever? No. Does it make a person a liar when they say something like this? Why or why not? Why would people use such extreme exaggerations?

1. Write a very short story of at least three paragraphs describing your 'unfortunate walk home'.
   In this story use at least five examples of hyperbole. You can include descriptions of the weather, your feelings, other people, etc. Exaggerate. Make us feel sorry for you! For example, 'I thought I was going to die from the heat (or the cold!)' or 'My friend looked as if she was going to drown in her sweat!'.

   My Unfortunate Walk Home

   ___________________________________________________________
   ___________________________________________________________
   ___________________________________________________________
   ___________________________________________________________
   ___________________________________________________________
   ___________________________________________________________
   ___________________________________________________________
   ___________________________________________________________
   ___________________________________________________________
   ___________________________________________________________
   ___________________________________________________________

2. To accompany your sad story, draw a picture exaggerating your most pathetic hyperbole so we can really feel sorry for you.
Send Your Sense of Sound Soaring

Alliteration
Alliteration repeats the same consonant over and over; e.g. 'Darling Darcy danced daringly in the Dublin dusk'.

1. Create an alliteration for each number below.
   (a) Write an alliteration using your name. 

   
   (b) Write an alliteration using a good friend’s name. 

   
   (c) Write an alliteration using a favourite teacher’s name. 

   
   (d) Write an alliteration about school. 

   
   (e) Write one alliteration about lunchtime. 

   

2. Make up three more alliterations below.
   (a) 

   
   (b) 

   
   (c) 

   

Poetry Made Few
Worksheet One
This worksheet accompanies slide 4 of *Poetry from Different Cultures.ppt*

‘Checking Out Me History’ by John Agard

Dem tell me
Dem tell me
Wha dem want to tell me

Bandage up me eye with me own history
Blind me to me own identity

Dem tell me bout 1066 and all dat
dem tell me bout Dick Whittington and he cat
But Toussaint L’Ouverture
no dem never tell me bout dat

Toussaint
a slave
with vision
lick back
Napoleon
battalion
and first Black
Republic born
Toussaint de thorn
to de French
Toussaint de beacon
of de Haitian Revolution

Dem tell me bout de man who discover de balloon
and de cow who jump over de moon
Dem tell me bout de dish run away with de spoon
but dem never tell me bout Nanny de maroon

Nanny
See-far woman

of mountain dream
fire-woman struggle

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hopeful stream
to freedom river

Dem tell me bout Lord Nelson and Waterloo
but dem never tell me bout Shaka de great Zulu
Dem tell me bout Columbus and 1492
but what happen to de Caribs and de Arawaks too

Dem tell me bout Florence Nightingale and she lamp
and how Robin Good used to camp
Dem tell me bout ole King Cole was a merry ole soul
but dem never tell me bout Mary Seacole

From Jamaica
she travel far
to the Crimean War
she volunteer to go
and even when de British said no
she still brave the Russian snow
a healing star
among the wounded
a yellow sunrise
to the dying

Dem tell me
Dem tell me wha dem want to tell me
But I checking out me own history
I carving out me identity

Worksheet Two
This worksheet accompanies slide 5 of Poetry from Different Cultures.ppt

'Checking Out Me History' questions:

1. Complete the table, filling in which pieces of history the poet was told, and which pieces he was not:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>What Agard was told</th>
<th>What Agard wasn't told</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

2. Can you see a pattern?

________________________
________________________
________________________
________________________
________________________
________________________
3. What serious point is Agard making in the poem?
Worksheet Three
This worksheet accompanies slide 6 of *Poetry from Different Cultures.ppt*

‘Domain’ by Moniza Alvi
Sort the poem into its correct form.

of another continent.
I fear its removal -

Within me lies a stone
like the one that tries

to take it in my arms
and race away with it.

but how much better
it could be

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Worksheet Four
This worksheet accompanies slide 9 of Poetry from Different Cultures.ppt

‘Death of a Chief’ by Khadambi Asalache

pavements lined
sorrowful silence
tears
the coffin off to somewhere
in black
behind it the entire district
involved
in songs of grief
that flow and follow
a trailing gesture
thoughts
battered syllables
on lips

as past periods
return
in the farewell
of the blank faces
to float a fable
dreams
years of his reign

the path is silent
to this procession
walking into a myth
as he passes
alone
freed from praises
the worldly notion
this sensate achievement that flows

on tongues like a wind
like changeable news

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this slow walk seems
a readjustment
from his life

a transit
a sampling of the fragrance
of death and the surprise of
its calm
an eternal grip
cold

Khadambi Asalache, 'Death of a Chief', The Penguin Book of Modern African Poetry: Fourth Edition (Penguin 20th Century Classics, 1999). Every reasonable effort has been made to contact the owners of copyright material. We would be pleased to hear from you if you own the rights to this work.
‘Wherever I hang’ by Grace Nichols
I leave me people, me land, me home
For reasons, I not too sure
I forsake de sun
And de humming-bird splendour
Had big rats in de floorboard
So I pick up me new-world-self
And come, to this place call England
At first I feeling like I in dream –
De misty greyness
I touching de walls to see if they real
They solid to de seam
And de people pouring from de underground system
Like beans
And when I look up to de sky
I see Lord Nelson high – too high to lie

And is so I sending home photos of myself
Among de pigeons and de snow
And is so I warding off de cold
And is so, little by little
I begin to change my calypso ways
Never visiting nobody
Before giving them clear warning
And waiting me turn in queue
Now, after all this time
I get accustom to de English life
But I still miss back-home side
To tell you de truth
I don’t know really where I belaang
Yes, divided to de ocean

Divided to de bone

Wherever I hang me knickers – that’s my home.

