|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Poem Format | Answer |
| How does a poem look? | * Organized in lines and stanzas
* Prose is organized in sentences and paragraphs
 |
| How is a **line** of poetry identified? | * By its number
* Sentences: Prose :: Lines: Poetry
 |
| What is a **stanza**? | * A group of lines in a poem
* Stanzas are separated by spaces
* Paragraphs: Prose :: Stanzas: Poetry
 |
| What is a **couplet**? | * Two lines of poetry that work together
* Sometimes they form a stanza, but when rhyme, they could be part of a larger stanza
 |
| What is the **structure** of a poem? | * The way a poem is organized
* How it looks (ex. One stanza? Four couplets? )
 |

**Highlight one example of each of the terms in your notes. Write the name of the term you are highlighting in the margin.**

**The Time of Your**

**Life (Good Riddance)**

Another turning point; 1
a fork stuck in the road.

Time grabs you by the wrist;
directs you where to go.

So make the best of this test 5
and don't ask why.

It's not a question
but a lesson learned in time.

It's something unpredictable
but in the end it's right. 10
I hope you had the time of your life.

So take the photographs
and still frames in your mind.

Hang it on a shelf
In good health and good time. 15

Tattoos of memories
and dead skin on trial.

For what it's worth,
it was worth all the while.

It's something unpredictable 20
but in the end it's right.
I hope you had the time of your life.

**Billy Joe Armstrong**

**BREAK, BREAK, BREAK**

Break, break, break, 1
    On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
    The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy, 5
    That he shouts with his sister at play!
O, well for the sailor lad,
    That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
    To their haven under the hill; 10
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
    And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break

    At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead 15
    Will never come back to me.

**Alfred Lord Tennyson**