

SARAH CYNTHIA SYLVIA STOUT

By, Shel Silverstein

Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout
Would not take the garbage out.
She'd wash the dishes and scrub the
pans
Cook the yams and spice the hams,
And though her parents would scream
and shout,
She simply would not take the garbage
out.
And so it piled up to the ceiling:
Coffee grounds, potato peelings,
Brown bananas and rotten peas,
Chunks of sour cottage cheese.
It filled the can, it covered the floor,
It cracked the windows and blocked the
door,
With bacon rinds and chicken bones,
Drippy ends of ice cream cones,
Prune pits, peach pits, orange peels,
Gloppy glumps of cold oatmeal,
Pizza crusts and withered greens,
Soggy beans, and tangerines,
Crusts of black-burned buttered toast,
Grisly bits of beefy roast.
The garbage rolled on down the halls,
It raised the roof, it broke the walls,
I mean, greasy napkins, cookie crumbs,
Blobs of gooey bubble gum,
Cellophane from old bologna,
Rubbery, blubbery macaroni,
Peanut butter, caked and dry,
Curdled milk, and crusts of pie,
Rotting melons, dried-up mustard,

Eggshells mixed with lemon custard,
Cold French fries and rancid meat,
Yellow lumps of Cream of Wheat.
At last the garbage reached so high
That finally it touched the sky,
And none of her friends would come to
play,
And all of her neighbors moved away;
And finally, Sarah Cynthia Stout
Said, "Okay, I'll take the garbage out!"
But then, of course it was too late,
The garbage reached across the state,
From New York to the Golden Gate,
And there in the garbage she did hate
Poor Sarah met an awful fate
That I cannot right now relate
Because the hour is much too late
But children, remember Sarah Stout,
And always take the garbage out.

HYPERBOLE IN POETRY

Directions: Using your copy of the poems "Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout" & "As I Walked Out One Evening", identify examples of Hyperbole, and describe how those examples help to develop the overall meaning and impact of the poem.

"SARAH CYNTHIA SYLVIA STOUT"	HYPERBOLE EXAMPLE	EXPLANATION
EXAMPLE #1		
EXAMPLE #2		
EXAMPLE #3		
EXAMPLE #4		

HOW DOES THE AUTHOR'S USE OF HYPERBOLE DEVELOP THE OVERALL
MEANING OF THE POEM?

AS I WALKED OUT ONE EVENING

By, W.H.Auden

As I walked out one evening,
Walking down Bristol Street,
The crowds upon the pavement
Were fields of harvest wheat.

And down by the brimming river
I heard a lover sing
Under an arch of the railway:
'Love has no ending.

'I'll love you, dear, I'll love you
Till China and Africa meet,
And the river jumps over the mountain
And the salmon sing in the street,

'I'll love you till the ocean
Is folded and hung up to dry
And the seven stars go squawking
Like geese about the sky.

'The years shall run like rabbits,
For in my arms I hold
The Flower of the Ages,
And the first love of the world.'

But all the clocks in the city
Began to whirr and chime:
'O let not Time deceive you,
You cannot conquer Time.

'In the burrows of the Nightmare
Where Justice naked is,
Time watches from the shadow
And coughs when you would kiss.

'In headaches and in worry
Vaguely life leaks away,
And Time will have his fancy
To-morrow or to-day.

'Into many a green valley
Drifts the appalling snow;
Time breaks the threaded dances
And the diver's brilliant bow.

'O plunge your hands in water,
Plunge them in up to the wrist;
Stare, stare in the basin
And wonder what you've missed.

'The glacier knocks in the cupboard,
The desert sighs in the bed,
And the crack in the tea-cup opens
A lane to the land of the dead.

'Where the beggars raffle the banknotes
And the Giant is enchanting to Jack,
And the Lily-white Boy is a Roarer,
And Jill goes down on her back.

