

Acquainted with the Night

By Robert Frost

I have been one acquainted with the night.
I have walked out in rain—and back in rain.
I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.
I have passed by the watchman on his beat
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet
When far away an interrupted cry
Came over houses from another street,

But not to call me back or say good-bye;
And further still at an unearthly height,
One luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.
I have been one acquainted with the night.

Alliteration

Translating Grandfather's House

E. J. Vega

According to my sketch,
Rows of lemon & mango
Trees frame the courtyard
Of Grandfather's stone
And clapboard home;
The shadow of a palomino
Gallops on the lip
Of the horizon.

The teacher says
The house is from
Some Zorro
Movie I've seen.

"Ask my mom," I protest.
"She was born there -
Right there on the second floor!"

Crossing her arms she moves on.

Memories once certain as rivets
Become confused as awakenings
In strange places and I question
The house, the horse, the wrens
Perched on the slate roof -
The roof Oscar Jartín
Tumbled from one hot Tuesday,
Installing a new weather vane;
(He broke a shin and two fingers).
Classmates finish drawings of New York City
Housing projects on Navy Street.
I draw one too, with wildgrass
Raising from sidewalk cracks like widows.
In big round letters I title it:

GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE

Beaming, the teacher scrawls
An A+ in the corner and tapes
It to the green blackboard.

To the green blackboard.

imagery

The Sky is Low

by Emily Dickinson

The sky is low, the clouds are mean,
A travelling flake of snow
Across a barn or through a rut
Debates if it will go.

A narrow wind complains all day
How some one treated him;
Nature, like us, is sometimes caught
Without her diadem*.

* diadem – a jeweled headband used as a royal crown

personification

Autumn Leaves

When autumn leaves fall
burst of colors red and gold
drifting in the wind

Leaves of gold and red
wrinkled, burnt, kissed by the sun
leaves a memory

idiom

Thanksgiving

A mountain of baby carrots,
a turkey the size of a cow.
a river full of gravy
a dog that says meow
Every pie known to man
and gallons full of ice cream.
By the time my dinner is over
I surely won't be lean.

Hyperbole

The Bells

Edgar Allen Poe

Hear the sledges with the bells - -
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their
melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells - -
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Onomatopoeia