

THE POETRY OF LIFE... from 'Dead Poet's Society'

Group Discussion Questions:

1. What is poetry?
2. Are you a romantic or a realist?
3. Why is it important to read and write poetry?
4. What is the connection between poetry, novels, short stories, and plays?
5. What do poets write about? What is the main subject of poetry?
6. Have you tried writing poetry before, or do you think that poetry is just for sissies?
7. Explain the meaning of ***“that the powerful play goes on – and that you may contribute a verse”***

What is the 'play'?

What 'verse' can you 'contribute'?

Your Task:

As the course tutor reads out different verses of poetry, try to relate them to the 7 questions above.

You must also try to uncover the meaning of the different verses with your group members.

Your Individual Project (even if you do not wish to accept it):

... is to write your own poem, on a subject of your choice!

1. The poem should be between 15 to 25 lines long only.
2. You are free to write on any subjects you want.
3. **You must also check the poem for grammatical errors – seek the help of your group members.**
4. Once you have done that, your poem should be presented as a *pastiche*, on a card or poster board with a minimum size of A3 paper.
5. The course tutor will show you an example of what you are supposed to do.
6. You must finish your work before the deadline, where you will present your poem to your group and the class.

THE POETRY OF LIFE – some famous verses

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow – ‘Dreams’ by **Ted Hughes**

a. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may
O time is still a-flying
This same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow maybe dying... – **Walt Whitman**

I went to the woods because
I wanted to live deliberately
I wanted to live deep
And suck all the marrow out of life!
And put to rest all that is not life
And not when I have come to die, discover that I had not live – **Thoreau**

Come my friends
It is not too late to seek a newer world,
For my purpose holds to sail beyond the sunset
And though we are no more that strength
Which in old days moved earth
That which we are, we are... – **Alfred Lord Tennyson**

Two roads diverge in the woods
And I took the one less travelled by
And that has made all the difference – ‘The Road Not Taken’, **Robert Frost**

Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of Maie,
And summer’s lease hath all too short a date.

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance, or nature’s changing course untrimmed;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee. – 'Sonnet 18', **Will Shakespeare**

THE POETRY OF LIFE – some not-so-famous verses

I Hate My Mother!

I hate my Mother
I have too much of her in me
Every thought I think
is my Mother's
Every feeling I feel
is my Mother's
Every tear I cry
is my Mother's
Every smile I carve
is my Mother's
My memories
were sieved through Her
I am borrowed
from Her
I hate my Mother
One day she'll leave me

Contents Of My Dreams

in my Dreams, reality has no home
only imagination lives with memories
in my Dreams, there is no time and space
only eternity and being exist
my Dreams is where i comprehend things
where me, has a meaning
the freedom of not having to be
caged in only one form but i am formless
free to roam all planes with the ability
to become me again
when my Dream ends

The Question

Someone
(I can't remember)
Asked me why I loved the person that I love...
so much

I paused a while
and another
and answered

"I can't
I don't know where to start"

"And
if I did
I won't know when to stop"

She Is...

The trusty old shoes forever on my feet
The only pair of undies I ever wear to class
The pair of corduroy jeans I never wash
The watch I won back in secondary school
The old hockey jersey I like to sleep in
The Mickey Mouse tie I wear when I teach
The black cap that is always on my head

She is,
All the things
(I wear on me)