AP Lit with Mr. Bah Period \_\_\_\_\_ Name \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  
Poetry Packet Speaker and Voice

**My Papa’s Waltz**

BY [THEODORE ROETHKE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/theodore-roethke)

The whiskey on your breath

Could make a small boy dizzy;

But I hung on like death:

Such waltzing was not easy.

We romped until the pans

Slid from the kitchen shelf;

My mother’s countenance

Could not unfrown itself.

The hand that held my wrist

Was battered on one knuckle;

At every step you missed

My right ear scraped a buckle.

You beat time on my head

With a palm caked hard by dirt,

Then waltzed me off to bed

Still clinging to your shirt.

**ROOT CELLAR**  
Theodore Roethke

Nothing would sleep in that cellar, dank as a ditch,

Bulbs broke out of boxes hunting for chinks in the dark,

Shoots dangled and drooped,

Lolling obscenely from mildewed crates,

Hung down long yellow evil necks, like tropical snakes.

And what a congress of stinks!—

Roots ripe as old bait,

Pulpy stems, rank, silo-rich,

Leaf-mold, manure, lime, piled against slippery planks.

Nothing would give up life:

Even the dirt kept breathing a small breath.

**I like to see it lap the Miles**BY [EMILY DICKINSON](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/emily-dickinson)

I like to see it lap the Miles -

And lick the Valleys up -

And stop to feed itself at Tanks -

And then - prodigious step

Around a Pile of Mountains -

And supercilious peer

In Shanties - by the sides of Roads -

And then a Quarry pare

To fit it's sides

And crawl between

Complaining all the while

In horrid - hooting stanza -

Then chase itself down Hill -

And neigh like Boanerges -

Then - prompter than a Star

Stop - docile and omnipotent

At it's own stable door -

#### **I STOP WRITING THE POEM**

[Tess Gallagher](https://www.poetrysociety.org/psa/poetry/poets/Tess_Gallagher/)

to fold the clothes. No matter who lives  
or who dies, I'm still a woman.  
I'll always have plenty to do.  
I bring the arms of his shirt  
together. Nothing can stop  
our tenderness. I'll get back  
to the poem. I'll get back to being  
a woman. But for now  
there's a shirt, a giant shirt  
in my hands, and somewhere a small girl  
standing next to her mother  
watching to see how it's done.

**I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud**

BY [WILLIAM WORDSWORTH](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/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.

**Theme for English B**

BY [LANGSTON HUGHES](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/langston-hughes)

The instructor said,

*Go home and write*

*a page tonight.*

*And let that page come out of you—*

*Then, it will be true.*

I wonder if it’s that simple?

I am twenty-two, colored, born in Winston-Salem.

I went to school there, then Durham, then here

to this college on the hill above Harlem.

I am the only colored student in my class.

The steps from the hill lead down into Harlem,

through a park, then I cross St. Nicholas,

Eighth Avenue, Seventh, and I come to the Y,

the Harlem Branch Y, where I take the elevator

up to my room, sit down, and write this page:

It’s not easy to know what is true for you or me

at twenty-two, my age. But I guess I’m what

I feel and see and hear, Harlem, I hear you.

hear you, hear me—we two—you, me, talk on this page.

(I hear New York, too.) Me—who?

Well, I like to eat, sleep, drink, and be in love.

I like to work, read, learn, and understand life.

I like a pipe for a Christmas present,

or records—Bessie, bop, or Bach.

I guess being colored doesn’t make me *not* like

the same things other folks like who are other races.

So will my page be colored that I write?

Being me, it will not be white.

But it will be

a part of you, instructor.

You are white—

yet a part of me, as I am a part of you.

That’s American.

Sometimes perhaps you don’t want to be a part of me.

Nor do I often want to be a part of you.

But we are, that’s true!

As I learn from you,

I guess you learn from me—

although you’re older—and white—

and somewhat more free.

This is my page for English B.

**Harlem**

BY [LANGSTON HUGHES](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/langston-hughes)

What happens to a dream deferred?

      Does it dry up

      like a raisin in the sun?

      Or fester like a sore—

      And then run?

      Does it stink like rotten meat?

      Or crust and sugar over—

      like a syrupy sweet?

      Maybe it just sags

      like a heavy load.

*Or does it explode?*

**The Red Wheel Barrow**

## [William Carlos Williams](https://www.poets.org/node/45484), 1883 – 1963

so much depends

upon

a red wheel

barrow

glazed with rain

water

beside the white

chickens.

**Holy Sonnets: Batter my heart, three-person'd God**

BY [JOHN DONNE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/john-donne)

Batter my heart, three-person'd God, for you

As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;

That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend

Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.

I, like an usurp'd town to another due,

Labor to admit you, but oh, to no end;

Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend,

But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue.

Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,

But am betroth'd unto your enemy;

Divorce me, untie or break that knot again,

Take me to you, imprison me, for I,

Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,

Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

**NAMING OF PARTS**  
Reed, Henry

Vixi duellis nuper idoneus

Et militavi non sine gloria

To-day we have naming of parts. Yesterday,  
We had daily cleaning. And to-morrow morning,  
We shall have what to do after firing. But to-day,  
To-day we have naming of parts. [Japonica](http://images.google.com/images?q=chaenomeles+japonica)  
Glistens like coral in all of the neighboring gardens,  
          And to-day we have naming of parts.  
  
This is the lower sling swivel. And this  
Is the upper sling swivel, whose use you will see,  
When you are given your slings. And this is the [piling swivel](http://www.solearabiantree.net/namingofparts/pilingswivel.html),  
Which in your case you have not got. The branches  
Hold in the gardens their silent, eloquent gestures,  
          Which in our case we have not got.  
  
This is the safety-catch, which is always released  
With an easy flick of the thumb. And please do not let me  
See anyone using his finger. You can do it quite easy  
If you have any strength in your thumb. The blossoms  
Are fragile and motionless, never letting anyone see  
          Any of them using their finger.  
  
And this you can see is the bolt. The purpose of this  
Is to open the breech, as you see. We can slide it  
Rapidly backwards and forwards: we call this  
Easing the spring. And rapidly backwards and forwards  
The early bees are assaulting and fumbling the flowers:  
          They call it easing the Spring.  
  
They call it easing the Spring: it is perfectly easy  
If you have any strength in your thumb: like the bolt,  
And the breech, and the cocking-piece, and the point of balance,  
Which in our case we have not got; and the [almond-blossom](http://images.google.com/images?q=almond+blossom)  
Silent in all of the gardens and the bees going backwards and forwards,  
          For to-day we have naming of parts.