

Poem- english



Project Location The library is a long, squat, but it always feels cramped to me inside, and I can never get comfortable enough in it to study. The weird sunscreen things over the windows make the building look a little ridiculous, and also add to the claustrophobic feelings when inside, because you can't get a good view out of the windows.

Long and Squat

Long and squat but not unsightly seen:

The dappled grey set off by silver sheen

Of window-shades and -frames which nicely set

The sun in its reflective silhouette.

Inside the doors arrayed along its front,

Like glist'ning warriors ready for the hunt,

A world of brilliance equal to the sun

Awaits the scholar's careful attention.

Each book contains a million gracious worlds,

Which shine and flicker as the page unfurls;

Their dull appearance known to be a lie,

Just like the building where they all reside.

Location 2 – The campus administration building itself is okay to look at, but it is separated from the rest of campus by parking lot after parking lot. No matter which way you go to get there, the trees cannot hide these expanses of concrete and the various cars parked in them.

Concrete Mirage

Endless concrete mirrors the sun,

hot this summer noontime,

sending up shimmering waves of

heat.

This looming specter of a building,
an oasis for the eyes,
surrounded by grey sands,
by imagined pools of blue,
by fertile green trees
and golden palaces,
and shimmering waves of concrete
heat.

Project #2

Poem 1 – Wilfred Owens, “ Dulce et Decorum Est” (http://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Dulce_et_Decorum_Est): The tone in this poem is angry, but not out-of-control. It shows a very stark realistic view of the problems with war, and tells its readers that they need to stop pretending like war is a glorious thing that everybody should support. It is written in a fairly traditional form and every other line rhymes.

Counter-Culture Growing

Counter-culture books and mind-bending shows

Replaced the electronic games of kids,
And this perhaps is how our living goes,
As we grow up we go back to the midst
Of ages past before we were alive
When drugs and rock made energetic men,
And so we wish that we as well could strive
As counter-culture icons way back then.

Poem 2 – E. E. Cummings, “ My Sweet Old Etcetera” (<http://www.https://assignbuster.com/poem-english/>

poemhunter. com/poem/my-sweet-old-etcetera/): The tone of this poem is more whimsical, but also kind of depressing. It is also an anti-war poem, sort of. Cummings mixes up comments from his family, who thinks war is great, with his own experiences of it and what he dreams of. It does not rhyme, and does not really even follow traditional grammar and punctuation.

Wooden Bear

the sweet old wooden bear
beamed up to the
starship (Enterprise, with Kirk
and Scotty and
Bones)
watching T. V. late into the night
(with Kirk and Scotty
and Bones and Spock)
and
sweetly
bearing it watching the
starship (Enterprise, with Kirk
and Scotty and
Bones and Spock
and Ohura and)
with her.