'O look, look in the mirror,
O look in your distress:
Life remains a blessing
Although you cannot bless.

'O stand, stand at the window
As the tears scald and start;
You shall love your crooked neighbour
With your crooked heart.'

It was late, late in the evening,
The lovers they were gone;
The clocks had ceased their chiming,
And the deep river ran on.

"AS I WALKED OUT ONE EVENING"	HYPERBOLE EXAMPLE	EXPLANATION
EXAMPLE #1		
EXAMPLE #2		
EXAMPLE #3		
EXAMPLE #4		

HOW DOES THE AUTHOR'S USE OF HYPERBOLE DEVELOP THE OVERALL MEANING OF THE POEM?

Poetry Personification

<https://docs.google.com/presentation/d/1Jo8wse4sHBXVFx-RqP50S5p2ciiAhWk-Jr-iqdibFJXo/edit?usp=sharing>

1. Choose an inanimate object. Here are some suggestions.

Tsunami	Ladybug	Storm	Mosquito	Butterfly
Lightning	Flea	Snake	Volcano	Weeds
Cockroach	Fire	Rain	Wasp	Earthquake
Spider	Mud	Hurricane	Sun	Earth
Rock	Fly	Earthworm	Ant	Dirt
Tick	Tornado	Wind	Rainbow	Ocean
Grass	Desert	River	Waves	Snail
Thunder	Sand			

3. Using the "I Am" poem format, write a poem from the point of view of your chosen object.

- You are to become the topic
- Write answers their topic would honestly give if their topic could talk
- Don't use the name of your topic anywhere in the poem
- Poems must be illustrated

4. The "I AM" poem format and a few samples are included in this packet. Refer to them to help you write your poem.

Writing an "I Am" Poem

MODEL

FIRST STANZA

I am (2 special characteristics you have)
I wonder (something of curiosity)
I hear (an imaginary sound)
I see (an imaginary sight)
I want (an actual desire)
I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

SECOND STANZA

I pretend (something you actually pretend to do)
I feel (a feeling about something imaginary)
I touch (an imaginary touch)
I worry (something that bothers you)
I cry (something that makes you sad)
I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

THIRD STANZA

I understand (something that is true)
I say (something you believe in)
I dream (something you dream about)
I try (something you really make an effort about)
I hope (something you actually hope for)
I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

EXAMPLE

I am polite and kind
I wonder about my kids' future
I hear a unicorn's cry
I see Atlantis
I want to do it all over again
I am polite and kind

I pretend I am a princess
I feel an angel's wings
I touch a summer's cloud
I worry about violence
I cry for my Gram
I am polite and kind

