* 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** | |  |
| |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | Where had I heard this wind before Change 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 tone Told me my secret may be known: Word I was in the house alone Somehow must have gotten abroad, Word I was in my life alone, Word I had no one left but God. | |

* 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 gray The winds blow bleak and shrill: They are all gone away.  Nor is there one today 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. | |