* Who: Who or what is the subject and focus of the poem?
* How: How is the poem structured? What do you notice about how it is created and put together?
* But: what is the main conflict or problem?
* So: How is that conflict or problem resolved? What does the persona learn? What is the message the reader should take away?

***(annotate WHO, HOW, BUT, SO in the margins!)***

* Frost, Robert: *Bereft (728)*

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| **Bereft**  |

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|   | Where had I heard this wind beforeChange like this to a deeper roar?What would it take my standing there for,Holding open a restive door,Looking down hill to a frothy shore?Summer was past and the day was past.Sombre clouds in the west were massed.Out on the porch's sagging floor,Leaves got up in a coil and hissed,Blindly striking at my knee and missed.Something sinister in the toneTold me my secret may be known:Word I was in the house aloneSomehow must have gotten abroad,Word I was in my life alone,Word I had no one left but God.  |

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* Who: Who or what is the subject and focus of the poem?
* How: How is the poem structured? What do you notice about how it is created and put together?
* But: what is the main conflict or problem?
* So: How is that conflict or problem resolved? What does the persona learn?
* Robinson, Edwin Arlington: *The House on the Hill (copy)*
* **The House on the Hill**
* [**The House on the Hill**](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/174242)
* They are all gone away,
* The House is shut and still,
* There is nothing more to say.
* Through broken walls and gray
* The winds blow bleak and shrill:
* They are all gone away.
* Nor is there one to-day
* To speak them good or ill:
* There is nothing more to say.
* Why is it then we stray
* Around the sunken sill?
* They are all gone away,
* And our poor fancy-play
* For them is wasted skill:
* There is nothing more to say.
* There is ruin and decay
* In the House on the Hill:
* They are all gone away,
* There is nothing more to say.

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|   | They are all gone away,The house is shut and still,There is nothing more to say.Through broken walls and grayThe winds blow bleak and shrill:They are all gone away.Nor is there one todayTo speak them good or ill:There is nothing more to say.Why is it then we strayAround the sunken sill?They are all gone away.And our poor fancy-playFor them is wasted skill:There is nothing more to say.There is ruin and decayIn the House on the HillThey are all gone away,There is nothing more to say. |

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