

Name:

Period:

ELEMENTS OF POETRY



Speaker:

Tone:

Theme:

<p>Mitten Dreams</p> <p>In the summer we sleep in the attic, dreaming the mothballs into snowballs</p> <p>dreaming the air cold so your hands will want to hide inside the soft white clouds of mittens, that would make your hands</p> <p>feel like paws of snow leopards, paws of white tigers, paws of polar bears.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">-Civ Sederling</p>	<p>Excerpt from “The Negro Mother”</p> <p>Children, I come back today To tell you a story of the long dark way That I had to climb, that I had to know In order that the race might live and grow. Look at my face -- dark as the night – Yet shining like the sun with love's true light. I am the dark girl who crossed the red sea Carrying in my body the seed of the free. I am the woman who worked in the field Bringing the cotton and the corn to yield. I am the one who labored as a slave, Beaten and mistreated for the work that I gave Children sold away from me, I'm husband sold, too. No safety, no love, no respect was I due.</p> <p>Three hundred years in the deepest South: But God put a song and a prayer in my mouth. God put a dream like steel in my soul. Now, through my children, I'm reaching the goal.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">-Langston Hughes</p>
<p>Speaker:</p> <p>Tone:</p> <p>Theme:</p>	<p>Speaker:</p> <p>Tone:</p> <p>Theme:</p>