**Directions: *Read the poem and pay attention to diction—circle the words that stand out to you the most and consider WHY Dickinson choose the words she did…***

**There is no frigate like a book (1263)**

*Emily Dickinson, 1830 - 1886*

There is no Frigate like a Book

To take us Lands away,

Nor any Coursers like a Page

Of prancing Poetry –

This Traverse may the poorest take

Without oppress of Toll –

How frugal is the Chariot

That bears a Human soul.

Directions: ***Read the poem silently to yourself and try to make meaning first. Next, we will read the poem closer to pay attention to punctuation and well as to read sentence by sentence, punctuation mark to punctuation mark.***

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| --- | --- |
| |  | | --- | | **Blackberry Eating**  *Galway Kinnell* | |
| |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | I love to go out in late September among the fat, overripe, icy, black blackberries to eat blackberries for breakfast, the stalks very prickly, a penalty they earn for knowing the black art of blackberry-making; and as I stand among them lifting the stalks to my mouth, the ripest berries fall almost unbidden to my tongue, as words sometimes do, certain peculiar words like strengths or squinched, many-lettered, one-syllabled lumps, which I squeeze, squinch open, and splurge well in the silent, startled, icy, black language of blackberry -- eating in late September.  **Directions: *Read and review the poem below using the poetry strategies we have been learning—don’t forget to focus especially on diction and syntax. Also note, the word “scatterghost” is a word Oliver made up—what could it mean and why did she use it?***  [**The Rabbit**](https://www.poeticous.com/mary-oliver/the-rabbit?locale=en)  *by* [*Mary Oliver*](https://www.poeticous.com/mary-oliver?locale=en)  Scatterghost,  it can't float away.  And the rain, everybody's brother,  won't help. And the wind all these days  flying like ten crazy sisters everywhere  can't seem to do a thing. No one but me,  and my hands like fire,  to lift him to a last burrow. I wait  days, while the body opens and begins  to boil. I remember  the leaping in the moonlight, and can't touch it,  wanting it miraculously to heal  and spring up  joyful. But finally  I do. And the day after I've shoveled  the earth over, in a field nearby  I find a small bird's nest lined pale  and silvery and the chicks—  are you listening, death?—warm in the rabbit's fur. | |