Opening Activity:

*Directions:* (This is my favorite imagery passage from The Book Thief!) Annotate what you notice about Zusak’s imagery in the passage below…

The afternoon had been warm. Liesel was slightly put off by the coolness of her glass. She looked at Papa for approval. He grinned and said, “*Prost, Madel*—cheers, girls.” Their glasses chimed together and the moment Liesel raised it to her mouth, she was bitten by the fizzy, sickly sweet taste of champagne. Her reflexes forced her to spit straight onto her papa’s overalls, watching it foam and dribble. A shot of laughter followed from all of them, and Hans encouraged her to give it another try. On the second attempt she was able to swallow it, and enjoy the taste of a glorious broken rule. It felt great. The bubbles ate her tongue. They prickled her stomach. Even as they walked to the next job, she could feel the warmth of pins and needles inside her (Zusak, 357).

What are the five types of imagery (Perrin page 712)…record the vocabulary and definition below..

Closing Question: *So why is imagery important? What are you learning about imagery?*

Directions: Read the poems below and annotate them based on structure, overall meaning, and especially IMAGERY…

Dickinson (717)

*What type of imagery seems most prevalent in this poem and WHY?*

**I felt a Funeral in my Brain,**

**And Mourners, to and fro,**

**Kept treading — treading — till it seemed**

**That Sense was breaking through —**

**And when they all were seated,**

**A Service like a Drum —**

**Kept beating — beating — till I thought**

**My Mind was going numb —**

**And then I heard them lift a Box,**

**And creak across my Soul**

**With those same Boots of Lead, again.**

**Then Space — began to toll**

**As all the Heavens were a Bell,**

**And Being but an Ear,**

**And I and Silence some strange Race,**

**Wrecked, solitary, here —**

**And then a Plank in Reason, broke,**

**And I dropped down, and down—**

**And hit a World, at every plunge,**

**And Finished knowing — then —**

**"Out, Out - "**

**by** [**Robert Frost**](http://www.internal.org/Robert_Frost)

*What type of imagery seems most prevalent in this poem and WHY?*

|  |
| --- |
| The buzz saw snarled and rattled in the yardAnd made dust and dropped stove-length sticks of wood,Sweet-scented stuff when the breeze drew across it.And from there those that lifted eyes could countFive mountain ranges one behind the otherUnder the sunset far into Vermont.And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled,As it ran light, or had to bear a load.And nothing happened: day was all but done.Call it a day, I wish they might have saidTo please the boy by giving him the half hourThat a boy counts so much when saved from work.His sister stood beside him in her apronTo tell them "Supper." At the word, the saw,As if it meant to prove saws know what supper meant,Leaped out at the boy's hand, or seemed to leap - He must have given the hand. However it was, Neither refused the meeting. But the hand!Half in appeal, but half as if to keepThe life from spilling. Then the boy saw all - Since he was old enough to know, big boyDoing a man's work, though a child at heart - He saw all was spoiled. "Don't let him cut my hand off - The doctor, when he comes. Don't let him, sister!"So. The hand was gone already.The doctor put him in the dark of ether.He lay and puffed his lips out with his breath.And then - the watcher at his pulse took a fright.No one believed. They listened to his heart.Little - less - nothing! - and that ended it. No more to build on there. And they, since theyWere not the one dead, turned to their affairs.   |

Shakespeare’s Sonnet (827)

1. **What is he really saying here?**
2. **What does he think of his true love?**
3. **What is Shakespeare’s purpose when he uses this type of imagery?**

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.

**Copy and staple, “The Scarf of Birds” poem to this packet…**