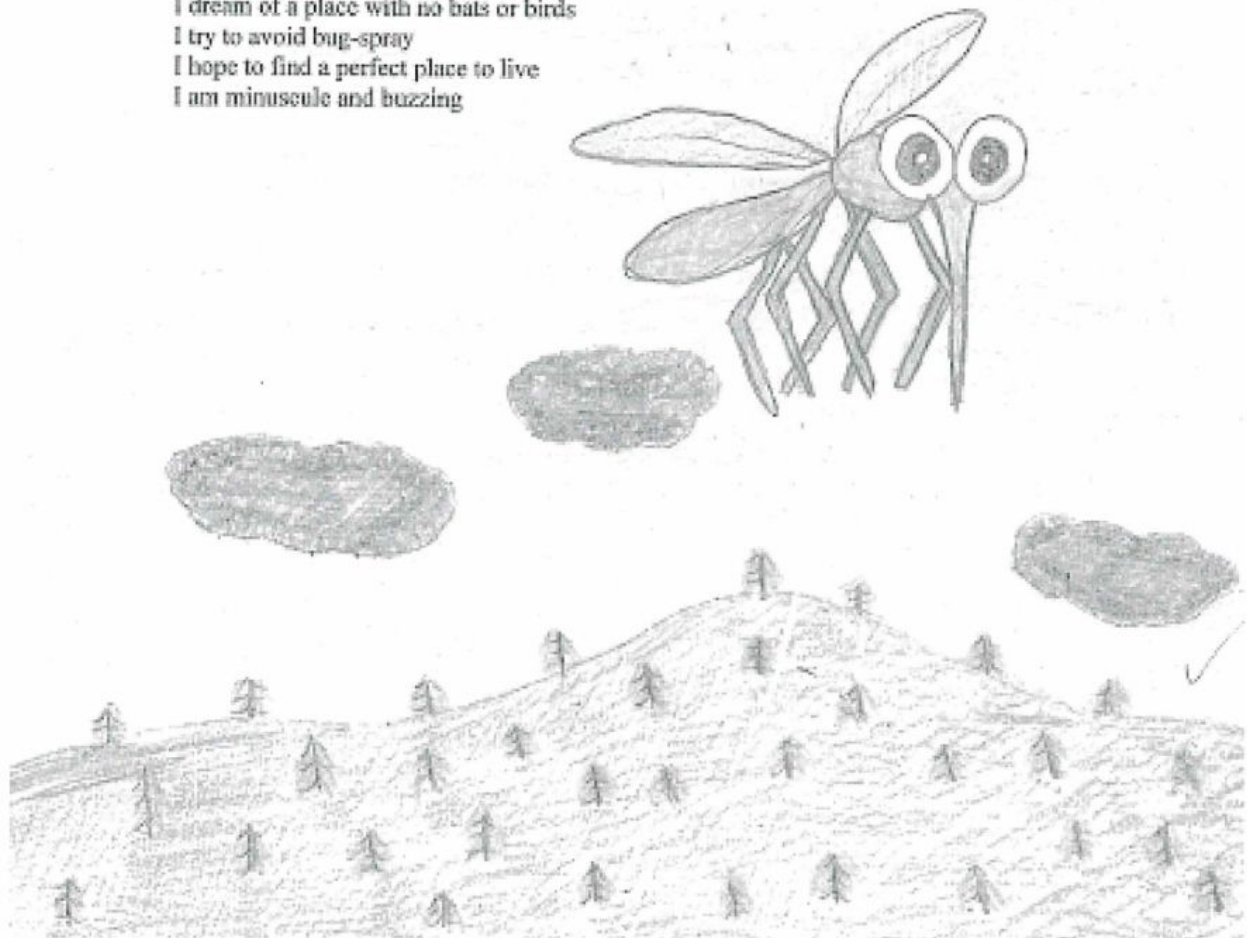
I understand your love for me
I say children are our future
I dream for a quiet day
I try to do my best
I hope the success of my children
I am polite and kind.

"I am" Poem
By: Savannah Clary

I am minuscule and buzzing
I wonder where I am accepted
I hear greetings from the sun each morning
I see the days drift by
I want food to be plentiful
I am minuscule and buzzing

I pretend that people enjoy my presence
I feel the weight of worried eyes
I touch the clouds with my mind's eye
I worry about my life ending soon
I cry when food becomes scarce
I am minuscule and buzzing

I understand that people avoid me
I say "don't underestimate me"
I dream of a place with no bats or birds
I try to avoid bug-spray
I hope to find a perfect place to live
I am minuscule and buzzing



I am both calm and intense.

I wonder if I shall ever rest.

I hear myself whispering through the trees.

I see destruction I cause on land and sea.

I want to be still for once.

I am both calm and intense.

I pretend that I can escape into space.

I feel bound by the atmosphere, never to rest.

I touch the clouds and the earth simultaneously.

I worry that I am sometimes too strong.

I cry and antagonize over the destruction my anger causes.

I am both calm and intense.

I understand that I need to restrain myself.

I say that my night is a gift.

I dream that I can power the world.

I try to control my anger.

I hope that I can be soft upon the earth.

I am both calm and intense.