Imagery is not just visual images (sight), it is also sensory images (sound, smell, taste and touch.

Read the poem below, and underline the imagery

* Is the Imagery just Visual, or other senses?
* Label sight, sound, smell, taste, or touch
* Notice the repetition: “I am from…”

**Where I'm From** by George Ella Lyon

I am from clothespins,   
from Clorox and carbon-tetrachloride.   
I am from the dirt under the back porch.  
(Black, glistening,   
it tasted like beets.) 

I am from the forsythia bush  
the Dutch elm  
whose long-gone limbs I remember  
as if they were my own.

I'm from fudge and eyeglasses,   
          from Imogene and Alafair.   
I'm from the know-it-alls  
          and the pass-it-ons,   
from Perk up! and Pipe down!   
I'm from He restoreth my soul  
          with a cottonball lamb  
          and ten verses I can say myself.

I'm from Artemus and Billie's Branch,   
fried corn and strong coffee.   
From the finger my grandfather lost   
          to the auger,   
the eye my father shut to keep his sight.

Under my bed was a dress box  
spilling old pictures,   
a sift of lost faces  
to drift beneath my dreams.   
I am from those moments--  
snapped before I budded --  
leaf-fall from the family tree.

Using the Template Below, write your own (on another sheet of paper)

## WHERE I'M FROM\*\*\*  (Template)

I am from \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (specific ordinary item), from \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (product name) and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

I am from the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (home description... adjective, adjective, sensory detail).

I am from the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (plant, flower, natural item), the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (plant, flower, natural detail)

I am from \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (family tradition) and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (family trait), from \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (name of family member) and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (another family name) and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (family name).

I am from the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (description of family tendency) and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (another one).

From \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (something you were told as a child) and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (another).

I am from (representation of religion, or lack of it). Further description.

I'm from \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (place of birth and family ancestry), \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (two food items representing your family).

From the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (specific family story about a specific person and detail), the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (another detail, and the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (another detail about another family member).

I am from \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (location of family pictures, mementos, archives and several more lines indicating their worth).

*\*\*\*\*\*\*Be sure to add in visual, sound, smell, taste, and touch imagery into your poem.*

Besides memoirs, which are non-fiction narratives, poems can be narrative.

Read the poem below, and

* Label
  + Character
  + Setting
* Describe the speaker’s voice

**“Grape Sherbet” by Rita Dove**

The Day? Memorial.

After the grill

Dad appears with his masterpiece –

swirled snow, gelled light.

We cheer. The recipe’s

a secret and he fights

a smile, his cap turned up

so the bib resembles a duck.

That morning we galloped

through the grassed-over mounds

and named each stone

for a lost milk tooth. Each dollop

of sherbet, later,

is a miracle,

like salt on a melon that makes it sweeter.

Everyone agrees – it’s wonderful!

It’s just how we imagined lavender

would taste. The diabetic grandmother

stares from the porch,

a torch

of pure refusal.

We thought no one was lying

there under our feet,

we thought it

was a joke. I’ve been trying

to remember the taste,

but it doesn’t exist.

Now I see why

you bothered,

father.

Analyze the Narrative Poem below, by looking at specific elements:

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Element** | **Question** | **Your Answer** |
| Paraphrase | Restate the poem in your own words. What is the poem about? |  |
| Connotations | Highlight key words. What associations do you have with those words? |  |
| Attitude | What is the speaker’s attitude? Does it change through the poem? |  |
| Title | What do you think the title means within the context of the poem? |  |
| Theme | What could be some possible themes of this poem? |  |