

Poetry

Activity 1 - Firstly, I'd like you to read the following poems based upon **The Great Fire of London**.

Haiku

Bright tongues lick night sky,
Belching smoke, coughing sparks high;
Consuming the streets.

Free Verse

Fingers clawing,
Scraping the city and rending street after street,
Grasping for new buildings to claim.
Glowing, striking orange and red,
With yellow-white tips flicking up into the sky, Flicking.
Flickering.
Flashing in micro-explosions as wood hisses and pops,
Dry as a bone,
London left like a graveyard,
Barely-standing skeletons of what life once was.
When the beast dies, leaving the last trails of smoke,
Look on the scene, and remember the fury that ignorance awoke.

Limerick

London quickly was filling with flames,
Sparks were hissing as they hit the Thames, 'Who did it?' folks cried,
(Only six or so died),
And old Tom is who everyone blames!

Shakespearean Sonnet

Embers glowing silently at bedtime,
Farriner, the baker, never saw it,
The spark which flew from fire to fuel so prime,
Bore a blaze so great we can't ignore it,
Scorching, crackling, gorging itself on wood,
The long Summer had dried the city's walls,
Smoke clung and cloaked the town like Death's own hood,
Hear screams and cries as every building falls.
For days on end the blaze sacked the city,
The citizens distraught and seeking peace,
A sacrifice was made with no pity:
A swathe of homes destroyed to make it cease,
The fire died, though the remnants burned for weeks,
A warning left in time for him who seeks.

Acrostic

The city was not well planned;
 Houses built, stacked higher,
 Ever closer to one another.
 Grabbing space in London, the push for more, left a
 Recipe for the perfect feast for fire.
 Everyone ignored the regulations meant for safety,
 'Ah, no one else obeys them!'
 The attitude filling London was
 Fuel.
 Ignition, so small, so insignificant,
 Revealed the risks the city ignored,
 Every street a fuse waiting to be lit.
 Onward! Onward!
 Fire, driven on by the wind,
 Like an army let in through the gates,
 Overwhelmed the city.
 No one is richer or poorer when faced with fire,
 Destruction does not care for social class,
 Only for the fuel to feed its hunger.
 No lessons learned; still fires come to pass.

Activity 2 - Next, I'd like you to research the following types of poems, briefly note down what makes each poem different from others. I have completed two of the boxes for you, to show an example of how brief I mean. I have also attached links to the types of poems I want you to research – follow these and they will help you recap our understanding of each type of poetry.

Type of poem	What is it?
Haiku	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • "Haiku" is a traditional form of Japanese poetry. • Haiku poems consist of 3 lines. The first and last lines of a Haiku have 5 syllables and the middle line has 7 syllables. • Because Haikus are such short poems, they are usually written about things that are recognizable to the reader.
Free Verse BBC Bitesize, what are free verse poems?	
Limerick BBC Bitesize, what is a limerick?	

<p>Shakespearean Sonnet</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The variation of the sonnet form that Shakespeare used includes the rhyme scheme: abab cdcd efef gg. • This different sonnet structure allows for more space to be devoted to the build-up of a subject or problem and is then followed by just two lines to conclude or resolve the poem in a rhyming couplet.
<p>Acrostic BBC Bitesize – what is an acrostic poem?</p>	

Activity 3 - Once you have completed the above activities, think about the work we have conducted this week upon tigers.

Write your own poem, mirroring the style of William Blake, based upon tigers.

To do this you should aim for your poem to also have:

- The rhyme scheme of AABB
- 6 stanzas

Here is an example of a verse that I have created using the ideas we have discussed in class.

Majestic predator searching for prey,
Creeping and stalking at the end of the day,
The stripes of this robber are not plain to see,
Piercing green eyes fixed on those that flee.

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?