**Mark the poem for meter:**

**Countee Cullen (1903-1946)**

**For My Grandmother (1927)**

This lovely flower fell to seed;

Work gently sun and rain;

She held it as her dying creed

That she would grow again.

**Sonnet CXLIV**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| What type of sonnet is this? How do you know? |  |
| What is the volta and how does it function in this sonnet? |  |

 (1) Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil,
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turned fiend,
(10) Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
   Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
   Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Device** | Line & Text | Function |
| Metaphor |  |  |
| Apostrophe |  |  |
| Allusion |  |  |

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

SECTION II

Total time–2 hours Question 1

(Suggested time–40 minutes. This question counts one-third of the total essay section score.)

Read the following two poems very carefully, noting that the second includes an allusion to the first. Then write a well-organized essay in which you discuss their similarities and differences. In your essay, be sure to consider both theme and style.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| IBright Star Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art– Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night, And watching, with eternal lids apart, Like nature’s patient, sleepless Eremite\* (5) The moving waters at their priest-like task Of pure ablution round earth’s human shores, Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask Of snow upon the mountains and the moors– No–yet still steadfast, still unchangeable, (10) Pillowed upon my fair love’s ripening breast, To feel for ever its soft fall and swell, Awake for ever in a sweet unrest, Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath, And so live ever–or else swoon to death.– John Keats\*hermit | IIChoose Something Like a StarO Star (the fairest one in sight),We grant your loftiness the rightTo some obscurity of cloud–It will not do to say of night, (5) Since dark is what brings out your light. Some mystery becomes the proud. But to be wholly taciturn In your reserve is not allowed. Say something to us we can learn (10) By heart and when alone repeat. Say something! And it says, ‘I burn.’ But say with what degree of heat. Talk Fahrenheit, talk Centigrade. Use Language we can comprehend. (15) Tell us what elements you blend. It gives us strangely little aid, But does tell something in the end. And steadfast as Keats’ Eremite, Not even stooping from its sphere, (20) It asks a little of us here. It asks of us a certain height, So when at times the mob is swayed To carry praise or blame too far, We may choose something like a star To stay our minds on and be staid.– Robert Frost |

**“Bright Star” by John Keats**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **DEVICE** | **LINE** | **FUNCTION** |
| Apostrophe | (1) Bright Star! . . . thou art |  |
| Spondee | (1) Bright Star! |  |
| Diction | (1) Thou art |  |
| Personification | (3) And watching, with eternal lids apart |  |
| Allusion | (4) Sleepless Eremite |  |
| Simile | (4) Like nature’s patient, sleepless Eremite |  |
| Metaphor | (5) The moving waters both at their priest-like task |  |
| Enjambment | (5-7) The moving waters |  |
| Assonance | (6) Of pure ablution round earth’s human shores |  |
| Volta | (9) No—yet still steadfast |  |
| Consonance | (11) To feel forever its soft sound, fall and swell |  |
| Oxymoron | (12) Sweet unrest |  |
| Alliteration | (13) Still, still . . . tender-taken |  |
| Repetition | (13) Still, still |  |
| Couplet | (13, 14) Death, breath |  |

**“Choose Something Like a Star” by Robert Frost**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **DEVICE** | **LINE** | **FUNCTION** |
| Apostrophe | (1) O star (the fairest one in sight) |  |
| Formal Form | (2) We grant your loftiness the right |  |
| Paradox | (5) Since dark is what brings out your light |  |
| Personification | (7) But to be wholly taciturn |  |
|  | (11) And it says, “I burn” |  |
| Enjambment | (7) But to be wholly taciturn |  |
| Diction | (13) Talk Fahrenheit, talk Centigrade |  |
| Volta | (15) Tell us what elements you blend |  |
| Allusion | (18) And steadfast as Keats’ Eremite |  |