

R8. WALT evaluate how and why authors use figurative language.

a cuckoo cries  
by Matsuo Basho

a cuckoo cries  
and through a thicket of bamboo  
the late moon shines

Spring is passing  
by Matsuo Basho

Spring is passing  
The birds cry, and the fishes  
fill  
With tears on their eyes.



Metaphor

### HAIKUS

Traditionally, a haiku poem consists of 3 lines, and 17 syllables, and describe the natural world.

Night prowler  
Midnight howler  
Meat hunter  
Air sniffer  
Hackle raiser  
Throat ripper

### KENNINGS

Kennings were first used in Anglo-Saxon and Norse poetry. They use two words, normally nouns, which they join to make one word. They don't always have titles, so you have to guess what they are describing.

★ Look out for kennings in ★  
BEOWULF next term - it's full of  
them!

There's a...  
jaw-snapper  
teeth-gnasher  
river-swimmer  
dives-for-dinner  
fish-catcher  
back-scratcher  
cave-seeker  
winter-sleeper  
forest-dweller  
grizzly-fella  
sneaking, lurking  
here and there...  
you beware -  
it's a BEAR

cherry blossoms  
swirl through the streets:  
a ghostly veil  
to help replace the men  
who have left for war

The bucket's water  
poured out and gone,  
drop by drop  
dew drips like pearls  
from the autumn flowers.

## TANKAS



Metaphor



Alliteration

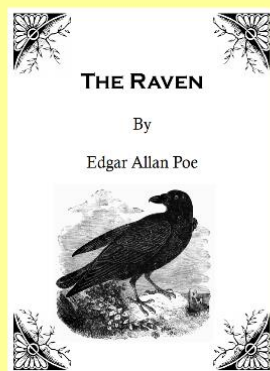


Simile

A tanka is a Japanese poem,  
similar to haikus, of 5 lines  
and 31 syllables. They usually  
describe a complete event or  
mood.



Edgar Allan Poe  
(1809-1849)



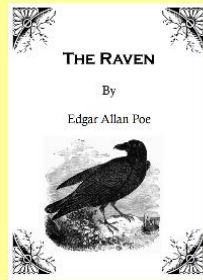
The Raven tells a story in (18  
stanzas!).

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
“Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—  
Only this and nothing more.”

*What poetic devices have you spotted?*



(1809-1849)



*Now let's look at the second stanza.*

*This means ending*

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
Nameless *here* for evermore.

*It's the story of a man mourning the death of his love, Lenore. He goes slowly mad with grief.*

*What's the mood of the poem?*

Link to The Raven read by Christopher Lee

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BefliMIEzZ8>

Link to The Simpsons' edited version

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bLiXjaPgSyY>