**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* |

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|   | I love to go out in late Septemberamong the fat, overripe, icy, black blackberriesto eat blackberries for breakfast,the stalks very prickly, a penaltythey earn for knowing the black artof blackberry-making; and as I stand among themlifting the stalks to my mouth, the ripest berriesfall almost unbidden to my tongue,as words sometimes do, certain peculiar wordslike strengths or squinched,many-lettered, one-syllabled lumps,which I squeeze, squinch open, and splurge wellin the silent, startled, icy, black languageof 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 waitdays, while the body opens and begins to boil. I rememberthe leaping in the moonlight, and can't touch it, wanting it miraculously to heal and spring up joyful. But finallyI do. And the day after I've shoveled the earth over, in a field nearbyI find a small bird's nest lined pale and silvery and the chicks— are you listening, death?—warm in the rabbit's fur. |

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