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Dorgan's English 2333 Assignments
for
May 11 – May 15, 2020

"Poe-m" Assignment

You will compose your own "Poe-ms" (get it?) based on one of Edgar Allan Poe's "Poe-ms". You will write two Poe-ms, one of which will be a parody of one of Poe's works. You are not required to write poems of the same length as Poe, but the poems had to be at least twelve lines and three stanzas, in order to allow them the space to work in the refrain that Poe considered central to poetic effect. You are to analyze and match, as closely as possible, the meter and rhyme scheme of Poe's works and to indicate which poem you are imitating. You will provide the teacher with a copy of the "Poe-ms" – yours as well as Poe's original composition. This must be turned in the day the assignment is due.

Do you agree with Poe about how to write a great poem? If so, what elements from his essay influenced your imitation? If you disagree with his method, feel free to poke some fun and imitate his style. That is, in either case, you should explain what ideas of poetry make yours a great poem – that is, having followed his instructions and philosophy, explain why following them either helps you write a great poem or led to you writing a parody of one of his poems.

Example:

The End of the Raven

by Edgar Allan Poe's Cat

**On a night quite unenchanted,
when the rain was downward slanting,
I awakened to the ranting
of the man I catch mice for.**

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Tipsy and a bit unshaven,
in a tone I found quite craven,
Poe was talking to a Raven perched
above the chamber door.

"Raven's very tasty," thought I,
as I tiptoed o'er the floor,
"There is nothing I like more".

Soft upon the rug I treaded,
calm and careful as I headed
Towards his roost atop that dreaded
bust of Pallas I deplore.

While the bard and birdie chattered,
I made sure that nothing clattered,
Creaked, or snapped, or fell, or shattered,
as I crossed the corridor;

For his house is crammed with trinkets,
curios and weird decor -
Bric-a-brac and junk galore.

Still the Raven never fluttered,
standing stock-still as he uttered,

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In a voice that shrieked and sputtered,
his two cents' worth - "Nevermore."

While this dirge the birdbrain kept up,
oh, so silently I crept up,
Then I crouched and quickly leapt up,
pouncing on the feathered bore.

Soon he was a heap of plumage,
and a little blood and gore-
Only this and not much more.

"Oooo!" my pickled poet cried out,
"Pussycat, it's time I dried out!
Never sat I in my hideout
talking to a bird before.

How I've wallowed in self-pity,
while my gallant, valiant kitty
Put and end to that damned ditty" -
then I heard him start to snore.

Back atop the door I clambered,
eyed that statue I abhor,
Jumped - and smashed it on the floor.