

Remembrance Poem

English II CP

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Directions: Think of a strong memory you have. It could be something dramatic or something ordinary. It could be a memory with strong emotions attached to it of happiness, sadness, excitement, etc. Once you have thought of a memory, write a minimum 15-line poem that attempts to show the reader the experience you had. Don't tell the reader about the experience. Show them.

Requirements: For this poem, you must use the poetic device of imagery.

Imagery is the poetic device that describes the use of sensory language to create a picture in the mind of the reader. Despite "image" being a synonym for "picture," images don't have to be only visual; the poet can use any or all of the five senses (sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell) when painting a word picture for the reader.

Examples of Imagery:

1. Popping and crackling,
the bacon shriveled
in the frying pan
Soon
the salty, greasy smell
wafted toward me.
2. Glittering white,
the soft snow blanket
covered everything in sight.
3. The golden sunlight
filtered down
through the pale new leaves
of the oak trees,
coming to rest
on Jessica's brown toes
splayed in the red Georgia mud.

If the poem is done well, the reader should feel like they were present when the memory happened.

Memory Poem Examples:

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

By William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,

Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Legs Like Trees

Whack, whack, whack!
These trees are hard to topple!
Whack, whack, whack!
Voices high above
dog hair smell
Whack, whack, whack!
Why are so many trees
In our living room
I'll never cut them all down!
Whack, whack, whack!
Uh-oh, there's a fire
I'm a fireman,
I blow out the fire
Dark Sweetness
White cold sweetness
All over my face
More trees!
Whack, whack, whack!

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