

Name _____

Date _____



Types of Poetry

Nitty:

Welcome, welcome to this poetry slam. Alright, guys, I'll call you up one at a time, OK? Have fun up there.

Welcome to the poetry cafe,
But you don't need to sip a latte or rock a beret.
First up, Sugita Hisajo has a haiku,
She flew in from Japan just to spit it for you.
A haiku is short with just three lines,
With a set number of syllables each time.
Five in the first, then seven syllables,
Then five again in the last line, that's critical.
It doesn't matter about the rhythm or the rhyme,
Their theme is nature, most of the time.

Come on, come on up on the stage, yeah, come on.

Sugita Hisajo:

Chasing butterflies
Deep into the spring mountains,
So I lost my way.

Nitty:

Ooh, that was nice!

Sugita Hisajo:

Thank you.

OK, next up, Edward Lear, for a little bit,
Will keep it lighthearted with a limerick.
They're often silly, sometimes rude or naughty,
They've been causing laughs for centuries, probably.
Limericks are short, five lines, OK,
And they always rhyme AABBA.

Come on, Mr. Lear, lend him your ear.

Edward Lear:

There was a Young Lady whose chin,
Resembled the point of a pin;
So she had it made sharp,
And purchased a harp,
And played several tunes with her chin.

Thank you, thank you, thank you... I appreciate it.

Nitty:

That was excellent, thank you, thank you.

We have a special treat for you up next,
It's the bard, William Shakespeare, in the flesh.
He's hopping on a sonnet, 14 lines,
Sonnets always have clear rhyme scheme defined.
Three four-line groups, those are quatrains,
That rhyme ABAB, I'm not playing.
Then a rhyming couplet, two lines at the end,
They also have a certain meter contained within.
That's the pattern of stressed syllables in a line,
Looking for love? Pick a sonnet every time.

Nitty:

Come on up, Mr. Shakespeare. He's gonna do a shortened version for y'all...

William Shakespeare:

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view, is pleased to dote;
...Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

Nitty:

That was crazy. I'mma have to unpack that later...

OK, folks, that's all the dead poets tonight,
But I wanted to make mention of a few more types.
We've got concrete poems, a visual surprise,
Where the poem is shaped like what it describes.
A poem that tells a story is called a ballad,
Many have been passed down through songs, and that is
Kinda cool, but to end, here's a poem I had to rehearse
This type of poem has no rules, it's a free verse...

I need no rules,
No meter,
No rhyme.
Forgive me,
This verse is so sweet
And so cold.