

## Personal Poetry Anthology Assignment

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Period \_\_\_\_\_ Due Date \_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_

**Overview:** During the Café Firenze experience, we will listen to and read a great deal of poetry. Since so much of poetry is personal, this is an opportunity to identify poems that resonate and connected with you. Therefore, you will gather poems that *mean something to you* and put them into an anthology (*a collection*). You are encouraged to jump in and muck around in the poetry around you, to take some risks, and, above all, to keep an open mind about what you might find.

### Anthology Content:

- Your anthology must include a **cover** with **deliberately chosen image(s)** and it should be **packaged like a book or journal**. Choose an image that links to your poems, or perhaps a meaningful work of art, or perhaps an image that connects to a reoccurring theme in your anthology.
- You must include a **meaningful title** on the cover – perhaps a reoccurring theme or a favorite line from one of your poems. Whatever you do, **do not** title it “My Poetry Anthology,” “Poetry Anthology,” or anything similar. You must include your **name** and your **class period** on the cover.
- On the inside cover, include an **introductory paragraph** explaining why you selected these poems.
- Include a **table of contents** listing the title, author, and page number on which the poem appears.
- Your anthology must include a minimum of **7** poems (6 + at least one original poem)
- You must include **one original poem, plus a rough draft** that shows revisions from first draft to final version.
- The original poem must be no fewer than 6 lines and no more than 30.
- The original poem may be a parody of a famous poem or song lyric.
- You may include more poems if the inspiration really takes ahold of you. You may include poems from class, poems you find on your own, poems you write yourself, and/or song lyrics.
- All of the poems you choose must be school appropriate. Have a question? Ask.
- Each of the poems in your anthology must contain examples of **one or more** of the following **poetic devices**. *Label the poetic device(s) used at the bottom of the page under the poem.*

Personification or Apostrophe  
Alliteration (Assonance or Consonance)  
Rhyme or Rhyme Schemes  
Theme or Motif  
Rhythm and Meter

Onomatopoeia  
Simile or Metaphor  
Symbolism or Metonymy  
Hyperbole  
Imagery

- You are encouraged to use the following sites to research and find exemplary poems:

[www.poets.org](http://www.poets.org)

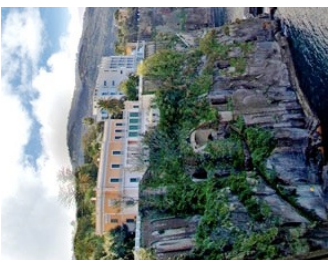
[www.poetryfoundation.org](http://www.poetryfoundation.org)

[www.poetry.org](http://www.poetry.org)

[www.poetryarchive.org](http://www.poetryarchive.org)

[www.loc.gov/poetry/180/](http://www.loc.gov/poetry/180/)

[www.poetryoutloud.org](http://www.poetryoutloud.org)



**Ode to Sorrento**  
 A poetry anthology by Vinca DeMiero  
 3rd/3th/1th/6th/1st/2nd/1 English 9 Honors | Northside Terrace High School

**Sorrento**  
 By Vinca DeMiero  
 Sunsoaked balconies  
 on busy stone lanings  
 greeted proudly along the rocky reach  
 while sleek tomatoes and basil  
 were piled high and glistening  
 inside the glowing cliffs at stone ones  
 in million mouth gorges  
 put steps above the snowy beach.

Poetic Devices: Alliteration, Imagery

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**How I Changed My Name, Felice**

By Felice Silante

In Italy a man's name, like a woman's,  
 changes with the seasons, and you  
 for every year, and no one told me different,  
 until one day, when I was ten,  
 although outside they called me FELICE-Kay,  
 I might have had, my name so unchanged,  
 another seven years, except one day  
 I broke a window like nobody's girl,  
 and then I was named Felice,  
 and said that there was no boy named Felice,  
 and I stepped up, and told her, and he grined,  
 My father said to rename for my sin,  
 called me inside to look up in a book  
 I felt one's name was  
 A Name was a secret and what he had  
 was that no Roman broke a widow's glass,  
 and named my little Neapolitan cat.

Poetic Devices: Rhyme, Imagery

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**Denier to Persephone**

by Alicia Sullivan O'Leary

I watched you walking up out of that hole  
 All day I had been waiting  
 in that field in Southern Italy  
 rain beating down making puddles in the mud  
 hissing down on rocks from a sky wringed  
 finally you emerged and were immediately soaked  
 I watched and was patient  
 You stared at me without love in your large eyes  
 that were filled with black sea and white powder  
 but that is what I expected when I embraced you  
 Your firm little breasts against my amplitude  
 Get in the car I said  
 and then it was spring

Poetic Devices: Onomatopoeia, Imagery

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**Italian Food**

by Steve Sherman

Oh, how I love Italian food.  
 I eat it all the time,  
 but I'm not sure I love it so much.  
 But I love how good it rhymes:  
 Minestrone, cannellini,  
 Spagetti, tagliatelli,  
 Escarole, burricole,  
 Marinate, carbonare,  
 Shrimp trussone, Belgogone,  
 Marinate, carbonare,  
 Mozarella, tagliatelli,  
 Fried scudini, carboni,  
 Tortellini, farinate,  
 Coppa-I think I spit my pen!

Poetic Devices: Rhyme, Metaphor

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**Forward**  
 Each of the poems in this anthology is some way  
 relate to my affinity for the beautiful towns of  
 Sorrento, Italy, which sits along the Amalfi Coast  
 just south of Naples on the Mediterranean Sea.  
 Life in Sorrento is a balmy slower, a grain of sugar  
 sweeter, a level of orange zestier and a layer  
 warmer than any place I have ever been.  
 This is my ode to the place and its beautiful  
 people.

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**The Traveling Onion**

by Naomi Shabazz

"It is believed that the onion originally came from India. In  
 Egypt it was one of the great gifts to the Pharaohs. It was  
 said that the onion was the first thing that was ever  
 on to Italy, hence into all of Europe." — Baker Irving  
 Cookbook  
 When I think how for the onion has traveled  
 all over the world, I could kneel and praise  
 all small foreign nations, I could kneel and praise  
 crockery paper peeling on the dashboard,  
 the way the onion is used in every  
 and onion falls apart on the chopping block,  
 the way the onion is used in every  
 And I would never sell the onion  
 for cooking tears.  
 How do you eat it? I would kneel and praise  
 for something small and forgotten,  
 now limp, now divided,  
 but never on the table of an onion,  
 For the sake of others,  
 disappear.

Poetic Devices: Imagery

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**Italy in One Day**

by Mike Orloff

If I could feed you Italy in one day,  
 I'd begin in sunny Sorrento  
 south of Naples, where the lemon trees  
 whose fruit is distilled into the liqueur  
 that the locals pride themselves in making,  
 and work to your seas at the later floor  
 of a first tentative sip  
 in a try cafe that overlooks the Mediterranean  
 and the hazy outline of the island of Capri in the distance.

If I could feed you Italy in one day,  
 I'd eat at a taverna in a remote campo  
 under quiet orange light from  
 when the table are draped in checkered linen  
 the sweetness of the day long  
 in the archaic of tapping water,  
 we indulge ourselves in the ablution  
 of hot wine, locost dipped in sweet wine,  
 from dried olives,  
 in espresso black  
 at the Venetian try at night

If I could feed you Italy in one day,  
 I'd spend the rest of the day  
 in a trattoria that I would feed to our expert!  
 Poetic Devices: Imagery

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