‘Wherever I hang’ from Lazy Thoughts of a Lazy Woman. Copyright © Grace Nichols 1989, reproduced with permission of Curtis Brown Group Ltd.

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Worksheet Six
This worksheet accompanies slide 13 of *Poetry from Different Cultures.ppt*

'Telephone Conversation' by Wole Soyinka
The price seemed reasonable, location
Indifferent. The landlady swore she lived
Off premises. Nothing remained
But self-confession. "Madam," I warned,
"I hate a wasted journey - I am African."
Silence. Silenced transmission of
Pressurized good-breeding. Voice, when it came,
Lipstick coated, long gold-rolled
Cigarette-holder pipped. Caught I was foully.
"HOW DARK?" . . . I had not misheard . . . "ARE YOU LIGHT
OR VERY DARK?" Button B, Button A. Stench
Of rancid breath of public hide-and-speak.
Red booth. Red pillar box. Red double-tiered
Omnibus squelching tar. It was real! Shamed
By ill-mannered silence, surrender
Pushed dumbfounded to beg simplification.
Considerate she was, varying the emphasis -
"ARE YOU DARK? OR VERY LIGHT?" Revelation came.
"You mean - like plain or milk chocolate?"
Her assent was clinical, crushing in its light
Impersonality. Rapidly, wave-length adjusted,
I chose. "West African sepia" - and as afterthought,
"Down in my passport." Silence for spectroscopic
Flight of fancy, till truthfulness clanged her accent
Hard on the mouthpiece. "WHAT'S THAT?" conceding
"DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS." "Like brunette."
"THAT'S DARK, ISN'T IT?" "Not altogether.
Facially, I am brunette, but, madam, you should see
The rest of me. Palm of my hand, soles of my feet
Are a peroxide blond. Friction, caused -

Foolishly, madam - by sitting down, has turned
My bottom raven black - One moment, madam!" - sensing
Her receiver rearing on the thunderclap
About my ears - "Madam," I pleaded, "wouldn't you rather
See for yourself?"

Wole Soyinka, 'Telephone Conversation', The Penguin Book of Modern African Poetry: Fourth Edition (Penguin 20th Century Classics, 1999). Every reasonable effort has been made to contact the owners of copyright material. We would be pleased to hear from you if you own the rights to this work.
Worksheet Seven
This worksheet accompanies slide 15 of Poetry from Different Cultures.ppt

‘Dubious Foreigner’ by Cyril Dabydeen

As there is no doubt
   where I come from

I answer to all the mistrust
   you let out
   onto myself

A dollar value citizenship card
   bulges out
   against my hide of skin

I repeat history
   to myself
   once in a while –

my feet spread out
   against a liana sun
   – swinging against the horizon

belching out the past
   with Asia & Africa
   in my ears

Next, iridescent & emerald
   as the waves
   I acknowledge the pattern

answering to myself
   in Canada –
   with crabgrass

on snowy virginal
   ground

Cyril Dabydeen, ‘Dubious Foreigner’, The Heinemann Book of Caribbean Poetry: Caribbean Writers Series (Heinemann, 1992). Every reasonable effort has been made to contact the owners of copyright material. We would be pleased to hear from you if you own the rights to this work.

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Worksheet Eight
This worksheet accompanies slide 17 of Poetry from Different Cultures.ppt

Comparing poems
Can you remember which poem these quotations have been selected from? Circle your answer.
What do these quotations suggest about the poet’s experience of another culture?

1. “I answer to all the mistrust”

‘Telephone Conversation’
‘Dubious Foreigner’

2. “wouldn’t you rather/ See for yourself?”

‘Telephone Conversation’
‘Dubious Foreigner’

3. “with Asia & Africa/ in my ears”

‘Telephone Conversation’
‘Dubious Foreigner’

4. “I hate a wasted journey – I am African”

‘Telephone Conversation’
‘Dubious Foreigner’

5. “ARE YOU DARK OR VERY LIGHT?”

‘Telephone Conversation’
‘Dubious Foreigner’

6. “As there is no doubt/ where I come from”
7. “against my hide of skin”
Worksheet Nine
This worksheet accompanies slide 18 of *Poetry from Different Cultures.ppt*

Comparing poems
Compare the poets’ experiences of being in a different country. Use the table below to help you plan and structure your response. There are some quotations and ideas included below to get you started.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Racism</th>
<th>&quot;At first I feeling like I in a dream&quot;</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;mistrust&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uncertainty</td>
<td>&quot;hide of skin&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>being different</td>
<td>&quot;ARE YOU DARK? OR VERY LIGHT?&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Dem tell me/ What dem want to tell me&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>'Telephone Conversation'</th>
<th>'Dubious Foreigner'</th>
<th>'Wherever I hang'</th>
<th>'Domain'</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Treatment by others</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Themes and ideas</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Key quotations</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>