

Entry 184: Extended Simile / Metaphor Poems

Metaphor, Eve Merriam

Morning is
a new sheet of paper
for you to write on.

Whatever you want to say,
all day,
until night
folds it up
and files it away.

The bright words and the dark words
are gone
until dawn
and a new day
to write on.

Fog, Carl Sandburg

THE FOG comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then, moves on

Mind, Richard Wilbur

Mind in its purest play is like some bat
That beats about in caverns all alone,
Contriving by a kind of senseless wit
Not to conclude against a wall of stone.

It has no need to falter or explore;
Darkly it knows what obstacles are there,
And so may weave and flutter, dip and soar
In perfect course through the blackest air.

And has this simile like a perfection?
The mind is like a bat. Precisely. Save
That in the very happiest intellection
A graceful error may correct the cave.

The Toaster, William Jay Smith

A silver-scaled Dragon with jaws flaming red
Sits at my elbow and toasts my bread
I hand him fat slices, and then, one by one
He hands them back when he sees they are
done.

Apartment House, Gerald Raftery

A filing-cabinet of human lives
Where people swarm like bees in tunneled
hives,
Each to his own cell in the towered comb,
Identical and cramped—we call it home.

The Garden Hose, Beatrice Janosco

In the gray evening
I see a long green serpent
With its tail in the dahlias.

It lies in loops across the grass
And drinks softly at the faucet.

I can hear it swallow.

Steam Shovel, Charles Malam

The dinosaurs are not all dead.
I saw one raise its iron head
To watch me walking down the road
Beyond our house today.
Its jaws were dripping with a load
Of earth and grass that it had chopped.
It must have heard me when I stopped.
Snorted white steam my way,
And stretched its long neck out to see,
And chewed, and grinned quite amiably.

Simile, N. Scott Momaday

What did we say to each other
that now we are as the deer
who walk in single file
with heads high
with ears forward
with eyes watchful
with hooves always placed on firm ground
in whose limbs there is latent flight

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Labels	Next to the title and poet for each poem, write “metaphor” or “simile” to indicate which kind of figurative language is being employed.
Comparisons	Below each poem, write the two (or more) things that the poet compares.
Analysis	<p>Pick one poem to look at in more detail. Complete the following:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Explain how/why you think the comparison is appropriate. Consider the thoughts and feelings you have about each object, as well as sensory images associated with them. Your written response should fill about ¼ to ½ page.• Draw, as literally as you can, what is described in the poem. Use color. Include as many images and ideas from the poem as you can.
Original Poem	<p>Write your own extended metaphor or simile poem using an idea from the class activity. Your poem should be 8 to 15 lines long. Before beginning, consider the different ways one of the objects is like or represents the other. If you need help getting started, use one of the following as a starting point. Fill in the blanks, and then keep going:</p> <p>_____ is like _____. It...</p> <p>_____ is a/an _____. It...</p>