

Analyzing Structure in Writing

Directions: Read the following poems and mark them up – summarize the plot in a sentence, identify patterns in structure, determine meaning of those structural patterns, and write a concise analysis that relates structural patterns to theme/meaning of piece.

The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown
The traveller hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveller to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Obligations 2

BY LAYLI LONG SOLDIER

As we

embrace resist

the future the present the past

we work we struggle we begin we fail

to understand to find to unbraid to accept to question

the grief the grief the grief the grief

we shift we wield we bury

into light as ash

across our faces

Ants

BY ELIZABETH ACEVEDO

Ants

Mami

drags

me

by

my

shirt

to

her

altar

of

the

Virgin.

Pushes

me

down

until

I

kneel.

“Look the Virgin Mary in the eye, girl. Ask for forgiveness.”

I
bow
my
head
hoping
to
find
air

in
the
tiles.
My
big
is
impossible

to
make
tiny
but
I
try

to
make

ant
of
myself.

“Don’t make me get more rice. Mira la Santa María in the eye.”

I’ve
learned
that
ants
hold
ten
times
their
weight—

“Look at her, muchacha, mírala!”

—can
crawl
through
crevices;
have
no
God,
but
crumbs—

"Last chance, Xiomara. 'Santa María, llena eres de gracias . . .'"

—they

will

survive

the

apocalypse.

Little

brown

ants,

and

hill-building

ants,

and

fire

ants

all

red

and—

I Am No Ant

My
mother
yanks
my
hair,
pulling
my
face
up
from
the
tiles,
constructing
a
church
arch
of
my
spine
until
Mary's
face
is
an

inch
from
mine;

I
am
no
ant.

Only
sharply
torn.
Something
broken.

In
my
mother's
hand.