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| **“Poetry”** by Pablo NerudaAnd it was at that age ... Poetry arrivedin search of me. I don't know, I don't know whereit came from, from winter or a river.I don't know how or when,no they were not voices, they were notwords, nor silence,but from a street I was summoned,from the branches of night,abruptly from the others,among violent firesor returning alone,there I was without a faceand it touched me.I did not know what to say, my mouthhad no waywith names,my eyes were blind,and something started in my soul,fever or forgotten wings,and I made my own way,deciphering[[1]](#footnote-1)that fire,and I wrote the first faint line,faint, without substance, purenonsense,pure wisdomof someone who knows nothing,and suddenly I sawthe heavensunfastenedand open,planets,palpitating[[2]](#footnote-2) plantations,shadow perforated[[3]](#footnote-3),riddledwith arrows, fire and flowers,the winding night, the universe.And I, infinitesimal[[4]](#footnote-4) being,drunk with the great starryvoid,likeness, image ofmystery,felt myself a pure partof the abyss,I wheeled with the stars,my heart broke loose on the wind. | **Directions:**We will read this poem twice – once aloud and once silently.As you read silently, annotate the following:* **Images** that attract your attention
* **Repetition**
* **Verb Choice**
* **Form** – organization or structure of a work
* **Anaphora** – repetition of a word at the beginning of a phrase or clause.

For Neruda, what is poetry?For you, what is poetry?Do you see any similarities/differences between your and Neruda’s perspective? What are they? |

Name: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (Powell)

1. **deciphering**: figuring out the meaning of something that’s not clear. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. **palpitating:** pulsating or throbbing rapidly [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. **perforated**: pierced with holes [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. **infinitesimal**: so small as to be almost nothing [↑](#footnote-ref-4)