Opening Activity: Read the quote below and offer a short reaction…

There are many ways a poem can charm the reader: choice of images, music of language, idea content, cleverness of wordplay. And at least some part of the answer, if that magic came in a sonnet, is *form.*

You might suppose that a poem of a mere fourteen lines is only capable of achieving one effect. And you’d be right. It can’t have epic scope, it can’t undertake subplots, it can’t carry much narrative water. But you’d also be wrong. It can do two things. A sonnet, in fact, we might think of as having to units of meaning, closely related, to be sure, but with a shift of some sort taking place between them….(Foster, 24).

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| Directions: *Read the poems and figure out what*  *Type of sonnet they are as well as what the*  *Author’s overall message and meaning is…*  **On First Looking into Chapman’s Homer**  By John Keats  MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold, |  |
| And many goodly states and kingdoms seen; |  |
| Round many western islands have I been |  |
| Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold. |  |
| Oft of one wide expanse had I been told | *5* |
| That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne: |  |
| Yet did I never breathe its pure serene |  |
| Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold: |  |
| Then felt I like some watcher of the skies |  |
| When a new planet swims into his ken; | *10* |
| Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes |  |
| He stared at the Pacific—and all his men |  |
| Look'd at each other with a wild surmise— |  |
| Silent, upon a peak in Darien. |  |

My reaction/thoughts/questions…

**The White City**

By Claude McKay

I will not toy with it nor bend an inch.  
Deep in the secret chambers of my heart  
I muse my life-long hate, and without flinch  
I bear it nobly as I live my part.  
My being would be skeleton, a shell,  
If this dark Passion that fills my every mood,  
And makes my heaven in the white world's hell,  
Did not forever feed me vital blood.  
I see the mighty city through a mist--  
The strident trains that speed the goaded mass,  
The poles and spires and towers vapor-kissed,  
The fortressed port through which the great ships pass,  
The tides, the wharves, the dens I contemplate,  
Are sweet like wanton loves because I hate.

***What I learned about sonnets today is…***