Option 3 Examples – Mark Strand said that "A poem may be . . . the ghost within every experience that wishes it could be seen or felt, acknowledged as a kind of meaning." Write <u>a poem that focuses on a significant, memorable experience and that "captures" this experience</u> and brings it to life as fully and powerfully as possible.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

Evening: Ponte al Mare, Pisa

The sun is set; the swallows are asleep; The bats are flitting fast in the grey air;	
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep,	
And evening's breath, wandering here and there Over the quivering surface of the stream,	5
Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.	
There is no dew on the dry grass to-night, Nor damp within the shadows of the trees; The wind is intermitting, dry, and light; And in the inconstant motion of the breeze The dust and straws are driven up and down, And whirled about the pavement of the town.	10
Within the surface of the fleeting river The wrinkled image of the city lay, Immovably unquiet, and for ever It trembles, but it never fades away	15

Andrew Hudgins (b.1951)

Seventeen

Ahead of me, the dog reared on its rope, and swayed. The pickup took a hard left turn, and the dog tipped off the side. He scrabbled, fell, and scraped along the hot asphalt before he tumbled back into the air. 5 I pounded on my horn and yelled. The rope snapped and the brown dog hurtled into the weeds. I braked, still pounding on my horn. The truck stopped too.

We met halfway, and stared	
down at the shivering dog, which flinched	10
and moaned and tried to flick its tail.	
Most of one haunch was scraped away	
and both hind legs were twisted. You stupid shit!	
I said. He squinted at me. "Well now, bud-	
you best watch what you say to me."	15
I'd never cussed a grown-up man before.	
I nodded. I figured on a beating. He grinned.	

"You so damn worried about that ole dog, he's yours." He strolled back to his truck, gunned it, and slewed off, spraying gravel. The dog whined harshly.

By the road, gnats rose waist-high as I waded through the dry weeds, looking for a rock. I knelt down by the dog-tail flickand slammed the rock down twice. The first 25 blow did the job, but I had planned for two. My hands swept up and down again. I grabbed the hind legs, swung twice, and heaved the dog into a clump of butterfly weed and vetch. But then I didn't know they had names, those roadside weeds. His truck was a blue Ford, the dog a beagle. I was seventeen. The gnats rose, gathered to one loose cloud, then scattered through coarse orange and purple weeds.

Lisel Mueller (b.1924)

When I Am Asked

When I am asked how I began writing poems, I talk about the indifference of nature.

It was soon after my mother died, a brilliant June day, everything blooming.

I sat on a gray stone bench in a lovingly planted garden, but the day lilies were as deaf as the ears of drunken sleepers and the roses curved inward. Nothing was black or broken and not a leaf fell and the sun blared endless commercials for summer holidays.

I sat on a gray stone bench ringed with the ingenue faces of pink and white impatiens and placed my grief in the mouth of language, the only thing that would grieve with me. 20

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