

## 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 Edition Friends 1 English 9 Honors | Newdale Terrace High School

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**Forward**  
 Each of the poems in this anthology is some way related to my affinity for the beautiful town of Sorrento, Italy, which rests along the Amalfi Coast just north of Naples on the Mediterranean Sea. Life in Sorrento is a beautiful, 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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**Sorrento**  
 By Vinca DeMiero  
 Sunsoaked balconies  
 on busy stone lanings  
 greeted proudly along the rocky reach  
 while silent tomatoes and basil  
 were tucked into the shadows of the  
 inside the glowing cliffs at some  
 pit steps above the stone beach.

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**Demeter 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 enraged  
 I watched and was patient  
 finally you emerged and were immediately soaked  
 You stared at me without love in your large eyes  
 that were filled with black sea and white powder  
 but this 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

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**The Traveling Onion**  
 by Naomi Shabazz  
 "It is believed that the onion originally came from India. In Egypt it was an object of worship—why? Because it was said to help France sink all of Europe." —Baker Living Cookbook  
 When I think how for the onion has traveled  
 all small forgotten ways, I could kneel and praise  
 crockily paper peeling on the dashboard,  
 the way the bulb sits on a  
 and onion falls apart on the chopping block,  
 And I would never sold the onion  
 for cooking tears.  
 How at noon, we sit to eat  
 but never on the melancholy of onion,  
 now limp, now divided,  
 For the sake of others,  
 disappear.

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**How I Changed My Name, Felice**  
 by Felice Sallone  
 In Italy a man's name, like a woman's,  
 for seven years, and no one told me different.  
 The teachers barely cared, and in the class  
 although outside they called me FELICE-kyo.  
 I might have had, my name so masculinized,  
 another seven years, except one day  
 I broke a window like nobody's girl,  
 was wonder (I) when all the neighbors smiled  
 and said that there was no boy named Felice,  
 and I stepped up, and told him, and he grinned.  
 My father said to answer for my sin,  
 called me inside to look up in a book  
 A. N. K. I was American and what he told  
 was that no Roman broke a widow's glass,  
 and named my little Neapolitan cat.

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**Italian Food**  
 by Mike Orloff  
 Oh, how I love Italian food.  
 I eat it all the time,  
 But I want to know how to make it.  
 Minestrone, cannelloni,  
 Spaghetti, tortellini,  
 Escarole, bruschetta,  
 Marinate, carbonara,  
 Shrimp linguine, Bolognese,  
 Fettunta, cacio e pepe,  
 Fried zucchini, omelette,  
 Tortellini, Tiramisu,  
 Coppa—I think I split my pea!

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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 I have been  
 whose fruit is distilled into the liqueur  
 that the locals pride themselves in making,  
 and work to your seas at the later flavor  
 of a first tentative sip  
 in a try cake 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 pass between the alleys of a fish poon,  
 for from the brain paths of tourists  
 north of Simona, fresh on land  
 drying on the flat top of a clove  
 of the apartment across the piazza  
 flying in and out of open windows  
 black with rain and steam and  
 simple ingredients that yield a complexity  
 on their own with willows of cold beer  
 prepared at home like a primo grade of Neapolese or gnocchi.  
 If I could feed you Italy in one day,  
 I'd end at a terrace in a remote campo  
 where the tables are draped in checkered linen  
 under quiet evening far from  
 the sweetness of the day long  
 in the shelter of lapping water,  
 we salivate ourselves in the abolition  
 of vin santo, locost dipped in sweet wine,  
 from chilled glasses  
 at the Venetian try at night  
 If I could feed you Italy in one day,  
 I'd want to end in a remote spot  
 Poetic Devices: Imagery

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