

Day #1: Presentation by Karen, "Courtly Love and the Sonnet Tradition"

Questions for Sonnet #61 by Michael Drayton, pg. 35

1. What is the tone of the first 8 lines (2 quatrains)? What is the mood of the speaker? Is he the typical suffering lover of the courtly love tradition?
2. What about the woman? What do we learn about her?
3. Where is the volta, the turn? How does the poem's meter and language signal the turn?
4. What is the dramatic action starting at line 9?
5. How does the poem end?
6. Is this a Petrarchan or an English (Elizabethan / Shakespearean) sonnet? Or a hybrid?

Poems in Pairs

From Dr. Phillis Levin:

John Milton. Sonnet 18: On the Late Massacre in Piedmont

- Pg. 81 in our text

Marilyn Nelson From *A Wreath for Emmett Till*

Rosemary for remembrance, Shakespeare wrote:
a speech for poor Ophelia, who went mad
when her love killed her father. Flowers had
a language then. Rose petals in a note
said, *I love you*; a sheaf of bearded oat
said, *Your music enchants me*. Goldenrod:
Be careful. Weeping-willow twigs: *I'm sad*.
What should my wreath for Emmett Till denote?
First, heliotrope, for *Justice shall be done*.
Daisies and white lilacs, for *Innocence*.
Then mandrake: *Horror* (wearing a white hood,
or bare-faced, laughing). For grief, more than one,
for one is not enough: rue, yew, cypress.
Forget-me-nots. Though if I could, I would.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Sonnet 43 [*How Do I Love Thee?*]

- Pg. 119 in our text

Terrance Hayes. "American Sonnet for My Past and Future Assassin [*Seven of the ten things*]"

Seven of the ten things I love in the face
Of James Baldwin concern the spiritual
Elasticity of his expressions. The sashay
Between left & right eyebrow, for example.
The crease between his eyes like a tuning
Fork or furrow, like a riverbed branching
Into tributaries like lines of rapturous sentences
Searching for a period. The dimple in his chin
Narrows & expands like a pupil. Most of all,
I love all of his eyes. And those wrinkles
The feel & color of wet driftwood in the mud
Around those eyes. Mud is made of
Simple rain & earth, the same baptismal
Spills & hills of dirt James Baldwin is made of.

From Barry Marshall

Michael Drayton Sonnet 61 “Since Ther’s No Helpe, Come let us kisse and part

- Pg. 35 in our text

A.E. Housman “Shake Hands”

Shake hands, we shall never be friends, all's over;

I only vex you the more I try.

All's wrong that ever I've done or said,

And nought to help it in this dull head:

Shake hands, here's luck, good-bye.

But if you come to a road where danger

Or guilt or anguish or shame's to share,

Be good to the lad that loves you true

And the soul that was born to die for you,

And whistle and I'll be there.